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"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."--Macaulay.

FRONTIER TIMES

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Frontier History, Border Tragedy,
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

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OCTOBER, 1925

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When Camels Roamed Over Texas

R. C. Crane, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, August 21, 1925

At the close of the Mexican war there was not a mile of railroad west of the Mississippi River.

As a result of the annexation of Texas and the settlement of peace with Mexico, about one-third of the present area of our continental United States was added to our territory, and it thereupon became necessary for the United States to establish forts all over that region located west of Louisiana.

With the establishment of forts at strategic points over the west, the problem of transportation of army supplies became acute, and the question of cost of transportation became a serious one to the quartermaster's department.

The army tried out experiments in trying to solve this transportation question between the use of mule trains and ox trains, and between the contract system and of having the Government own the wagons and mules or oxen, and having its own teamsters do the hauling. Owing to the fact that Indians infested the new region it was necessary to send guards of soldiers with every supply train whether it was being run by the Government or contractors.

The cost of sending supplies in a roundabout way from Fort Smith, Ark., where they could be landed by boat up the Arkansas River, out by the old Santa Fe Trail to Fort Bliss, at El Paso, was tried out in a cost competition with sending out supplies to the same point from old Indianola, then about the most important port on the Texas coast.

It was found that oxen were preferable over mules for this work, because they could sustain themselves on the grasses over which they passed. The mules could not always do this. As to cost, the difference was not great, either between the contract system and the Government trains, nor between getting

the supplies out from Fort Smith or Indianola to Fort Bliss.

But even when the supplies were delivered to the forts over the unsettled West, it frequently became necessary for the soldiers to make quick, sharp drives against marauding Indians or redskins on the warpath, and cavalry horses could not sustain themselves long on the vegetation that could be relied on. Here again the problem of transporting supplies became acute. This was the situation when Jefferson Davis became Secretary of War in 1853 under President Pierce.

Jefferson Davis had seen active service in Mexico during the Mexican War and was familiar with the conditions and the topography of the Southwestern section of our country, including Texas, in which the Indian question was most troublesome, and this transportation of army supplies came up to him to be grappled with.

He studied the camel and his nature, and the sections of country in which the camel was the burden bearer and the transportation system, and he came to the conclusion that there were vast sections of country in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and other regions of the United States so similar in climate, topography and other characteristics to those regions where the camel thrived, that the camel was worth trying. He took the question to Congress with a strong recommendation for an appropriation sufficient to send to Egypt and buy and transport to Texas camels enough to try out the question of their availability.

Congress was convinced by the reasoning of the Secretary of War, passed the appropriation and the camels were sent for. They were brought to Texas in 1855 with their native caretakers and landing at old Indianola, were taken to

Camp Verde, about sixty miles northwest of San Antonio, and there established in permanent headquarters, which at once took on the appearance of an Oriental settlement.

There were thirty-four in this first shipment, but two died. Thus, thirty-two were landed safely and carried into camp.

Much time was required for their recovery from the long sea voyage from Egypt and, according to the report of the Secretary of War for 1856, up to that time little use had been made of them in the transportation of supplies. However, he reported, on one occasion a train, consisting of wagons and camels was sent from Camp Verde to San Antonio, over a road not worse than those usually found on the frontier and the result was that the quantity of supplies brought back by six camels (3,648 pounds) was equal to the loads of two wagons each drawn by six mules, and the time occupied by the camels was two days and six hours, and that consumed by the wagons drawn by the mules four days and thirty minutes.

On another occasion the capacity of the camel for traveling over steep acclivities and on muddy roads was tested with the most satisfactory results. Instead of making the detour rendered necessary in the location of the road to avoid a rugged mountain, impracticable for wagons, the camels followed a trail which passed over it, and a heavy rain occurring whilst they were at the depot to which they had been sent for supplies, the road was rendered so muddy that it was considered impassable by loaded wagons. The train of camels was nevertheless loaded with an average of 328 pounds each and returned to their encampment a distance of sixty miles, in two days, suffering, according to reports, no interruption or unusual fatigue from mud or from torrents of rain.

These tests were considered by the army officers as practically proving the probable usefulness of the camel in the transportation of military supplies. But the camel had to be given time to become acclimated to the frequent and sudden changes of Texas weather, and they had to become accustomed to the herbage of the region, so different from that to

which they had been accustomed in their native Egypt.

The experiments, even up to the winter of 1856, were so satisfactory as to largely dispel the doubts which were entertained over the country over the availability of the camel for military uses in the United States. It was reported: "That the very intelligent officer who was sent abroad to procure them, and who has remained in charge of them, expresses entire confidence, both of their great value for purposes of transportation and of their adaptation to the climate of a large part of the United States."

But the original appropriation had not been exhausted with the purchase of the thirty-four camels, so the War Department arranged with the Navy Department for Lieutenant D. D. Porter, who became famous in the war between the states as Admiral Porter, commanding, to bring back forty more camels on a store ship on its return from the Mediterranean. These additional animals arrived in the winter of 1856, 7 and were carried to Camp Verde, thus making about seventy camels on hand with which to continue the experiments.

During 1857 all sorts of experiments were conducted by the use of the camel in all sorts of regions, and even in what is probably the roughest region of Texas, the Big Bend country of the Rio Grande, camels were used in these experiments. Their use in all cases was considered satisfactory. But in the Big Bend country, where they had to climb mountains so steep that they were compelled to get down on their knees and travel over rocks for days and carry barrels of water on their backs, it was learned that there was some limit to the endurance even of a camel and that constant travel over flint rocks would wear away their hoofs. In learning the capacity of the camel for transportation, his limitations were also learned, as was also something of humane treatment of him.

In 1858, Secretary of War John B. Floyd said: "This entire adaptation of camels to military operations upon the plains may now be taken as demonstrated, whilst their great usefulness and superiority in many particulars is equally certain."

A heavy expense was necessarily in-

curred every year in the Quartermaster's Department of the army in furnishing transportation for troops while engaged in expeditions against roving tribes of Indians of the plains, and Secretary Floyd pointed out that in all of these movements camels could be used to great advantage, suggesting that in the space of three days a well-appointed command could set out and traverse 150 miles without difficulty or much fatigue and fall upon any Indian tribe perfectly unawares. Troops would be able to carry all necessary supplies for the campaign and traverse the arid plains without any inconvenience from want of water.

The superiority of the camel over the horse would soon become so manifest for all movements on the plains and deserts that hostile Indians in those regions would soon come to understand the hopelessness of escape by flight and the folly of marauding where punishment was certain.

The camels lived and thrived upon what would not sustain the hardiest mule and consequently the item of forage, one of enormous cost in the army, would be almost saved, if the supply of camels was sufficient to answer the demands and requirements of the frontier service, according to Secretary Floyd. He thereupon recommended that Congress authorize the purchase of 1,000 camels for use in army transportation on the frontier.

A little later, Gen. Robert E. Lee (then a Lieutenant Colonel, but in command of the United States military forces in Texas) took notice of the use of the camel in army transportation and treated the experimental stage of their use as having about passed, and in his report to the War Department gave their use his indorsement and encouragement.

But the war between the States came on and that bloody struggle was pitched in regions where the use of the camel appears not to have been thought of, so the camel was turned loose on the range. But, some of them having been carried to Arizona for use in the army out there, even now one reads occasionally of a stray camel being found in the wilds of that State, descendants of the camels which Jefferson Davis had brought to the United States for use in the army.

There still are evidences at Camp Verde of the fact that camels once were prom-

inent in that camp—the sheds built for them still are in a good state of preservation; but the fact is little known that the use of the camel was so close to solving the transportation question in the United States Army as herein indicated.

When the clouds of war had lifted and the soldiers came back to the frontier, the construction of railroads to the Pacific and to the West and Southwest were being pushed and were looked to to solve the transportation question along all lines. Thus, the camels having scattered and disappeared and the conditions completely changed, their use in the army became a closed incident.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The old camel post at Camp Verde, twelve miles north of Bandera, has practically disappeared. The sheds mentioned by the writer of the above story, have been torn down, and all that remains of the historic post is the officers' barracks building, which has been converted into a modern residence and is now occupied by Mr. W. H. Bonnell, the owner of the old post grounds.)

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Jack Potter, the Fighting Parson

Written by John Warren Hunter in 1911

No name was more familiarly known twenty-five years ago in West Texas than that of Andrew Jackson Potter, the "Fighting Parson." His name was a household word from the Panhandle to the Gulf; from the Colorado to the Rio Grande and the stories of his wit, prowess and adventures were sent abroad in the nation by press and pulpit. While the question of frontier protection was being considered in the United States congress in 1872, a Texas member said in his speech: "Remove your regulars from the garrison on the Texas border: commission Jack Potter, a reclaimed desperado and now a Methodist preacher and Indian fighter; instruct him to choose and organize one hundred men and Indian depredations along the Texas border will cease."

A. J. Potter was born in Chariton county, Missouri, April 3, 1830, and was one of seven children—four boys and three girls—Andrew being the third son. His father, Joshua Potter, was one of those rugged Kentucky marksmen who stood behind the breastworks at New Orleans, January 8, 1815, and helped defeat the flower of the British army under Pakenham. It was on account of his love and veneration for "Old Hickory" that he named his son Andrew Jackson. While quite young, the boy's father moved to Grand river near Clinton where the lad spent his boyhood. Clinton was at that time a border county and educational facilities were very limited. Three months in school covered the entire period of Andy's scholastic experience and during this time he learned to read after a fashion but did not acquire the art of writing.

At the age of ten, Andrew was an orphan, without home, friends or heritage and became a race rider, and his skill, courage and daring soon won the high regard of his employer to the extent that he taught him to write, play cards and shoot straight; three of the most important branches of a frontiersman's education during those early days. For six years Andrew followed the occupation of race rider, his daily

associates being Jockeys, gamblers, drunkards and blasphemers—six years of perilous paths that led over hills, mountains and deserts from St. Louis to Santa Fe. In 1846 when hostilities broke out between the United States and Mexico, Mr. Potter then being 16 years of age, enlisted in Capt. Slack's company of volunteers and under command of General Sterling Price took up the line of march for Santa Fe, New Mexico. A few days march demonstrated the fact that Andrew was too small to carry a haversack and musket and endure the fatigue of a soldier; he was detailed as teamster where he learned his first lesson in driving oxen.

The expedition left Leavenworth, Kans., in September, 1846, and the route led up the Arkansas. Before reaching Bent's Fort the entire train of 40 wagons was captured by the Cheyenne Indians. Not apprehending danger, it seems the main body of troops had passed on far in advance, leaving the train without an escort. Under the cloak of friendship, two Indians came into the camp early in the morning and were given food and remained. When the train moved out, two others came up; other squads joined them and then still larger bands, then three hundred savages rushed upon the teamsters. No attempt at violence was made by the Indians. The chief gave the wagon master to understand that he only wanted provisions, not scalps, and if he had to fight to obtain the provisions he'd take scalps also. The wagon master agreed to give him a certain amount of provisions and while this was being given out a cloud of dust was seen rising far in the rear and the teamsters shouted, "Soldiers! the soldiers are coming." Seizing their plunder, the Indians mounted and fled. The cloud of dust was caused by an approaching wagon train.

At Bent's Fort, young Potter was seized with an attack of "camp fever" and it was thought necessary to leave him at that post but his wagon master who had become greatly attached to the lad made arrangements to take him along. It was yet three hundred miles to Santa Fe,

winter at hand and the Raton mountains were before them. After enduring untold hardships, they reached Santa Fe in January, 1847. For five years young Potter remained with the army in that region, operating in New Mexico and Arizona, fighting, trailing and routing the vengeful Apaches and other dangerous tribes. It was during this period that he became an adept in all the arts of Indian warfare. He was an apt student in their school of cunning and strategy. Mr. Potter leaves on record his impressions made by the sufferings of Price's men in the hospital at Santa Fe. He says:

"In the latter part of 1847, I was employed as nurse in the hospital at Santa Fe. On entering that place I saw an affecting scene; a large number of men sick of scurvy, measles, and pneumonia, were lying on narrow bunks so closely crowded together that there was just room to pass between them. My time of nursing came on the first part of the night and it was an awful half night to me. Many of the sufferers in their fevered delirium, would rise up and gather their blankets, saying that they were going home. By the time I would get them quieted, others would be crying out: Goodbye! I am going home!" at the same time making efforts to get up. Never shall I forget those dreary nights I spent there with the dead and dying. O, the sweet thoughts of home, sweet home! They came as a dream charm over the fevered brain when visions of wife, babes and loved ones at home entered the mind.

"At length a train set out for Fort Leavenworth, to carry home all the sick who were able to stand the trip across the plains. I was one of the attendants. As our ox teams slowly moved up the hill, I took my last lingering look at the old adobe town of Santa Fe, with eyes dimmed by unshed tears, as I gazed for the last time on the graves of so many brave soldiers who lay side by side on the tomb-covered hill beyond, not to arise until Death's long reign is passed. Many of our sick died in the great wilderness and we rolled them up in their blankets and hid them in earth's cold clay at intervals in our long journey from Santa Fe to Fort Leavenworth. Their unmarked graves are in the un-

settled wilds of Nature's solitudes. Friend and dear ones at home know not the place of their rest. When we wrapped their cold bodies in their soldier blanket shrouds and shaped the grave mound over them, the hardy soldier would perchance moisten the earthen monument with a pitying tear. To me it was a terribly gloomy thought to leave them alone in savage lands, to be trodden under foot by the wild, roving bands of Nature's untamed children in their merry dances over the dust of their vanquished foes."

After six years service as a soldier, Mr. Potter came to Texas, reaching San Antonio in 1852 and from there he went to visit a brother then living on York's creek in Hays county. Shortly after his arrival at his brother's he was stricken with typhoid fever and came near dying. When he recovered he found himself penniless and a big doctor's bill to pay. His first employment was driving an ox team at \$15 a month, hauling lumber from Bastrop county to San Marcos and by saving up his wages he was soon able to pay off all indebtedness. About this time Rev. I. G. John, a Methodist preacher came along and filled an appointment on York's creek. Potter went out to hear him more for the novelty of the meeting and a spirit of curiosity. The text, "Who is the wise man?" pierced his soul. and from that day he became a regular attendant at preaching, even denying himself the pleasures of a Sunday horse race in order to hear Rev. John preach.

John preached at a great religious revival held at Croft's Prairie, in 1856. Mr. Potter was converted, joined the church and the horseracer gambler and saloon-keeper tough was completely transformed and became one of the most useful men West Texas ever knew.

The new life inspired Mr. Potter with a desire to learn and became a devoted bible reader. He learned to write, and soon began to preach. In 1859, he sold out in Bastrop county, and located on a place nine miles east of Lockhart, where he was licensed to preach and from there began his wonderful career as an itinerant preacher.

In 1861 he was seized with a desire to visit the old home in Missouri but had no money to defray the expenses of the

journey. Mr. Miller, of Lockhart, was getting ready to start a herd of cattle to Kansas. Mr. Potter hired to him as a herder and after 47 days, reached a point 100 miles from the home of his boyhood, which he traversed in a few days. His sister only remained to greet him and those who had known him as the reckless race-rider and gambler were astounded to learn that Andy Potter had come to life and was a preacher! He preached to a great crowd the Sunday following his arrival, and this was the beginning of a great revival that continued three months.

In February, 1862, Mr. Potter enlisted as a private in Capt. Stoke Holme's Company at Prairie Lee. This company was assigned to Wood's regiment, Thirty-Second Texas cavalry. The command was first stationed Camp Verde, Kerr county, and later near San Antonio, where Rev. Potter was appointed chaplain of DeBray's regiment. From San Antonio the command went to Brownsville, where the fighting parson whipped the editor of the local paper for having published what Potter conceived to be a libel on his regiment, and was on the eve of throwing the printing plant into the river, but was prevented by General Bee.

Mr. Potter was in all of the battles of the Red River campaign in 1864, one of unspeakable hardships to the soldiers of the Confederacy—hunger, sickness, toils, battle-strife, death. Bread, sugar and berries were the chief articles of food. The good chaplain shared all these hardships with the common soldiers, passing through all the daily drills and marches, preaching, praying and exhorting the men.

When in battle array and ready for the order to advance, Chaplain Potter could be seen with hat, in one hand and bible in the other, walking back and forth right in front of his regiment exhorting the men to repentance. "Boys some of you may fall in this battle," he would say; "in a few minutes you may be called to meet your maker. Repent now and give your heart to Christ. He is waiting to receive you. O, men it's a solemn moment! You are facing death and eternity!" And when the order "forward" was given, Mr. Potter seized a musket, fell in rank and fought side

by side with his men. At the close of battle Potter seemed endowed with the power of ubiquity. Everywhere, praying with the dying, administering to the wounded, writing last messages to friends at home, day and night, scarcely pausing to take food or rest. This is the testimony of his comrades, many of whom are yet living who will confirm the statement.

In the fall of 1865, Mr. Potter was appointed as a supply to the Prairie Lee circuit and at the annual conference held at Seguin in the fall of 1867, he was sent to the mountain frontier and took station at Kerrville. This threw him in the region where, on each light moon the Indian left his trail of blood along some mountain side or valley. But the Comanche yell had no terrors for Potter; he had heard it before and had been schooled in all their wiles and methods. In 1868, Mr. Potter bought a place near Boerne and moved his family to it. In 1871, he was sent to the Uvalde circuit, which bordered on the Rio Grande, where Indians could cross any day, and their depredations, killing and stealing, were almost daily occurrence. Uvalde, at that time was known as one of the wickedest places on the border and had never before had preaching. In addition to his ministerial work, Mr. Potter had been appointed colporteur and over this vast territory he distributed among rich and poor alike a great number of bibles.

During the first year of his work in the mountain region, the Indians made a raid on Curry's creek. Dr. Nowlin an old frontiersman knew the Indians were in the country and stationed two men in his corn crib to guard his horses which were loose in the lot. The moon was at its full and along about midnight two Indians were seen to stealthily approach, and as they began to let down the lot fence, one of the men in the crib took good aim and fired, killing the Indian in his tracks; the other man was so scared he could not shoot and the other Indian got away.

While on his rounds in the Uvalde work, on the road between the Frio and Sabinal Canyon, Mr. Potter met a squad of four Indians. He was traveling in an ambulance drawn by two small Spanish mules and while passing

through a lonely defile in the mountains he came up almost face to face with these four redskins. He saw that there was going to be a fight and seizing his winchester, he leaped out of his ambulance and securely tied his mules to a sappling and then under cover of a thicket he reached a slight elevation, where he could better command a full view of the enemy. Getting in a good position, the parson took good aim and pulled the trigger, but the gun failed to fire and the "chick" of the hammer revealed his whereabouts. Two Indians had citizen rifles and blazed away at him, but without effect. The parson fired at the same instant wounding one of the Indians and knocking the gun out of his hands. The wounded Indian was taken up by his comrades and carried off.

Potter might have killed all four before they got out of reach but he was afraid to risk his cartridges, as they had been on hand some time. Returning to his ambulance, he drove off some distance from the road and came to the foot of a mountain and drove into a dense thicket. He knew there were more than four Indians around, and that they were likely to lay in ambush somewhere ahead. When he had secured his team in the thicket he carefully cleaned his gun, selected the best cartridges, got his pistol in fighting trim, and began to look around. He discovered two Indians watching for him from the summit of the hill above him and when they saw that he had seen them, they blazed away but missed their mark. Mr. Potter pumped several shots at them as they scampered over the hill out of sight. He then re-entered his vehicle and drove away without seeing that bunch of redskins again.

One instance of many will give the reader an idea of the parson, the men and the times of which we write. While on this frontier work, late one evening he reached a military outpost. It might have been Fort Clark. The soldiers had just been paid off and the little village near the post was crowded with gamblers sharpers, crooks and other disreputable characters. Many of these knew Mr. Potter and when he rode up they set up a shout; "Here comes the fighting parson!" "Hold up there old pard-

ner! Can't ye give us a gospel song an' dance tonight?" When told he would preach to them if they would provide a place, one sang out; "Sure, Parson, we'll make way for ye, if we have to rent the saloon!" A saloon gallery was provided with rude seats, kegs, barrels and a few chairs from dwellings nearby, and as the word had gone abroad that a strange preacher was in town, people began to assemble early. One man who was the worst for drink, insisted on acting the part of usher and town crier. He mounted a barrel and for some time kept up the cry. "O yes. O yes, O yes! There is going to be some hell-fired racket right here on this gallery, by fightin' Parson Potter, a reformed gambler, but now a regular gospel shark. The jig will begin now in fifteen minutes, and you old whiskey soaks and card sharpers, come over and learn how to mend your ways, or the devil will get you quicker'n hell can scorch a feather."

A great crowd assembled—one of the hardest looking set of human beings Potter had ever preached to but they kept good order and when service concluded they wanted to "set 'em up" to the parson, but when he declined that mark of their respect they passed an empty cigar box and all "chipped in." He preached the next day and was pressed by those rude western men to come again and come often.

In 1878 or '79 Mr. Potter began his labors at Fort Concho. San Angelo was a small frontier village and like all post towns along the border had a record not the best along the lines of morality. The saloons and gambling halls were popular resorts. They were open day and night, and every man went heavily armed, Mr. Potter visited the families, preached to the gamblers, soldiers and plainmen.

In 1883 Mr. Potter moved his family to San Angelo, but continued his ministerial work when ever assigned.

In 1894 he was sent to the Lockhart circuit. Here it was on this same circuit that he began his ministry. On October 21, 1895, he preached his last sermon prior to going to conference. It was the close of his year's work, and proved to be the closing scene of his life work. This was at Tilden, not far

from Lockhart, and while delivering his peroration with uplifted hands with the words, "I believe," he fell in the pulpit and when tender hands lifted the limp form the great soul had gone home to the Father who gave it. To the writer who knew him and loved him as a brother for many years he had expressed a wish to die in harness, in the pulpit.

As has been stated, no man who ever lived in Southwest Texas was more widely known than A. J. Potter. That he acquired the title of the "fighting parson" was in no wise derogatory to his character as a man, a christian gentleman or preacher. He was a man absolutely without fear. He was never

the aggressor and when a difficulty was forced upon him he always acted on the defensive and vanquished his assailant. His personal combats with Indians and desperadoes would fill a volume. It is a notable fact that when he had overcome an assailant in a fight or otherwise, if he chanced to be a white man, he always gave him fatherly counsel and offered him his hand.

It was said of him that he knew every road, trail and landscape through all West Texas. He had visited nearly every home in all this vast region, administered to the sick, officiated at weddings and funerals, and received a frontier welcome everywhere.

The Old-Time Campmeeting

By L. C. C., in Burnet Bulletin

All of us like to dwell on the memories of days gone by. I presume that the numerous protracted meetings in Burnet during the past few weeks has caused my mind to wander back to my childhood days and dwell on the memories of the campmeetings the people used to have in Mt. Zion community, between this place and Bertram.

In that neighborhood the Cumberland Presbyterian Church predominated, and still does, although in most places it has merged with the Presbyterian church.

In my boyhood days, from the time I was 12 until I was about 18 years of age, the greatest annual events of my life were the summer campmeetings.

At that time the people of the community had built a large brush arbor and the week before the campmeeting was to begin the men and boys of the neighborhood would meet and cut brush to fill in the open spaces in the brush canopy. Mt. Zion now has a new lumber tabernacle near the spot where the old brush arbor used to stand. After the arbor was patched to the satisfaction of every one concerned several of the wagons used for hauling brush would be driven to some straw stack in the neighborhood and filled with straw. This would be hauled to the arbor and scattered there-under. In those days people would get on their knees when they engaged in prayer and the straw

was placed to protect them from the roughness of the ground. In the altar, upon each side of which was a "mourner's bench," extra thickness of straw would be laid, as this was the part of the arbor that would be most in use.

The meetings would begin on Friday night and continue for ten days. The preachers that would assemble would be the leading lights of the Cumberland Presbyterian church in this section of Texas, and their names are still held in reverence by many readers of this paper. They were Uncle Coley Lockett, Bob Davis, the old Civil War Hero, John Hudson, Buck Bowmer, Bob Simpson and others whom I cannot now recall. About Sunday night they would have the meeting under good headway and "mourners" would be called for. Some times they would be slow in responding to the call, while at other times the altar would be full. When this would occur the preacher would call for the Christian people to rally in the altar and drive old Satan out. And they would rally and some times as many as a dozen of them would be praying at once. The "mourners" would become convicted of their sins and I have heard many of them at the time calling for mercy and begging for forgiveness. Surrounded by their loved ones and friends with their own supplications and those of Chris-

tians ascending to Heaven, it made a setting that no one who has witnessed such will ever forget. Ever and anon some sinner would arise from the straw shouting that his sins were forgiven. Then the rejoicing would be great and some times there would be a half dozen shouting the praises of the Lord at the same time.

In those days people did not have much confidence in the new convert unless he had been to the "mourner's bench" and publicly proclaimed therefrom that his sins had been forgiven. At least I didn't and I am sure that 99 out of every 100 people of that day and time held the same views. They did not call for sinners to come forward and join the church. They called them to the "mourners bench" to be prayed for and when they answered the call they were made to get down on their knees and were talked to and prayed over until they professed or until the late hour drove the people to their tents. Every body knew from physical evidence who had professed religion and if a person joined the church simply on the statement that he felt that he had been saved, the religion of such person was looked upon with considerable suspicion, especially so by the boys of my own age, and I believe by many people much older. If a man or woman, who professed religion wanted his or her friends to thoroughly believe in the sincerity of it, such profession would have to be made at the "mourner's bench," or at the "grove meeting."

I can name many of the people that used to camp at the old Mt. Zion campmeetings. Grandpa Kincheloe would have the biggest table of any other camper, and more visitors. Often my father's family and others of the connection would combine with grandpa and grandma and a table would be built that would be of sufficient proportions to feed many people at the same time. On Sundays especially, when the crowds would be greatest and the table would be filled several times before the visiting friends and the members of our families would be fed, I would stand off at one side and wonder if there would be anything left for the last table, when the time would come for the boys to eat. There would usually be three or four

preachers to dine with us on Sundays. They would always eat at the first table and it seemed to my boyish appetite that they would get the largest helpings and the choicest morsels. When an unusually large crowd would come to our place for dinner, I would always make a resolution before the meal was over, that when I reached man's estate, I would be a preacher and thereby get to eat at the first table. But I would always find there was plenty for every one, even if we did hate to wait a long time to get it. Other campers that always attended were: "Uncle Jimmie" Hill's family from Oatmeal, S. N. Reed (father of G. R. Reed of this community) and family. A. J. Ater and family, J. W. Warden and family, my uncles, C. B., W. J. and L. E. Kincheloe, Uncle Coley Lockett and family, Uncle Cal Newton and family, Uncle Alex LaForge and family, and others whom I cannot now recall.

When the last Sunday night would come and "God be With You Till We Meet Again," sung, there would be an aching void in my mind from which it would take many days to free myself. There was not much to go to in those days, the people did not travel around then like they do now, and when the people did assemble together for their annual campmeetings such was enjoyed in other ways as well as from a religious standpoint. While the boys of my age frequently enjoyed pitch battles at these old campmeetings, and would occasionally raid a peach orchard, all of us had a reverence for the old brush arbor that will live as long as life lasts.

Getting religion then was not exactly what it is now. The present way may be the best—I do not know, but I do know that the fact of a man's being a church member then carried more weight than it does now. Why so, I do not pretend to know, but I have my suspicions. Thirty-five and forty years ago, when a man or woman joined the church, definite rules were laid down that they were required to observe. In that day and time if a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church got drunk or danced, he was turned out if he did not show regret at his offense. We presume a similar rule prevailed in the Methodist and Baptist, and perhaps all the other churches. The Cumberland Presbyter-

ians may still observe such a rule—I do not know. Anyway, to be a church member then meant more than it does now. The new way may be better—again permit me to say, I do not know.

As for myself I reverence the old-time ways, but it may be because I am cranky over old times. Sometimes my children say I am. I know that I had unlimited confidence in the profession of the man or woman that had "mourner's bench" religion, and it was very infrequent that

they fell from grace.

Many of us deplore the changes in style, in the conduct of people, and many other things that have occurred within the time we have been living. In some instances we perhaps have cause for regret—again I do not know, but I do know that the style of getting religion as compared with 35 and 40 years ago, has changed as much as any other thing I can recall. I know—because I was there, and I am here.

Ex-Rangers' Reunion at Ranger

Ranger Daily Times, August 14, 1925

Following is the list of ex-Texas rangers who died during the past year: Lee Groomes, Austin; G. S. McKenzie, Comanche; J. H. B. Norfleet, Silver; A. T. Ritchie, Sydney; C. M. Sterling, Montague; J. N. Shrock, Spanish Court; T. W. Thomason, Evant; J. H. Wallace, Decatur; G. M. Wright, Granbury; J. M. Womack, Brownwood; Henry Evans, Talpa; V. I. Branlon, Brownwood; J. C. Bird, Alpine; L. C. Carvey, Archer City; T. H. Hammonds, Comanche; G. W. Johnson, Camp Springs; Frank Ware, Dallas; J. W. Proffitt, Fresno, Calif.

By a vote of 14 to 13, afterwards made unanimous, Ranger was selected by the Texas ex-Ranger's association as the place for their meeting next year.

Although all the ex-rangers are pleased with their treatment in Ranger this year and appreciate the hospitality of the town, yet the murmuring river and big shade trees that abound at Menard called to many of them with insistence.

Officers for the ensuing year of 1926 were elected at the morning session with Major W. M. Green of Meridian re-elected commanding officer for the sixth consecutive time and Miss Ruby Green, re-elected secretary. Others elected:

W. H. Roberts of Llano, captain.

J. H. Renick of Gorman, first lieutenant.

L. H. Cook of Bangs, second lieutenant.

S. P. Carter of Gorman, adjutant.

J. O. Allen of Crosbyton, chaplain.

W. Y. Luke of Weatherford, color bearer.

C. M. Grady of Brownwood, assistant color bearer.

Resolutions commending the services of Major William M. Green of Meridan towards furthering work of the organization and pension work during his terms of office, and the work of Miss Ruby Green, daughter of Major Green, for her services as secretary, were passed at the morning session.

The business session then adjourned until afternoon and the members and their families were again seized on by the Lions' club and driven out to the old Eastland county courthouse on the W. V. Brewer farm. The first courthouse in Eastland county, located a short distance from the Merriman church, is now being used for a barn. Little do the stock inhabiting the farm realize that they are tenants of a building that once housed the legal departments of Eastland county and that trials of illustrious outlaws were held in it.

The distinction of arresting the first man in Eastland county goes to Major W. M. Green, commanding officer of the association, who chased an alleged cattle thief named Taylor clear to New Mexico and then brought him back. After safely seeing him in the county jail, Major Green and three other rangers went on the man's bond. Later on he was acquitted of the charge of cattle stealing.

The final afternoon of the ex-ranger's reunion in Ranger this week opened with a big barbecue at Shamrock park at 12:15 o'clock where barbecue, hot and juicy, was served to the rangers and

their families under the auspices of the Ranger Chamber of Commerce. Following barbecue, served by the Boy Scouts, who also served at the fish fry, the ex-rangers met again at headquarters for the afternoon session.

Resolutions eulogizing the 17 members of the association who died during the last year, were adopted by the ex-Texas Rangers' association at the business session held yesterday afternoon. The business session was cut short to enable the ex-rangers to attend the ball game between the Ranger and Eastland Lions' baseball teams. Resolutions thanking Ranger for hospitality also were adopted.

A real old-fashioned fish fry was served by merchants of Ranger under auspices of the Chamber of Commerce to the old warriors in the convention headquarters. Long tables were placed in the big hall and plates and other articles furnished by the First Baptist church. Fish was donated by the City Fish market, Ivo Navokovich, proprietor. Over 50 pounds of fresh catfish were used for the fry and the rangers enthusiastically declared it was the best they had eaten in many moons.

Old-time fiddling and piano playing by several old-timers prior to the fish fry was greatly enjoyed. Music was played throughout the meal by Ray Judia of Ranger.

Elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the ex-rangers were not made because C. C. Patterson, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, was asked that nothing but the simplest plans for the reunion be made. The fish fry, with coffee served in tin cups, fried fish and potato salad with pickles, comprised the bill of fare and was voted to head the list of the various forms of entertainment devised by the clubs and organizations of Ranger who were hosts to the organization. A genuine old watermelon feed, with a band concert was provided for the ex-rangers and their families Wednesday night.

In the rush and worry incident to a busy printing office it sometimes happens that proper changes or credits are not made on our mailing list. Any error will be cheerfully corrected when brought to our attention.

Passing of a Pioneer.

Captain E. B. Dennis, of our early pioneers, died at San Antonio, Texas, August 31st. In reporting his death to Frontier Times our friend, Col. W. K. Baylor writes:

"Our old friend, and Texas' old and faithful friend, E. B. Dennis, died August 31st. He had passed on life's journey the mile post that marked his ninety-third year. Being weary of life's long journey he fell into that dreamless sleep from which there is no awaking until the Resurrection Morn, and passed beyond the encircling gloom and the tempests of the changing years. He, together with his aged wife, was temporarily in the Bexar County Home for the Aged, hoping to get into the Confederate Home at Austin and live together there. But this privilege was denied them as such an arrangement cannot be made just at this time. They had lived together seventy-one years and had lived in Texas seventy-one years and they refused to be separated so close to the end of life. Such being the case his friends and old comrades, the old Confeds, secured for the two a temporary home on the poor farm where he died the day and date above given of old age decay.

This aged couple were homeless wanderers in a state to which they had given all the best years of their lives. He drew that insultingly pitiful sum called the Confederate pension which would not keep one of them, much less the two.

Recently I have noticed that some of the Southern States are paying their old soldiers a dollar a day. But Texas is determined that her aged ones shall never have enough to live on. She has fixed the maximum sum they can ever receive at twenty dollars per month.

"E. B. Dennis and his wife had one sweet memory and that was: that when the end came their ashes would rest in the bosom of the State they loved so well and served so long and faithfully.

They watched the thin veil between the frail present and the eternal future grow thinner and thinner with the passing years. He is gone. She patiently awaits her summon, sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust in that God who gave her being."

Captain Peak Recalls Last Indian Fight

W. S. Adair, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, August 31, 1925

The annual meeting of the Texas Ranger Association at Ranger, Aug. 12-14, very naturally revived interest in the final clashes between the rangers and the Indians on the Texas frontier. The News has already given an account of the last fight with the Apaches, in which the operations of the rangers were directed by Capt. George W. Baylor and Lieut. L. P. Neville, in 1881. Capt. June Peak, 4409 Worth street, is the best authority on the farewell brush with the Comanches and Kiowas, since it was a scouting party of Company B, of which he was in command, that encountered the Indians.

"In establishing military posts along the Southwestern frontier from Fort Sill to Fort Concho, the Federal Government did not canvass the Indian problem in all its aspects," said Capt. Peak. "The soldiers were instructed to deal leniently with the Indians, to follow them up when they wandered from the reservations, and to bring them back, but not to kill them. The idea was to look after the welfare of the Indians without considering the settlers, and the sagacity of the Indians was not long in perceiving the opportunity which this policy afforded them for murdering and plundering, with the apparent connivance of the Government. Undoubtedly the failure of the Government to think of the settler in framing its Indian policy was responsible for most of the depredations of the Indians after they were moved to the reservations.

"Early in June, Black Horse, a sub-chief of the Comanches and Kiowas, was given by the Indian agent at Fort Sill a leave of absence for fifteen days to hunt buffaloes on the Plains of Texas. With fifteen Indians, armed with provisions and ammunition, Black Horse immediately thereafter crossed into Texas. Like his white brother, the Indian was prone of the slightest temptation to drop back into forbidden paths. Black Horse cared much less for shooting buffaloes than he did for wiping out some old scores with the settlers of Texas; and now that he was well armed he could not resist the temptation.

"The wily savage knew that if he did not return to the reservation when his time was up, a detachment of soldiers would follow him up, and that this would give him an opportunity to plead successfully with the indulgent commanding officer for an extension of his leave.

Things fell out as he had planned. He framed a dolorous tale to the effect that buffaloes were so scarce and wild that the hunt had been unsuccessful, and that his people were starving. To relieve their distress he begged for more time and an additional supply of provisions and ammunition, and for the use of a Long-Tom rifle—a high-powered, long-range gun, such as the sharpshooters of the time used—with which he could bring down buffaloes at a distance. Capt. Nolan, who was in command of the detachment that followed Black Horse up, said afterward that he hesitated a long time before granting the request of the eloquent savage, whom he found encamped at Double Lakes, on the Staked Plains, several day's ride north of Big Spring.

"Leaving Black Horse at Double Lakes, Capt. Nolan set out for Big Spring, where his route intersected the Old Shafer Trail, down the north side of the Concho River. It afterwards transpired that Black Horse followed Capt. Nolan's detachment, thus stealing into the settlements under cover of the United States Army. Company B, Texas Rangers, was at the time camped on the main Concho River, between the Painted Rocks and the Old Mullins ranch. Just before dark, on the evening of June 29, I received notice that Indians were coming into the settlements from the Plains.

At 9 o'clock that night I sent out a corporal with six rangers, with orders to scout the country as far as the head of the North Concho River and, if they encountered no signs of Indians in that region, next to explore the country between the head of the North Concho and the central station of the old Overland Stage Line, between Fort Concho and the Pecos River, in the meantime keeping an eye out for water holes, which

would be of use to the ranger service later on.

"The scouting party covered almost fifty miles that night, and early next morning found themselves near the head of the North Concho. There they met Mr. Connell, a ranchman, and one of his cowboys, who told them they had just seen the fresh trail of Indians fifteen miles to the west and that if the Indians had not changed their course they could not be far away. For a starting point the scouts, accompanied by Mr. Connell, hurried to the place where the ranchman had seen the trail. They soon made out that there were sixteen Indians in the party, eight mounted and eight afoot. They followed the trail at a gallop, and toward sunset discovered the Indians in camp at the head of a rough canyon covered with mountain cedars. Without halting the scouts rushed the camp. The Indians broke for cover, firing as they ran. The two pack mules carrying the provisions, the water, the blankets and the cartridges of the scouts broke loose during the fight and followed the Indians into the canyon, leaving the scouts with empty guns and only the cartridges they carried in their belts. Under the circumstances the scouts considered it foolhardy to venture into the canyon—seven men out of cartridges against sixteen well armed and with plenty of ammunition. But firing in a desultory way was kept up till dark, the Indians shootin' deliberately from behind rocks, the scouts, more or less exposed in the open, directing their fire by the reports and smoke of the Indians' guns. The Indians, however, gave but a poor account of themselves. They killed two of our horses, including the one Mr. Connell was riding, but did not succeed in hitting a single ranger. When the scouts rushed the camp the Indians made for the canyon with such precipitation that they forgot about their horses, which fell into our hands.

"At daybreak next morning the rangers took up the trail of the Indians, who had left the canyon during the night. The trail indicated ten Indians and two mules and bore west. Forty miles away from the canyon the rangers found six saddles, blankets and some other equipment which the Indians had

abandoned. From the circumstance that sixteen Indians entered the canyon and only ten had come out, the rangers inferred that six had been killed in the fight, for it was not the nature of bands of Indians on the warpath to divide up like that. In fact, we afterward learned that only ten of these marauders ever got back to Fort Sill.

"Having burned the Indian loot, the rangers continued the pursuit eighty miles farther, when they came upon their two pack mules, which had apparently been left by the Indians. Ranger W. B. Anglin was some distance ahead of the party, with Ranger J. W. Bruton a few yards behind, and both considerably in advance of the rest, who proceeded in a body. The Indians had found on the prairie a sink, or hole, concealed by tall grass within shooting distance, evidently calculating that the rangers would collect in a body around the recovered mules, and thus make fair targets of themselves. When Anglin reached the mules and was in the act of dismounting, the Indians fired, killing him. Bruton, who was under fire, leaped from his saddle and, falling in the grass, returned the fire, with the idea of holding the position until his companions could come up. But in view of the fact that the rangers had only a few rounds of cartridges the corporal in command declined to order an advance. Bruton fought the Indians until he was satisfied that he was not going to get help. He then shot Anglin's horse to keep the Indians from getting it, and, under a heavy fire, remounted his horse, and, cutting off the two pack mules, gallantly rode away, driving them before him.

"Our scouting party then abandoned the expedition and set out for the camp. On the way they buried the body of Anglin where he had fallen. Anglin, who was an all-around fine fellow, had joined the rangers for the sake of adventure. At the time I had the address of his mother, and it was my duty as captain of the company to write her a letter, but it was so long ago that I can not recall where she lived.

"This was the last fight between the rangers and the Comanches and Kiowas, and W. B. Anglin was the last ranger killed by Indians on the Texas frontier.

The Indians were far from fools in what concerned their mode of life, and from renegade white men who had from time to time joined them they had derived some valuable information about the white man."

Capt. Peak joined the rangers with the commission of lieutenant in April, 1878. Before the end of the year he was made captain and placed in command of Company B, Frontier Battalion.

He left the service in 1880. The Texas Rangers' Association is composed of men who served on the frontier prior to 1881. About 100 answered to roll call at Ranger this year. Maj. W. M. Green of Meridian is president. The annual meetings of the organization were held at Menard up to this year, when Ranger was selected and Ranger won over Menard as the place of meeting next year.

Whistling in Heaven

The following poem, the author of which is unknown, is published by request. The poem first appeared about thirty years ago, and recalls some of the terrors which our frontier women experienced.

You're surprised that I ever should say
so?

Just wait till the reason I've given,
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven.
Then you'll think it no very great
wonder,

Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there a-
whistling

Its music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40,
We had come from our far Eastern
home

Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the winter should come,
And we lived all the while in our wagon,
While husband was clearing the place,
Where the house was to stand, and the
clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, where our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get
them

Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be ab-
sent

At least a whole night and day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors

And the nearest was more than a mile;
And we hadn't found time yet to know
them

For we had been busy the while;
And the man who had helped at the
raising

Just stayed till the job was well done,
And as soon as the money was paid him
Had shouldered his axe and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;
For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have fear-
ed.

For the wild wolf was often heard howl-
ing
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror,
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried.
As I thought of the long, dreary hours,
When darkness of night should fall
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call.

And when the night came with its terrors
To hide ev'ry ray of light,
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath,
Lest the baby should wake and its cry-
ing
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,

When suddenly far in the distance
 A sound as of whistling I heard.
 I started up dreadfully frightened
 For fear 'twas an Indian's call;
 And then very soon I remembered
 The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
 I thought were he coming for ill,
 He'd surely approach with more caution
 Would come without warning, and
 still.

Then the sounds coming nearer and
 nearer,
 Took the form of a tune light and gay.
 And I knew I needn't fear evil
 From one who could whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
 Then came a peculiar dull thump,
 As if some one was heavily striking
 An axe in the top of a stump,
 And then in another brief moment
 There came a light tap at the door,
 When quickly I undid the fast'ning,
 And in stepped a boy, and before

There was either a question or answer,
 Or either had time to speak,
 I just threw my glad arms around him
 And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
 Then I started back, scared at my bold-
 ness

But he only smiled at my fright,
 As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy
 Elick,
 Come to tarry with you through the
 night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
 and made up our minds where he'd
 gone,

And I said to the rest of our people,
 That woman is there all alone.
 And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
 And though she may have no great
 fear, I think she would feel a bit
 safer

If only a boy were but near."

"So, taking my axe on my shoulder,
 I or fear that a savage might stray
 Across my path and need scalping,
 I started right down this way;
 And coming in sight of your cabin,
 And thinking to save you alarm,
 I whistled a tune just to show you
 I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am at your service,
 But if you don't want me to stay,
 Why, all you need do is to say so,
 And shoulde'ring my axe I'll away."
 I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
 Just at the thought of his leaving me
 then,
 And his eye gave a knowing bright
 twinkle
 As he said "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
 How terribly frightened I'd been,
 How his face was to me the most wel-
 come
 Of any I ever had seen.
 And then I lay down with the baby,
 And slept all the blessed night through
 For I felt I was safe from all danger
 Near so brave a young fellow and
 true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder
 Since such a good reason I've given,
 Why I say I shan't care for the music,
 Unless there is whistling in heaven?
 Yes, often I said so in earnest.
 And now what I've said I repeat,
 That unless there is whistling in heaven,
 Its music will not be complete.

Opens Book Store.

Miss Nell Andrew has opened the
 Personal Service Book Store at Austin,
 and will buy and sell all kinds of books.
 If you are seeking any particular book
 or desire to learn about books that are
 on the market, or out of print, send
 your wants to Miss Nell Andrew, 206
 West Seventh Street, Austin, Texas.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin,"
 now being published serially in *Frontier
 Times*, will be published in pamphlet
 form in November, and will be sold for
 \$1.00 per copy.

Every old Frontiersman, every old
 time Texas Ranger, every old Trail
 Driver, should send us a sketch of his
 experience for publication in *Frontier
 Times*, and in this way help to preserve
 the history of our great state.

If you fail to receive your copy of
Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify
 us and another copy will be sent you.

Couples Wedded Fifty Years

An event, probably most unique in the whole United States, occurred August 16, at Mission Valley, twenty miles from Cuero, when two brothers who married sisters celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with a family reunion.

Fifty years ago, on August 16, 1875, William James Adcock and Miss Ellen Caroline Sparks and Julius Calvin Adcock and Miss Amanda Elvira Sparks celebrated their marriage with merrymaking at the old Adcock homestead, near the present town of Schroeder, after a double wedding ceremony had been performed uniting the Adcock brothers and the Sparks sisters, an event of no little interest in the community, for the families of both were prominent.

On August 16, this year, their children, grandchildren and great grandchildren gathered around them, enjoying the hilarity of the great family, members of which had come from as far as New York and New Jersey.

It was just an ordinary wedding ceremony at first, according to the old couples, except that Julius Calvin and Amanda Elvira sprang a surprise by joining in the ceremony set for William James and Ellen Caroline. After their marriage the two couples settled down about seven or eight miles apart and lived and reared their families in those same houses and have lived in them through the half century of married life, except for one move of a few miles made by J. C. Adcock and family several years ago.

To the union of William James and Ellen Caroline were born fifteen children, all living except one. With the exception of that one, no death has ever occurred in the W. Adcock home in the fifty years. The living children of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adcock are seven sons and seven daughters, Russell Adcock of Nixon, J., Mrs. Jessie Flowers of San Antonio, Mrs. Alice Wilbanks of Galveston, W. Adcock of Vinton, La; Mrs. F. C. Schlein of Beeville, Walter Adcock of Katy, Texas; Mrs. E. W. Rabel of Thomaston, Marvin Adcock of Beeville, Mrs. Fred Miller Cuero, Oliver Adcock of Cuero, Roy Adcock of Houston, Mrs.

W. G. Semmler of Cuero and Earl Adcock of Cuero.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Adcock have six children, two girls and four boys, all living. They are Will C. Adcock of Houston, Rennie M. Adcock of Thomaston, Mrs. W. E. Watson of Thomaston, Riley Adcock of Thomaston, Mrs. Jack Paul of Fairbank and Richard Adcock of Thomaston.

W. J. Adcock and wife have twenty grandchildren and one great-grandchild, while the line of the J. C. Adcock family extends to eighteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

All of the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of both families were present for the golden anniversary celebration, with the exception of Mrs. Jessie Flowers of San Antonio, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adcock, who was ill and unable to attend the event.

W. J. Adcock was born in Monroe, Ala., Sept. 17, 1850, celebrating his fiftieth wedding anniversary as he nears the seventy-fifth mile stone. His wife was born at Stephenville, Erath County, Texas, Sept. 6, 1858. J. C. Adcock was born in Seguin, Texas, July 11, 1858, while his wife was born in McKinney, Texas, Feb. 12, 1856. W. J. Adcock was 25, while his wife was 16, when they were married, and J. C. Adcock was 17 and his wife 19.

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If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now being published serially in Frontier Times, will be published in pamphlet form in November, and will be sold for \$1.00 per copy.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

The Life of John Wesley Hardin

(Continued From Last Month.)

We were too quick for them, however, in every way and they could not go our gait. A few more bullets quickly and rightly placed silenced the party forever. The other party was now advancing on us and shooting as they came. We, therefore, determined to stampede the herd, which we did in short order by shooting a steer in the nose. This seemed to demoralize them for a while and they all broke to the cattle except one, who stood still and continued to use his pistol. We cross-fired on him and I ended his existence by putting a ball through his temples. We then took after the rest, who now appeared to be hunting protection from other herders. We caught up with two of them and Jim Clements covered and held them while I rounded in two more. These latter two said they had nothing to do with them and that their companions must have been drunk. We let these two go to the cattle. A crowd of cowmen from all around had now gathered. I suppose there were twenty-five of them around the two Mexicans we had first rounded up. We thus had good interpreters and once we thought the matter was settled with them, when suddenly the Mexicans, believing they "had the drop," pulled their pistols and both fired blank at me. I don't know how they missed me. In an instant I fired first at one, then at the other. The first I shot through the heart and he dropped dead. The second I shot through the lungs and Jim shot him too. He fell off his horse and I was going to shoot him again when he begged and held up both hands. I could not shoot a man, not even a treacherous Mexican, begging and down. Besides, I knew he would die anyway. In comparing notes after the fight we agreed that I had killed five out of six dead Mexicans.

Nothing of interest happened until we reached North Cottonwood, where we went into camp to deliver our cattle. We were now about 35 miles from Abilene, Kansas, and it was about the first of June that we all got word to

come into Abilene, draw our pay and be discharged.

I have seen many fast towns, but I think Abilene beat them all. The town was filled with sporting men and women, gamblers, cowboys, desperadoes and the like. It was well supplied with bar rooms, hotels, barber shops and gambling houses, and everything was open.

Before I got to Abilene I had heard much talk of Wild Bill, who was then marshal of Abilene. He had a reputation as a killer. I knew Ben Thompson and Phil Coe were there and had met both these men in Texas. Besides these I learned that there were many other Texans there and so, although there was a reward offered for me, I concluded to stay some time there as I knew that Carol and Johnson, the owners of my herd, "squared" me with the officials. When we went to town and settled up, Jim Clements insisted on going home, although they offered him \$140 per month to stay. I continued in their employ to look after their stray cattle at \$150 per month. Thus we settled our business and proceeded to take in the town.

Columbus Carol got in a fuss with a policeman that night at a notorious resort. Carson was the policeman's name and he drew a pistol on Carol. I was present and drew mine on Carson, making him leave the place. I told him not to turn his head until he got to the corner of the next street and to go and get "Wild Bill," his chief, and come back and we would treat him likewise. But "they never came back."

Next morning Carol and myself met Carson and Wild Bill on the streets, but nothing happened.

Jim Clements took the trail and went back to Texas. Phil Coe and Ben Thompson at that time were running the Bull's Head saloon and gambling hall. They had a big bull painted outside the saloon as a sign and the city council objected to this for some special reason. Wild Bill, the marshal, notified Ben Thompson and Phil Coe to take the sign down or change it some-

what. Phil Coe thought the ordinance all right, but it made Thompson mad. Wild Bill, however, sent up some painters and materially altered the offending bovine.

For a long time everybody expected trouble between Thompson and Wild Bill and I soon found out that they were deadly enemies. Thompson tried to prejudice me every way he could against Bill and told me how Bill, being a Yankee, always picked out Southern men to kill, and especially Texans. I told him "I am not doing anybody's fighting just now except my own, but I know how to stick to a friend. If Bill needs killing, why don't you kill him yourself?"

He said: "I would rather get someone else to do it."

I told him then that he had struck the wrong man. I had not yet met Bill Heycox, but really wished for a chance to have a set-to with him just to try his pluck.

One night in a wine room he was drinking with some friends of mine when he remarked that he would like to have an introduction to me. George Johnson introduced us and we had several glasses of wine together. He asked me all about the fight on the Newton prairie and showed me a proclamation from Texas offering a reward for my arrest. He said:

"Young man, I am favorably impressed with you, but don't let Ben Thompson influence you; you are in enough trouble now and if I can do you a favor I will do it."

I was charmed with his liberal views, and told him so. We parted friends.

I spent most of my time in Abilene in the saloons and gambling houses, playing poker, faro and seven-up. One day I was playing ten pins and my best horse was hitched outside in front of the saloon. I had two six-shooters on and of course, I knew the saloon people would raise a row if I did not pull them off. Several Texans were there rolling ten pins and drinking. I suppose we were pretty noisy. Wild Bill came in and said we were making too much noise and told me to take off my pistols until I got ready to go out of town. I told him I was ready to go now, but did not propose to put up my pistols, go or

no go. He went out and I followed him. I started up the street when one behind me shouted out:

"Set up. All down but nine."

Wild Bill whirled around and met me. He said:

"What are you howling about and what are you doing with those pistols on."

I said: "I am just taking in the town."

He pulled his pistol and said: "Take those pistols off. I arrest you."

I said all right and pulled them out of the scabbard, but while he was reaching for them I reversed them and whirled them over on him with the muzzles in his face, springing back at the same time. I told him to put his pistol up, which he did. I cursed him for a long-haired scoundrel that would shoot a boy with his back to him (as I had been told he intended to do me). He said, "Little Arkansaw, you have been wrongly informed."

By this time a big crowd had gathered with pistols and arms. They kept urging me to kill him. Down the street a squad of policemen were coming, but Wild Bill motioned them to go back and at the same time asked me not to let the mob shoot him.

I shouted: "This is my fight and I will kill the first man that fires a gun."

Bill said: "You are the gamest and quickest boy I ever saw. Let us compromise this matter and I will be your friend. Let us go in here and take a drink, as I want to talk to you and give you some advice."

At first I thought he might be trying to get the drop on me, but he finally convinced me of his good intentions and we went in and took a drink. We went in a private room and I had a long talk with him and we came out friends.

I had been drinking pretty freely that day and towards night went into a restaurant to get something to eat. A man named Pain was with me, a Texan who had just come up the trail. While we were in the restaurant several drunken men came in the restaurant and began to curse Texans. I said to the nearest one:

"I'm a Texan."

He began to curse me and threatened to slap me over. To his surprise I pulled my pistol and he promptly pulled

his. At the first fire he jumped behind my friend Pain, who received a ball in his only arm. He fired one shot and ran, but I shot at him as he started, the ball hitting him in the mouth, knocking out several teeth and coming out behind his left ear. I rushed outside, pistol in hand and jumped over my late antagonist, who was lying in the doorway. I met a policeman on the sidewalk, but I threw my pistol in his face and told him to "hands up." He did it.

I made my way to my horse and went north to Cottonwood about thirty-five miles, to await results. While I was there a Mexican named Bideno shot and killed Billy Coran, a cow man who had come up the trail with me. He was bossing a herd then, holding it near by Abilene for the market. His murder by this Mexican was a most foul and treacherous one, and although squad after squad tried to arrest this Mexican, they never succeeded in either killing or arresting him.

Many prominent cow men came to me and urged me to follow the murderer. I consented if they would go to Abilene and get a warrant for him. They did so and I was appointed a deputy sheriff and was given letters of introduction to cattle men whom I should meet. About sunrise on the 27 th of June, 1871, I left the North Cottonwood with Jim Rodgers to follow Bideno. Of course, we proposed to change horses whenever we wanted to. This was easy to do, as there were many horses around the herds and we knew they would let us have them when we explained our purpose. We hoped to catch up with him before he got to the Nation, and especially before he got to Texas. Off we went in a lope and got to Newton, about 50 miles away, by 4 p. m. I had learned of a herd there bossed by a brother of the dead Billy Coran and I sent a messenger to him telling him (the messenger) not to spare horseflesh. Coran came and one Anderson with him. I told him of his brother's death and we were soon on the trail with fresh horses and four instead of two in our party.

We had not yet heard one word from Bideno. We expected to reach Wichita that night. About twelve miles from Newton, just about dusk, we came upon a herd bossed by Ben McCulloch, who

was afterwards Assistant Superintendent of the Huntsville Penitentiary, while I was there. We changed horses again and took the trail, having as yet heard nothing of Bideno. We reached Wichita about 11 o'clock that night, having traveled 100 miles since starting. We concluded to rest until morning and then go on the south side of the river and make inquiry. I knew there were several Mexican herds near the river which Bideno might have gone to for a change of horses. We went next morning to these herds, going from one to the other, hunting for information. Finally we struck a Mexican who said that just such a man had stayed at his camp about 10 o'clock last night and had traded horses with one of his men early in the morning. He said the horse he had traded for was the best in camp. We were convinced that this must have been Bideno, so changing horses and flushed with hope we hit the trail again about 7 a. m. in a long lope.

We saw a herder about 8 o'clock who told us that two hours before he had seen a Mexican wearing a broad brimmed hat and going south in a lope, keeping about 200 yards from the trail. We were now satisfied we were on the right track and pulled out again, expecting to change horses at Cow House creek, about fifteen miles further on.

We met a man near Cow House who told us that he had seen a Mexican wearing a broad brimmed hat and going south in a lope. When we got to Cow House we changed our horses at once and found that Bideno had done likewise an hour before. It was now about 10 o'clock, and hoping to overtake him before we got to Bluff Creek, twenty-miles off, on the line of Arkansas and the Indian territory, we pushed our fresh horses to a fast lope. We heard from him several times, but he was always in a lope and always off the road.

After going about twenty miles we again changed horses so that if we ran up on him our horses would be fresh. When we got within two miles of Bluff Creek the road forked. Anderson and I went through the city, while Rodgers and Coran took the other fork; all agreeing to meet in the Indian Nation on the other side of the creek.

Anderson and I, before going far

got direct information that Bideno had just unsaddled his horse and had gone up town inquiring for a restaurant. We fired our pistols and by this means got Coran and Rodgers to hear us and come back.

We soon got to Bluff, which was a town of about fifty houses. There were some bar rooms and restaurants in a line and we agreed to ride up like cow boys, hitch our horses and divide into two parties, each going into different places. Anderson and I went into a restaurant, but before we reached it we had to go into a saloon. I called for drinks and took in the situation. I asked if we could get dinner and if a Mexican herder was eating dinner back there. They said there was; so I told my partner to get out his gun and follow me. We stepped into the entrance and I recognized Bideno. With my pistol by my side I said:

"Bedino, I am after you; surrender; I do not wish to hurt you and you shall not be hurt while you are in my hands."

He was sitting at the table eating and shook his head and frowned. He then dropped his knife and fork and grabbed his pistol. As he did it I told him to throw up his hands.

When he got his pistol out I fired at him across the table and he fell over a dead man, the ball hitting him squarely in the forehead.

Hearing the firing Coran and Rodgers rushed in also. Coran said: "I just want to shoot my brother's murderer one time. Is he dead?"

I told him he was, but he wanted to shoot him anyway. I would not let him but he took his hat as a trophy.

In the meantime the waiter was jumping up and down, begging us not to kill him; that he was a friend of cowboys, etc. I quieted him by telling him if he did not get out he might, perhaps, get shot accidentally, and he promptly acted on my suggestion.

We all went into the saloon and the bartender said: "Take what you want." We took some good whiskey and he would not let us pay for it.

Quite a crowd had gathered by now and they all wanted to know what the shooting was about. I got outside the saloon and told the crowd how this MEXICAN had murdered a prominent

cow man on the 26th at North Cottonwood; how we had followed him and demanded his surrender; how he had refused to give up and had drawn his pistol, when I was forced to shoot him. I then introduced John Coran the dead man's brother. They all commended our actions and we gave those people \$20 to bury him.

We all started back to Abilene, rejoicing over our good luck. We reached Wichita that night, which was about fifty miles away. As we had ridden about 150 miles in 36 hours we all rested that night in Wichita.

There I told my companions my trouble in Abilene. We all agreed to go to Newton and thence Abilene, where they were to stick to me against anything.

I had heard that Wild Bill had said that if I ever came back to Abilene he would kill me, so I had determined to go back there and if Bill tried to arrest me to kill him.

We stopped next at Newton and took in that town in good style. The policemen tried to hold us down, but they all resigned, I reckon. We certainly shut up that town.

We went on to Abilene fearing nothing but God. While we were opening wine there, Wild Bill came in and ask me if I remembered our talk in the "Apple Jack."

"Well," said he, "you can not 'hurrah' me, and I am not going to have it."

I told him, "I don't wish to hurrah you; but I have come to stay, regardless of you."

"Well," he said, "you can stay and wear your guns, but those other fellows must pull them off. You are in no danger here. I congratulate you in getting your Mexican. Come in and invite your friends. We will open a bottle of wine."

The boys had been watching us pretty closely and we all went into a room, they having their guns on. The marshal said nothing about their pistols then and after drinking a couple of bottles of wine left.

I then told my companions that Bill was my friend and had asked me to see that they took their pistols off. They asked me why I did not pull mine off. I told them that the marshal had

not demanded that of me, but I knew he was our friend and would protect us all, and if he did not, I would. Well, they said that if Wild Bill was all right with me they would go home, which they did.

Everybody in Abilene wanted to see the man that killed the murderer of Billy Coran and I received substantial compliments in the shape of \$20, \$50 and \$100 bills. I did not want to take the money at first but I finally concluded there was nothing wrong about it, so took it as proof of their friendship and gratitude for what I had done. I think I got about \$400 in that way. Besides this, some wealthy cow men made up a purse and gave me \$600, so I got about a \$1000 for my work. I wish to say, however, that at the time I killed him I never expected to receive a cent, and only expected to have my expenses paid.

It was about the 2nd of July that John Coran, Jim Rodgers, Hugh Anderson and myself parted at Abilene. In a day or two Manning and Gip Clements came into Abilene and hunted me up. They found me with Jake Johnson and Frank Bell. To celebrate the meeting we opened several bottles of wine and then Manning said:

"Wes, I want to see you privately."

He, Gip and myself went up to my private room. Manning said:

"Wes, I killed Joe and Dolph Shadden last night, but I was justified."

"Well," said I, "I am glad you are satisfied, but I would stick to you all the same, even if you were not satisfied in your action."

Manning said that he was bossing a herd for Doc Burnett in Gonzales county and was driving them here. He had selected his own hands and had hired these Shadden boys. Everything had gone on smoothly until they crossed Red River. Then the Shaddens commenced playing off and refused to go on night duty. When they were ordered to do so they became insulting and demanded their time and money. When told they could quit they wanted pay for all the time had they gone through Abilene. This, Manning refused to do, but offered to pay them for the time they had actually worked. He told them it was either this or leave camp or to do night

duty and stay. They stayed and did night duty. All the time going through the Nation they were trying to make the other hands dissatisfied and to'd them that they intended to kill Manning before they got to Abilene, where they knew that Jim Clements and Wes Hardin were and they would take Manning's part of course.

When they crossed the Canadian they gave up work entirely. Manning then offered them their full pay if they would leave. This they would not do, so he told Gip and the rest of the hands to watch them in word and actions. Manning would actually stay away from camp at night to avoid trouble, as he knew they were fixing to kill him there. They began to talk about his cowardice in sleeping away from camp at nights. When the herd crossed the Arkansas, Manning told a friend of his that had their confidence too, that he was not going to sleep out of camp any longer.

The Shadden boys then said: "Well, if he comes back to sleeping in camp at night we will kill him."

Manning was told of their intention and told his brother Gip in their presence to make down his bed in a certain place, which he did.

When they had gone. Manning told Gip what was up. Manning went on duty first that night and a hand came out to the herd and begged him not to go back to camp that night as these Shadden boys were sitting up waiting to kill him. Manning, however, took a friend and went to camp. He got there later than they expected and called out in a loud voice: "Gip, get up and go on herd." Gip said, "all right." Joe Shadden jumped up with his pistol, but Manning had on a slicker and also had his pistol in his hand. Manning fired first and put a bullet through Joe's head. Dolph, meanwhile, had fired at Manning, the ball going through his slicker and vest. Manning and Dolph Shadden then rushed together and scuffled, but Manning managed to fire, shooting him through the breast.

He fell back on his bed, telling Manning that he had killed him. Manning then turned the herd over to one of his hands, got his young brother Gip and came on here. When Manning told me this I said: "I have a heap of trouble,

but I stand square in Abilene. Wild Bill is my particular friend, and he is one to help you here if papers come from Texas for you. Now, Manning, pull off your pistols until I see Bill and fix him." I made Gip do the same thing. I then saw Columbus Carol and Jake Johnson and it was agreed that Columbus see Wild Bill and square Manning Clements. But, unfortunately, Columbus got drunk and squared nothing. That evening we all dropped into a gambling hall and began to buck at monte. Wild Bill came in and said: "Hello, Little Arkansaw." Bill bought \$20 worth of checks and lost them. Then he bought \$50 and them \$100. Manning and I walked out and went over to the American House to get supper. I had finished eating, but Manning and Gip had not, when in walked Wild Bill and McDonald. I knew in an instant that they had come to arrest Manning. Bill gave me the wink. In a few minutes he said. "How did you come out?" I told him about \$25 ahead and I asked him what he did. "I lost \$250," said he. I told him I knew all the time he was playing the house's money we had left. He laughed and said yes, that those fellows knew better than to refuse him. By this time Manning had finished eating and Wild Bill said:

"Are you through eating?"

Manning told him "yes," and he said: "I suppose your name is Clements. I have a telegram here to arrest Manning Clements; so consider yourself under arrest." Manning said "All right." I told Bill to let McDonald guard his prisoner a moment and told Bill I wanted to speak to him privately. I asked him if Columbus Carol had posted him.

"No," said he, "he is drunk. Why did you not post me yourself."

I then told him that he had once promised to do anything I asked of him; that Manning was a cousin of mine and relied on me for safety. I then asked Wild Bill what I could expect from him. He told me he would turn him loose. I told him that was the only way of avoiding trouble. It was agreed that he should protect himself and his reputation as an officer by taking Manning to the Bull's Head saloon

(Phil Coe's) and from there to the lock-up. I asked him to tell me exactly what time he would turn him out and he said, "12 o'clock." I then called Manning in and told him that Columbus had gotten drunk and had not posted Wild Bill and he must go to jail, but would be turned out at 12 o'clock.

Wild Bill and McDonald then took Manning to jail, while I went to Jess McCoy and bought a horse and saddle for Manning to ride. By this time they had landed him in jail and Bill had sent for me to come up town. Jake Johnson was cutting up about the arrest and had a band of twenty-five Texans ready to liberate him. The police were also gathering at the jail. I took Jake off and told him that Columbus had gotten drunk and, had not posted Bill. I explained it all to him and told him to bring his men up to Phil Coe's saloon and stay there. I went up to Phil Coe's and privately agreed to break open the jail at 12 o'clock if Wild Bill did not turn him loose at the appointed time. We went to work then and got fifty men, stationed them in the back of the Bull's Head saloon, just across the street from the jail. I told Phil Coe that Wild Bill and I had set our watches together and so he and I set ours together. I agreed with Phil Coe that he should get the key by 10 minutes to 12 and if at that time he had not gotten it to send me word. I told him where Wild Bill and I would be exactly at that time. I told him if I did not get word from him by 5 minutes to twelve I would kill Wild Bill, but whether he heard shooting or not to break open the jail if he did not get the key. At 10 minutes to 8 by my watch I went to meet Wild Bill and we commenced to take in the gambling houses, etc. We began on monte and the banks we did not break, closed. Then we tried faro, and after a while they closed, too. Bill played the bluff racket and I bet with him, so where they paid him they paid me as well. I think we won about a \$1000 that night. On going over town we learned that a policeman named Tom Carson had arrested some female friends of ours and we determined to see them turned loose and to whip Tom Carson, although he was chief deputy of Wild Bill. We

went to the calaboose and met Carson, but Bill did not say anything to him then, and called to the turnkey to bring the key. The prisoners got a hack and went home rejoicing. Tom Carson asked Wild Bill what he did it for and Bill answered his question by knocking him down and then jumping on him with both feet. It was a bad beating up, for Wild Bill was a man 6 feet high and weighed 200 pounds. He was light complexioned, blue-eyed and his hair hung down his shoulders in yellow curls. He was a brave, handsome fellow, but somewhat overbearing. He had fine sense and was a splendid judge of human nature. After this we again went up town and directly I asked Bill what time it was. He said, "15 minutes to 12," and handed me the key wrapped up in a piece of paper. I sent it at once to Phil Coe's at the Bull Head saloon and sent word where Manning could find me. Manning soon joined me; we had some wine and then went to our horses.

We rode to Smokey river, where we got down and talked matters over. I had provided him with money and everything else necessary for the trip. It was agreed that we should meet again at Barnett Hardin's in Hill county, Texas, and that I should take care of his younger brother, Gip, whom he left with me. We parted with this understanding and he went to Texas, while I went back to Abilene, reaching the town about 3 a. m.

In those days life was constantly in danger from secret or hired assassins, and I was always on the lookout.

On the 7th of July Gip and I had gone to our rooms in the American Hotel to retire for the night. We soon got to bed, when presently I heard a man cautiously unlock my door and slip in with a big dirk in his hand. I halted him with a shot and he ran; I fired at him again and again and he fell dead with four bullets in his body. He had carried my pants with him so I jumped back, slammed the door and cried out that I would shoot the first man that came in. I had given one of my pistols to Manning the night before, so the one I had now was empty.

Now, I believed that if Wild Bill found me in a defenseless condition he

would take no explanation, but would kill me to add to his reputation. So in my shirt and drawers I told Gip to follow me and went out on the portico.

Just as I got there a hack drove up with Wild Bill and four policemen. I slipped back and waited until they had gotten well inside the hotel and then jumped off over the hack. Gip came after me. I sent Gip to a friend of mine to hide him. I hardly knew what to do. I was so sleepy in the first place, and without arms or clothes. I knew all the bridges were guarded and the country was out after me, believing that I had killed a man in cold blood, instead of a dirty, low down, would-be assassin. I concluded to slip around and sleep in a hay stack which I knew of. I heard them come and look for me, one remarking that he believed that I was in that hay stack and started to set it on fire. I crawled away into the hay stack, knowing they would not set it on fire, because it was too close to a store. If they had done so you would have seen a lad 19 years old in his night clothes crawling away from the officers and the fire in a hurry. I crawled to the edge of the stack after awhile and saw two squads of police not far off. I crawled to a cornfield in roasting ear, keeping the hay stack between me and the police. Presently I saw a lone cowboy riding up within a few yards of me. I asked him if he knew me. He said he did. I put my hand to my side and told him to get down on the other side. He did it and I got up. The police saw this move and I turned my nag loose. The police were right after me and we had a hot race to the river, three miles off. I got there a quarter of a mile ahead and plunged my horse in. He swam like a duck and I got across in safety. They fired several shots at me from the other side and their bullets whistled unpleasantly close to me, so I soon put space between myself and pursuers. I went about a mile, when I looked back and saw three men coming at a full speed, but I rode on and at that time few men could outride me. I weighed 155 pounds and was confident of myself, even though I was undressed and unarmed. I let that dun mare go a gait that I thought she could stand and that would put me in camp at least half

an hour ahead of my pursuers. I looked back again and saw them coming about four miles off. It was about five miles to camp and up hill most of the way, so I let her go and made it in about twenty minutes.

I was a sorry spectacle when I got to that camp. I was barehead, unarmed, redfaced, and in my night clothes. I went to work at once to meet my pursuers and got two six-shooters and a Winchester. The cook had prepared dinner and as I had eaten nothing since evening before, I certainly relished it. The camp was on the north bank of North Cottonwood and I dropped down under the bank while my pursuers rode up. Tom Carson and two others inquired of the cook where I was. He told them I had gone to the herd and asked them to get down and have dinner.

When they were eating I stepped up near them, but not near enough for any of them to grab me. I covered Tom Carson with my Winchester and told them, "all hands up or I'll shoot." All their hands went up, and I told the cook to relieve those gentlemen of their arms and told them any resistance on their part would mean certain and untimely death. The cook did his work well, and I told them to finish their dinner, while I sat on a dry goods box with my Winchester in my hands.

When they were through I made Tom Carson and his two men pull off their clothes, pants and boots, and sent them all back in this condition to face a July sun for thirty-five miles on a bald prairie.

I waited out on Cottonwood several days until Gip Clements came out.

On the 11th of July, 1871, Gip and I left Cottonwood for Texas, well armed and equipped in every way. We went by Emporia and Parsons and thence into the Nation.

One day we stopped for dinner with a trader who had a wagon drawn by a horse and a mule. He was a rough looking fellow, heavy set, dark, and weighing about 180 pounds. He professed to be an expert shot and we commenced to shoot for a dollar a shot. In those days I was a crack shot, and I won several dollars. He then challenged me to shoot for \$20. I did so and

won easily. He then wanted to shoot for \$50, which I did, and he again lost. He increased to \$100, which I won. This made him wrathful and he wanted to fight. I told him he couldn't whip me and he called me a liar, drawing his pistol. I cocked mine in his face and Gip interfered by catching the trader's pistol, which alone prevented me from shooting him. Gip then took it away from him and he commenced abusing me and said if Gip would give him back his pistol he would kill me. Of course he knew that Gip would not do this. He kept cursing me and told me he could carry weight and whip my sort.

I said, "Old man, I don't want to kill you, but you have only yourself to blame if you make me do it."

I guarded him while Gip saddled the horses. All this time he was trying to get to the wagon where his Winchester was and I had to warn the old fool repeatedly to keep back or I would surely kill him. When Gip got the horses saddled I made him throw down the trader's pistol and guard him until I had gotten off about 300 yards. Then Gip bade the Indian trader farewell and we rode off, laughing, but glad we did not have to kill him.

Nothing of interest happened until we got to Barnett Hardin's on the 30th of July, in Hill county, Texas. There we met Manning Clements and after staying about a week, we struck out for Gonzales county, where the Clements lived.

We arrived at Manning's house on the 7th of August, 1871. The Shadden brothers, whom Manning had killed, had a brother and a brother-in-law living near there and we expected trouble, but soon after our arrival they concluded to move out.

E. J. Davis was governor then and his State police were composed of carpet baggers, and sealawags from the North, with ignorant negroes frequently on the force. Instead of protecting life, liberty and property they destroyed it. We all knew that many members of this State Police outfit were members of some secret vigilant band, especially in DeWitt and Gonzales counties. We were all opposed to mob law and so soon became enemies. The consequence was that a lot of negro police

made a raid on me without lawful authority. They went from house to house looking for me and threatening to kill me, and frightening the women and children to death.

They found me at a grocery store in the southern portion of Gonzales county. I really did not know they were there until I heard some one say:

"Throw up your hands or die."

I said "all right," and turning around saw a big black negro with his pistol cocked and presented. I said:

"Look out, you will let that pistol go off, and I don't want to be killed accidentally."

He said: "Give me those pistols."

I said "all right," and handed him the pistols, handle foremost. One of the pistols turned a sumerset in my hand and went off. Down came the negro, with his pistol cocked, and as I looked outside I saw another negro on a white mule firing into the house at me. I told him to hold up, but he kept on, so I turned my Colts 45 on him and knocked him off his mule the first shot. I turned around then to see what had become of No. 1 and saw him sprawling on the floor with a bullet through his head, quivering in blood. I walked out of the back door to get my horse and when I got back to take in the situation the big negro on the white mule was making for the bottom at a 2:40 gait. I tried to head him off but he dodged and ran into a lake. I afterwards learned that he stayed in there with his nose out of the water until I left. The negro I killed was named Green Paramoor and the one on the white mule was a blacksmith from Gonzales named John Lackey—in fact they were both from that town.

News of this, of course, spread like wild fire, and myself and friends declared openly against negro or Yankee mob rule and misrule in general. In the meantime the negroes of Gonzales and adjoining counties had begun to congregate at Gonzales and were threatening to come out to the Sandies and with torch and knife depopulate the entire country. We at once got together about twenty-five men, good and true, and sent these negroes word to come along, that we would not leave enough of them to tell the tale. They

had actually started, but some old men from Gonzales talked to them and made them return to their homes. From that time on we had no negro police in Gonzales. This happened in September, 1871.

Soon after this I took a trip to see some relatives in Brenham, and nothing of interest happened until I returned. A posse of negroes from Austin came down after me and I was warned of their coming. I met them prepared and killed three of them. They returned sadder and wiser. This was in September, 1871.

As my parents were still living in Limestone county at Mount Calm, I concluded to go and see them. I went through Austin, through Georgetown, Belton and Waco, from thence to Mount Calm. I stayed there one night and went south to Gonzales.

I got back the night Gip Clements married Annie Tennile and I enjoyed the supper and the dance very much. my sweetheart who was soon to be my bride, Jane Bowen, was there.

Nothing of importance happened until I married Jane Bowen, though we were expecting the police to come any time. They would have met with a warm reception in those times, when the wedding bells were ringing all around.

About two months after I married I had some business at King's ranch and went by the way of Goliad and San Patricio to Corpus Christi. At the latter town I stayed several days and went out to King's ranch (sometimes called San Gertrudes). On my way out there, when about forty-five miles from Corpus Christi, I stopped to get my dinner and pulled off my saddle to let my horse graze. I looked around and saw two Mexicans coming towards me. They stopped about seventy-five yards away, got down and began to make coffee. This was evidently done to throw me off my guard, but it did not have the desired effect. I just saddled up my horse again and rode on, hoping to lose them. After I had gone about four miles I saw the same two Mexicans coming to meet me again. When they got about fifty yards away from me, one got on one side of the road and the other on the other side to cross-fire on

me. I took them to be robbers, as they were. I spurred my horse out of the road and they immediately pulled their pistols and started out after me. I suddenly wheeled and fired quickly. I shot the one on my left off his horse and the one on the right soon quit the fight. Being in a strange country I put as much space between myself and the robbers as possible. I never did know whether I killed both Mexicans or not.

I was riding a splendid horse and got to Capt. King's ranch that night. I stayed there the next day, transacted my business, and in company with Jim Cox I made my way to San Diego, stayed over night, and then went with Cox to Banquette, where I stayed a day or two.

There I got to thinking that I had one of the prettiest and sweetest girls in the country as my wife, who would soon be looking for me for I had promised to be gone only twelve days. The more I thought of her the more I wanted to see her. So one night about 10 o'clock I started from Banquette for Gonzales county, 100 miles away.

I got home about 4 a. m. but forever ruined a good horse worth \$250 in doing so. The sight of my wife recompensed me for the loss of Old Bob.

This was in May, and I conceived the idea of going east with a bunch of horses. I commenced to gather them at once and in two weeks I was ready to go to Louisiana. I bid my angel wife good bye. It nearly broke my heart for she had implicit confidence in me and her hope and prayer was for my safe return. This was about the 5th of June, 1872.

I concluded to go ahead of the herd to Eastern Teras, where I had some relatives. My herd was in charge of Jess and John Harper, who had been raised in Sabine county. Their father was living at Hemphill and was then sheriff of Sabine, so we agreed to meet at Hemphill, or rather, I agreed to wait for them there.

Nothing unusual happened on the trip except at Willis, where some fellows tried to arrest me for carrying a pistol, but they got the contents thereof instead. I stopped a week at Livingstone and stayed with my Uncle Barnett,

Aunt Ann and my cousins. We all had a splendid time and then I went to Hemphill about the last of June.

I had a race horse at that time named "Joe," and he was hard to catch on a quarter of a mile. I soon matched a race with some parties from San Augustine in an adjoining county. I think the race was for \$250, and we were to run 350 yards. I took Billy Harper and went twenty-five miles north to their tracks, won the race easily and got the money without any trouble.

It was now the 20th of July, and expecting the horses soon, Billy Harper and I went back to Hemphill. I waited there for the horses and gambled, as much for pastime as for money.

On the 26th of July I got into a difficulty with Sonny Spites, one of E. J. Davis' infamous State Police. It happened in this way: A man named O'Connor, returning from Louisiana, was going back home to Austin and stayed one night near Hemphill. A State Policeman arrested him because he had on a pistol and brought him into Hemphill, where, on the policeman's bare statement, the magistrate fined him \$25 and costs, besides confiscating his pistol. I heard of the outrage and explained the case to the justice, who granted O'Connor a new trial and acquitted him. In the meantime the policeman had taken possession of O'Connor's horse and saddle and was already trying to sell them to pay the fine and costs, O'Connor being broke. I was in front of the court house talking the matter over with O'Connor and some others when a small boy about ten years old began abusing Spites for arresting O'Connor at his father's house. Spites came up and listened to him and finally told the boy if he did not shut up he would arrest him too. The boy ridiculed him and defied him to do it, telling him that no one but a coward would arrest a poor traveler. Spites told him if he did not shut up he would whip him. The boy told him he was not afraid, just to go ahead and whip and arrest him. Spites got up to slap the boy, when I told him to hold on, that if he was in earnest to slap a man. He told me he would arrest me for interfering with him in the discharge of his duty. I told him he could not arrest one side

of me, and the boy laughed. Spites started to draw a pistol. I pulled a derringer with my left and my six-shooter with my right and instantly fired with my derringer. The dauntless policeman ran to the court house and asked the judge to protect him. I learned afterwards that Judge O. M. Roberts was the man appealed to. I would not shoot a fleeing man, not even a policeman, so I jumped on a horse and rode around to where my own was at Dr. Cooper's. When I got there Billy Harper was leading my horse "Joe" out of the stable, and Mrs. Cooper was bringing my saddle bags. I saddled Joe as quickly as possible and got my saddle bags on. (Mrs. Cooper was Billy's sister.) She cried out: "Wes, yonder comes Pa with some men; for God's sake don't shoot."

I told them goodbye and to get out of the way. Billy was trying to let down the bars and the sheriff and posse were right on me. I knew the sheriff was my friend, so I would not fire on him. I put spurs to "Joe" and went over the bars. Just as we went over two balls struck Joe in the neck, but we soon distanced them and went to a friend's house about two miles from town I awaited developments there and sent for Billy Harper.

Billy came about dark and told me Spites was not mortally wounded, only hit in the shoulder and scared to death. He said everybody approved of what I had done, and that Jess and John Harper had come with the horses. They were at Frank Lewis' with the herd, about seven miles from town, and were expecting me tomorrow. This was about the 26th day of July, 1872.

On the 27th I went out to the herd and stayed there a few days. I sold my horses to the Harper brothers and started back to Gonzales county, but expected to stop in Polk and Trinity counties on my way. Nothing unusual happened until I got within ten miles of Livingstone, in Polk county, where I stopped at a store, and there being some gay fellows there, we soon made a race. The race was for \$250, \$100 being put up as a forfeit, and the distance being a quarter of a mile. The date of the race was the 30th of July. The men I had made the race with were named

Hickman and I was told they intended to take the money whether they won or not. When the time came for me to put up the other \$150 with the stakeholder I told what I had heard. His name was Dick Hudson and I told him I knew him when we had been boys together in Polk county. He said he knew me well, so I told him there was my money, but I wanted the other parties to understand that no man or set of men could take my money without killing me unless they won it; that if these parties wanted a fight instead of a race they could not commence any too soon to suit me. After Hickman Bros. heard this they altered their tone and wanted to draw down, but I would not draw. At 12 o'clock (the limit for putting up) I claimed and received the \$350 without a murmur from the Hickmans.

My uncle, Barnett Hardin, lived only ten miles from there, so I went to his place on the 30th of July and hunted and fished for a week. After this Barnett Jones, a cousin of mine, and I went up into Trinity county, where we had some relatives and friends, getting to Trinity City on the 7th of August. We went to John Gates' saloon and ten pin alley, where I commenced to roll. Everybody beat me for the drinks and after I had lost a round or two Phil Sublet and I matched a game for \$50 in or out. We were to roll anything we wished, from a pony up. It was to be a ball game at \$5 a ball. I beat him six straights and won \$30 of the \$50. He said:

"I am going to take my stake down."

I told him we had made the game for \$50 and I reckoned he would have to have my consent first.

He said: "No, by G—."

I told him that he could not get it unless the stake holder gave it to him after he had won it. He said I was a — — liar, and put his hand on his pistol. I slapped him in the face and shoved a bull dog at his head. Friends interfered and we made peace.

We then rolled another ball apiece and I beat him. Then I told him he could draw down the rest of his stake, Sublet having lost \$35.

We then went out into the front room where the barroom was to have

something to drink at my expense. While we were drinking Sublet slipped off and I missed him pretty soon. It flashed across my mind that he had gone off to get a gun, so I went behind the counter and got two six-shooters out of my saddlebags. I went to the front window, which opened to the south and was behind the counter. The saloon was a plank structure, 60 or 70 feet. It faced north and south and was about 20 feet wide. A front door from the south and front formed the entrance to the barroom. The bar counter was on the left as you went in. The bar was cut off from the alley by a partition with a door therein. There was a door that opened into the alley from the east about ten feet from the partition, and also a window opened on the south or front end of the saloon. I was at the window when John Gates, the proprietor, told me to go into the alley, that the fuss between Sublet and I was all fixed up. I reluctantly consented to go back into the bowling alley. When I got there I heard some one shouting out:

"Clear the way, I will shoot anyone that interferes with me. Come out, —————."

He was in the streets south of the front door and was on his way round to the east door of the alley. I appeared at that door with my pistol and he fired one barrel of a shot gun at me. I thought I would kill him, but did not want to get into any new trouble, so fired at him, not intending to hit him, and stepped back. As I did so, a drunken man got up and caught me by the vest, saying that he and I could whip anybody. He had a big knife in his hand, and I told him to turn me loose, but before he did it he pulled me into the middle or partition door. By this time Sublet had gotten in line with the door and as we darkened it he fired the other barrel of his shot gun at me. I knew I was shot, so I instantly took after him with my six-shooter, but he threw down his gun and broke for his life. I ran him through the streets and into a dry goods store. As we went through the store I fired at him but my pistol snapped and I found I had a pistol with a broken cylinder spring. My man was still on the run and I was

getting weak from loss of blood. I fired again as he went out the door and the ball passed through his shoulder. I was getting mighty weak now, but staggered to the door as he ran, hoping to kill the man who I thought had killed me. He was about seventy-five yards away and I saw I could never kill him, so I turned to some friends who were near and told them: "I am either killed or shot. If all the gold in the world belonged to me I would freely give it to kill him. I have one consolation, however, I made the coward run."

By this time my cousin, Barnett Jones, had arrived, and as they were holding me up I recognized Barnett, and told him to take my belt which held \$2,000 in go'd; to get my saddlebags, which had about \$250 in silver, and give it to my wife in Gonzales county. I told him to tell her that I honestly tried to avoid this trouble, but when I was shot I ran my foe and made him pull his freight for his life.

Barnett, however, told me not to give up, that they were going to do all they could for me and that they would bring me to Dr. Carrington's office. The doctor called in another doctor who, after examining me, decided to take the balls out. Two buck shot had struck me a little to the left of the navel. They had passed through my right kidney and it lodged between my backbone and ribs. Two others had struck my belt buckle, which was a big silver one, and that was what saved me. The doctors asked me if I could stand the operation without opiates. I told him yes, that if I died I wanted my head clear. They placed me on my face and went to work with knife and forceps. They soon had the two buck-shot out of me.

Dr. Carrington then told me that my wounds, ordinarily speaking, were fatal but if I would be submissive there was a chance for me. I told him I would take that chance and obey orders. Everybody thought I would die. I told my friends to cut the wires so that they could not send any papers from Austin for me. They placed me in a hotel and gave me the best treatment.

About the 15th of August I was told that I had to move or be arrested. I had never gotten up out of bed, but the

doctor told me if I was careful I could be moved, which my friends did, taking me to two miles east of Sulphur Springs. There the doctor visited me for several days, when it was again thought best to move me to Old Sumpter to Dr. Teagarden's. His son, Billy, with whom I had been raised, was now with me. We got a hack and struck out for Sumpter, about twenty miles away. We started one night and got there before day. I received good treatment there and got along well, although I could not yet stand up well.

Everybody there tried to help me and everybody was my friend, but the infamous police were after me, and there were several mischief makers meddling about me. My friends again thought best to move out two miles to John Gates', where I did not stay long. I came back to Dr. Teagarden's. About the 27th of August I again had to leave the doctor's house, and that in a hurry.

They brought my horse up to the back gate and got me on him. By this time I had so improved that I could walk from the house to the yard, but I was very weak and sore and could not straighten up. In company with Billy Teagarden and Charley we eluded a posse of police and went over into Angelina county, where we had an old friend by the name of Dave Harrel. We got there about the last of August, 1872. The Teagardens returned to Sumpter.

After I had been at Harrel's for two days word came that there was a party of police coming to arrest me. I got a double-barrelled shotgun and resolved to sell my life dearly if they did come.

On or about the first of September two men rode up to the house, armed with winchesters, and came in. They asked Mrs. Harrel if I was there, but she told them I was not. They cursed her for a d-d liar and told her I was in the back room, but she denied them admittance.

I was in the back room all this time and heard all that was going on. I straightened myself up on my pallet and as they darkened the door I told them to hold up their hands; that they could not run over a woman, and that I was going to protect that house. They turned around and left, saying

that they did not want to harm the woman, but were after John Wesley Hardin. They soon returned, but in the meantime I had sent for Dave Harrel, who was in the cotton patch near by and he was saddling my horse to go to Till Watson's with me, about ten miles away.

The police by this time had opened the gate and were in the yard. Mrs. Harrel told them to get out of her yard and would not leave when we tried to get her to go to a neighbor's house.

These policemen came on with their winchesters in their hands. I crawled to the back door and threw my shot gun to my shoulder as quickly as possible and fired, first at one, then at the other. In the meantime I had received a shot in my thigh, but Dave Harrel brought me my horse and helped me on him. We got to Till Watson's about dusk.

I learned afterwards that a coroner's inquest was held over one of the policemen and the verdict was "that he had met his death at the hands of an unknown party, from gunshot wounds."

I was now in a bad fix. I had a fresh wound which required immediate medical attention, and my old wounds were giving me trouble again. I knew a mob were after me now, so I sent Dave Harrel to Rusk to tell the sheriff of Cherokee county, Dick Reagin, to come out and arrest me.

I told him to tell the sheriff that there was a reward for me and I would surrender to him rather than be made the victim of mob law. I told him to tell him to bring medical aid, but that for all this I wanted one-half the reward.

He brought four men with him, but kept them in the dark, made them believe he would have trouble in arresting me. They came to Till Watson's about the 4th of September, 1872. They came into the house, the deputies remaining on the gallery. The sheriff came in and said:

"My name is Dick Reagin; I have come here to arrest you, as Dave Harrel told me you wished to surrender."

I told him yes, but a fair understanding made long friends. I told him I did not want to be put in jail; I wanted half of the reward; I wanted medical aid; I wanted protection from mob

law; I wanted to go to Austin as quickly as possible and from there to Gonzales.

He agreed to all this and said he would treat me right. He asked me where my arms were and I told him one of my pistols was in the scabbard and the other under my head. I reached for it, and as I was pulling it out to give it to him one of his men outside shot me in the right knee. I first thought, on the impulse of the moment, that I would kill the sheriff, but it flashed across me at once that it was a mistake and that in him was my only protection. The sheriff and posse were all very sorry that this happened and each seemed to vie with each other in making me as comfortable as possible. They got a hack and put pillows and bed quilts in it trying to make my journey easy.

When we got to Rusk they put me in a private house and sent for a doctor. They then took me to the hotel, kept by Dick Reagin on the corner of the square. Thus I arrived at Rusk about the 7th of September, 1872, with four bullet holes in me.

Many different and varied kinds of people came to see me, some of them expecting to see a man with horns on his head and were surprised when they saw me, saying, "He looks just like we'uns." They would ask me all kinds of questions; how many men I had killed; if I ever killed a woman, etc. Dr. Jimson soon got there and cleared out the room. They would come there day after day, however; some for curiosity and some for charity. I did my best to be polite to all callers.

Sheriff Reagan sent his son, Dood, to nurse me and he and I soon became chums. Mrs. Reagan was also very kind to me and seemed to never tire of fixing me dainty dishes to tempt a sick man's appetite.

I kept thinking of my wife in Gonzales, but never mentioned her name. I would ask the doctor every day when I could be moved. I knew I was charged with several crimes in Gonzales, but believed I could come clear if I had a fair trial there.

In putting down negro rule there I had made many friends and sympathizers and had made it a thing of the

past for a negro to hold office in that county.

Diek Reagan told me that whenever the doctor said I could be moved he would take me to Austin. We started for Austin on the 22nd of September, Deputy John Taylor going with the sheriff and I. On reaching Austin we stopped at a hotel and the next day they put me in the old jail down by the river. Barnhart Zimpelman was then sheriff there, Sheriff Reagan then went back to Rusk and I waited for him some time to come back with my horse, "Joe" and \$450 in gold for which I gave him an order on Till Watson. After waiting for his return several days, I concluded to see a lawyer, who got out a writ of habeas corpus and I was ordered to be carried to Gonzales.

We had a code of laws of our own in that Austin jail, in which there were always about twenty-five jail birds. Whenever a new prisoner was brought in we would all cry "fresh fish," and kangaroo court proceedings at once commenced. It was rarely the victim escaped without a fine or "shake." We would shake the "fresh fish" by getting hold of the corner of a blanket and tossing them nearly to the ceiling and then letting them fall.

While in that jail I got acquainted with Burns and Kimble, who were afterwards hung for the murder of a peddler.

Some friends in Austin, knowing I was wounded, frequently sent me meals from the hotels and I would always divide up with my fellow prisoners. One of the prisoners, an overbearing devil, one day said I was stingy about dividing up, and made a grab for some custard I was eating. I let drive at him with my boot, which was iron heeled, and sent him sprawling and bleeding to the floor. The jailor got mad about it and said he would put the man that did in irons. I told him I was that man and explained the circumstances. He didn't iron me.

In a day or two four State Policemen started with me to Gonzales, and when we got to Lockhart they tried to make me ride a mule, as my horse was played out. My wounds were still painful, and I did not like the looks of that mule. So one of the guards said he

would let me ride his horse and he would ride that mule. Then a regular circus commenced and the mule threw that policeman so high and hard that everybody made fun of him. He soon traded it off for a horse.

When we reached Gonzales they had me shackled and chained to a horse, and the people there denounced such brutal treatment, saying that I had done more for the peace and welfare of the country than any other man in it. Capt. Williams told the guards that they had just as well turn me loose as to leave me in Gonzales, but they put me in jail, where a blacksmith soon came and cut my irons off.

W. E. Jones was sheriff of Gonzales county then and told me that my friends would soon be in to see me and to keep quiet and patient.

As well as I can recollect, on or about the 10th of October, 1872, I cut into open daylight with a big saw, cutting through the iron bars on the south side. The guards on duty posted me when to work, as the saw made a big fuss. I got through late in the evening and waited until dark to leave the jail. Manning Clements and Bud McFadden were there to see that I got off all right, and I rode Benny Anderson's gray horse home.

(Here follows a diversion from the story, and Hardin goes into a description of the political campaign of 1894 in Gonzales county. Feeling between Hardin and W. E. Jones ran high, Jones being a candidate for sheriff. Hardin was supporting Coleman for sheriff against Jones, and brought up his escape from jail in 1872, when Jones was sheriff. He accused him (Jones) of knowing all about the cutting out and escape. This, as detailed above, Sheriff Jones strenuously and strongly denied. The manuscript quotes the letters from Jones and Hardin to the people of Gonzales verbatim, and not considering them germane to the subject treated, we have not published them.—Publishers.)

When I got home I met my darling and beloved wife. My neighbors and friends all came to see me and congratulate me on my safe return. I stayed at home and recuperated until January, 1873, when I began driving cattle

to Indianola and shipping to New Orleans. Cuero was our nearest rail road, being twenty-five miles off, and about the 9th day of April, 1873, I started there on some business connected with the shipping of cattle and to match a race with a certain party if I could do so. Just as I was about to start John Gay came to Manning Clements' house, where I happened to be, and told me they were opening a new road from Cuero to San Antonio by way of Rancho. The road came by Manning Clements' and Gay told me if I would follow his furrow across the prairie I would save time and get to Cuero without any trouble. I got about eighteen miles from home, opposite the Mustang mot, when I saw a man riding a gray horse off to the right of the road about 200 yards therefrom. I saw he was armed with a winchester and that he had two six-shooters on the horn of his saddle. He turned a little to the right, apparently looking for cattle, I suppose to put me off my guard, but it really put me on my guard. I checked up and he got down off his horse. I was now in the furrow leading to Cuero. I got down also, apparently to fix my saddle, but really to give him no advantage over me, for his arms and general appearance gave me the impression that he was either on the dodge or was an officer. He then mounted his horse and I did likewise, so we met face to face. We both stopped our horses and he said:

"Do you live around here?"

I told him I was traveling from San Antonio on my way to Cuero and "am trying to follow this furrow, which I am told will take me to Cuero." I asked him how far it was and he said about seven miles. Then he remarked that he had been over to Jim Cox's to serve some papers on him. "I'm sheriff of this county," said he I had understood up to this time that Dick Hudson was the acting sheriff of DeWitt. I said:

"I suppose your name is Dick Hudson,"

He said no, but that Dick Hudson was his deputy and his name was Jack Helms.

I told him my name was John Wesley Hardin. He says, "Are you Wes-

ley?" at the same time offering me his hand. I refused to take his hand, and told him that he now had a chance to take me to Austin.

"We are man to man and face to face; on equal terms. You have said that I was a murderer and a coward, and have had your deputies after me. Now arrest me if you can. I dare you to try it."

"Oh," he said, "Wesley, I am your friend, and my deputies are hunting you on their own account, and not mine."

I had drawn my pistol by this time and he begged me to put it up and not to kill him. I said:

"You are armed, defend yourself. You have been going round killing men long enough, and I know you belong to a legalized band of murdering cowards and have hung and murdered better men than yourself."

He said: "Wesley, I won't fight you, and I know you are too brave a man to shoot me. I have the governor's proclamation offering \$500 for your arrest in my pocket, but I will never try to execute it if you will spare my life, I will be your friend."

I told him that his deputies were putting themselves to a lot of trouble about me and I would hold him responsible for their actions. Well, I let him alone, and we rode on together to Cuero. We separated about two miles from Cuero, agreeing to meet next day in town and come to an understanding.

Well, we met as agreed, and he wanted me to join his vigilante company, of which he was captain. I declined, because the people with whom he was waging war were my friends. I told him all I asked of him was that I and my immediate friends should be neutral. This was understood and we parted, agreeing to meet again on the 16th, he bringing one of his party, and I bringing Manning Clements and George Tennille.

I remained in town, finished my business and went to a bar room on the southwest corner of the square. I took a drink with some friends and then went into a back room where a poker game was going on and joined the play. It was a freeze-out for \$5 and I won the pot. We all went to the bar

and a man named J. B. Morgan rushed up to me and wanted me to treat him to a bottle of champagne. I declined to do this. He got furious and wanted to fight, starting to draw a pistol on me. Some friends of mine caught him and I walked out, saying I wished no row. I walked outside and was talking to a friend. I had forgotten all about Morgan when he came up again; told me I had insulted him and must fight. He asked me if I was armed. I told him I was. He pulled his pistol half way out, remarking:

"Well, it is time you were defending yourself."

I pulled my pistol and fired, the ball striking him just above the left eye. He fell dead. I went to the stable, got my horse and left town unmolested.

The coroner held an inquest over his dead body, but what the inquest was I never learned. Afterward (about four years) I heard I was indicted for the murder of J. B. Morgan and seven years afterward I entered a plea of guilty to the charge of manslaughter, getting two years in the penitentiary for it.

In the year 1873, and in fact previous to this date, there existed in Gonzales and DeWitt counties a vigilante committee that made life, liberty and property uncertain. This vigilante band was headed by Jack Helms, the sheriff of DeWitt, and his most able lieutenants were his deputies, Jim Cox, Joe Tumlinson and Bill Sutton. Some of the best men in the country had been murdered by this mob. Pipkin Taylor had been decoyed by them at night from his house and shot down because he did not endorse the killing of his son-in-law, Henry and Will Kelly by this brutal Helms' mob. Anyone who did not endorse their foul work or go with them on their raids, incurred their hatred and it meant death at their hands. They were about 200 strong at this time and were waging a war with the Taylors and their friends.

About the first of April, Jim Taylor shot Bill Sutton seriously in Cuero one night in a billiard hall. Such was the state of affairs when Manning Clements, George Tennille and myself went to Jim Cox's house to meet Jack Helms and Jim Cox, the acknowledged leaders of the vigilante band.

(Continued Next Month.)

Celebrates One Hundredth Birthday

Bandera New Era, September 10, 1925

Amasa Clark, first citizen of Bandera, serenely looks back upon a span of 100 years.

On Thursday last, September 3, he rounded out the century mark in life, and is still going strong.

For the centenarian it was an auspicious occasion. Sons, daughters, grandchildren and great grandchildren were on hand, more than a hundred of them, along with neighbors of Bandera county and friends from a greater distance. From all came felicitations for added years to his eventful life which has witnessed the greatest changes the world has known.

For the edification of relatives and visitors, Mr. Clark turned the pages back as far as the Mexican War days and the strenuous periods of pioneering in Southwest Texas and the settlement of the Hill country. The passing years have not dimmed his memory, for he related incident after incident of spectacular days in conflict on foreign soil and the none less stirring weeks and months in the wilderness which later became his home.

The festive occasion, too, was marked by the presentation of a gold button, the emblem of the Pioneer Freighters' Association and a letter from Gen. Paul B. Malone, commanding the Second Division. A huge birthday cake, with a hundred candles, was a part of the barbecue served at Mr. Clark's farm about four miles west of Bandera. Among the speakers were William B. Krempkau, organizer of the Pioneer Freighters; Rev. Stuart Pearce, chaplain of the association, and J. M. Hunter, publisher of the Frontier Times at Bandera and who has been instrumental in getting the pioneers of this county together to preserve the traditions.

Daily toil still forms a part of Mr. Clark's life. To that and the total abstinence from liquor and tobacco he attributes his long life, and the last week we found him digging up some dead trees in the orchard on his farm. For many years he had been marketing about 1,000 bushels of pears annually. The products of his orchard have, in

competition with others, won him awards of the county fairs.

His appetite is still satisfactory and he is always on time at breakfast, irrespective of the early hour, and at other meals. Mr. Clark's present wife was Miss Lucy Wedgeworth, a native of Mississippi, and their marriage took place in Bandera County in 1885.

Mr. Clark was born on Socharrie Creek, in Socharrie County, New York. September 3, 1825, only a few years after Old Hickory whipped the British at New Orleans and before the Alamo and San Jacinto field were baptized into immortality by the blood of Texas heroes. He has passed through five wars on the soil of the United States. Thus he has faced all of the dangers, hardships and privations that were the lot of those who went ahead to soften the wilderness for the tender feet of civilization.

When Amasa Clark came into the world, Texas was a province, the home of wild beasts and savage men; a province whose rivers, mountains and plains were unexplored, and whose future found outline only in the ambitious plans of a Burr, a Wilkinson or a Blennerhassett. When but a lad he left his native State of New York to enlist in the Army and valiantly fought his way from Vera Cruz to Chapultepec with Gen. Scott, and when victory had crowned the American arms in Mexico he came to Texas.

Here he cast his lot to blaze the way for oncoming generations. He has seen the sign of fire of the savage gleam from a thousand peaks and has followed their encrimsoned trail across the hills and plains along the vast extent of the Texas border.

Before he became a resident of Bandera, he lived in San Antonio. Recounting experiences of the early days he says:

"After my discharge from the United States Army, and from active service in Mexico, I went to San Antonio where I lived for some time. Then I went up on the Guadalupe River, just below where Center Point is now situated, and assisted O. B. Miles, who was hauling

shingles to San Antonio for Gillis & Wilkens, who had the only shingle camp there.

"A tribe of Delaware Indians were very kind and friendly to us. Some of our men had visited the Bandera Pass region and had often spoken in such glowing terms of the picturesque scenery and abundance of game in the Medina Valley that I determined to visit this region myself. They had reported three families camped on the Medina, and those three families were the founders of the first settlement in Bandera County, which afterward became the town of Bandera.

"The Delaware Indians frequently invited me to join them in their hunting forays, and one time they insisted I accompany them to the Medina Valley to

kill deer for their hides. Thus I made my first visit to the beautiful Bandera region. I found game plentiful and the three families here were so hospitable and friendly and treated me with such kind consideration that I decided to tarry with them a while at least.

"That sojourn has been prolonged over a period of 70 years, and I am still here. The country was in its wildest state when I came here in 1852. It was no trouble to step out a short distance from camp and kill deer or turkey. Grass was knee high, there was not as much brush and oak timber here then as grows on our hills today. The country was open and you could see objects a mile or two away much easier than you can now see them a few hundred yards distance."

"Mother of Texas" Rests and Waits

Molly Connor Cook in Houston Chronicle, August 50, 1925

Bridging by a score of fadeless memories the chasm which divided the yesterdays from today, honored and revered for what she has been and loved for what she is, Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher, "The Mother of Texas," will celebrate her ninety-fourth birthday tomorrow at 112 East Thirteenth Street in Austin, where she lives with her daughter, Mrs. R. J. Blandford.

The story of Mrs. Fisher's life has been written from many angles, and not always accurately, but the facts here given were gathered in conversation with Mrs. Fisher but a few days ago. Her mind is singularly clear, and her interest in events is as keen and intelligent as that of the average person half her age. The years which have impaired her sight and dulled her hearing have been powerless to impress themselves on her mind or to alter the majestic bearing and the forceful personality which are felt at once by the person meeting her for the first time.

Mrs. Fisher was born Rebecca Jane Gilleland, daughter of Mary Barbour and Johnson Gilleland, in Philadelphia, August 31, 1831. When she was quite young—too young to have any recollection of it—her father joined a party of friends who planned to aid the Texas

Republic in its struggles against Mexican supremacy, and the family came by water to Galveston. There were three children, Rebecca Jane, Thomas Battle and William McCalla.

From Galveston the Gillelands went to Refugio County, and the father entered the Texas army under Captain Thomason. Released from the army subject to recall, he returned home to look after his family. It was at this time that he and his wife were killed by Indians and the two children, Rebecca and William, were taken captive. Thomas had died after the family came to Texas.

For a day and night the children were carried along by their captors, until soldier comrades of their father who had heard of the tragedy and set out in pursuit began to press the Indians. Here the children were left for dead, Rebecca from a blow on the head from a heavy instrument of some kind and the boy from a wound through the body.

Mrs. Fisher's memory of those incidents is very clear, and she tells with trembling voice how she prayed during the time of their captivity, having been told that she would find help from all dangers in prayer. Her eyes widen with horror when she speaks of this time, as though after a lapse of 86 years

she still sees the scenes she describes so vividly.

She does not know how long she lay unconcious, but when she revived she saw figures approaching in the distance, and thinking they were the Indians returning, she dragged her little brother to the shelter of the nearby woods. There the two children lay, suffering from hunger, thirst and terror, until called by their names by the soldiers and assured that the latter were friends.

Albert Sydney Johnston was a member of the rescuing party.

Mrs. Fisher remembers clearly how the soldiers, injured as they were to hardship and suffering, wept unshamed over the plight of the two helpless children— orphaned, grievously wounded, and with their eyes swollen from tears and their clothing torn and blood-stained.

They were left with a family which lived nearby for a short time and then were taken to the home of a Presbyterian minister, Rev. Blair, in Victoria, who cared for them with the love of a father. The plan was to take them to their father's sister, Mrs. Jane Trimble, who lived in Galveston, but the unsettled condition of the country and the danger from hostile Mexicans and marauding bands of Indians delayed this for many months. They were finally taken to Mrs. Trimble, however, and remained with her for several years.

In 1844 Rebecca was sent to Ruttersville, Fayette County, to Ruttersville Female College, the only college in the state, which drew its students from Houston, Galveston, La Grange and other places. Here she remained for two years, and here she was married in ay 1846, to Rev. Orcenith Fisher, a Methodist minister.

The young wife entered into her husband's work with untiring zeal, and together they served churches in Texas, Oregon and California. They spent 15 years on the Pacific coast, and the Methodist church in Oregon was organized by Doctor Fisher.

Finally the importunities of Texas friends called them back to finish their life work in Texas, and in 1872 they were in Austin in charge of the old Tenth Street Methodist Church, which was replaced a little later by a better one

Mrs. Fisher lived to aid in the building of the permanent church home on Lavaca Street, to which the congregation moved in 1923. but Doctor Fisher died many years ago.

Six children were born to the Fishers, of whom only Mrs. R. J. Blandford is with her mother, to comfort her declining years. There are five grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

Mrs. Fisher is a woman of wonderful poise and intellectuality, even at her advanced age. Two years ago she attended the annual meeting of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, which she organized and of which she has been elected president for the thirtieth time, and returning by way of San Jacinto Battlefield she spoke to members of the senate and house who were visiting the field on that day.

She has been much sought after as a speaker, and likes to tell of the time when she and William Jennings' Bryan spoke from the same platform in Huntsville, and he complimented her on her speech, while she in turn was spellbound by his eloquence. She and Mr. Bryan became great friends, and she speaks with feeling of his recent passing.

Her portrait was the first of a woman to be hung in the Texas senate chamber, and was presented to the state by a committee from the senate and house.

Many honors have come to Mrs. Fisher, who besides being president of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas is the only woman who was ever elected to the Texas Veterans Association, and is its only surviving member.

And now, undaunted by the burden of years, which has grown so heavy that she can no longer enter into the active pursuits of life, and strong in her faith and content as she looks back over a well-spent life, waits the "Mother of Texas." Living in the past, as is natural, she fears not the future, and she asks that a message be given her hundreds of friends on this anniversary.

"Tell them for me," she says, "that the infirmities of age have taken me from active service to my church and my state, but I am well content to rest and wait. And tell them I love them all."

A Prized Relic of 1847

The following letter was copied from the original, which is in possession of Mrs. Kate Whisenhunt of Medina, Texas, who is a niece of the writer, C. T. Smead, who penned the letter to his father, Z. P. Smead, at Sandusky City, Erie County, Ohio, while he was with General Taylor's army in Mexico. The letter was written with a goose-quill pen and in ink made from poke berries. It was folded in such manner that it served as its own envelop, the outside being left for address and cover. Despite its extreme age the letter is in a good state of preservation and easily read. It bears a rubber stamp postmark, "Pt. Isabel, Feb. 18, 1847," and required 10c postage.

Camp Near Monterey, Merico.
January 31, 1847.

Dear Father and Mother:

I sent you a scrawl from Brazos, to which I as yet have received no answer. The dating of this will inform you that I am still at Monterey. My health is very good, better, I think, than it has been for several years past. The health of the army is generally good as far as I know. You perhaps know the movements of the army as well, and I expect, than I do here, excepting such as I am a participant of. We started from this camp on the morning of seventeenth of Dec. for Saltillo. The movement was very sudden, as the order reached us about two o'clock in the morning and we were on our march ere daydawned. We supposed that we were to have a big fight as soon as we reached our place of destination. This alarm was chiefly caused by an unusual number of Mexicans assembling or being about Saltillo. And it is yet believed by the regular officers that there would have been an outbreak if it had (not) been for our movement, for as soon as it was known in Saltillo that we were advancing they began to "vamos," leave, and our quiet was restored. At this time there was without doubt ten Mexicans about Saltilla capable of bearing arms to one of our soldiers, but such was the terror that this approach of Volunteers caused they left by thousands. It is said

by respectable people that the Mexicans believed the Volunteers had tails that dragged on the ground after them. Be this as it may, wherever we went they were completely terror stricken. We reached Saltillo on the nineteenth, and all remained quiet until Christmas, when another alarm was made which excelled anything I ever saw. We stood under arms all day, momentarily expecting to march out and meet Santa Anna with twenty-one thousand men against which we could bring about four thousand five hundred, but yet with this odds against us, we should have whipped them like Hell. But night came and brought no fight, but dispelled all hopes of ours. On the last day of Dec. we started back and encamped on this spot which we had left twenty days before. Numerous alarms disturbed our quiet here and in consequence we were ordered by Gen. Marshall, who, by the by, is a perfect old Bloat, to break up our camp and move into town, and just as soon as we got our tents nearly pitched, we were ordered back to this camp and now just as we are snugly settled here we are ordered early in the morning to move again into town. So it goes. We march and countermarch merely to pass under the eye of Old Marshall. Great was our loss when Gen. Horner died. He was a great man, the United States can boast but few such, perhaps none. Gen. Taylor arrived here a few days ago from Victoria, and went yesterday to Saltillo. It (is) rumored that Casus M. Clay, his company and two other companies of Volunteer cavalry have been captured by the Mexicans, but still I hope it is but rumor. On the route between here and Victoria ten men and a boy were taken by the Mexicans in a pass in the mountains where they could get so high that they could not be brought down by the carbines and from their lofty positions threw down rocks on their heads. This is a singular country and people which I hope shall have an opportunity of describing to you. In the meantime accept the best and kindest wishes of an absent but not forgetful son.

C. T. SMEAD.

How long we shall stay in Monterey I

know not. It is the general impression that this will be our station until we start home. Gen. Patterson, Twiggs and Worth have joined General Scott in his campaign against Vera Cruz. The weather is quite warm. Two or three frosts is all we have had, and yet I have suffered more with the cold than I ever

did in a winter in Ohio. Write soon as you get this. Direct Lieut. C. T. Smead, First Regiment, O. V., Army of Occupation, Mexico. I have written to all of the folks, but you now. Had a letter from Jane Burnham the other day. Give my respects (to) all inquiring friends.

Destructive Storm at Indianola, 1875

Written by James W. Hatch, San Antonio, Texas

In September, 1875, district court was being held at Indianola, the county seat of Calhoun county. There were two murder trials on the docket at this term of court, first that of William Taylor, charged with the killing of Gabriel Slaughter on board a Morgan steamship laying at the dock at Indianola, and the other being Joe Blackburn, charged with stage robbery and first degree murder. Most of the men of Calhoun county had been summoned as jurors to sit on one or the other of these cases, but being under age I escaped summons. My brother, D. W. Hatch had been summoned and drawn as a juror.

Calhoun county, which is a peninsula, takes in all of Salura Island and a part of Matagorda Peninsula. Indianola, in 1875, was the leading seaport of the Gulf Coast, and supplied all the country adjacent.

Court had been called and jurors sworn for the term. Without warning, a West India tornado struck the place, but as there had been other storms of similar nature in the past, the people did not get frightened until it was too late to escape to the prairie and mainland. The county jail was located in the court house yard, and when water to the depth of several feet rolled in great seas through Main Street it was believed the prisoners in the jail would drown in their cells if left there, so Sheriff Busch brought them into the court house and his deputies stood guard over them. Soon the great wharves and large timbers from the shipways began floating through the city. Waves mountain high formed before a wind having a velocity of one hundred miles an hour, and the heavy floating timbers acted as

battering rams against the houses, knocking them to pieces as though they were but cardboard.

Of those stationed at the court house, the two first degree murder prisoners, William Taylor and Joe Blackburn, proved most heroic. Each of these men repeatedly sprang through the court house window and swam to the aid of some drowning man or woman, and each time succeeded in bringing the victim up to the window where willing hands on the inside pulled them through.

During this awful storm many courageous rescues were effected. For ten hours D. W. Hatch, Jr., stood lashed in an open window of the second story of the Dr. David Lewis home and with a rope lassoed struggling people as they floated past. It is said that he dragged between twenty and thirty through the window to comparative safety. Floating ship spars and heavy timbers were the constant menace to buildings not already demolished, but the Lewis building withstood the storm. After the storm had blown from the east for eighteen or twenty hours, the wind suddenly shifted to the north, and the high waters of the different bays now took a mad rush back to the Gulf. The Matagorda Peninsula lay in its way, and fifteen miles of this peninsula was carried into the Gulf, with many homes and families, among them being three pilots of Pass Caballo, Captains Thomas and Elijah Decroe, together with their families. Higher up on the Peninsula lived two sons-in-law of Captain Thomas Decroe, John Humphries and Henry Pearslerley. When the storm was over John Humphries was the sole survivor of his family, all the others having been swept from a raft on which they had taken

refuge. Henry Pearserley had also built a raft, and luckily his raft was quickly carried to the mainland, where, beyond the hardship they had already endured, they were unhurt and found refuge.

At the home of Captain Billie Nichols his wife was desperately ill. Dr. John Leake was in attendance. At the height of the storm Mrs. Nichols had given birth to an infant. As the water raised higher in the house the bed on which she lay was repeatedly raised higher and higher to keep the sick woman and infant dry if possible. Realizing the peril that threatened, Captain Nichols and his son, Henry Nichols, began the construction of a strong raft, and when it was completed it was anchored in the lee of the house. When the raging waters continued to rise Captain Nichols begged his son, Henry, to take Miss Tot Decroe and the young doctor on the raft and save themselves, but young Nichols refused to leave his mother, the doctor refused to leave his patient and Miss Decroe elected to remain with her friends and all die together. The sick mother added her entreaties to those of her husband, that her son try to save the life of the young lady who had so heroically stood by her through illness, and it was not until Captain Nichols, aided by Doctor Leake, placed Miss Decroe on the raft and then united strength placed young Nichols on it and before he could jump off they cut the cable and set it afloat, that they could be started to safety. How long the Nichols home stood will never be known. That part of the peninsula where the house stood was carried into the Gulf by the receding tidal wave. When the wind changed to the north those drowned on the Matagorda Peninsula were carried into the Gulf and their bodies were never recovered. Those who were saved took rafts while the wind blew from the east and were carried to bay shores and lodged there. It is estimated that Henry Nichols and Miss Dot Decroe were afloat on the raft and then with united strength the raft was finally thrown out on the beach of Lavaca Bay they were both too exhausted to rise to their feet, and every vestige of clothing had been torn from their bodies. That they were living was due to the two brave men who had

cut the raft loose. Captain Nichols had wisely placed rope loops on the raft for them to hold to to prevent being washed overboard.

Elijah Decroe, Jr., a nephew of Captain Thomas Decroe, living further up the peninsula, had saved himself and family by means of a raft. What remained of these peninsula people later moved in a bunch to Williamson county, near Georgetown. Miss Tot Decroe was later married to Dr. Paige of Georgetown.

At our home all was excitement. We were out of danger, but one of the family, D. W. Hatch was at Indianola, and we believed the place had been destroyed by the unprecedented storm. We realized it was impossible to go to aid of the storm victims until the wind shifted and carried the waters back to the Gulf. We secured every available barrel and loaded them into farm wagons and filled them with rain water to be started to Indianola as soon as the storm ceased. This was done at the suggestion of Captain Sylvanus Hatch, who said if all of the people of Indianola were not drowned the salt water from the Gulf would enter all tanks and cisterns there and ruin the drinking water. As soon as the wind shifted to the north I mounted my horse and started for Indianola. The wind was directly at my back, else my horse could not have kept his footing. When I reached the stricken city a sad spectacle greeted me. People who had not perished were excitedly looking for missing members of their families. My brother, D. W. Hatch, was calmly directing search and giving orders for relief. I informed him that our father would soon arrive with two wagon loads of water, and when it came guards were placed over it and it was distributed equally to the needy. As soon as the wagons were unloaded they were sent back to the Hatch ranch for more water. I gave my brother my horse and returned to the ranch in one of the wagons. At the beginning of the storm three sail boats were at Port Lavaca, and they had been run under bare poles up into the Navidad river and escaped injury. When the storm was over the owners of the boats ran down to Port Lavaca to collect every empty barrel from the four stores of that place, and returning to

the river they filled the barrels with fresh water and carried it to Indianola. Our ranch wagons brought in about twenty or thirty women and children to the ranch. I secured another horse and returned to Indianola. There were only three horses that survived the Indianola storm, and they belonged to Sheriff Busch and two draymen. These horses had been saved by leading them up a stairway to the second floor of a building. On my return I joined my brother's crowd to search over the prairie of the flooded district for people living or dead who had been carried there on floating wreckage. We buried the bodies where we found them without coffins. If the body could be identified by anyone in the party the name was written on the headboard. A fence picket was driven at the head and foot of each grave. These bodies were later disinterred, placed in coffins and properly buried in the Indianola cemetery. The bodies of the drowned persons were invariably found nude.

On the arrival of Sheriff Busch at the court house after the storm, Joe Blackburn and William Taylor were standing in the crowd in the court house yard. All thought of the deputies to take any precautions with these men had been abandoned. Sheriff Busch was talking to the crowd and describing how he had saved his favorite horse, when Joe Blackburn snatched the sheriff's pistol from its scabbard and turning the gun on the chief deputy he ordered him to unbuckle his pistol belt and let it fall to the floor. William Taylor secured the gun and got the sheriff's horse while Blackburn kept the crowd covered until they could mount and leave. A mile from town they met Guy Michot, a negro, and forced him to dismount and give his horse to Taylor. The negro lost no time in complying with their demands. Taylor then gave the negro a ten dollar bill and told him to inform Sheriff Busch that they appreciated his kind treatment of them while they were in jail and that in two or three days they would return the guns and horses. According to promise the horses and guns were duly returned, with a liberal present for the negro. Taylor and Blackburn made good their escape and were never again apprehended. William

Taylor was probably one of the three men who killed Ruben Brown at Waco later.

It can never be known exactly how many people were drowned at Indianola, Matagorda Peninsula, Salura and other Gulf shore islands. Indianola was filled with strangers from the interior of the state who had come to the coast to bathe and fish. Identification of the dead bodies was made possible through rings and earrings as the bodies were disinterred and placed in coffins. Relatives were required to make oath to the jewelry.

Although Indianola was partially rebuilt after the storm of 1875, the people's confidence in the safety of the place was gone, and capital could not be invested there. The reason the place was not wholly abandoned in 1875 was because of the beef shipping industry over the Harrison Morgan Steamship line. A few southern men rallied around this industry, the steamship and railroad companies repaired the cattle wharfs, and the railroad company kept its machine shops and turn table there.

In 1886 Indianola was the scene of a second storm which, though it did not last as long as the storm of 1875, exceeded it in violence. Railroad rails were picked up from the roadbed with ties attached and blown through the air a full quarter of a mile and landed on end in Powder Horn Lake, where they stand to this day as mute evidence of the velocity of the cyclone of 1886. There were fewer casualties in this later storm as there were fewer people to become victims. Those who lived through the second storm decided to abandon the place for all time, with the exception of one old negro man called Uncle Peyton, and Port Lavaca once more became the county seat.

Heel Fly Time in Texas

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

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This number of Frontier Times marks the beginning of its third volume. The little magazine enters upon its third year full of hope and confidence that it will be the best year of the three of its existence. Two years ago we started with a blank book, but the old timers soon realized that at last they had a magazine to preserve the record they made in the years that have passed, and they are responding to help sustain the publication. There are hundreds of old pioneers of Texas scattered all over the United States who have not yet heard of Frontier Times, but when a copy is placed before them they will join our growing list of subscribers. We need every one of them, too. It was love for the old pioneer and love for our great State of Texas, that prompted us to establish Frontier Times. Financially, we are not able to publish a great magazine, but with our limited means we hope to keep Frontier Times up to its present standard, just a plain, homely little magazine, but rich in historical fact and pioneer reminiscences. As our list of subscribers grows expense of publication grows. The price of subscription is only \$1.50 per year, which barely pays the cost of the paper used. We have not yet solicited a line of advertising to add revenue to our publication, because we have had no wish to fill our little magazine with other than historical matter. We are sure the old timers appreciate this feature. Friends, we are doing our level best to give you just such a magazine that every member of the family will enjoy and profit by reading. Now, we want to ask a favor of every one of our subscribers: Won't you show your copy to some friend, tell him about it, and ask him to subscribe? if he will do so, take his subscription right there, and send it to us. You have no idea how much this will help Frontier Times, for once we get a regular subscriber on our list he usually wants to stay with us, and that is what it takes to make the success we are striving for.

The other day we received a subscription from an old Texan who lives in New York City. A friend in Texas had told him about Frontier Times, and he decided he wanted it. When he received his first copy he wrote us a most encouraging letter and we know we can count on him as an enthusiastic booster for our magazine in the future. At the present time the editor of Frontier Times is publishing a weekly newspaper, the Bandera New Era, and does the mechanical work on both publications. Some day we hope to be relieved of the burden that rests upon our shoulders, and devote our whole attention to Frontier Times. We hope that day will soon come.

Old Trail Drivers' Reunion

The Old Time Trail Drivers will hold their annual reunion at San Antonio October 8 and 9. An elaborate program has been arranged for the entertainment of the old cowboys of days gone by. George W. Saunders, the president and organizer of the Old Trail Drivers' Association, announces that one feature of the reunion will be a monster parade in which over 400 old cowpunchers will ride horseback through the streets of the city, dressed in the same rigging they wore while on the trail. Following the procession will be an old trail wagon with chuck box and full equipment. The reunion will be held in the Gunter Hotel Ball Room in that city, and each night a big cowboy dance will be enjoyed. Another feature of the gathering will be a grand barberue. At this reunion of the Old Trail Drivers, plans for erecting the \$100,000 monument to the trail drivers will be fully discussed and arrangements for its erection completed.

Subscriptions to Frontier Times should be renewed promptly to avoid missing a single issue. You will receive a notice when your subscription expires, with renewal blank attached. Kindly fill out this blank and return with your remittance as soon as you get it. Delay in doing so may cause you to miss a number. Our list is checked up each month and expirations are dropped, because we cannot carry them over without loss of money and time.

San Antonio's First Great Tragedy

Written by John Warren Hunter

In the autobiography of an American who was a resident of San Antonio during the early years of the Nineteenth Century graphic accounts are given of battles that took place in and about this city and of the great historical tragedy that occurred here. While not an eye-witness to the butchery of Herrera and his men in 1813, he was in San Antonio at the time, was well acquainted with many of the culprits and heard from their lips the particulars of the execution.

Mr. Beltran was a participant in the battles of the Alazana and the Medina and his escape from the vengeance of Arredondo seems miraculous and reads like a romance. His autobiography contains accounts of both these battles and of the cruelties inflicted upon the inhabitants of Bexar by Arredondo and also incidents of his subsequent life. He married a Mexican woman in San Antonio after the close of the Spanish-American war and moved to Chihuahua, where he reared a large family and in which city he died in 1876. He seems to have become largely Mexicanized, since his autobiography was written in Spanish. While consul at Chihuahua, the late W. W. Mills obtained the manuscript copy of this autobiography and through him it afterwards came to Mr. Hunter, who made a correct translation of it.

I was born at Wheeling, Va., December 20, 1788, and at the age of 18 I joined an expedition then being organized on the Ohio by Aaron Burr, the object of which no one seemed to know, further than the promise of good pay and adventure without limit. Something over 100 of us embarked on a flotilla or keel boats and floated down the Ohio into the Mississippi, then down the current of the great "Father of Waters" until we reached Bayou Pierre, where Burr was arrested and the expedition broken up. The command scattered, some returning home, others, myself of the number, pushing on to the Province of Texas. March 1, 1807, we arrived at Nacogdoches, where we were arrested and held in prison by the Spaniards one week, after which we were released and permitted to go anywhere in the village, but not beyond its borders. We were never informed as to why we were imprisoned.

Two armies had lain confronting each other on the Sabine—that of General Wilkinson on the American side and the Spanish forces under General Herrera on the west bank of the river. Some kind of a truce was agreed upon between these commanders and a young American officer by the name of Burling was detailed to go on a secret mis-

sion to the City of Mexico. The evening before his departure this Captain Burling came into Nacogdoches and after having secured passports for himself and two attendants, he came to me and asked me to accompany him on his long and perilous journey. He made the same request of William Sandlin, a member of my party, saying that we had been particularly recommended to him as being men of unquestioned courage, excellent marksmen and splendid horsemen. We never learned who it was that recommended us so highly, but, as he agreed to furnish mounts, arms and ammunition, and to pay us each \$50 per month and defray all expenses, we accepted service, and bright and early next morning we were off for the City of Mexico, accompanied by twenty Spanish dragoons under a sergeant.

We went by way of San Antonio, at which place our escort was changed and a larger troop accompanied us to Chihuahua. We remained in San Antonio one night and the morning after we left that place, Captain Burling rode alongside and gave us special instructions that in case we met any Americans on our route we were not to give them any information whatever as to who we were, from whence we came or whither

we were going. In other words, we were to play the game of absolute silence. All this seemed strange to us, but we asked no questions. Afterward we learned the commandant in San Antonio had informed him that Lieutenant Pike had been apprehended at Santa Fe, and it seems Pike was the last man Burling cared to encounter, just at that time.

We reached Chihuahua on the 18th of April, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and instead of being allowed to go whither we chose, this was our wont, we, I and Sandlin, were placed under guard in the barracks and there held until the escort was ready to start at 9 o'clock next morning. During this time, as we subsequently learned, Burling was the guest of the Spanish governor, not once appearing on the street. Accompanied by the escort, we were taken to the governor's quarters, where we found the captain ready to be off. We at once demanded an explanation as to our being held all night in the barracks, at the same time showing the commandant our passports. We were told that we were not under arrest in the barracks, but were merely held under surveillance for the "good of the service," and our own good. It was feared we would fall in evil company, that there were certain pernicious Americans in town whom it were better for all concerned that we should not meet.

The facts were Lieutenant Pike, who had been arrested at Santa Fe, was expected at any moment under a strong guard. Pike's American companions were also being brought along, and in the event of their arrival that evening or during the night, Burling knew, if we were at liberty, we would be trying to interview our captive countrymen, and he nor Wilkinson wanted Pike or any other American around asking questions. They might want to know the object of Burling's secret mission to the viceroy of Mexico. We did not proceed any further with Captain Burling.

As near as I can remember, Lieutenant Pike arrived, a prisoner, about the 20th, and the next day I sought an interview, but was refused by the Governor. I then bribed one of the guards to secretly convey a letter to the American lieutenant, in which I told him of Burling's having passed through Chi-

huahua, his treatment of us and all I knew about his secret mission to the viceroy. A few days later, and when the authorities decided to send Pike back to the United States, he was permitted to receive any American visitor who chanced to be in the city, and we availed ourselves of this privilege. While in Chihuahua I met some of those "pernicious Americans" of whom we had been told, and they proved to be a Mr. Bean and three or four others who for years had been held captive in Spanish dungeons. These men were permitted to see Lieutenant Pike, and after dividing his slender purse with them, he promised to do all he could for their release, and that when he reached home he would lay their case before the proper authorities, etc.

I shall always remember the striking appearance of this gifted officer. His was a bold, picturesque figure, clad in a pair of blue trousers, moccasins and blanket, coat and cap made of scarlet cloth and lined with fox skins. Be assured, however, that this uncouth attire detracted no particle from the natural dignity of its owner, who, although a prisoner, was well aware what was due form, as well as to, an American soldier representing his country in a strange land.

Pike was finally released, and he and his men were furnished an escort to the Sabine River, which they reached sometime during the following July. Having passports signed by General Simon Herrera and Governor Cordero, I and my comrade, Sandlin, had no trouble in securing from the authorities permission to return with Lieutenant Pike, and when we reached San Antonio, I decided to remain for a season in the remote border town, while Sandlin continued his journey with Pike to the Sabine.

Here, in San Antonio de Bexar, I made my home for the ensuing twenty years, and by force of circumstances, became a participant in some of the great tragedies enacted in and around the then capital of the Spanish Province of Texas.

I acquired a knowledge of Spanish, seemingly without effort. In truth, I scarcely heard any other language spoken since there were only a few Americans there, and even that few were not altogether creditable to their country-

men, and I did not care to be found in their company. In fact, such was the odium many of these men brought upon the American name, that I was almost ashamed to admit my nationality and this led me to change my name and adopt the Spanish translation—Carlos Beltran. In my earlier years I had worked at the tinner's trade and had served as apprentice under a gunsmith. The knowledge of these two trades served me well in San Antonio, and I was seldom idle, save through choice. I found the people civil and generous to those of like traits, and I also found that the man who was hunting for trouble did not have to go very far to find it. The Indians—Apaches, Lipans and Comanches—came in quite often, and usually took what they wanted, and on various occasions committed the most inhuman outrages. They had no fear of the Spanish soldiers and held in contempt the efforts of the native Mexicans to punish them for their misdeeds. During the first ten years of the century, that is, from 1800 to 1810, inclusive the Comanches alone were credited with having carried into captivity over 200 women and children from San Antonio and its environs. Among the poorer class there was scarcely a family that did not mourn the loss of one or more of its members, carried into captivity by these Ishmaelites of the plains.

I took part in repelling these savages on several occasions, and in the course of time these simple Mexicans began to look to me for leadership. By permission of the Spanish Commandant, in January, 1809, I organized a small company of these Mexicans for public defense. We were to furnish our own mounts, serve without pay, and in the capacity of minute men, were to be in readiness at all times to repel an enemy and to pursue the marauders. The authorities would furnish nothing save guns and ammunition, and the old broken muskets they gave us had the appearance of having seen service in the wars against the Moors. These I took to my shop and put in a state of repair, but at best, they could not compare with the American hunting rifle. Many of these latter had found their way into the country, and I made it a rule to buy, when possible all that were brought to me for re-

pairs, and by this means I secured about a dozen or more, which I put in good shape and taught my men how to use them with good effect.

During all this time I made my home with the family of Senora Elena Rodriguez, whose husband, in the fall of 1804, had been murdered by the Comanches and her 12-year-old son, Pablo, carried away into captivity. Senora Rodriguez was a remarkable woman in many respects and during the Mexican revolution proved herself a heroine on more than one occasion. Of her and members of her family, the record of subsequent events will establish their claims to everlasting remembrance on the part of patriots whom they befriended at the peril of their own lives.

The revolution began in September, 1810, news of which reached Bexar in October. At this time there were many restless, turbulent spirits in San Antonio, among whom were a few Americans and these cherished a bitter hatred toward the Spaniards, and the latter having full knowledge of this fact, sought every pretext under which to arrest and imprison these offensive persons or to run them out of the country, and when the standard of revolt was raised by Padre Hidalgo these arrogant oppressors redoubled their persecutions, which they visited not only on the few obnoxious Americans, but Mexicans as well. It was only through the utmost caution and circumspection that I eluded the mailed hand until shortly before San Antonio was threatened with the presence of an invading army.

The first act in the long and bloody drama in San Antonio was the arrest of Don Ignacio Aldama and Padre Salazar, which occurred in January, 1811. Don Ignacio had been appointed by the revolutionary junta as minister plenipotentiary to the United States to solicit aid in the struggle against Spain. Shortly after these two men reached Bexar, Don Ignacio came, under cover of darkness, to see me; from Gutierrez he had learned that I had been one of Burr's men and for this reason, became very communicative. He seemed to be well posted concerning the Burr conspiracy and he and his compatriots were possessed with the idea that an interest in the understanding which probably existed be-

tween the leaders of the revolution and the adventurous spirits of the United States, led by Aaron Burr, some years before, could be revived and that the latter would now hasten to the aid of the former. I could give Don Ignacio no information of any value; I had been isolated for nearly five years from the rest of the world, cut off from all communication with my countrymen, and barring the few reports brought by transient Americans I knew nothing of political affairs outside the narrow limits of San Antonio. Through the treachery of Elisondo these two patriots, Ignacio Aldama and Padre Salazar, were arrested the day following this interview, taken to Monclova and executed.

Elisondo was a pure Spaniard, cruel as Attila, and ambitious to become viceroy of Mexico. From the ranks he had gradually advanced to a lieutenant colonel in the army, and before the breaking out of the revolution had been stationed at Bexar, where I knew him quite well. Despairing of further promotion in the King's service, and foreseeing, as he thought, the final result of the revolution, he deserted at Saltillo and went over to the army of the patriots, hoping for speedy advancement, but General Allende was suspicious of his protestations of fealty to the cause and received him rather coldly.

This wounded the pride of the haughty Spaniard, and a few days later he met the bishop of Monterey, who was fleeing from the revolutionists, and confided to him his feelings of resentment for the manner in which Allende had received him.

"Why not return to your former allegiance?" asked the prelate.

The two began forthwith to devise a plan by which the independents might be destroyed. Hidalgo's army had been annihilated at the battle of Puente de Calderon, January 1, 1811. Hidalgo, Allende, Jimenez and Santa Maria fled toward the United States, by way of Monclova. This furnished Elisondo an opportunity to carry out his plans for the capture of these leaders.

At a place called Acatita de Bajan he arranged an Ambuscade. Hidalgo and his companions were led into the trap and captured. This occurred on March

21. All these patriots were subsequently put to death.

Colonel Delgado and Bernardo Gutierrez were with Hidalgo at the time of his capture, but escaped and made their way into Texas. Delgado was captured in San Antonio and by order of Governor Salcedo was executed and his head severed and firmly fixed on a pole which was erected at the crossing on the river between the village and the Alamo. This brutal order was carried out to the letter and in addition the Governor issued a mandate to the effect that any one attempting to remove this ghastly trophy would meet a fate like that meted out to the rebel, Delgado.

Bernardo Gutierrez succeeded in reaching the United States. Since this remarkable man is to become a leading factor in the great tragedy soon to be enacted, I may be pardoned if I give a short sketch of his life and antecedents. Bernardo Gutierrez de Lara lived at Guerro, on the Rio Grande, long before the "Grito" was raised by Hidalgo. By trade, he was a blacksmith, owned a large store in his town, possessed large land interests and vast herds of cattle, horses, goats and sheep. He was acknowledged to be a very wealthy man, and his generosity extended to all alike. A few days after the defeat of the revolutionists at Calderon, Bernardo presented himself before Hidalgo and Allende, and offered his services in any capacity the chief might choose to assign him. On account of his wealth and influence, Hidalgo, at once recognized in Bernardo a man who could be of great service to his country in the struggle for liberty, and not only accepted his offers of menial service, but commissioned him lieutenant colonel in the Revolutionary army.

After his escape from Mexico, Bernardo Gutierrez reached New Orleans, as before stated, and began at once organizing a force for the capture of San Antonio and for the punishment of those arrogant Spaniards who had so foully murdered his compatriots. With nearly a thousand Americans and several hundred Indian auxiliaries, he advanced into Texas. His battles around La Bahia, his capture of that place, the advance on Bexar and the battle of Rosalia has been recorded by my countrymen.

From the morning of Senor Aldama and Salazar's arrest, I was under continual espionage and the home of Senora Rodriguez came to be regarded by the Spaniards as the harbor of spies and malcontents, and more than once was the Senora threatened with arrest and summary punishment. Finally my shop was closed and I was put on ticket of leave, that is, I was required to report at headquarters every morning. Following this, my company of Mexicans was ordered disbanded.

I was directed to turn in all the guns belonging to this company. Some eighteen or twenty of these guns were American hunting rifles and were my own personal property, and I refused to turn them in, but hastened to conceal them. For my refusal I was arrested and placed in the Alamo carcel, where to my astonishment I found twelve other Americans, a number of whom had been imprisoned there for two and three years. It was in this dungeon that I first met Josiah Taylor, who, a few days later, brained one of the guards with a bench-leg and made his escape. Along about this time, five more Americans were brought in and from these we learned that an army of determined Americans had taken La Bahia and were forcing the Spaniards back on Bexar. This was good news to us as it gave hope for speedy release from the cruelties of the hated Gachupin. Further than the report of these new prisoners, we had no means of learning of affairs on the outside, since we were held almost entirely "incommunicado."

On the 28th of March, we heard heavy cannonading, which we regarded as an unmistakable announcement that our countrymen were coming. We had no means of knowing the strength of the forces on either side, but we were Americans, and we knew from experience that one American soldier was a match for ten of the hirelings and ex-convicts of Spain. The cannonading seemed to grow louder, fiercer, and finally ceased, and we sat in silent suspense, until aroused by the sound of horse's feet, as if a cavalcade was hastening past the Alamo. This sound increased into a roar, and we could only surmise that the Gachupins were pouring into the town from the field of utter defeat. All

that evening and through the long weary hours of the night we waited and listened to the sounds of confusion that were wafted through our prison bars—a night, each weary hour of which was fraught with the most aggravating suspense. Our guards had failed to bring our rations the evening before, and this fact looked suspicious, but we bore our hunger in patience, strengthened by the hope of speedy release.

Along about 3 o'clock we heard a great shout and tumultuous cheering, and we could no longer doubt the issue of the battle. There was no mistaking those cheers; no soldiers in all the world can surpass the American in the battle yell, or his exultant cheers over a victory. Then came a great commotion just outside our prison walls; the doors were thrown open, and seventeen of us—Americans—were led forth to freedom by our own brave countrymen!

General Herrera, Governor Salcedo and Cordero, in fact, all the Spanish officers were prisoners, and were assembled under a strong guard at the Cuartel de Gobiernacion on the main plaza. Don Bernardo Gutierrez was nominally in command of the American forces, which consisted of about 800 Americans, the remainder being made up of Mexicans and Indians, some 1,300 in all. The Mexican contingent was commanded by a brave, patriotic Mexican by the name of Manchaca, a native of San Antonio, as were also most of his men.

In this command was a company commanded by Captain Antonio Delgado, a son of the Colonel Delgado who was executed by Salcedo, and whose head was still exposed on a pole at the Alamo crossing. When Captain Delgado saw this gruesome relic of the dotting father, he burst into a fit of weeping, which soon changed to a paroxysm of uncontrollable fury. He hastened to the quarters, he found Salcedo with other Spanish officials, and with drawn sword forced his way past the guards and rushed upon Salcedo with the rage of a demon and would have slain him but for the interference of the Americans, who seized him and after a struggle bore him away.

Gutierrez and other leading Mexicans were present, but it was noticed that they remained quiet and offered no re-

straining hand. Doubtless they were moved to non-interference when they reflected that their fate would have been that of their friend and comrade, Colonel Delgado, had they fallen into the hands of the merciless Salcedo. A few hours after this attempt of Captain Delgado, the Spanish officers were removed to the Alamo prison, and right here Colonel Kemper, the American commander, made a mistake which resulted in one of the greatest tragedies of the age, and ultimately thwarted all the designs of the expedition. He allowed Manchacca's Mexicans to guard the prisoners in the Alamo!

As before stated, Gutierrez was in nominal command. The Americans, as a matter of policy, conceded to him the authority of commander in chief, while mentally reserving unto themselves the privilege of doing that which suited them best. No sooner had Gutierrez found himself in possession of the then greatest stronghold in Texas, at the head of a victorious army, and his most hated enemies, Herrera, Salcedo and others, cooped up in the Alamo dungeon, than he began to magnify his office on a great scale and to a degree quite startling to the American officers. These had agreed to release the Spanish officers on their parole of honor; Gutierrez sent them to prison, heavily guarded by Manchacca's men.

The Republican cause was triumphant in Texas, and plans were laid at once to advance on Monclova. A number of the royalist prisoners joined the ranks of the victors, the public stores were seized and distributed, each soldier was apportioned his share of the funds found in the royal chest, and for two days the town was given over to revelry. On April 5, Gutierrez established what he termed a "provisional government," composed of thirteen individuals, nine of whom were Mexicans, and, in turn, this Junta conferred upon this same Bernardo Gutierrez the title of "Governor and Generalissimo" of the Republican Army of the North," and as a mark of his esteem and confidence, the "Generalissimo" installed this Junta as his permanent council of state. The first question that came before this august body for consideration was the disposal of the royalist officers, now mewed up

in the Alamo. Be it remembered that in the organization of his council of state, Gutierrez had acted independently of any of the American commanders, and had placed on his committee only men whom he knew to be possessed of a bitter hatred toward the imprisoned Spaniards. This council disposed of the question in very short order by declaring that the prisoners should be tried by a military court, which decree was immediately carried into effect and the death penalty was assessed.

When it became known among the Americans that these men were to be tried without delay before this Mexican tribunal, only one of which could read or write, indignation became ripe in camp, but protests availed nothing. Colonel Kemper appointed Captain Darius Johnston, a brilliant young lawyer from Kentucky, to appear before the court in behalf of the accused, but Captain Johnston was turned down, and during the trial neither council, witnesses nor evidence of any kind favorable to the defendants was allowed to be offered. The American officers denounced the entire proceedings in the most scathing terms, and backed by the rank and file of the army, gave notice that any attempt to carry into effect the verdict of this drum-head court would be met with armed resistance. The excitement among the American troops was intense, and plans were set on foot for the arrest of Gutierrez and his council, but these were set at naught by the officers, who were persuaded that in the face of their protests Gutierrez would not dare to execute those men.

A few days later, I do not clearly remember the date, but I think it was on or about the 5th of April, Gutierrez assembled the army on the plaza and announced that in consideration of the humane principles that govern the actions of all true patriots fighting for liberty and independence, and in deference to the wishes of the gallant Americans who had so nobly aided in the overthrow of the Spanish power in Texas, he had decided to commute the sentence of the Council against the Spanish officials, to perpetual banishment. He further stated that he was in receipt of a communication which announced that during the following week

a vessel would sail from Matagorda, bound for Havana, and that he would, at his earliest convenience, send the prisoners under a strong escort to the coast, in order that they might reach Matagorda in time to secure passage on the outgoing vessel. This announcement was greeted with cheers on the part of the Americans, but the Mexicans maintained a dogged silence which, to me and others, boded evil, and our forebodings were vastly strengthened the following morning when we discovered that Captain Delgado and his company, nearly one hundred strong, had been detailed to escort the prisoners to the coast.

Jose Sanchez, a near friend of mine, and a nephew to Senora Rodriguez, was a member of Rosalia received a severe wound. He was conveyed to the home of his mother, who lived at one of the missions below town, and the evening following the address of Gutierrez to the army, I, in company with Pablo Rodriguez, who had but recently returned from a long captivity among the Comanches, went to the Sanchez home and spent the night, nursing and administering to Jose, the wounded man. Some time before day we started back to town, and while passing the Alamo at dawn, we met a large body of horsemen, coming from the direction of the river crossing. These drew up in front of the Alamo, and merely through curiosity, we drew near to learn the meaning of this unusual movement. When we approached, we saw that the Spanish prisoners were being brought out and mounted on horses brought along for their accommodation, and to our surprise, we noticed that each prisoner was being securely bound with ropes to his horse.

I knew Captain Delgado quite well—we had always been on the most friendly terms—and, observing me closely watching his movements, he brusquely asked what I was doing there, and who had sent me to spy on his actions. I answered by saying that I was there on my own volition and that considering the high station held by these prisoners I thought it a shameful humiliation to their dignity and manhood to tie them on their horses when there was abso-

lutely no occasion for such brutal treatment, and that I would immediately report the matter to Colonel Kemper. This seemed to nettle the captain, and he ordered us away. We hastened to town and reported the procedure to Colonels Kemper and Ross, who went straightway to the quarters of Gutierrez and demanded the return of the prisoners without delay. They told Gutierrez that they had pledged their honor, as American soldiers, for the safety of those men and that without proper assurances that their lives would not be placed in jeopardy while in the hands of Delgado, they would return to the Alamo.

Gutierrez gave them every assurance that his orders for their safe delivery on board a vessel at Matagorda would be carried out to the letter; that Captain Delgado was a true soldier, in every respect worthy, reliable and circumspect, and furthermore, if he should allow any evil to befall the prisoners in his custody he would have him shot immediately upon his return.

Ten Spaniards and five Mexicans rode away from the Alamo that fatal morning to an ignoble death. General Simon de Herrera, Ex-Governor Cordero, Governor Manuel de Salcedo, Lieutenant Colonel Herrera, Captain Jose Mateos, Juan Ignacio Arabido, Francisco Pereira and Gregorio Amado—these were Spaniards. The following were Mexicans; Captain Miguel Arcos and his two sons, Luis and Pancho; Antonio Lopez and Lieutenant Juan Caso, Lopez was not connected with the army in any way, and his offending was in connection with the betrayal and arrest of Colonel Delgado.

A few miles below the city the escort halted on a small creek that flowed into the San Antonio River. Here the prisoners were untied and dismounted, one at a time, and each man was tied to a tree, hand and feet. Realizing that their end was near, these unhappy men begged to be spared until a priest might be brought from town to administer the last rites of the church, but this was refused. "You sent my father into eternity, denying him the consolation of religion in his last extremity," said Delgado, addressing Salcedo.

Ex-Governor Cordero was the third man to be led to the fatal tree. Before his arms were pinioned about the tree he

called one Lieutenant Santos to him and, handing him his watch and a ring, asked him to convey these articles to Dr. Orramel Johnson, with the request that he forward them, if ever opportunity presented, to some one in the City of Mexico—wife, mother or relatives—I have forgotten which.

When the fifteenth prisoner was securely bound to a tree, deliberate preparations were made for the shocking tragedy. Herrera exhorted his companions in misfortune to face the ordeal like men and to die like true soldiers, loyal, even in death, to their master, the King. Seeing their long, keen knives in preparation for the carnival of blood, Lieutenant Herrera, a mere youth, warned Delgado of the day of signal retribution and defied him to do his worst.

Manuel Salcedo begged to be permitted to die like a soldier. He asked to be shot, and for reasons that probably will never be known, his request was granted. He was the first to be executed, and then, at a signal given by Delgado, the men chosen for the murderous task advanced and, with gleaming knives, cut the throats of the remaining fourteen.

The bodies of these victims were unleashed and thrown into the creek. Delgado and his men remained near the scene of their heinous crime through the remainder of the day, and late at night returned to the city. The following morning the entire company was paraded in front of Gutierrez's headquarters, and when the "generalissimo" came out Delgado complacently informed him that his orders had been successfully carried out, whereupon Gutierrez thanked him and dismissed the men to their quarters.

The Americans became furious upon learning of the perfidy of Gutierrez and Delgado, and it was only through the strenuous efforts of our officers that an open mutiny was prevented. Delgado was arrested and brought to trial and with surpassing ability, conducted his own defense. I will always remember the closing paragraph of his speech: "My father was a patriot, and was one of the first to respond to Liberty's call to her loyal sons. He fought the Gachupin under Hidalgo. Here in San Antonio he was betrayed into the hands of

Governor Salcedo, by whom he was cruelly put to death and his venerable head—my father's head—was hoisted upon a pole—a horrible sight which all you gallant Americans witnessed when you entered the city, I shall not seek your clemency by saying that I acted under orders of my superiors. Far from it, I would rather have you consider that I acted on my own volition. I am not a penitent. I have no regrets over the execution of the men who have been a scourge to my race and country. They have spared neither age nor sex, and it was the Gachupin who set the precedent of death to all prisoners. Had these men been spared they would have been exchanged or released only to return and again deluge our unhappy country with the blood of my people. A Gachupin never forgets, and no pledge, bond or parole entered into with a rebel is binding on his conscience. As a son, no less dutiful to his parent than loyal to his country, I have avenged the murder of my venerated father. If there is an American present who would have done less let him rise up and pronounce me guilty."

Captain Delgado was acquitted, Gutierrez was arrested, tried and likewise, acquitted; but was deposed and no longer held command, although he was permitted to remain with the army. Thoroughly disgusted with the conduct of the "generalissimo" and the perfidy displayed by his subordinates, Kemper and others left the army and returned to the United States.

And here I draw the curtain over the first great tragedy that was enacted at San Antonio. The next is soon to follow, and still yet another—the bloodiest, the cruelist, the most appalling in all the annals of Bexar's sanguinary history.

John Warren Hunter, author of the foregoing article, which was written in 1913, was among the few real authorities on the unwritten history of the State, and was especially known for his accuracy. He never sacrificed fact for the sake of effect, and if his stories are romantic it is because Texas history abounds in romance. Mr. Hunter died at San Angelo, January 12, 1915.

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Surveyed in the Plains Country

W. S. Adair, in Dallas News, 1923

"In 1877 Fort Worth was the western terminus of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, and those parts of Texas west and northwest of there were still a wilderness," said E. M. Powell, land agent, 1707½ Main street. "I was born and raised in Illinois. I studied civil engineering, and was employed on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad in Kentucky for two or three years, beginning in 1873. I came to Texas in 1877, expecting to secure work in the engineering department of the Texas & Pacific Railroad, the general offices of which were then at Marshall. But T. D. Lovett, chief engineer, was unable to make a place for me.

"While looking for something else to do, I heard a great deal about western lands, and, becoming interested, I sought more particular information. I learned that Texas was offering the most liberal inducements to the railroads. Having made extensive specific grants to the International & Great Northern and the Texas & Pacific Railroads, and having exempted the former railroad from taxation for a period of twenty-five years, the State offered to any railroad thereafter entering the State sixteen sections of land for every lineal mile of track put down, the land to be selected by the beneficiary companies from any not otherwise appropriated public domain, the State reserving the alternate sections for school purposes. Some of the railroads that received lands under this offer were the Frisco, the Cotton Belt, the Santa Fe, the Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio, and the Dallas & Wichita.

"As the railroads proceeded with their construction, land certificates were issued to them by the State Land Office at Austin. For each mile of track laid they received sixteen certificates, each

for a section—640 acres. Most of the railroads needed the money, and, as a rule, they sold the certificates at a very low figure. I ascertained that the certificates could be bought at \$50 to \$100 each, or at a cost of 10c or 12c an acre for the land. With E. L. Gage, an engineer with whom I had worked on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, as partner. I became a land locator in Texas. We bought the certificates and then located the land, for which we received patents from the State. In cases where we had sold the land, we had the patents issued directly to the purchasers. We advertised the lands extensively over the North and East, offering them at 35c an acre. And, I will add that we made money at that. Mr. Gage kept the office in Dallas, while I headed the surveying party in the field.

"When I went to the Panhandle the counties had not been organized, and there was but one wagon track through that vast region, that being the one made by General McKenzie in his expedition against the Indians. The only human beings we encountered were buffalo hunters, and not many of them. The Indians had been rounded up and placed on the reservation in Indian Territory. Parties of them now and then left the reservation on permits to go hunting in New Mexico, but they did not linger on their way across the Panhandle. The whole region west of the 100th meridian was an awful solitude. Our party, consisting of ten or twelve men, kept in touch with Fort Griffin, where a garrison of soldiers was maintained, with a small band of Kiowa Indians as hangers-on. Our wagon went to the Fort once a month for supplies. Our greatest trouble was in getting water. The water holes, which were few and far apart, had not been located, and we

always kept up communication with the one we last left until we could find another ahead. We lived on buffalo meat, and had no more trouble in killing a buffalo when we needed one, than a ranchman had in killing a beef. We invariably kept one or two men on guard at night, against possible surprises. But the only Indians I ever saw during the years I was engaged in locating land in the Panhandle were the trifling Kiowas at Fort Giffin in Shackelford County, though we now and then heard of wandering bands of them.

"The general belief at that time, in which I liberally shared, was that the lands of the Panhandle were worthless, and it was often a question of conscience with me whether I was doing right in selling them to persons at a distance who were not fully informed in regard to them. In the first place there was no water. There were here and there patches of fine grass, which timidly put forth short sickly blades, supposed at that time to be void of nourishment, though later on it turned out to have more substance, bulk for bulk, than the far-famed blue grass of Kentucky. But what good would the value of this grass been even had it been known then, since there was no water in the length and breadth of the land? The first settlers to try the Panhandle were a colony of that pioneer sect, the Quakers, from Indiana, in the early 80's. They took lands in the western part of Crosby County, but, setting about farming as they had been accustomed to do in Indiana, they, of course, made a failure. Some of them returned to Indiana at the end of the first year and the remnant of them finally abandoned the settlement by the close of the second year. The first cattlemen to invade the Panhandle kept close to the canyons where water was to be found. To them it did not seem that the open country could be made available for pasturage. But they soon discovered that the grass, what there was of it, was remarkably rich, and that water could be reached by sinking wells. After these discoveries the cattlemen gradually covered practically the whole of the Panhandle. The history of farming in the Panhandle is about the same as that of Western Kansas and Nebraska. All the early

attempts to grow crops in those arid regions ended in failure. In time, however, settlers learned to comply with the conditions and now the farmers are taking the place of the cattlemen. The big ranches of the Panhandle are gradually being divided into farms.

"I was engaged in locating lands in the Panhandle from 1877 till 1880. I then went south of the Texas & Pacific Railroad and worked in Crockett, Brewster, Pecos and Tom Green Counties. I located 1,300 sections for the Cotton Belt Railroad, mostly in Brewster county. Cattlemen were already beginning to appear in that part of the country; but there were few settlers, with the exception of the people at the stations along the stage route. The government had established a stage route for the transportation of the mails from San Antonio to California via Fort Concho, Fort Stockton, Fort Davis, El Paso, Texas, and Fort Yuma, Ariz. The old time stage had seats for nine persons with room on top with the driver for three or four more. They were drawn by four horses and never stopped except to discharge and receive the mail pouches and to change horses and drivers. One came along every day. I was often a passenger. This stage line was abandoned in January, 1882, when the Texas & Pacific and the Southern Pacific Railroads made connection this side of El Paso, and thus gave through railway service between Texas and California. In a few years after I moved south the cattlemen took the entire country out that way and the farmers were close behind them. Much of the Southwest, however, will always remain in possession of cattlemen, because it is unsuitable for farming.

"Mr. Gage retired from our firm in 1882 to engage in the cattle business in Brewster and Presidio Counties, where he located an extensive ranch and where he became wealthy. He died a number of years ago. I have continued in the land business and still own land which came into my possession during the years I spent in the Panhandle and in West Texas. A great change has come over the western part of the State in the course of forty years. Arid Panhandle lands which we were glad to sell at 33c an acre are now in a high state of culti-

vation and worth \$30 to \$40 an acre most anywhere; near the towns they are worth more than that. The Staked Plains, once considered a hopeless desert, are now teeming with vegetation. The greatest advances in the value of these lands have taken place within the last five years."

From An Old Texan.

Pima, Arizona, Sept. 2, 1925.

I was born in December 1852. When I was a little past eighteen years of age I was married to Miss Azzlee Carmichael in Rusk county, Texas, and on the first day of May following we started west and settled in the southwestern part of Bosque county. The Indians had made their last raid in that section the year before and killed a man named Dillard on Spring Creek. Dillard and a man by the name of Jim Lee were riding down the valley about a mile from the Lee ranch when they saw a band of Indians coming with a bunch of horses which they were driving out of the country. Lee said, "Let's get away from here," but Dillard said: "I have always said I was going to the Indians if I ever got a chance, and now I have it." Lee told him he could go to them if he wanted to, but that he was going the other way, if he could get his bronco to go, and giving his mount the quirt he went. Lee hadn't gone far before he heard a gun shot, and he had not been home long before he saw the Indians go by. He then went back and found Dillard dead and scalped.

I saw that country grow from a thinly settled country to a fine farming region, with churches and schools everywhere. Bremond was the end of the Houston & Texas Central railroad.

I was pained to read the death of W. E. Cureton. I was well acquainted with him, and worked cattle on the adjoining range in New Mexico, and a finer man I never met. I knew all of the Curetons. I cast my first ballot for his father, Capt. Jack Cureton, for sheriff in Bosque county in 1876, and he made the best sheriff Bosque county ever had. In 1894 I was a delegate to the democratic convention which nominated John Cureton for county commissioner. Uncle Jimmie Cureton is a rancher in Grant county, New Mexico. Dick Cureton

died in Silver City, New Mexico. They were all fine people, and I never heard of a Cureton taking a drink of whiskey. I was also acquainted with Ole Neasto, the Norwegian boy who was captured by the Comanches. I have heard him tell of his captivity many times. I read the account of the fight at the Nick Coulson ranch. Old man Nick Coulson died all alone at his little mountain ranch northwest of Clifton in 1921. I think this is the same man. I also knew Doug Coulson at Pecos City, and I think he ran for sheriff there in the fall of 1890.

My wife is still with me, and if we live until next April we will have been together fifty-five years. We have gone through many hardships, but are hale and hearty and able to do pretty good work. We have raised a large family. It does me good to read Frontier Times for it tells the true story of the awful times the people of Texas, especially West Texas, had. I never want to be without Frontier Times.

J. E. COSPER.

Opens Book Store.

Miss Nell Andrew has opened the Personal Service Book Store at Austin, and will buy and sell all kinds of books. If you are seeking any particular book or desire to learn about books that are on the market, or out of print, send your wants to Miss Nell Andrew, 206 West Seventh Street, Austin, Texas.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now being published serially in Frontier Times, will be published in pamphlet form in November, and will be sold for \$1.00 per copy.

Heel Fly Time in Texas

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Please mention Frontier Times to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Tells of Indians and Cattle Thieves

Corra Melton Cross, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, May 21, 1925

"I came to Texas in 1856 in an ox-drawn prairie schooner when I was just 5 years old." It was G. L. Epperson of Valley View talking. "In 1857 our landing place became a part of Llano County. My father was on the jury of the first County Court and it was held under a live oak tree. Houses were few and 'neighbors' included everybody that lived from one to fifty miles away. Fences, where there were any, were built of brush or split rails. Our first house was one room built of poles set on end in a ditch, with dirt thrown up to hold 'em, and covered, as were the cracks, with green oak boards. Later we had a two-room log house—the finest in the country. It had puncheon—logs split in half and laid split side up—floors and doors, which also had wooden hinges and locks. Lumber? There wasn't any, nor tools either, an ax, cross-cut saw and a broad-ax which were the whole tool chest in those days. It kept me busy carrying 'em from one to another when building was going on. We put in one of the first fields in the State and planted corn and wheat. I dropped the corn, as my brothers plowed with oxen. Each wore two six shooters and had a Spencer rifle sitting in the fence corner. Wheat was cradled by hand, the grain treaded out by oxen and carried in a two-wheel ox cart forty miles to a water mill. Flour was used to make bread for company; we had cornbread pretty regular, but often went two weeks without any kind of bread at all. Fresh meat was plentiful. I've killed a wild turkey many a time for breakfast, and 'with a twinkle of the eye' an Indian for supper. Buffalo and deer were everywhere in big droves, and all a fellow had to do was to shoot 'em when he got hungry for meat.

"You've heard that old fiddle tune, 'Buckskin Breeches?' Well it wasn't just a tune those days, for we all wore 'em, and they lasted forever. But woe unto the fellow that got his wet and pulled 'em off to dry, for he never got 'em on again 'till he wet them and put 'em on that way. Mother spun and wove all the clothes we had, pretty near, for

we raised a little cotton and some sheep for the purpose. She knitted our socks too, when we had any. I went bare-footed until I was nearly grown. We tanned hides and made our shoes, too, for everything we bought was freighted from Austin, 100 miles away. My wife still spins on mother's wheel and she knits my socks, too.

"In '61 when the war broke out, I was 9 years old and the only man on the place. But I was a good frontiersman and used to responsibility. My main job was to herd the cattle in the woods, for Indians were thick, for safety, and it wasn't too safe at that, for they stole my horses many a night. Did I ever see any Indians? Well, I didn't do nothing else, we had trouble with 'em for about ten or twelve years and a many run I've had for my scalp.

"I remember just before the war, there were four of us boys, my two brothers, bareback on one horse and me and Lib Wykoff on another, slipped off to the bottom hunting mulberries. We'd been warned not to go there, but we did, and Lib cut off from the rest and a bunch o' Indians shot eighteen arrows into him, one of 'em pinning his hand to his breast, where he'd thrown it up for protection. Speaking of Indians, during the war the Miller boys, neighbors from McCulloch County, forty miles away, were helping us in cutting and shocking wheat. A neighbor—Cannady by name—came along, stood his rifle in the fence corner and went on to the house. A band of reds spied us boys and sent a shower of arrows into the field. One of the Miller boys grabbed Cannady's gun and kept the skunks busy shooting at him so Harve, his brother, could run to the house and get his Spencer rifle, which he did, and he let an old chief have it right between the eyes. He was hiding behind one of the shocks. All of us were firing hard as we could, and they finally ran off taking their dead with them. Harve had made two of them bite the dust, his brother, one, and the rest of us a couple more. After it was over we went to see what it was we saw hanging on the shock where the

old Chief hid, and it was his quiver, Harve's shot had cut it and twenty-three arrows clean in two and killed him all at one shot. The quiver was made of white cowhide, with the hair on, and Harve used it afterward for his Spencer scabbard. We quickly got up a trailing party and followed 'em. They were going due east and when they found out we were trailin' 'em they turned west, and that same day they passed a field where Whitlock was trying under cover of the bushes, running from one clump to another, in his pasture to get to his house, where his wife was shefling 'em; but they beat him to it, killed her, set fire to the house and stole the two children. The woman burnt up, they killed one child right before his eyes, and they never found the other one. The band went on that night and stole Mason out of horses, lock, stock and barrel.

"Yes it was sort of scary, but we didn't have time to think about that. There were three tribes on the warpath at once; all working together. How we knew that was by the mark on them, when they were killed. One of 'em cut off the right ear, the other split the left one and the other branded three stripes with a hot iron on the leg. They were all painted for blood all the time, and one night they stole Llano out, shot an old lady in the hotel door; came by our house about daylight and got every horse we had but my little Spanish pony, staked in the field. They ate a lot of sugar cane in fifty yards of her, but did not see her. As soon as they'd gone the neighborhood men took in after them and killed some and crippled more. I got all our horses back and a lot of buffalo hides and blankets that were packed on them.

"Long about the end of the war, my brother-in-law and Judge Bourland were cattle partners. They contracted to deliver 1,700 head of steers to Adams in Fort Sumner N. M. On the way out they camped one day in an old dugout at Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos. The Indians surrounded them and drove off all the cattle and horses but Judge Bourland's mount. He got that horse and refused to give him up and the old chief shot an arrow at him that went through two thicknesses of wagon sheet, two of the Judge's coonskin cap, and having

spent its force, bent its point back, against his skull. I've seen the arrow and wound many a time. In that same raid a settler's wife was shot and Judge Bourland cut the arrow point out of her body with his pocket knife.

"It was 'long about that time the Moss boys surprised them so over on top of Paek Saddle Mountain in Llano County. Three of them and a neighbor trailed a pack of the scoundrels to the mountain and took them so unexpected that when old man Moss yelled, 'Come on boys, we've got 'em!' the red devils run off over the mountain barefoot and every other way and the boys went right in their camp and took nine guns, seven Winchesters and all of their shields; these were made of buffalo hide, stuffed with moss and nothing but a Winchester bullet would go through 'em. They found one old chief that had been looking in a hand mirror he'd stole somewhere, painting himself, and he wasn't in shape to finish the job, for he was a dead Injun.

"I'd just paid \$100 in gold for a good horse and staked him in a thicket, when I spied a bunch of the varmints, and went running and loaded myself on his back, and was coming 'round that thicket lickety-split, when I ran square into an old buck coming 'round the other way! Talk about being scared, I never did grow any more and I didn't quit running either. He fell over t'other side of his horse, yelling and waving at the rest of 'em, and I shot my pistol three times to signal 'em at home, then I looked back to see how close they were. Well! I didn't turn to salt, I'd a been glad if I had then, but that blamed horse ran under a tree, most dragged me off, and crippled himself. I hung on and righted myself and ran in home and met brother coming from the cowpen. I yelled to him to bring my Spencer and cartridges and come on down the Llano road. About a half a mile further I met that same Chief coming right at me, but I aimed straight and I heard the bullet hit, for he fell over t'other side of his horse I knew he was my Indian and shore 'nuff we found him further on, dead. He was riding some horse, too, a race animal he'd stole at Blanco City the night before. I went back to get my hat; for hats were hats in those days, and found

it hanging on the limb where I was scared out o' being seven, instead of six-foot tall.

"A few weeks later Mrs. John Friend, one of our neighbors living about thirty miles away, and two other women with their children were at her house. You know when the men folks had to leave they took their families to the nearest neighbors for safety. A bunch of Indians came over the hill and were right on 'em; they were painted fresh and they knew what that meant, but as they forced the door, Mrs. Friend knocked the Chief down with a smoothing iron, and while the others were getting the other women and children, one of 'em shot at her, and she fell as if dead. They stuck an arrow in her, but she didn't move, and then they left her for dead. But she got up and staggered three miles to a neighbor. They made a pallet for her and she fell on it while she was telling about it.

"They were, and that's no lie. If we saw a red devil we knew it was either kill him or outrun him, but when it was decided that the soldiers should have all unbranded cattle it looked like the whole face of the earth was covered with cattle thieves. They rounded up, branded and drove to Kansas continuously, and the scoundrel's defied us to come and cut our cattle out. One day brother and I missed a hog and we went over to one of their camps and there wasn't anybody there but a Mexican, and he was dressing and cooking that hog; so we rode into the herd and cut out seven of our steers, and a month later, as we passed on our way to the grand jury they tried to waylay us, but they failed. They were aiming to get every honest man out, whether he had sheep or cattle. We'd traded and bought about 800 sheep and they told father they were coming for the sheep we had, and I told pa they wouldn't get them. And I went over about six miles from home and camped and herded them. I cut logs between times and built my house.

"While I was building it I had to go to Llano for some hardware. The storekeeper was an awfully good friend of mine, and he said, 'Going to leave for that notice?' And I said, 'Not's I know of; I ain't got no notice.' At that

he got out a paper and showed me where it said, 'If G. L. Epperson don't leave and take his sheep he'll be killed.' Well, I'd been to'd when I first moved over there that nobody could run sheep on San Fernando Creek and live, and I'd answered, 'I din't come here by myself and I shore ain't goin' away.'

"Well, that sort of riled folks. The Sheriff came to me and said, 'I'm leaving between suns, but I'm taking some of these trifling scoundrel's with me, and if you need help just come to the mouth of Buttery's Hollow and shoot your gun twice and I'll have 200 men there in less than an hour.' Bob Roundtree, Deputy Sheriff, wrote a piece in the paper that sorter quieted the rest of them. Folks took the law in their own hands and cleaned them up, coming and a-going. Some of them quit breathing, but there wasn't any questions asked. We hired a man to go with them as one of them to keep posted, and it's the Gospel truth we herded our cattle that whole winter—didn't dare turn them loose. I kept my sheep twenty years and sold them and went to raising more cattle. Grass got short and I fed them prickly pear, but I kept on with them.

"Yes, I've got a good herd now, or the boys have. I turned them over to them. I've got 3,000 acres in my pasture and I gave each child a section, and there's one for every corner. Gave the boys the cattle and I bought a small, select herd of Red Polls, good ones, for myself. I still ride and rope and do all kinds of work. My pony is a Mexican varmint from Villa's ranch, and it's a shore 'ride 'em cowboy,' whenever I get on him. I plaited a rope and two quirts out of a calf hide, and I'm fixed now for riding and roping.

"Yes, we are living in the old log house yet, but I've added a lot of conveniences to it. One of them is a reservoir hewed out of solid granite rock, a lot taller than my house, with a fire hose and nozzle for protection. I've also got a dipping vat for my cattle of the same kind, only it's on the ground level. I was the first man in Llano county to dip or inoculate cattle.

"It looked like the luck of a lousy calf—you know, they live all winter and die in the spring—that father should be offered but \$.50 an acre for the old home

place when he tried to sell it some time before he died. A few years ago it sold for an even \$100,000, for it proved to have an almost solid mountain of iron on it, and the granite that comes from there takes the finest polish from anywhere known. But he thought he was offered its full value and so it's all for the best.

"Yes. I like to sit in the old home and

think about those scary times, and how I fell over on my horse to dodge flying arrows; of the time when the cattle thieves found we'd taken the law in our own hands; how we thrashed them out clean and made the country a law-abiding land of homes, and I'm glad that I lived in those days to take a little hand in straightening out some of the kinks in that part of Texas, for she's always been the best State in the Union."

Declare Church Was Saved by Prayer

Temple Telegram

One of the most interesting stories of old Bell county history yet brought to light is an account of how thirty years ago the prayer of a Methodist preacher saved the church at Youngsport from destruction by fire. The account, a very well written article that appeared in "The Youth's Companion," May 21, 1896, has been preserved by a local lover of Bell county history, and an effort is being made to learn if any of the residents of Youngsport recall the name of the preacher. Anyone who recalls his name is asked to notify the Telegram.

I was traveling through the western portion of the state of Texas in the autumn of 1889, and stopped one night at a village called Youngsport, having probably seventy-five inhabitants. There was no inn, and I was entertained by an old settler at his residence.

About midnight I was awakened by loud voices and the hurrying of feet. I arose and looking out saw a bright light about two hundred yards away. Hastily dressing I saw that one end of a new church building was on fire.

The house had just been erected at a cost of perhaps five hundred dollars by the people of the village. They were all poor, and its loss would prove a sad blow to them. I think I never saw such signs of distress as were exhibited by many of the spectators. From their excited remarks I learned that a "revival" was announced to be held the next day in the building, and the impression seemed to be that an enemy had set fire to the church.

Up to this time the fire was confined

to the outside of the wall at the back of the building, and the flames were making slow headway. Water, even for drinking purposes was very scarce that fall. None, in fact, could be obtained to extinguish the flames. The excited people were running impotently about, thinking it was useless to attempt to stay the fire.

At this juncture a man appeared in the crowd. He was about forty years of age, black-bearded, with a homely, earnest face. For a moment he stood staring at the fire. Then, flinging his arms above his head and gazing into the sky, in a strong, earnest voice began to pray. His words and tones were the embodiment of entreaty.

"Father," he cried, "pardon us, pardon us. Thou of whom we have been told that no sparrow falls to the ground but that its loss is felt by Thee, thou hast known our efforts, our self-denials for Thy sake. How we have builded this lowly temple to Thee with much hardship. How we meant, if in Thy wisdom another day dawned upon us, that Thy dear word should be preached here. We are unworthy. But, O Thou Searcher of hearts, Thou knowest it was for Thy glory.

"Many hungry souls will come with tomorrow's dawn to be refreshed at Thy altar, and we, stricken with loss, how can we satisfy them? Thy cause will be homeless here. Thy people will return with empty hearts—some perhaps, to many ways of sin. Consider, we beseech Thee, our cry. Remember in help and sympathy our loss. This home is our all. It has been our delight in an-

icipation to think that in it Thy name could be upheld, and immortal souls brought to Thee. O Lord, our God, stay these flames. Come Thou to our rescue. Only, if our wish lacks submission to Thy will, and is unworthy in Thy sight, forgive. But if worthy grant to Thy servants a gracious answer, that this threatened calamity may be stayed. We plead forgiveness for those who have transgressed against us, and unto Thee, O Thou Divine Helper, be honor and glory and praise and power forever and ever. Amen."

The prayer was hardly more than two minutes in length, during which time the fixed attention of the crowd of people had been held, and their hearts touched by the preacher. Few had noticed the black wall of cloud that was sweeping with almost hurricane fury down from the northwest. The last words of prayer had barely been spoken, when there fell slight drops of rain. Silence followed. There was not a sound of leaf or wind to break the stillness. Then in an instant flashed forth a blinding flood of light almost above us, a burst of thunder that made the very earth rock beneath our feet.

A wild cry burst from the people, a cry half of fear, half of faith and thanksgiving. Shrieking in its might a hurricane hurtled past us, tearing the flame from the burning wall and leaving upon it a drench of rain that flooded the crowd of trembling people and the endangered building.

In the fright and confusion, amid the roar and turmoil of the tempest, it seemed hardly more than an instant from the moment the first drops of rain fell until the fire was quenched, and I found myself stumbling half drowned to my feet from the ground, where the wind and water had hurled me. I heard the excited voice of the people calling out of the darkness to each other, and southward the roar of the departing tempest.

The wall of the church building was only charred, the flame had not burned through it.

I was in the city of Waco in the summer of 1890, while a church conference was in progress, and strayed into the hall where it was in session, I saw upon the platform the homey, earnest preacher of Youngsport. He was describing in

glowing words, to intensely interested audience the magnitude and far-reaching character of the religious awakening which began the day following the night of the fire and rain.

He held the people spellbound while he pictured the might and majesty and glory of Him Who rules alike the hurricane, and holds gentle companionship with souls that seek His service and desire His love.

A Pioneer Woman Passes.

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth, wife of B. C. Dragoo, after a long illness, passed to her reward at the home of her eldest son, A. J. Dragoo, Sept. 11, 1925.

Her remains were laid to rest in the Christoval cemetery at 5 o'clock, Friday afternoon Sept. 11th, Dr. O. C. Boone of the Christian Church (of which she was a member 56 years) conducting the funeral service.

The pallbearers were Bob Hext of Eldorado; Dan Parker, Joe Garvin, Will Stigler, Dr. T. J. Percifull and F. C. Baker.

Sarah Elizabeth Dragoo was born in Bell county, Tex., Sept. 3rd, 1848, afterwards moving to Coryell county, where she was married to B. C. Dragoo, July, 4th, 1866, living there four years, then moved to Travis county, and lived in that county three years. From Travis she moved to Burnett county, residing there 12 years, from Burnett she moved to Edwards county, on the South Llano river three miles from Green Lake; then moved to London on the Little Saline in Menard county, where her husband ranched from 1895 to 1910. Then moved on Kickapoo Creek in Tom Green county, and from there the family moved to Eden, afterwards selling out and broke up housekeeping and she and husband have been living with their son, A. J. Dragoo, at Christoval.

She leaves five sons and two daughters A. J. Dragoo of Christoval; Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Gephart of London, J. F. Dragoo and B. C. Dragoo, Jr., of Marathon; Melissa E. Dillard of Stacey, Tex., I. M. Dragoo of Big Spring, L. L. Dragoo of Garden City, and 40 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.—Christoval Observer.

Charlie Power Haynes

Violet A. Haynes, San Antonio, Texas

Charlie Power Haynes was born in the Republic of Texas, at Gonzales, July 30, 1845, and died September 15th, 1925. He settled in Blanco in 1855, or about the time of the organization of the county. He married Sarah Jane Dunman Aug. 30, 1865, and they settled on their ranch home a few miles from what is now known as Round Mountain. This little town was known for some time after its settlement as Birdtown, from its first settler, the Rev. Bird, whose old homestead still stands.

Charlie Power Haynes first served with the Texas Rangers at the age of sixteen years, afterwards being transferred into the regular Confederate army. It is said he fought with wonderful bravery for one so young in two well known Indian battles, at Legion Valley and on the Perdenales. He and his brother John James Haynes, were old time trail drivers, both driving cattle up the trail after the war to Abilene, Kansas. (See "Trail Drivers of Texas," Vol. 1.)

Mr. Haynes' brother, John James Haynes, passed away November 25, 1924, in Bexar county.

Mr. Haynes leaves a large and highly respected family. He was affectionately known by all as "Uncle Charlie." Those of his family who survive him are his oldest brother, Henry Haynes of Llano; a sister, Mrs. Sarah Ann Gibson of Arizona; three sons, Leon M. Haynes of Blanco county, Charlie Hickman Haynes of Alamogordo, New Mexico, and Albert Power (Bert) Haynes who lives on the old homestead in Blanco county; the baby daughter, Mrs. Josie Shelley of Round Mountain; besides fifteen grandchildren, five great grandchildren, and many nephews and nieces in Burnet, Llano, Blanco, and Bexar counties. He was buried September 16th near his old home at the Dunman burial grounds, Rev. J. C. Dodgen of Blanco conducting the funeral services. The pall bearers, descendants of life long friends and comrades, were: E. Stribling, Robert Waldrope, Alfred Dans, Jr., Carl Smith, Eli Shelley and Wid Hardin.

Charles Haynes, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born in Brattle-

boro, Vermont, and was a pioneer citizen of the Republic of Texas, having joined Sam Houston's army at a recruiting station in Cincinnati, Ohio. He helped Texas to gain her independence from Mexico, and served in what was known as the "Buckeye Rangers." He afterwards married Jane Power, at Gonzales in 1840. Their four children were born there, Henry Pardue, John James, Charlie Power and Mary Jane. Their baby daughter, Sarah Ann, was born in Lockhart. Charles Haynes, Sr., and family were pioneer settlers of Gonzales and Lockhart. He helped to lay the foundations for Free Masonary in these respective communities, and his name appears on the original Vigilance Committee of eighty-two names of Lockhart who stood for respect for law. He helped to organize the Masonic Lodge of Hamilton, now Burnet, and at Llano, where his name appears on the old minutes, having presided there as Worshipful Master in 1852. It was while in Llano that his three sons, Henry, John and Charlie enlisted in the Confederate army.

It is said that Charles Haynes, Sr., was the only one in Gonzales who voted against Texas joining the Union; he thought he saw trouble ahead and that Texas should stay out of it. He had ideas of his own—he never owned a slave.

We have only a few copies left of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers." Regular price \$2.50. Our club offer of one year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of this book for only \$3.00 still holds good, but will be withdrawn when we dispose of this lot. We cannot secure any more of these books at the present price. So if you want one send in your order today, to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Mrs. M. J. Lee of Upland, California, sends us four new subscribers to Frontier Times under our offer to send the little magazine to a club of four for five dollars, and she gets Frontier Times a year free.

Laughs at the Years

Mrs. Martha M. Duncan, 60 years a citizen of San Saba County, celebrated her birthday at the age of 101 years, September 5, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. F. Comer, with whom she resides a few miles west of San Saba. Many friends and relatives called to see her in honor of her birthday, and found her cheerful and glad to have them, declaring she felt no older than she did the day she was 100 years old. Mrs. Duncan's mind was clear, she loves a joke and is witty.

Remembering vividly the Indian times in that county, she relates a circumstance that is verified by history. She stated that many depredations had been made in that immediate section by Indians and white people had difficulty in keeping their stock, when it chanced that an Indian boy about 19 years old was captured by a white man (N. C. Brown, now living at Richland Springs), who fed and kept him as a special pet for some time, the white man endeavoring to civilize the young red skin, who seemed devoted to his benefactor. One fine day, however, the Indian boy mysteriously disappeared—just took French leave, and was never heard of again, but from that time forward it was a notable fact that, although the red men came frequently into that country to hunt buffalo, and for other purposes better known to themselves, no white man's

horse was ever again stolen by Indians. Mrs. Duncan recalled the incident, well known to San Sabans, of the killing of the father of Alex Hall, who was one of the earliest settlers of the county, by Indians. Afterwards young Alex, running Indians, ran one into a thicket where he killed him in spite of the Indian's plea, "Indian no kill white man in thicket."

This venerable woman has many keepsakes which she treasures highly, one an American half dollar of the date of 1811, a number of fancy quilts which she made with her own hands in earlier days, and some splendid hand-woven counterpanes made by her mother when she was a girl. The keepsake probably most valued by Mrs. Duncan is a quilt which she pieced herself, at the age of 18. It is sewed and quilted with homespun thread, and contains 5,048 pieces. This quilt, though 83 years old, is well preserved and many of the colors in it are still bright and attractive. Since her birthday is past, Mrs. Duncan is now looking forward to Christmas with the zest of a child and plans to hang up her stocking then, to be remembered, as is the usual customs on her birthdays and at Christmas, by relatives and friends. She has eight living children, 40 grandchildren, many great grandchildren and eight great great-grandchildren.

Pioneer Mother Tells of Early Days

Mrs. M. J. Lee, 651 Campus Avenue, Uplund, California

I see in the September issue of Frontier Times a letter from Mrs. G. A. Stanley of Locker, Texas, concerning the killing of the Porter family in Cocks county, Texas, by the Indians. I can add a little to her statement concerning the earlier years of the Porter family, as my father and mother, Green C. Ely and Polly Keith Ely, lived near Pendleton Porter and his wife (I think her name was Lydia Porter), in Carroll county, Arkansas, on the head of Crooked Creek, in the old Ely settlement. Tom Ely was my grandfather. Pendle-

ton Porter's oldest boy, George Porter, went to school at the same time my brother, George B. Ely and I attended school, in an old log house. I was seven years old when I first went to this school, which was taught by Pete Campbell. The next teacher was Uncle Sammie Rogers, and the next was young Billie Rogers, who was studying for the ministry. He made us pray every evening before he dismissed school. During this school Mr. Porter moved to Hunt county, Texas, and settled on White Rock, north of Greenville. Then

in a few years my father and mother sold out and moved to Texas, being accompanied by my grandparents, my aunt Barbara Bishop and three children, Henry, Tommie and Martha; my mother's brother, John Keith, and my father's brother, Henry Ely, going with us to help grandfather, for he was then eighty years old, and grandma was eighty-four. Well, we were just a month going from the south edge of Carroll county, at the Sulphur Springs where the water comes up through a crevice in the blue slate rock, at the foot of a little round mountain called the Fodderstack. We traveled in ox-wagons, crossed the Buffalo river twentyfive times, then crossed the Boston Mountain, where Cousin Riley Cowan lived on the Fort Smith road, but on account of the Indians we never came through Fort Smith, but turned southeast to a crossing on Red River at the mouth of Mill Creek, where we crossed on a ferryboat, and turned west and went through Clarksville, Texas. We stopped about a mile east of Mount Vernon, in Titus county, where we left Uncle Ely. Then Uncle John Keith left us and went on fifty miles farther west to Hunt county, ten miles east of Blackjack Grove in Hopkins county. When we got there we saw our first windmills. We were used to mills being run by water in Arkansas, and it was a curiosity to us to see a windmill standing on the high prairie miles from water. We went on to the little Cross Timbers in the edge of Hunt county where my uncle, Abijah Keith, had a store on the road to Jefferson, 100 miles to the east, from which place all supplies were hauled in ox-wagons.

In those days the prairies were covered with wire grass half knee high and prairie chickens were numerous. When we reached there we all took down with the mumps. Father built us a log house on 160 acres of government land, and after we got well we went on a visit to our good old Arkansas neighbors, Pendleton Porter and family, who lived on White Rock, north of Greenville, in Hunt county, about ten miles from us. This was just before they started to move to Cook county, where they had a mill, and where Mr. and Mrs. Porter

and George Porter's wife were later cruelly murdered by the Indians.

I have been waiting to see if some one who lived near the Porters would write to Frontier Times and tell how many of the family were killed. The oldest boy, whose wife was murdered, moved back to White Rock, in Hunt county, and married again. I was told that one of the arrow spikes remained in Billy Porter's hip for several years. The wound refused to heal and gave him great pain and trouble, until one day his wife took a knitting needle and probed the sore and felt the spike. She succeeded in working it out and the place healed rapidly.

A lady at Italy, south of Dallas, once wrote and asked me if I knew the names of the people who took George Porter's little children and cared for them after their mother was killed, but I have lost her address. It was George Moore who took the children and Billy to his home. I do not know where the rest of the Porter family is. I wish some of them would write and tell more about that awful murder, giving the names of all who were killed and also all who escaped. I was living so far from there and never learned the full particulars.

I have been in more than eighty counties in Texas. We had horses stolen by Indians on the head of Hog Creek in Bosque county west of Waco. I came near getting drowned crossing the Brazos river at Waco below the mouth of the Bosque river, when I attempted to cross while on horseback. If this escapes the waste basket I may say something else before I leave this low ground of sorrows. I am now almost eighty-four years old, and can't stay here very many years longer, but I am glad the Indians are all quiet now.

The "Life of John Wesley Hardin," the thrilling story now running serially in Frontier Times, will be concluded in our next issue. The complete story can be obtained in pamphlet form after November 15, at \$1.00 per copy. The edition is limited to 200 copies, and if you want one of them you should send in your order at once. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

One Indian Faced Twenty Soldiers

R. C. Crane, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News

In the summer of 1860 Gen. George H. Thomas, then a Major, was in command of the United States military post at Camp Cooper, on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, about twenty miles north of where Albany, Shackelford county, is now located.

Gen. Robert E. Lee, then a Lieutenant Colonel, was in command of the Department of Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio.

A number of other officers who rose to distinction on both sides of the struggle in the war then soon to come on, were stationed in that section of Texas, notably Gens. E. Kirby Smith, Fitzhugh Lee, John B. Hood, Earl Van Dorn, George H. Stoneman, S. P. Heintzelman, W. H. French and S. D. Sturgis.

On account of local friction, the Comanche and other Indians had been forcibly removed from their reservations near Camp Cooper and Fort Belknap to the Indian Territory; but they still persisted in making occasional raids into those parts of West Texas where fringes of settlements had pushed out, such as Palo Pinto, Eastland, Hamilton, Comanche and Brown counties, and these and other Indian tribes ranging from Mexico northward roamed and hunted over all West Texas, then an uninhabited wilderness, now peopled by 1,000,000 hardy empire builders who have carved prosperity out of the wilderness.

To protect the Butterfield Southern mail stage line on its swing through Texas from St. Louis to San Francisco, 2,700 miles, and the settlers below that line, it had become customary for cavalry men to make frequent excursions looking for Indian trails and haunts, and many were the brushes the soldiers had with the Indians.

After making arrangements for other contingents of soldiers from other parts in that region to join him on the waters of the Concho, Gen. Thomas left his station at Camp Cooper July 23, 1860, with a detachment of two commissioned officers, including himself and Lieut. Lowe, the regimental adjutant, the hospital steward of that post, one non-commissioned officer and twelve privates,

the regimental band, one noncommissioned officer, seven privates, Company D, Second Cavalry, and three guides, Mr. Jones, post guide, and two Delaware Indians, Doss and Solomon.

He traveled the stage road past Fort Phantom Hill, in a southwesterly direction, passing near the present site of the city of Abilene, past Fort Chadbourne, and was joined at the crossing of the Colorado River by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee (then a Lieutenant), from Camp Colorado, with a squad of thirty soldiers from another company of the Second Cavalry, and there combined forces, then going west to the headwaters of the main Concho River, were joined by Capt. Johnson from Fort Mason with another squad of about fifty more cavalymen, at the mouth of Kiowa Creek.

Major Thomas divided his forces and scouted for several weeks over a section of country now known as Sterling, Glasscock, Irion, Reagan, Tom Green and the south side of Mitchell and Howard counties in a careful search for Indians, and their trails and camps.

In his report he describes valleys, streams, vegetation, springs, and sites for military posts, and the location of stations on the stage line, but not a human being did any of his forces discover in any of these counties except the keepers of the stage stands. They traveled over the site of the present city of San Angelo, but not a soul was there.

Failing to find any Indians or fresh Indian signs, Major Thomas dispersed his forces, sending Lieut. Lee and Capt. Johnson with their men back to their respective posts, while he, with his detachment started back along the stage road for Camp Cooper.

In what is now Taylor county and about fifteen miles southwest of Abilene, Major Thomas struck his first Indian trail.

But let him tell what happened in his own language:

"On the morning of the 25th about fourteen miles east of Mountain Pass, one of the Indian guides (Doss,) discovered a fresh horse trail crossing the road.

"As soon as the packs could be arranged and our wagons dispatched with the remains of our baggage to this post (Camp Cooper), with the teamsters, hospital stewards and a private of the band, both too sick to ride, I followed the trail that day with all of the remainder of the detachment and the three guides, in a west-north west direction, for about forty miles, traveling as long as we could see the trail after nightfall. On the 26th, about 7 a. m., the Delaware guide (Doss) discovered the Indians, eleven in number, just as they were preparing to leave camp. Giving the signal agreed upon, the party moved on at once in a gallop for a mile and a half before coming in sight of their camp, which was located on the opposite side of a deep ravine (running north, and I presume into Clear Fork), impassable except at a few points. Here we lost considerable time searching for a crossing, but succeeded finally in getting over by dismounting and leading our animals."

This "deep ravine" is said, by old timers in the vicinity to be what is now known as Big Stink Creek, about twelve miles east of Sweetwater.

But Gen. Thomas and his squad of about twenty-five United States soldiers have finally crossed the "deep ravine" have struck a hot trail, and he continues:

"In the meantime the Indians, being already mounted and having their animals collected, had increased their distance from us by at least half a mile. As soon as the crossing was effected and the men remounted, we ran them at full speed for about three miles and a half further, pushing them so closely that they finally abandoned their loose animals and continued their flight, effecting their escape solely from the fact that our animals had become completely exhausted from the fatiguing pace at which the pursuit had been kept up.

"As we were gradually overhauling them one fellow, more persevering than the rest, who still kept his position in the rear of the loose animals, suddenly dismounted and prepared to fight, and our men, in their eagerness to dispatch him pressed upon him so thickly that several of his loose arrows soon took effect, wounding myself in the chin and chest; also private William Murphy of

Company D in the shoulder and Private John Zito and Casper Siddel of the band slightly, each in the leg, before he fell, pierced by twenty or more shots. Private Hugh Clark of Company D, who had dismounted for the purpose of shooting him with his carbine, was kicked and stunned by his horse, seeing which the Indian rushed upon him with his lance and tried to kill him, but was so weak from the effect of his wounds that he inflicted only a slight wound. Chief Bugler Hauser also received a slight lance wound in the left breast.

"By this time the main body of Indians, who were mounted on their best animals, were at least two miles from us, retiring at a rapid rate. It being impossible to overtake them on account of the completely exhausted condition of our animals, the pursuit was discontinued.

"Could we possibly have overtaken the whole of the Indians I am satisfied that few, if any, of them could have escaped, although this was the first time most of the men had ever encountered a hostile Indian."

The captured animals numbered twenty-eight, and Gen. Thomas, in his report, thanked Lieut. Lowe "for the kind and skillful manner in which he attended to the two wounded men (Clark and Murphy) who, under his treatment, soon were in condition to be moved carefully, although the weather became very disagreeable and rainy.

"About 4 p. m. the party moved back to the Indian camp of the night before, and encamped there for the night, and express having previously been sent back for my spring wagon to meet us on the road."

On the 27th they traveled about fourteen miles and it rained several times during the day.

On the 28th they had made fourteen miles when they were met by the express with the spring wagon and the hospital steward, and, after preparing a pallet of blankets for Murphy and Clark, they made about fourteen miles more and camped near the Overland road.

In passing it may be noted that the surface of Taylor county has contracted since that August day in 1860 when Gen. Thomas chased these eleven In-

dians for forty miles, for not more than twenty-five miles are required now to reach the point of obstruction which delayed Gen. Thomas in his chase.

But on Aug. 29 they traveled thirty miles on the overland road, and on Aug. 30 at 6 p. m. reached Camp Cooper, having marched nearly the whole day through rain, arriving just in time to cross the Clear Fork.

Gen. Thomas, in his report of this incident, did not explain whether his band, which he carried along, was armed or just carried instruments.

And this lone Indian more persevering than the rest, armed only with bow and arrows and lance, deliberately sacrificed himself that his ten pals might escape, and thus Gen. Thomas received his only wound in "battle" though he had received brevets for gallantry in action for fighting Indians in Florida and Mexicans in Mexico, and came out of the war between the States a Major General with the thanks of Congress for defeating Gen. John B. Hood.

In a little while Gen. Thomas went on a long furlough, and the war coming on, it became necessary for him to choose whether he would go with his native State of Virginia or remain with his regiment. Those ahead of him went with the South, and Thomas quickly became a Colonel with his choice.

This conflict with the lone Indian, between where Abilene and Sweetwater are now located, may have been a controlling factor in his life, putting him on furlough where he could watch the lowering clouds of war as they gathered.

The Old Trail Drivers.

As a tribute to the indomitable spirit of the early pioneers who drove great herds of cattle from the mesquite of Southwest Texas to northern markets during the turbulent days following the civil war, plans are rapidly nearing completion for a campaign to raise \$100,000 to erect a memorial to the Old Trail Drivers.

Following years of thought and labor on the part of the heads of the organization, the recent Old Trail Drivers reunion, held in San Antonio, brought the project to a head and placed it on a definite schedule.

The outstanding features of the re-

union were the arrival of Thad Rees and Hiram Craig, the 66 and 70-year old "pony express" riders, on 300-mile rides from Dallas and Galveston and the mile-long parade through the downtown streets.

Business sessions during the three day reunion which started Oct. 8 and lasted through the 10th were marked with simplicity of procedure. Parliamentary rules went for naught with these frank-spoken sons of the plains.

Both events were for the specific purpose of arousing interest in the memorial.

Each day of the reunion after the business sessions had adjourned, hundreds of these cowmen gathered with their wives in the ballroom of the Gunter Hotel, where stiff joints became loosened and infirmities of age were thrown off to the accompaniment of cowboy fiddles squeaking out the tunes of the cow camp.

Swish of hoop skirts lent a pleasant background to the thundering stamp of high-heeled boots and jangle of roweled spurs. Aged eyes brightened and withered cheeks bloomed again as wrinkled old ladies were "swung" by their partners. Feet long accustomed to the stirrup and "tapadero" went through the intricacies of schotiche and polka without a false step.

Business sessions of the convention were in constant danger of being upset by pleasure bent "cowboys," who would find a fiddler and have him play the jigs familiar to the cowcamps. As the strains of these tunes filtered through the door of the convention hall, gray-haired veterans of the trail would ease out to see the "goin' on." After a few minutes of the squeaking fiddle some old trailer with a shout of abandon would fling himself into the center of the group and his aged feet would twinkle through the steps of a jig of the '60's with all the fire of youth.

Interest in the monument to be erected to the memory of the men who went "up the trail" became intense during the final session of the reunion. Amalillo made a bid for the memorial, offering \$50,000 if it would be erected in that city. Hebbronville came back with an offer of \$45,000.

Representatives from the Chamber of Commerce, speaking at the final session,

extended the co-operation of that body and urged that no other site be considered. Speakers from the ranks of the trail drivers answered by saying that San Antonio was the only place where all of the trails converged and unanimously

voted to build the memorial here.

The meeting closed with the election of officers and the decision to hold their next reunion in San Antonio next October.—San Antonio, Evening News Oct. 16, 1925.

Catrina Cortez, the Bandit

The following sketch was sent to Frontier Times by W. B. Hardeman, of Devine, who recently interviewed Mrs. A. B. McDonald, who was formerly Mrs. Vick Jackson:

“A soft answer turneth away wrath.”
“Is there honor among outlaws?”

“Yes I was Mrs. Vick Jackson, and lived one and a half miles down the river from Laredo. It must have been about 1889, and in the spring of the year. The oldest children were at school; William, our baby boy of four years, was playing just outside the house. I was sewing, making garments for the family; my husband, Mr. Jackson, was out stock hunting. About 10 o'clock a. m. William, “Tippie” we called him, came running in saying, “Oh, Mamma, whole heap horses and mules coming, lots of nice little bells. Can I have one little bell?” I replied “Yes, Tippie,” and continued sewing, but not very long, for soon hundreds of horses and mules with many bells came along and stopped at our home. One of the men dismounted, came in and spoke in good English, bowing with the grace of a Chesterfield, removing his hat which seemed to be worked with silver and gold. In a courteous manner he asked permission to water the stock at our well. He was about six feet tall, 28 or 30 years old, and a very handsome man. But I was very much frightened, for I had heard of him so often that I readily recognized my visitor as Catrina Cortez, an outlaw who had been a terror to the border for several weeks. I gave him permission to water the stock, telling him he could find tubs at the well. In the meantime “Tippie” had discovered that the man wore a splendid sword, and wanted to know what it was for. Cortez seemed to take quite an interest in “Tippie” and seating himself he called the boy to

him, took the sword from the scabbard and said, “When you get to be a man, perhaps you will have one like it.” I was terribly scared and called to “Tippie” to come to me and not to bother the man. Cortez asked me if I would be kind enough to prepare breakfast for three men, the others would camp. I told him I would have to cook it, and would do so if he could wait. People didn't have very much to prepare those days. However, I had some ham and eggs, and no one knows the agony I suffered in preparing that meal, expecting any moment for my baby to be killed and then myself. The breakfast was soon prepared and I invited them to come and eat, which they did. Cortez, in the most debonair manner, asked what the charges were for watering the stock and for the breakfast. I replied, “Nothing at all.” He then thanked me so nicely and remarked, “You need never have any uneasiness for yourself or your family.” He had given “Tippie” a dollar and a pistol. When I removed the plate that he had eaten from there lay a \$20 bill under it “Tippie” was well pleased but forgot about the bell. The soldiers did not have much success catching Catrina Cortez, and the Rangers under Captain James McNeal were sent to the border. They did not catch him, but they ran him out of the country, and it is said he went to Central America, joined a revolutionary army and lost his life in battle. D. S. Robinson, late justice of the peace in Devine, was a ranger and was with Captain McNeal at that time. Just a mile away Cortez's band killed an old lady, a girl twelve years old and a nine-year-old boy after they left our place.”

Please mention Frontier Times to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

My Recollection of Negro Brit

-Dot Babb, Amarillo, Texas

There has been a lot written about the negro, Brit Johnson, who was a character in Young county in the early days; so I will tell what I know about him. The first time I ever saw Brit was on the Cimarron river in the Panhandle of Texas in 1883, while I was with the Indians. He came to the tribe in search of his family who had been taken captives by the Indians. His wife and the two children, a boy twelve or fourteen years old and a girl about eleven years old. They had been captured down on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, and were with the tribe I was with. Old Brit had considerable difficulty in making a trade with the Indians for them, as his wife belonged to one Indian, the son to another Indian and the daughter to another. I remember seeing these negroes frequently, before Brit came out there to get them. They were nearly all white. I guess some of their foreparents had been scared by some white men. Brit was part white himself. When he had finally traded horses to the Indians for his family, he told me he would trade for me too if he had anything he had to but it had taken everything he had to pay for his wife and children, except three small ponies which the four rode home. After I was restored to my people I saw Brit several times, and remember well when he was killed by the Indians. He had secured some teams and was hauling freight for the United States government to Fort Griffin. Brit and the men who were helping him haul the freight were attacked by a large band of Kiowa Indians on Salt Creek, which runs into the Brazos river, in Young county, in 1873. The Indians were armed with government arms, some had spencer rifles, cavalry guns, and some had Sharp's rifles and Enfields, judging from the cartridge shells which were found on the battlefield some distance from where Brit's wagons were burned. Around the wagons were a number of 44 rim-fire winchester cartridge shells, which indicated that Brit and his men had made it interesting for the Indians. No one knows how long the battle lasted. The Indians who

made the attack were from the reservation at Fort Sill, in the Indian Territory. I went on a cow hunt in the fall of 1873, and passed over the battleground where Brit and his men were killed. The remains of the burned wagons were still there, and eartridge shells were in piles. This is not the only fight where the Indians were armed with U. S. guns. I never knew how they managed to get the guns and amunition, but they sure had them."

We are in position to offer Dr. Menger's highly interesting book, "Texas Nature Observations," dealing with wild animal life in Texas, for only \$2.00 per copy. Or we will send Frontier Times a year and a copy of the book for \$2.50. Regular price of book is \$2.50.

Captain A. M. Gildea writes us from Pearce, Arizona, to renew his subscription to Frontier Times, and also to send in a new recruit to our growing army of regular readers. He says: "I am now living in the heart of the Dragoon Mountains, and only see one or two men in a month, and they're regulars, a cowboy from over the mountain, and a miner from up on top. I have a very pretty place and raise lots of fruit and garden truck, but I'm lost from the world; up 6400 feet in the Apaches' stronghold forty and more years ago. My daughter, Mrs. W. E. Lee, of Sanderson, Texas, and her five interesting children left me recently after a month's visit; and they hated to leave, even to go back to Texas. Plenty of deer and smaller game here, but no fish. Wish you could come out this fall and stay awhile. I have a Jim Dandy lodge, and no one here but me and the Indian ghosts."

Miss Nell Andrew has opened the Personal Service Book Store at Austin, and will buy and sell all kinds of books. If you are seeking any particular book or desire to learn about books that are on the market, or out of print, send your wants to Miss Nell Andrew, 206 West Seventh Street, Austin, Texas.

The Life of John Wesley Hardin

(Continued From Last Month.)

When we got there they took me off and said they could and would work me out of all trouble if I would but join them. They said there were but two sides—for them or against them. I talked as if I would join them and they told me of a dozen or more of my friends whom they wished to kill, and who were the best men in the community, their sin lying in the fact that they did not endorse the vigilant committee's murdering. They told me they would have to do a whole lot of work to get me clear of all trouble, so I would have to do a whole lot for them, and they went so far as to say that if George Tennille and Manning Clements did not join them they would have to be killed. I told them then that neither George Tennille, Manning Clements nor myself would join them; that we wanted peace. I told them that I would not swap work with them, but that they and their mob must keep out of the country and let us alone. They agreed to this and said they would let me know if any danger threatened me, but swore eternal vengeance on the Taylors and their friends.

When they had gone I told Manning and George just what had passed between us and George remarked that it would not be a week before the murdering cowards made a raid on us.

About the 23rd of April, 1873, Jack Helms and fifty men came into our neighborhood, and inquired for Manning, George and myself. They insulted the women folks and Jack Helms was particularly insulting to my wife because she would not inform him of some of the Taylor party. We were all out hunting cattle at the time and when we came back and found out what had happened we determined to stop this way of doing, and sent word to the Taylors to meet us at the Mustang mot in order to concoct a plan of campaign.

There I met Jim, John and Scrap Taylor, while Manning Clements, George Tennille and myself represented our side of the house. It was there agreed to fight mob law to the bitter end, as

our lives and families were in danger.

A fight came off not long afterwards near Tomlinson creek, in which Jim Cox, one of the leaders of the vigilant committee, and Jack Christman were killed. It was currently reported that I led the fight, but as I have never pleaded to that case, I will at this time have little to say, except to state that Jim Cox and Jake Christman met their death from the Taylor party about the 15th of May, 1873.

On the 17th I was to meet Jack Helms at a little town called Albuquirk in Wilson county. I went there according to agreement, a trusty friend accompanying me in the person of Jim Taylor. We talked matters over together and failed to agree, he seriously threatening Jim Taylor's life, and so I went and told Jim to look out that Jack Helms had sworn to shoot him on sight because he had shot Bill Sutton and because he was a Taylor. Jim quickly asked me to introduce him to Helms or point him out. I declined to do this, but referred him to a friend that would. I went to a blacksmith shop and had my horse shod. I paid for the shoeing and was fixing to leave when I heard Helms' voice:

"Hands up, you d— —!"

I looked around and saw Jack Helms advancing on Jim Taylor with a large knife in his hands. Some one hollered, "Shoot the d— scoundrel." It appeared to me that Helms was the scoundrel, so I grabbed my shot gun and fired at Capt. Jack Helms as he was closing with Jim Taylor. I then threw my gun on the Helms crowd and told them not to draw a gun, and made one fellow put up his pistol. In the meantime Jim Taylor had shot Helms repeatedly in the head, so thus the leader of the vigilant committee, the sheriff of DeWitt, the terror of the country, whose name was a horror to all law-abiding citizens, met his death. He fell with twelve buck-shot in his breast and several six-shooter balls in his head. All this happened in the midsts of his own friends and advisers, who stood by utterly dazed. The news soon spread that I had killed Jack Helms and I received many letters of

thanks from the widows of the men whom he had cruelly put to death. Many of the best citizens of Gonzales and DeWitt counties patted me on the back and told me that was the best act of my life.

On the 18th of May, 1873, we got news of a mob of fifty men under the leadership of Joe Tomlinson who were coming into our neighborhood to kill and raid us in revenge. We concluded to go at once and meet them and thirteen of us got together. It was about fifteen miles to where they were making their headquarters at Joe Tomlinson's place, four miles west of Yorktown. We found out that there were about fifty men in and around the house and that at night most of them slept on the galleries. We got there at 2 a. m. in the night of the 18th and agreed that we would slip up to the gallery and if we did this undiscovered to fire upon the sleeping mob. But the vigilant dogs soon announced our arrival and the game was up. We then sent runners to our friends for more help, detailing three men to do this. The remaining ten were to hold the enemy in the house until re-inforcements came, when we would clean out. Our forces began arriving about 4 p. m. and we were fixing to attack them when a party led by Deputy Sheriff Dave Blair made its appearance to relieve the Tomlinson party in the house. I took five men and headed them off in front of the house and in fact, captured Blair right in front of his friends when he declared he was there to relieve Tomlinson. I told him that was what I was there to prevent and he had just as well commence work on me.

"Well," he said, "under the circumstances I won't persist, especially as all of my men have deserted me."

Things began to get in shape for a good fight when some of the best citizens of the county came out where we were preparing for battle. We had about seventy-five men and they had fifty. These men were the means of preventing collision, and through their efforts a treaty was made which each and every one of both parties should sign. It was agreed that we should go to Clinton, the county seat of DeWitt county, and have this agreement recorded, which

we did the following day, the 20th of May, 1873.

I resumed my work again and commenced to ship and drive cattle without anything tragical happening until December 27th, 1873, when Wiley Prigon was attacked by four men and murdered in his store eight miles below Cuero. Prigon was a Taylor man and his murders belonged to the Sutton gang. Thus was war stirred up between the two parties again.

They met this time in Cuero, each party trying to get the drop on the other. Shooting was the order of the day, but finally friends of both parties undertook to pacify them and an armistice was agreed to. Both parties again signing articles of peace.

My wife and baby had taken a trip to Comanche to see my parents and my brother Joe's family.

On the first of January, 1874, leaving my cattle business in my father-in-law's hands, I pulled out for Comanche. Dr. J. Brosius went with me. At Austin I got sick and we continued our journey in a buggy. I met my wife and baby Molly in Comanche with my parents and brothers and sisters. I stayed there until the latter part of January and then, in company with my wife and baby, Dr. Brosius and Gip Clements, started for Gonzales county by way of San Saba and Llano.

While in Comanche I had bought a race horse named Rondo and I carried him with me on my way to Gonzales. I stopped at Llano and while there bought a herd of steers for the market and made a race for \$500, which I easily won. So I journeyed on to Gonzales and reached home about the 15th of February. I then began gathering cattle for Kansas.

In the meantime the Sutton party had violated their pledges and on several occasions had turned our cattle loose.

In April, 1874, Sutton started some cattle north and he himself was going by rail to Wichita, Kansas. We had often tried to catch him, but he was so wily that he always eluded us. Jim Taylor had shot him and broken his arm in a saloon in Cuero. He had a horse killed under him in a fight on the prairie below Cuero and he had another killed while crossing the river below there. He

was looked upon as hard to catch and I made futile efforts to get him myself. I had even gone down to his home at Victoria, but did not get him.

In March my brother Joe and Aleck Barrickman came down from Comanche to visit me and after he had stayed several days I got him to go to Indianola, our shipping point. I told Joe that Bill Sutton was my deadly enemy and that he was soon going to Kansas by way of New Orleans. I told him to find out when Sutton would leave Indianola so that I could tell Jim Taylor and go at once to Indianola to kill him, as it was a life or death case whenever either I or Jim Taylor met him. So my brother and Barrickman went down there and attended to my shipping interests and in doing so got acquainted with Bill Sutton and found out when he would leave Indianola on the steamer "Clinton." He let me know at once and I told Jim Taylor. Jim took Billy Taylor with him and went to Indianola. They went to my brother, who was boarding at Pat Smith's, who kept them informed as to when Sutton and his party would board the "Clinton." In the meantime he had hired two of the best horses in town for them to leave on. Besides that, there were six or eight brave men ready there who stood in with the play. The plan was to let Sutton and his crowd go aboard and then for Jim and Billy Taylor to follow and commence shooting as soon as they saw them. Bill Sutton, his wife and Gabe Slaughter passed in at one of the dining hall doors. Jim and Billy Taylor met them and immediately began shooting. Sutton tried to draw his pistol, but failed, being pierced through the head and heart with Jim Taylor's bullets. Meanwhile a deadly fight was going on between Billy Taylor and Gabe Slaughter. Gabe Slaughter had found out that Jim Taylor was going to shoot Sutton and called out, "Look out, Billy," when Billy Taylor turned round on him, saying:

"Look out yourself, you d....."

He fired on Gabe Slaughter, who was drawing his pistol, and Slaughter fell with Sutton, a pistol in his hand and a bullet in his head.

The Taylor boys passed out of the "Clinton" on to the wharf and came up to the stock pens where my hands were branding cattle. There they got horses

and came at once to Cuero, about sixty miles from Indianola, and from thence up to where I was branding cattle for the trail.

It was now April and I soon started my cattle for Wichita, Kansas, and put Joe Clements in charge. I was to receive the cattle in June at or near Wichita, but was not going with the cattle myself.

About this time my brother Joe and my cousin, Aleck Barrickman went home to Comanche and my wife and baby went with them to visit my parents there. It was understood that I should spend a week with them on my way up to Kansas.

Jim Taylor and I agreed to start another herd, as Ed Glover, Jim, Joe, Gip and Manning were all going up the trail, he (Jim) did not want to be left in that country by himself. In about two weeks we had complied with the laws and had started another herd of about 1,000 head. We placed Dr. J. B. Brosius in charge with instructions to go by Hamilton, in Hamilton county, and they were there to send me word at Comanche, where I would be with my parents.

About the 23rd of April, 1874, Jim Taylor and I left Gonzales, bound first for Comanche and then for Wichita.

In the meantime Rube Brown had arrested Billy Taylor and had sent him at once to Galveston, so we never had a chance to rescue him. There was also a reward of \$500 offered for Jim Taylor.

We got to Comanche on or about the 28th of April, having "Rondo" and two other race horses with us. It was not long before I made two races to be run on the Comanche tracks on the 26th of May, 1874. I was to run "Rondo" against a mare that had beaten him before. My brother had a horse named "Shiloh" which I also matched, and a cousin of mine, Bud Dixon, matched a horse of his called "Dock."

The 26th of May was my birthday. About the 5th, Jim Taylor and I went with my brother and the sheriff's party some twenty miles into Brown county to get some cattle that belonged to my brother. The cattle were in possession of the Gouldstones and we got them and started back without any trouble. Night overtaking us, we stopped at Mrs. Waldrup's to pen our cattle. At the supper table Mrs. Waldrup told us how one

Charles Webb, a deputy sheriff of Brown county, had come to her house and arrested Jim Buck Waldrup and had cursed and abused her. She had told him that no gentleman would curse a woman. Of course we all agreed with her. This is the first time I had ever heard of Charles Webb. There were present at the supper table Bill Cunningham, Bud and Tom Dixon, Jim and Ham Anderson, Aleck Barrickman, Jim Taylor and Jim Milligan (deputy sheriffs), Joe Hardin, Jim Taylor and myself. We were all first cousins to each other except Jim Taylor. There is no doubt but that we all sympathized with Mrs. Waldrup, who had been so abused by Charles Webb. On my trial afterwards for the killing of Webb the state relied on a conspiracy being formed at the supper table to kill Webb, and they used Cunningham to prove it, or else they would have broken my neck or found me guilty of murder in the first degree. The evidence that Cunningham gave on my trial was that my brother Joe (who was not indicted with me) had said: "We will get away with him at the proper time." That statement was an absolute lie. Cunningham was supposed to be our friend, but at my trial was looked upon as one of my brother's murderers and my enemy. But to return to my story.

We drove the cattle home next morning to Comanche and from that until the 26th but one more incident worthy of note occurred. Henry Ware was a bully from Canada, and from some cause or other he disliked my brother Joe. He came to the herd one day (Jim Taylor told me this) and claimed a cow and my brother told him he could not get it. Ware persisted and put his hand on his winchester, when my brother ordered him out of the herd at the point of a six-shooter an order which Hon. Henry Ware promptly obeyed, and he did not get his cow.

The 26th of May saw a big crowd at the races, the news of which had been published all over the country. "Rondo" ran first and won easily. "Shiloh" came next and had a walkover. Next came "Dock," which was a close race, but he won by six feet. So I and my friends won everything in sight. I won about \$3,000 in cash, fifty head of cattle, a wagon or two and fifteen head of saddle

horses. I set more than one man afoot, and then loaned them the horses to ride home.

I had heard that morning that Charles Webb, the deputy sheriff from Brown county, had come over to Comanche with fifteen men to kill me and capture Jim Taylor for the reward. I also heard that he had said that John Karnes, the sheriff of Comanche, was no man or sheriff because he allowed a set of murderers to stay around him, headed by the notorious John Wesley Hardin, and as he (Karnes) would not attend to his business, he would do it for him. I knew that Webb had arrested a whole cow camp a short time before and had treated a man whom he called John Wesley Hardin most cruelly, telling him he was afraid of his own name and jabbed him in the side with a gun, knowing positively that I was not in the country at that time. If I had been there I would have taught him a lesson sooner.

He did not make any breaks at the race tract, but when we all came back to town he swore time and time again that he would kill me and capture Jim Taylor, and that this would be done before the sun went down. When I was told this I laughed and said I hoped he would put it off till dark or altogether.

We were all going from bar to bar, trying to spend some of the money we had won. I remember in one saloon I threw a handful of \$20 gold pieces on the counter and called for the drinks. Some of my friends picked them up and thought I was drinking too freely and told me if any serap came up I would not be able to protect myself. I assured them I was alright, but at last thought I had better go home to avoid any possible trouble.

I got Jeff Hardin, my little brother, to go to my brother Joe's stable and get his horse and buggy and drive out to my father's, who lived about two miles northwest from town. I bought such supplies as we needed at home and told Jeff to put them in the buggy and then come up to Jack Wright's saloon on the corner, where Jim Taylor and myself would drive out to my father's.

We invited the whole crowd up to Jack Wright's to take a last drink. Frank Wilson, a deputy sheriff under

Karnes, came up and locked arms with as I was going to drink and said:

"John, I want to see you."

I said, all right.

This saloon was situated on the north-west corner of the square, the front facing the square to the east, with a door in front, and another door to the north near the west end of the saloon. Frank Wilson and I went out at the north door and then west for about ten steps, when I told him that was far enough and stopped on the back street west of the saloon. Frank said: "John, the people here have treated you well; now don't drink any more, but go home and avoid all trouble."

I told him Jeff had gone for the buggy, and I was going as soon as he came. He says:

"You know it is a violation of the law to carry a pistol."

I knew now that he was trying to pump me, so I told him my pistol was behind the bar and threw open my coat to show him. But he did not know that I had a good one under my vest. I looked to the south and saw a man, a stranger to me, with two six-shooters on, coming toward us. I said to Frank:

"Let's go back into the saloon. I want to pay my bill and then go home."

We went into the saloon and we were stopped by Jim Taylor, who said:

"Wes, you have drank enough; let's go home; here is Jeff with the buggy."

I said: "Let's go in and get a cigar, then we will go home."

About this time Dave Karnes remarked. "Here comes that d..... Brown county sheriff."

I turned around and faced the man whom I had seen coming up the street. He had on two six-shooters and was in about fifteen steps of me, advancing. He stopped when he got within five steps of me, then stopped and scrutinizing me closely, with his hand behind him. I asked him:

"Have you any papers for my arrest?"

He said: "I don't know you."

I said: "My name is John Wesley Hardin."

He said: "Now I know you, but have no papers for your arrest."

"Well," said I, "I have been informed that the Sheriff of Brown county has said that Sheriff Karnes of this county

was no sheriff or he would not allow me to stay around Comanche with my murdering pals."

He said: "I am not responsible for what the sheriff of Brown county says. I am only a deputy."

So Dave Karnes spoke up and said: "Men there can be no difference between you about John Karnes," and said, "Mr. Webb, let me introduce you to Mr. Hardin."

I asked him what he had in his hand behind his back and he showed a cigar. I said:

"Mr. Webb, we were just going to take a drink or a cigar; won't you join us?"

He replied, "Certainly." As I turned around to go in the north door, I heard some one say, "Look out, Jack." It was Bud Dixon, and as I turned around I saw Charles Webb drawing his pistol. He was in the act of presenting it when I jumped to one side, drew my pistol and fired.

In the meantime Webb had fired, hitting me in the left side, cutting the length of it, inflicting an ugly and painful wound. My aim was good and a bullet hole in the left cheek did the work. He fell against the wall and fired a second shot, which went into the air.

In the meantime, my friends, Jim Taylor and Bud Dixon, seeing that Webb had taken the drop on me and had shot me, pulled their pistols and fired on him as he was falling, not knowing that I had killed him. Each shot him in the side and breast.

At my first attempt to shoot, Frank Wilson started to draw his pistol, but as soon as I fired on Webb and before Wilson had time to draw, I covered him and told him to hold up his hands, which he did.

Several men were standing at the east of the building next to the public square. When the shooting commenced they started to rush over to the saloon, but soon retreated.

I afterwards learned that the plan was for Charles Webb to assassinate me and then for the crowd to rush up and with Frank Wilson's help to rush in and overpower Jim Taylor, thus getting the reward. They expected my relatives and friends to stand still while they did their bloody work. They believed they

could not arrest Taylor without killing me, hence they attacked me.

The crowd outside ran back, as I stated above, and cried out: "Hardin has killed Charley Webb; let us hang him."

The sheriff of the county, John Karnes who was my friend, came in with a shot gun and asked, "Who did this work?" I told him I had done it, and would surrender to him if he would protect me from the mob. I handed him my pistol to show my good faith.

About ten men ran around the east corner and commenced firing on us and Jim Taylor. Bud Dixon and Aleck Barrickman drew their pistols and started to fire, when they ran back behind the corner. They were reinforced and charged again. John Karnes met them at the door and demanded that they disperse. They overpowered and disarmed him of his gun and were trying to get my pistol away from him. I told my friends that there was no protection for us there, and told Jim Taylor to come with me and the other two to go back west. So Jim and I ran across the street to some horses that were hitched near by and as I ran I pulled my knife out of my pocket and cut the hitching ropes.

I now saw that my wife and sister Mat were in the crowd crying and looking down towards my brother's law office. I saw my father and brother Joe coming toward the scene with shot guns, I concluded the best thing to do to avoid bloodshed was to get out of town. Jim Taylor wanted to charge the mob, but I said "For God's sake, don't do that: you may hit the wrong one." (He afterwards told me he wanted to kill Henry Ware.) I caught his horse and kept him from shooting. We turned and went running out of town, the mob firing on us and the sheriff's party trying to protect us.

Dixon and Anderson, seeing we were safely out of town, got on their horses also and we met again at my father's where my father and brother joined us with the sheriff.

I was willing to surrender, but the sheriff said he could not protect me; that the mob was too strong and Charley Webb had been their leader. He advised me to stay around until the excitement died down and then come in and

surrender. So I went to some mountains about four miles off and next day my brother and some friends came out to see me and my party and by them I sent back the horses we had gotten out of town on and two pistols we had found in the saddle pockets.

At that time there were some companies of rangers there who were organized to keep the peace and protect the frontier from Indians. They took the place of the infamous State Police. Bill Waller was their captain, and he wished to make himself famous at once. The sheriff told him he could and would arrest me whenever he was sure he could protect me. He tried to get Waller to assist him in doing this, but Waller was really the captain of a "vigilant" band and would not do it. Even my father and brother told Waller that if he would himself guarantee me protection I would come in and surrender. Waller could guarantee nothing, but persisted in hunting me with his mob, composed of the enemies of all law and order. He aroused the whole country and had about 500 men scouting for me, whose avowed purpose was to hang me. Waller arrested my father and Barrickman's family and took them to Comanche to my brother's, where he put them under guard under pretense of keeping them from giving me any information. They then arrested my brother, with Tom and Bud Dixon, and placed them in the court house under guard. They also arrested Dr. Brosius, who had come to tell us that our herd was at Hamilton. In fact, there were squads of from 50 to 100 in each party hunting for me all over the country and instead of the excitement dying out, it grew greater all the time. Once, two scouting parties met and fired upon each other, keeping it up for two hours until each drew off for reinforcements.

They had now cut me off from all communication with my relatives and friends and were "brushing" the country for me. About the night of the 1st of June 1874, we camped about six miles west of Comanche in a valley close to a creek that had a large pool of water in it about two miles below. Water was very scarce and we got most of our water from this pool. The rangers found it out and we had several fights at

or near this spring. On this night they found two of our horses. Jim Taylor, Aleck Barrickman, Ham Anderson and myself stayed together at night, but scouted in the day time, and I could not impress on Barrickman and Anderson the gravity of the situation. They could not understand how the feeling could be so bitter against us as they knew how well my father stood and that my brother Joe had a host of friends. They kept saying that there was no danger, and I could not even get them to stake their horses at night.

On the night of the first of January, (June) about 100 men in a party found their horses not far off. They caught the horses and camped on a hill in a cump of live oaks about 600 yards from where we were down in the valley. About two o'clock I got up and re-staked "Frank" and "Dock," mine and Jim's horses, and as I could not see the other horses I woke up Ham and Aleck and told them their horses were gone. They got up to hunt them and soon came back reporting the presence of the scouters and saying that there must be at least 150 of them. I thought they were waiting till day to attack so I concluded to move camp at once. The moon was shining brightly when we pulled out. Two men were on foot, packing their saddles simply because they were fools enough not to stake their horses when their lives were at stake. I told Ham and Aleck to go to a spot near a spring and we would go and get some horses from a place near there where Joe and some saddle horses running loose. So we parted, Jim Taylor and I going after the horses, Ham and Alex going down the creek, their saddles and blankets on their backs. It was not long before we found the bunch of saddle horses, drove them to the pen and caught the two best. We started back for the boys when I saw a man coming towards the pen. We saw he was lost. He got within ten steps of me when I threw my shot gun down on him and told him his life depended upon his actions. The moon was shining brightly and Jim Taylor caught his bridle. He said:

"John, for God's sake don't kill me."

I asked him who he was and he said: "I am your friend, but I am a ranger. We found your horses tonight and knew

you were close by. They sent me to Comanche for reinforcements. By daylight you will have 300 men around you and escape will be impossible. If they catch you they are going to hang you."

I then said to Jim: "We had better kill him; dead men tell no tales."

He said: "Oh, for God's sake, don't kill me; I'll never tell on you and will do anything for you."

After satisfying myself that he would do to trust I gave him a \$20 gold piece to give to my wife and told him to tell her to go to Gonzales, where I was going to start for next morning. I told him to tell her not to be uneasy about me; that I would never surrender alive and that Jim and I had agreed to die together; that if either of our horses were shot down we would take the other up, but that we expected to be run up on before we got out of the country.

After many pledges of fidelity on his part we let him go and took the horses on to our companions. When we got there I told them that Jim and I were going to leave the country and if they wanted to go with us to say so quickly. They wanted us to stay and go to Bill Stone's' house, a man whom they had lately helped out of trouble and whom they looked on as a friend. They said they had done nothing and no one would hurt them. So they said they would stay and go to Bill Stone's. I told them to leave the country as Jim and I were going to do; that they did not have to go with us, but to go anywhere, so that they got away from this country. I told them Bill Stone would betray them if they went there; that these were no times to trust such men. They still said they were going, so I pulled out five \$20 gold pieces and told them to divide it among them, and so we bade them good bye. It proved to be the last farewell. They went to Stone's, who betrayed them and they were shot to death.

It was now daylight and Jim and I had to go out on the prairie to go the way we wanted to. To our right where we had camped the valley was full of men, so we turned to the left. The country was very rough and rugged, deep gulches making it almost impassable except at certain places. The rangers by this time had spied us and were after us, but as we were a quarter of a

mile ahead we felt perfectly safe. We went on, crossing gulch after gulch, until we crossed a very deep one just before coming to the Brownwood and Comanche road. There was a long hill on the other side and just as we got to the summit we ran right upon Captain Waller himself and 200 men. These were the reinforcements coming out to meet the other rangers, who were now pursuing us. Capt. Waller ordered his rangers to halt and told us to surrender. I said, "Jim, look out! Follow me!" Putting spurs to "Frank" I went down the mountain, with Capt. Waller, his men and the bullets flying behind us.

Seeing that we must now meet our former pursuers, who were crossing the gulch at the only crossing, I said: "Jim, let us charge them and double them up as quick as lightning." So we wheeled again and Jim being ahead I told him to hold "Dock," as he was a fast quarter horse and my "Frank" was a mile horse. We were now charging up the hill right among Waller's men, who were afraid to fire for fear of hitting each other. Often in that charge I would tell a man to drop his gun and he would obey me. Jim fired several shots and as we were passing out of the lines I saw a man aiming at him. I told him to drop his gun, which he did. We had passed out of the lines when some one upbraided him for his cowardice and he picked it up again and fired at us, hitting "Frank" in the hind leg but not hurting him enough to make him lame.

It was now about 9 a. m. and drizzling rain. Captain Waller apparently conceived the idea of running on us and turned his horse loose after us for that purpose. I told Jim to hold up I wanted to kill him. I wheeled, stopped my horse and cocked my shot gun. I had a handkerchief over the tubes to keep the caps dry, and just as I pulled the trigger the wind blew it back and the hammer fell on the handkerchief. That saved his life. Waller checked up his horse and broke back to his men.

Jim and I went on about 200 yards further and got down to see what the damage was. We found that "Frank" was shot, as were also our saddles and clothes, but that we were unhurt. The pursuing party fixing to surround us again, we got on our horses and again

ran off from them. It seemed to me as if their horses stood still. We were riding race horses. I had refused \$500 for "Frank" and \$250 for "Dock." Good horseflesh is a good thing in a tight.

After running off from our pursuers we thought ourselves pretty safe, as they were behind us, and we were riding pretty good horses. In this, however, we were mistaken, for we presently came up to twenty-five men who were hunting us, but we got around them all right. We went boldly on, going around the town of Comanche and striking the Hamilton and Comanche road ten or twelve miles further on. It was raining hard and the country, as well as being rough, was covered with water, making the roads almost impassible. We thought we had done well, considering all this, to say nothing of the scouting parties we had to avoid.

We went on to Bud Tatum's, just eighteen miles from Comanche and we "hollered" and asked if we could stay all night. He told us to get down, and I laid my double-barreled shot gun down alongside the fence, as I did not want to appear too heavily armed. After we had put up our horses and eaten supper I told the old man that we wanted an early start in the morning. He did not recognize us and promised to get us off early in the morning. He woke us up an hour before day and told us he had fed our horses. At the breakfast table he recognized me and asked me why I did not make myself known to him last night. I told him I did not want to alarm him. I was tired and did not want to take chances on his going and reporting me. He told us good bye and said: "Don't be afraid of this old man. I am a friend to your father and brother Joe."

I got him to fix us up grub enough for three day's tramp for two men. I told him to go out to the gate, get my double barreled gun and give it to my brother next time he went to town. He told me he was going that day, so I pulled out five \$20 gold pieces and told him to give them to my wife.

Thus we stopped on the public road eighteen miles from Comanche that first night. Thirty rangers had passed by going to Hamilton county to arrest the

hands round our herd, but they never knew we were at old Bud Tatum's. They had actually taken my brother's saddle horses, his race horse and my wife's buggy horse and mounted them to help hunt us. Jim and I, however, did not purpose to be caught like rats, and made our way to Austin, arriving at Fancy Jim Taylor's on the night of the 5th of June. He lived six miles northwest of Austin in the cedar brakes and we concluded to stay there and rest awhile.

On the night of the 7th, my cook, with Charley and Alf Day rode up and told us that thirty rangers had come out to the herd in Hamilton county, arrested the hands, had taken charge of the cattle and that they had barely escaped arrest. They had taken, they said, the rest of the hands to Comanche and held them there. On the 5th inst., they told me, the mob had hung my brother, Joe G. Hardin, Tom and Bud Dixon, my cousins, and had shot to death Sam Anderson and Aleck Barrickman on their pallets at Bill Stones'. Jim Taylor was sick and hardly able to ride, so we agreed to separate, as he wanted to go to Gonzales. Alf Day was his nephew and he went with him.

I went on the night of the 8th to the Colorado river with them and saw them safely through the city of Austin. I bade Jim Taylor goodbye there for the last time and divided my purse with him, giving him ten \$20 gold pieces to help him along. I went back to Fancy Jim's changed horses and with a friend, Rodgers, started back to Comanche.

We rode mostly at night and rested during the day. We got to old Bud Tatum's about sundown on the 10th, and I sent Rogers up to Bud's to inquire about the situation. Bud had just come from Comanche and was loaded with information. He confirmed the report of the hanging and killing of my kinfolks. He said that any stranger going to Comanche was liable to be arrested and hung. He said to Rogers: "I would not go to town if I were you, but would go some other way unless you wish to be hung."

Now I was convinced that my brother and relatives had been foully murdered. Up to this time I could not even entertain the idea. I knew that up to the time I killed Webb, no living man stood

higher in the estimation of his neighbors as a man or a lawyer than my brother Joe.

Nothing would do me now but to go to Comanche. My companion tried to dissuade me, but in vain. I told him we would go to father's that night, prowl around and see what we could learn.

About 12 o'clock we got to father's house. We hitched our horses and unsaddled them back of the field. We then fed them and proceeded cautiously to the house. The last time we had been there was on the 30th of May, when thirty men were guarding the house and had fired on us. Talk about hearing bullets hiss and sing! The air was full of them that night, and they whistled over my head as they had never done before.

On this occasion we went to the well and began drawing water. I saw a man coming towards the well and waited until he got about ten steps from me, when I leveled my winchester and told him his life depended on his actions. He said: "For God's sake, John, don't shoot me. I am staying here on purpose to see you. Your father has employed me to do the work in the house and around the garden patch. Nobody suspects me. I gave your wife that \$20 gold piece you gave me at the horse pen. They are well but they have hung Joe, Bud and Tom, and killed Ham and Aleck."

I said: "Hello, Dick; is that you?"

He said, "Yes."

"Let us shake hands," said I, and he came forward and proved to be the same Dick Wade whom Jim and I had arrested at the horse pens on the night of the 1st.

He then told me all about how the mob of 150 men had, on the night of the 5th, in the dead hours of midnight, come into the town of Comanche, had thrown ropes around the necks of Joe, Bud and Tom and had led them, bareheaded and barefooted, through the streets and out to some post oaks nearby, where they hung them until they were dead. He said that the next day old Bill Stones had led another band to his ranch and had shot to death Ham Anderson and Aleck Barrickman while they were sleeping on their pallets at his house.

I asked them where they buried Joe

and he showed me where he lay buried near two live oaks. I stayed there by my brother's grave and sent Dick to town to see my father, but father would not let him awake my dear, sleeping wife, for he knew she would come to me, which meant death to me and all.

Father and Dick talked the matter over, but father thought it imprudent for him to come to me. He told Dick to tell me that Jane and Molly, with Barrickman's family, were guarded to keep them from giving any possible information. "Tell him," he said, "that if they find out he is in the country they will kill me and wind up the family. Tell him not to surrender under any circumstances."

So Dick came back to my brother's grave about 3 a. m. He told me all my father had said. Right there over my brother's grave I swore to avenge my brother's death, and could I but tell you what I have done in that way without laying myself liable, you would think I have kept my pledge well. While I write this, I say from the deepest depths of my heart that my desire for revenge is not satisfied, and if I live another year, I promise my friends and my God to make another of my brother's murderers bite the dust. Just as long as I can find one of them and know for certain that he participated in the murder of my brother, just that and nothing more, right there, be the consequences what they may, I propose to take life.

It was now about 4 a. m. and whatever I was going to had to be done quickly. I concluded to leave the country at once and go to Gonzales. If it had not been for my father, and the women and children I would not have left, but Waller had said that if I was seen in the country they would kill father and my little brother, Jeff, and wind up on the women and children. No one, unless he has a heart black and bloodthirsty as Bill Waller's, could ever have made such a threat, or conceived such thoughts, so I woke up my companion (from whom I had kept most of this news) and bidding Dick good bye, we saddled our horses. I saddled "Frank" and he saddled a mule. I then told Rogers just what was the matter, who I was and the extent of the danger. He said: "Good God! I had no idea that you were John

Wesley Hardin; all the money in the world would not have induced me knowingly to accompany you on such a trip, and here I am traveling to my grave with the notorious John Wesley Hardin at \$2 a day."

I said: "You've got a pistol, haven't you?"

He said he had.

I asked him what he was going to do with it if a squad ran on us. He studied awhile and said:

"Well, I hired for the trip and will go through. I will use the pistol for my boss if necessary."

We pulled out of Comanche about daylight and struck out for Lampasas on a straight line, over mountains and hills, when about 10 a. m. a scouting party ran on us. The mule had gotten leg sore and could not strike a lope. I would stop and let the party come up within 200 or 300 yards of us, send a bullet from a needle gun over their heads, while my companion rode slowly along. Then I would catch up with him and again use my needle gun. We kept this up until it became monotonous. We then concluded to ride on together and if they ran on to us, would fight it out together. At last we struck a creek and there left our pursuers. We forged ahead until nearly sundown, when we began to get into the neighborhood of Lampasas. We saw a farm ahead and there we stopped, for "Frank" was almost as slow as the mule now. We rode up to the house to see if there were any horses hitched or staked which we could get. We saw an iron-grey horse staked in the field and we concluded to get him. The plan was for Rogers to take "Frank" and the mule to Fancy Jim's near Austin and for me to go on. I thought I had a good horse, but soon found out that I was wrong. It took me until nearly daylight to get to a friend's house about eighteen miles off. When I got to his house at daylight I found my nag had seen better days and was "stove up." I said to my friend:

"I am in a tight and this horse is not mine. I want you to send it back to the owner and tell him to charge it to John Wesley Hardin. I want your sorrel stallion. What is he worth?"

The owner said he did not wish to sell

him, but would take \$250 for him. Well, I told him to catch him quickly and offered him the money. He told me to give it to the old lady. So I counted out to her thirteen \$20 gold pieces. She said: "John, I nursed you when you were a baby; take back the gold pieces. I sympathize with you and want you never to stop killing those Comanche devils who hung Joe."

I told her I had plenty of money to do me and thanked her for her kindness.

By this time Mr. Nix had come with the sorrel horse and when I started out to him Mrs. Nix told me to wait for my breakfast, which I did. While I was eating my breakfast Mrs. Nix went to my saddle pockets and put \$250 in them, which I found afterwards.

In the meantime a squad of men came up to the house and I grabbed my Winchester and began firing at them from the window, when they broke and ran, but left one man on the ground with a bullet hole through his heart.

I bid my good friends goodbye, got on my sorrel horse and made my way to Fancy Jim's where I rested several days. In company with Charley, the cook, I then went to Gonzales, where I met George Tennille and others, who assured me of their lasting friendship and devotion. I heard from Jim Taylor, who was at Bill Jones' house.

I soon found out that I was not safe in Gonzales county, and that a mob of seventy-five men under the leadership of Rube Brown and Joe Tomlinson now threatened me. Most of my friends were in Kansas, and with a few exceptions those that remained were badly scared.

About the 20th of June I received a letter from Captain Waller, who said he was going to send some prisoners to Gonzales and if they (the guard) were molested or the prisoners released, that he would kill my father and little brother, and probably my wife and child, whom he now had as hostages. The prisoners were men from my Hamilton herd. Their names were J. B. Brosius, Scrap Taylor, Tuggle and White. I did not know exactly what to do. Of course I wanted to attack the guard, who were bringing my hands to DeWitt, but still I knew that it meant death to my family. I concluded to keep quiet

for a few days. I had about twenty men camped with me at Neal Bowen's my father-in-law, on Elm Creek in Gonzales county. I finally came to the conclusion that I had better leave the country as soon as I could sell my cattle in Kansas. My money was running low, though I still had the \$250 that Mrs. Nix had given me. I employed my father-in-law to go to Kansas, sell my cattle and return as quickly as possible. When the rangers got down to Chilton with my hands they found there were no charges against them, but learned that the Tomlinson crowd were eager to kill them. They placed them in the jail for that purpose, but nominally to hold them in event of some charges. On the night of the 30th of June these rangers turned over to the Tomlinson mob Scrap Taylor, Tuggle and White, who put them all to death by hanging, Dr. J. B. Brosius escaping. On the morning of July 1, 1874, these eighteen rangers, whose hands were still bloody with the blood of my friends, made a raid on me, but, after a skirmish, they got frightened and left on short order, leaving a dead ranger behind them. I then went towards Gonzales to see Jim Taylor, but got afraid of Bill Jones' intentions towards me and did not go there.

I went to Tip Davis' near Gonzales and staid there two days. Then Mac Young and I bid our friends goodbye. George Tennille went part of the way with us, and when we bid him goodbye it was for the last time.

Mae Young lived at Hempstead, and it was our intention to go there and take the cars for Kansas, shipping our horses also.

One evening about sundown we passed through Bellville, in Austin county and went out to an old German's about two miles from town, on the Hempstead road. We had just stopped to get supper when a party under Sheriff Langhamer ran on us. It appeared that this old German had suspected us of being horse thieves and had sent to Brenham for officers to arrest us and had held back the serving of the supper until the sheriff and party arrived. They then told us that supper was ready, and as we sat at the table I heard some one open a cap box. I at once pulled my pistol out and put it in my lap, winking

at Mac. About that time four or five men showed up with double-barreled shot guns, and I covered them with my six-shooter demanding what they wanted I told them if they did not at once turn their backs I would kill the last one of them, and when they turned to go, I went too, and Mac followed me into the corn patch.

After we had been down there a few minutes I saw about twelve men coming towards me, about 50 yards off, and one man in front, about ten steps away. I told the man riding in front to halt those men or he was a dead man. He called to them and they halted. I asked him who he was and he said his name was Langhamer and that he was sheriff of the county. By this time Mac and I both had him covered and I had his horse, (they having cut us off from ours.)

I said, "If you are sheriff, read your warrant for my arrest."

He said: "I have no warrant for you."

He said: "I arrest you in the name of the state of Texas for unlawfully carrying arms."

I said: "You will play h— arresting me. I am a law-abiding citizen, and have as much right to carry arms while traveling as you have."

"Well," said he, "if you are a law-abiding man, give up your pistol."

By this time I was a little bit mad and told Mac to pull him off his horse, and if he resisted I would kill him.

Then he begged me not to kill him and said he would give up his horse and pistol. I got on and rode off safely, leaving Mac to the sheriff and posse, who arrested him on a charge of carrying a pistol, for which he was fined \$100 although he proved himself to be a traveler.

I rode on to my uncle's at Brenham that night, and in a few days Mac came up to see me, with his usual grin.

I abandoned my trip to Kansas as impracticable, and had sent J. D. Hardin of Brenham up there to help sell the herd. He came in two weeks and brought me \$500, saying that Bowen, my father-in-law, was not willing to sell yet. I wrote to Bowen to sell at once and come home, as I had determined to leave the country. Bowen soon did as directed and came home. I again went to Gon-

zales county, saw him and settled all of my cow debts.

I was now about to leave, not because I was an outlaw, but because mob law had become supreme in Texas, as the hanging of my relatives and friends amply proved. I went to Brenham after my loving wife, who was as true to me as the magnet to the steel, met all my friends once more and settled all my business there, preparatory to leaving the country.

Mac Young and I then went down to New Orleans by land, and I there rejoined my wife and baby. Harry Swain and wife of Brenham, (of which town he was marshal) accompanied them there. Harry had married Jenny Parks, and Hardin, a cousin of mine, Milly Parks; hence the friendship.

After stopping a week or so in New Orleans, my wife, baby and myself took the steamboat and went to Cedar Keys; then we went to Gainesville, and there I went into the saloon business. I bought out Sam Burnet's saloon, and the first morning I opened Bill McCulloch and Frank Harper, stockmen from Texas, walked in. I saw at once that both men recognized me, for I had punched cows with them both. We shook hands and they promised never to say anything about having seen me or knowing my alias. I had adopted the name of Swain, in honor of the marshal of Brenham who was my friend and always had been.

I stayed in the business until the third day after I had opened, when the marshal of Gainesville having arrested a negro, was attacked by a mob on his way to the jail. I ran up and asked Wilson if he needed help. He said: "Yes, I summon you, Swain, to assist me in my legal duties."

A big black negro asked me what I had to do with it, and I knocked him down. I shot another and told the rest to stand back. Just at that time Dr. Cromwell, a Kentuckian, came up with a double-barreled shotgun, and we landed that whole mob in jail, except the one I had shot. This happened about the first of May, 1874.

A few days after this, the negro Eli, who had caused the above disturbance, attempted to rape a respectable white lady, for which he was arrested and plac-

ed in jail. Some of us went to the jail at midnight, set fire and burned Eli with it. The negroes were very much excited over the burning, but the coroner set everything right by declaring that Eli had burned himself up in setting the jail on fire. The coroner himself, by the way, was one of our party the night before.

McCulloch and Harper soon came to me and offered to sell them out, as they had not yet done. I did so, and they went back home in January, 1875. I then sold out the most of my saloon and moved to Miconopy, eighteen miles from Gainesville, Fla. There I set up another bar and traded in horses. I soon sold out, but in the meantime, had gone to Jacksonville, Fla., and had entered into a contract to furnish 150 beef cattle to Haddock & Co., butchers. It was not long before I had the beef cattle at Jacksonville, but Bill Haddock had just died. The firm refused to take the cattle, so I went into the butcher and liquor business. I sold out my saloon interests in May, 1875, finding that butchering and shipping cattle would consume all my time.

I continued in the cattle business, butchering and shipping, until the middle of April, when two Pinkerton detectives came to Florida and found me out. In the meantime, however, I had gotten well acquainted with the sheriff and marshal and they were my friends and they "put me on" to the Pinkertons. I at once concluded to leave Jacksonville, and a policeman named Gus Kenedy was to go with me. We went to New Orleans, intending to go to old Mexico, but the Pinkertons followed and came upon us near the line of Florida and Georgia. A fight was the natural result and two of the Pinkerton gang were killed. I escaped without a scratch.

It had been arranged that my wife and children meet me at Eufala, in Alabama, but on account of the fight with the Pinkertons I was behind time. When I arrived I found that my beloved wife had fulfilled her part of the engagement, as I saw her name, Mrs. J. H. Swain and children, on the hotel register. On inquiry I found that she had gone to Polland, Alabama, where she had some relatives. We had agreed on this plan in case I could not meet her. I took the

night train for Polland, and there met my beloved wife and children, Mollie and John W. Hardin. After stopping there about a week we concluded to go to Tuxpan, and we started for that place about the 20th of August, 1876. When we arrived at West Poseugoula we found that we would be quarantined as being from New Orleans, where yellow fever had broken out. So I stopped at Poseugoula to await the raising of the quarantine.

Then Gus and I went back to Mobile to play poker and cards and we were so successful as to win about \$3500. We would go back and forward between Poseugoula and Mobile.

The presidential election was on while we were in Mobile and on that day all the gambling fraternity there got on a high lonesome and took in the town. One of our party got into a row and of course I took a hand. The row started in a house where I had ordered some wine, but instead they brought beer. I was mad at this and kicked the table over and the waiter yelled loud enough to awake the echoes. A row followed with Cliff Lewis, which soon became general. I did all in my power to stop it but failed. Our party got out in the streets and the party in the house composed mostly of city police) began firing on us and advancing. We now answered their fire, and after killing two and wounding another, we drove them back into the house. No one saw me shoot except Gus and no one saw Gus shoot except me. We then ran down a street and I threw my 45 Colts over into a yard and told Gus to do likewise, as we expected to give up if arrested. We went to a coffee house and ordered coffee. While drinking it four or five policemen came in and arrested Gus and myself. They took us to the lock up and told us we were arrested for murder. We of course denied being present at all while the shooting was going on. Finally, after spending three or four days in jail and spending \$2500, we got a hearing and were discharged. The proprietors of the house testified that I had done everything possible to keep down the row and that Gus and I had left before the shooting took place. Gus had been arrested, to my surprise, for having a pistol (which I had told him to

throw away), three barrels of which had been discharged. Money, however, made this very easily explained in court.

I then went to Posugoula, got my wife and children and went back to Polland, Alabama. We went out into the country south of Polland and stayed there with an uncle of my wife's.

Soon afterwards I concluded to go into the logging business and formed a partnership with a man named Shep Hardie, who was an experienced logger. We went west about sixty miles to the Stick river and began, doing well.

In the meantime, Brown Bowen, a brother of my wife's, under several indictments for murder, came to Polland. He wrote a letter home to my father-in-law, Neal Bowen, in Gonzales county on Elm creek, and said that my wife (his sister) joined him in sending love. At the time Neal Bowen received the letter, Lieutenant Armstrong of the rangers was situated at Cuero to see if he could detect my whereabouts. He had sent Jack Duncan, a special ranger, to my father-in-law's house. Jack pretended to be in some trouble and decided to buy a small grocery store from Neal Bowen, and went so far as to take stock.

One day Jack and Neal had gone to Rancho and Jack noticed that Neal got a letter which he put in his trunk when he got home. When Neal left the house Jack opened the trunk and got the letter that gave him the information he wanted, although he (my wife's brother) only stated that he had joined his sister in love to their father.

Neal answered the letter at once and in it mentioned some litigation which he was involved in over my property. He addressed the letter to me, J. H. Swain, Polland, Alabama, in care of Neal McMellon, sheriff of Escambia county. Now Neal McMellon was a kinsman of my wife's and the letter Bowen wrote, which Jack got out of the trunk, mentioned this fact. When Neal had written the letter he asked the pretended store keeper for an envelope, Neal and Jack went to Rancho to get some supplies and mail the letter. Neal went to the postoffice with Jack and mailed the letter. Neal stepped out to buy supplies, when Jack told the postmaster he would like to get a letter back out of the office which he had just mail-

ed and described it. He said he wished to make some alteration in it and the unsuspecting postmaster gave it to him. Jack opened the letter, stepped aside and read it. He saw at once he had the information he wanted. He wrote to Armstrong to "come and get his horse." Armstrong came up to Coon Hollow, arrested the pretended storekeeper, placed him in irons and brought him to Cuero in a wagon. When they got to Cuero they took the first train to Austin and consulted Dick Hubbard, the governor of Texas, as to extraditing me. After this they struck for Polland, Alabama.

Jack came ahead and stopped at Pensacola Junction, eight miles from Polland, about the 18th of July, 1877. I was at this time over on the Stick river, about sixty miles away, but Brown Bowen was in the vicinity of the junction and came there every day.

On or about the 19th of July Bowen got on a spree and got into a row with Mr. Shipley, the general manager of the railroad. He got the worst of the row and the next day came back to the junction, vowing vengeance. He said that when I came back I would wake things up; that I was not the peaceable John Swain everybody thought I was, but that I was the notorious John Wesley Hardin. Of course such talk as this inflamed the minds of Shipley and his friends.

About this time my partner and myself concluded to go to Pensacola to buy our supplies, and of course play some cards. Now Shep was in the habit of going to Pensacola and blowing in his earnings. He was thus well acquainted and introduced me as his friend. We all soon got into a poker game, Shipley and I having a system understood between us which proved a winner. It was all I could do to keep Shipley from getting too drunk to win the money. About the 22nd of July I shipped some groceries to the Junction for home consumption from Pensacola. Thus Shipley was able to tell Jack Duncan where I was, and furnished him an extra train to go there at once. When he came he soon located me in the poker room, but was afraid to tackle me there. So after spending a night watching me without daring to make a break he went to the sheriff and told him that I would take the train that evening, the 23rd of July,

1877,** and if he would arrest me alive he would give him \$500. The sheriff consented to do this, and in due time I went to the train with my friends, Shep Hardie and Neal Campbell, Jim Man and two or three others. At that time I was in the habit of smoking a pipe and we all took the smoking car, not knowing that I was soon to be attacked. The car was standing close to the hotel, the gallery or portico of which ran parallel with the car. Duncan and the sheriff had placed twenty men in the rooms opening on this veranda to be ready for action in a moment's notice. Jack Duncan commanded them and they were stationed immediately above the car and within twenty-five feet of me, who, with my companions, was all unconscious of the impending danger. Armstrong was at work in the cars below, and took his stand in the express or baggage car next to the smoker. Finally I saw the sheriff and deputies come through the car and pass out. Then another deputy came in whom I had played cards with and from whom I had won \$150 or \$200. He said: "Swain, can't you stop over? I have a roll here and if you can beat me you can have it."

I said: Business before pleasure; I can't stop over."

"Well," said he, "we fellows played you for a sucker and got left. You seem to be a gentleman; come down again and we'll give you a nice game and won't play you for a greenhorn any more."

I told him I was very fond of the game and had been very lucky, and hoped at some future time to meet him and his friends over the green cloth. I told him it was a case of business before pleasure with me now and remarked that when I held a good hand I couldn't lay them down.

"Yes," said he, "and you seem to hold them oftener than any one else I ever played with."

We said goodbye and shook hands and I kept smoking my meerschaum pipe. In a minute the sheriff and a deputy (either of whom would weigh 170 of 180

pounds) came in at the door behind me and grabbed me, saying:

"Surrender! Hold up your hands."

I asked them what it all meant and appeared amazed. I hollered:

"Robbers! Protect me."

I wanted to throw them off their guard or a diversion for a second or two.

Had they done so I would have gotten my pistol. At this moment the deputy who had just bidden me goodbye came in and asked what was the matter. I said:

"You know I have done nothing; protect me."

He pretended to do so, but instead caught hold of my legs and threw me down in the aisle. A terrible struggle was now going on, and the party from the gallery fired a volley into the car. Jim Man, a young man about 19 years old, jumped up and passed over me, struggling in the aisle, and rushed to the north end of the smoker where he was met by Armstrong and others, who shot him dead. He jumped out of the window and fell dead, pierced by several fatal balls. In the meantime I was fighting for liberty in the aisle with my three antagonists, who had been reinforced. They had me on my back, two or three men clinging to each arm, some on my breast, and others trying to catch my legs, which I was using with a vim. Once in a while they would hit me over the head with a six-shooter as the unequal fight went on. I would not surrender, or keep still. I swore I would never surrender at the point of a pistol and I was not going to do it now. At this time Armstrong rushed into the smoker with a drawn revolver and put it to my head and told me if I did not surrender he would blow my brains out. I said:

"Blow away. You will never blow a more innocent man's out, or one that will care less."

Some one else was trying to strike me over the head with a revolver when Armstrong called out:

"Men, we have him now; don't hurt him; he is too brave to kill and the first man that shoots him I'll kill him."

They finally bound me with my hands behind my back, with a big cable and then tied me to the seat of the car. I still had the stem of my pipe in my mouth and some one picked up the bowl,

** *The Galveston News of August 25, 1877, in its news dispatches gives the date of John Wesley Hardin's arrest as having occurred August 23, 1877.*

filled it, lit it and gave it to me to smoke. When Jack saw I was fast he came down from his perch and slapped me on the back, saying:

"John, take a cigar. Oh yes," he said, "John Wesley Hardin, you are the worst man in the country, but we have got you at last."

I said: "Stranger, what asylum are you from?"

He said he was from Texas and was only feeling good over the capture of the notorious John Wesley Hardin. He said to Armstrong and others standing by:

"Have you taken his pistol?"

They replied no, that I had no gun. Jack Duncan said, "That's too thin," and ran his hand between my over and undershirt, pulling out a 44 Colt's cap and ball six-shooter, remarking to the others, "What did I tell you?"

The train pulled out from the junction and I kept demanding to see the warrant for my arrest and by what legal right they had killed Jim Man and captured me. I told the sheriff that I wanted protection from these Texas kidnapers, but to this they made no reply.

Oh, that was one time I wanted to die but could not. I remembered how my own brother and relatives had been led out of the court house at Comanche, bareheaded and barefooted, and hung by a mob. I felt as if a similar death awaited me, so I wanted to die now, but could not. I had done all that courage and strength could do and had I had kept my oath never to surrender at the point of a pistol. Thus was my arrest accomplished on the 23rd of July, 1877.

We soon arrived at the junction and there I sent my loving wife some money. In the meantime my friends at Polland, eight miles away, had formed a rescuing party with the sheriff at their head and expected to legally release me when the train came through Polland, as it generally stopped there several minutes. But unfortunately the train passed through without stopping and they went on to Mobile, where they placed me in jail and went off to sleep.

This was now the 24th of July and I sent for an attorney. Young Watts came and after I had told him my case he took it. He guaranteed to release me for \$500. He got out a writ of

habeas corpus and they were in the act of turning me loose when Jack Duncan and Armstrong came up and changed the whole business by securing a continuance. In the meantime Dick Hubbard of Texas had telegraphed the governor of Alabama to hold me, as requisition papers were on the way.

On the night of the 24th these papers came and on the morning of the 25th we started for Texas. My wife and friends were still on the alert and a party of nine men were ready at the depot there to rescue me. But the wily Jack Duncan took a hack and carried me to a station several miles from Montgomery and we again took the train for Texas. He thus avoided a collision with my friends.

I knew my only hope now was to escape. My guards were kind to me, but were most vigilant. By promising to be quiet I had caused them to relax somewhat and they appeared anxious to treat me kindly, but they knew their life depended on how they used me. When we got to a little town, I think it was Decatur, we had to stop and change cars for Memphis. They took me to a hotel, got a room and sent for our meals. Jack and Armstrong were now getting intimate with me and when dinner came I suggested the necessity of removing my cuffs and they agreed to do so. Armstrong unlocked the jewelry and started to turn around, exposing his six-shooter to me, when Jack jerked him around and pulled his pistol at the same time. "Lookout," he said, "John will kill us and escape." Of course I laughed at him and ridiculed the idea. It was really the chance I was looking for, but Jack had taken the play away just before it got ripe. I intended to jerk Armstrong's pistol, kill Jack Duncan or make him throw up his hands. I could have made him unlock my shackles, or get the key from his dead body and do it myself. I could then have easily made my escape. That time never came again.

We again struck out for Texas and stopped at Memphis, where they put me in jail. We took the train again for Texas by way of Little Rock, and by this time our car was besieged by people who had read the account of my capture.

(Continued next month)

A Long, Useful Life Ended

Olive K. Dixon, Miami, Texas

J. J. Long, one of the few remaining pioneers of this section and known and respected over the entire Panhandle, passed away at his home in Mobeetie at 7:30 p. m. Saturday, August 8, 1925. Death was caused from heart trouble. He was 74 years old. The day he was taken sick he had been working in a small cotton patch near his home when he suffered a slight sun-stroke which sent him to bed with the thought that he would soon be up again. But the vitality was not there and in spite of all that loving hands and medical aid could do he grew gradually weaker until death came.

The deceased was born in Pennsylvania, November 2, 1851. His father died when he was 13 years old and the care of his mother and several sisters fell on his young shoulders. The family moved to Kansas in 1865.

Mr. Long served in three Indian expeditions, being a government teamster under Generals Custer, Miles and McKenzie. He was with the supply train that was corralled by the Indians and held for three days and nights near the Washita River in what is now Hemphill county, in September 1874. He helped to haul cottonwood logs that were used in building the stockade corral and some of the buildings at Fort Elliott in 1875. When the fort was abandoned in 1894, Mr. Long bought the flag pole that had so proudly borne the Stars and Stripes during many a stirring scene, and moved it to Mobeetie where it stands today, the pride of the little city.

J. J. Long was married to Miss Mary Richardson, daughter of an old pioneer buffalo hunter, in 1882. To this union six children were born, only three of whom lived to mature age. Harry, the oldest son, died last November at the age of 39. The death of this son saddened the lives of the mother and father in a most pathetic way.

For many years Mr. Long was a banker and merchant of Mobeetie, and at one time was in the mercantile business in Miami. He built and operated the first cotton gin in this part of the Panhandle. He continually encouraged

the farmers to plant cotton, telling them that some day the fleecy staple would be the main money crop.

Mr. Long had lived in Mobeetie since the town was first built. That was his home. He was married there, had raised his family there and all his hopes centered around the little inland town. He believed until the last that there was a bright future in store for those who had the courage to stay on through so many ups and downs. When a cyclone struck there in May, 1893, and destroyed the most of the town, it was this big hearted man who helped to hold the few who remained together and it was largely through his influence that the town was rebuilt.

Though he lived through the stormy period of settlement and took part in a number of Indian campaigns, he was quiet and unassuming by nature and did not boast of his achievements. In his home he was the courteous gentleman, always kind and good to those dependent on him. He was the kind of a man who grows old gracefully; he was that type which to meet was to love.

Besides a host of friends all over the Panhandle, the deceased leaves a wife who is stricken over the loss of a loving companion with whom she had lived 43 years: a son, J. J. Long, Jr., of Berkley California; a daughter, Mrs. M. R. Coffee of Perryton, Texas, and eight grandchildren.

Surrounded by relatives and friends, all that was mortal of this splendid character was laid to rest in the Mobeetie cemetery this afternoon, August 9, 1925. J. J. Long passed on. He has made still thinner that fast dwindling line of frontier heroes whose lives have been permitted to overlap a new generation in Panhandle history. An earlier generation had its Colonial heroes; the present has its plainsmen.

Every old Frontiersman, every old time Texas Ranger, every old Trail Driver, should send us a sketch of his experience for publication in Frontier Times, and in this way help to preserve the history of our great state.

Ad Lawrence's Leap

From James T. DeShield's "Border Wars of Texas"

In the summer of 1832 occurred an adventure that as told by the hero in his home-spun phrases, affords the mind's eye a glimpse of the Texas of old, and its inhabitants of renown. The hero in question was Adam or "Ad" Lawrence, a gift of Tennessee to Texas I believe, and who first settled on the headwaters of the Trinity river in 1829.

Certainly no man could have been by nature, better adapted to the profession he had chosen. Though modest, simple and unaffected in manner and language and of a kind and gentle disposition, he athletic in body, undaunted in spirit, and inured to hardships, was especially fitted to risk the dangers of frontier life. About 1838 or 1839 he settled on the south side of Brushy Creek about four miles west from what was known as the "Hole in the Rock" in Williamson county, where he died in 1880 at the ripe old age of ninety years. He was not only a brave and daring Indian fighter but the most expert mustang roper that ever threw a lariat in Texas. Ad Lawrence was said to have been the first white man who crossed Brushy Creek at the place since known as "Lawrence's Crossing." On the occasion referred to, Lawrence and three companions went out "mustanging." Far out in the broad prairie a herd of about one hundred mustangs, was sighted feeding on the tall luxuriant grass. As they cautiously approached the mustangs showed no signs of flight. Coming nearer the hunter prudently halted, being much surprised that the animals exhibited no signs of alarm. Says Ad: "The long grass of the prairie suddenly became alive with Indians. There was one to each pony, and they all mounted at a jump and made for us at full speed coiling their lariats as they rode. There was no time for swapping horses so we all turned tail and made a straight shoot for the nearest settlement on the Trinity, about ten miles off. Our animals were all fine, but the nag I rode was a black mare a little ahead of anything in the country for speed and bottom. We rather left them the first three miles but then their ponies be-

gan to show themselves. I'll tell you you've no idea how much an Indian can get out of these mustangs. Instead of being a weight to them, they seem to help them along, and they kept up such fearful yelling, 'pears like you could have heard them to Red River. We noticed that they divided, one-half striking off to the left, and we soon found out the reason for we quickly came to a deep gully or ravine, which had to be headed; it could not be crossed. They knew every inch of the ground and one party made straight for the head of the ravine, while the balance struck in below to cut us off. 'Twas no use talking, we had to ride about a quarter of a mile to the left, right in their very faces and head that branch. My nag was tolerably fresh, the others were beginning to blow right smartly. I rode just fast enough to keep in the lead. I didn't care particularly to save myself without knowing what became of my companions. Just as I came to the head of the hollow the Indians were within a hundred yards, and yelling awfully.

"They thought they had us sure. I gave my mare the rein, just touched her with the spur and turned the corner with about fifty arrows whizzing about my ears. One stuck in my buckskin jacket, and one in my mare's neck. You may believe she didn't go any slower for that—for awhile I thought she cleared about twenty feet at a jump. Soon as I got headed right again, I looked around to see what had become of my companions. One look showed me. They were every one down. About half the red skins had stopped to finish them, and the balance were coming after me like red hot lightning. I felt kinder dizzy-like for a minute and then straightened out, and determined to get away if I could. I didn't much fear, if I didn't have to head another branch. I could see the timber of the Trinity three miles away and I gave my mare her head. She had been working too hard, and was puffing a good deal. I managed to pull out the arrow that was sticking in her neck. Then I worked off my

heavy buckskin coat, which was flapping about with the arrow sticking in it, catching a good deal of wind, and threw it away. I kept on about a mile further without gaining or losing much. Then I made up my mind to stop and let my nag blow a little, because I knew if I didn't she could not hold up much longer. So I pulled up and alighted and looked around. Seemed as if the whole country was alive with Indians. About forty in a bunch a few hundred yards behind and one not a hundred yards off. I loosened my saddle girth so she could breathe good, took my haddle in my left hand, and pulled my butcher knife with my right. It was the only weapon I had, I dropped my rifle when I got dizzy. He never stopped until he got within ten feet of me. Then he threw away his bow, jumped off and came at me with a long knife like mine. There was no time for a long fight. I had my calculations, and he was too sure he had me. He ran full against my knife, and I left him lying there. I heard an awful howl from the others, and I pulled off my heavy boots tightened my girth, and mounted. A few minutes more and I struck the timber of the Trinity, and then made the rest of the way to the river.

"I knew that for miles up and down the river banks were bluffs, fifteen or twenty feet high. I knew my mare would not take the leap, I had to do it without her. She stopped an instant and snorted once or twice, but hearing the savage yell close behind, she took the jump, went full fifteen feet plump into the water. We both went down for the second time, then she arose and struck out for the opposite bank, with me on her back. Poor creature, she got about two-thirds across and gave out under me with a groan. I tell you I fairly loved that animal at that moment and hated to leave her as bad as if she had been human.

"I swam the rest of the way and crawled out on the bank pretty well used up. But I was safe. I saw the howling and disappointed savages come to the bank I had left. But not one of them dared to take the leap. The distance was too great for them to shoot. So I rested awhile and then

made the rest of my way to the settlement.

(Note.—Lawrence's Leap is perhaps equalled in American annals only by that of Sam McCulloch, Wheeling Hill, West Virginia in 1777.)

Old Cowboy Will Soon Be Gone, Just Like the Buffalo.

The following was composed by C. E. Johnson, of Charco, Texas, and recited by him at the Old Trail Drivers' Reunion in San Antonio October 9, 1925:

I rode a line on the open range,
When cow-punching wasn't slow;
I've turned the long-horned cow one way,
And the other the buffalo.

I went up the trail in the eighties,
O, the hardships I have stood!
I've drank water from a cow track, boys,
When you bet it tasted good.

I've stood night guard many a night
In the face of a driving storm,
And sang to them a doleful song,
While they rattled their hocks and horns.

I've been in many a stampede, too;
I've heard the rumbling noise;
And the light we had to turn them by,
Was the lightning on their horns.

But many a boy I worked with then,
Is sleeping on old Boot Hill;
For his last cow drive was made to
Dodge,
Over the Jones and Plummer trail.

They're building towns and railroads
now,
Where we used to bed our cows;
And the man with the mule, the plow
and the hoe,
Are digging up our old bed grounds.

The old cow boy has watched the change,
Has seen the good times come and go—
But the old cow boy will soon be gone,
Just like the buffalo.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Robin Hood of the Tonkaways

John C. Jacobs. in Pioneer Magazine

The settling of a frontier country has a fascination about it that in after years one looks to with pride, and with longing to live the old days over again. It is only those who are born with such a mission in their souls that can go through with it.

My lot fell at Fort Griffin, a trading post on the frontier of Texas, in 1871.

The tribe of Tonkaway Indians, 95 strong, had their little tepee village there, under the supervision of an Indian agent. The Comanche and Kiowa Indians raided that part of the frontier during the light of the moon every month, endangering the lives of every man, woman and child on the frontier and stealing as many horses as they could get out of the country with.

The Tonkaway Indians were deadly enemies to all of the warlike tribes that depredated on the white settlers, and were cordially hated by the depredating tribes. The U. S. Army enlisted able-bodied men of the tribe as trailers of the hostile tribes when in on their raids. It is wonderful to what extent the trailing instinct had been developed in these Indians: I have seen them going at top speed spread for a lost trail, with their heads so near the ground that their hair swept the grass, and the one that picked up the trail screamed like the lead-hound in a flying pack, and the others gathered to him as they swept on.

It is not my intention to write of the Indian depredations on the frontier of Texas, but to confine myself to incidents and peculiarities connected with this quaint tribe during my 12 years' sojourn with them.

They were expert dressers of skins. I hunted buffalo five years on the Plains, and I furnished the tribe with all the hides they could dress, "on the shares." They got half for dressing them. The squaws did the work. It is beneath the dignity of a warrior to dress a skin or do a tap of any kind of menial labor. It's a long road, in evolution, from a Tonkaway squaw to the white lights on Broadway.

I came in off range at one time and went down to the Tonkaway camp to

talk over our mutual interests, and found the camp deserted. Not a tepee or red-skin in sight. When they move camp, they tie a long pole on each side of their pony and pack their belongings on the poles behind the ponies. I took the trail of the pole marks and followed it out to the top of a mountain and there they were camped—carrying their water from the river a mile away. There was an Indian in the tribe named Campo, who had papers from the government proving him to be one hundred and twenty years old. Campo was the "prophet" of the tribe. I went to him to learn the object of the move. He told me the white men had killed the Captain Buffalo and the Great Spirit "heap angry," was going to send floods of water that would sweep their old camp and all else in the valley away. The strange part of it was that his prophecy came true, to the extent that a number of people were drowned, houses washed away and a great number of horses and cattle perished. Not an Indian was surprised over the event; they had warned the whites, who laughed at them for their move, but thought better of old Campo as a prophet after the flood.

Their religion is the reverse of ours, and their reasoning much sounder. They pray to the Devil, and make every effort to keep on good terms with His Majesty. They say, "God is good and won't burn Indian."

There was a little log church house on the river, where a Methodist Circuit Rider held services once a month. There was a young lady in the settlement named Tishie B.—The Indians called her "Tishie Mingo."

During services one Sunday, when the minister was at the height of his eloquence, a Tonkaway Indian strolled up to the church door, leaned against the jamb and looked the situation over, saw Miss Tishie, and said, "Hello, Tishie Mingo, long time me no see you." A cow-puncher who was a great talker, named Bill Higgins, (the Indians called him "Talk-a-heap Bill") was also in church. Old Cantine spied him and said, "Hello, Talk-a-heap Bill, when you

come?" Every handkerchief in the house was stuffed in a mouth to back up the flow of mirth. One of the brethren led poor old innocent Cantine away and explained to him as best he could that the stranger was talking to the Great Spirit. Cantine went on his way, wondering why he was denied the right to greet a friend wherever he might meet him.

The Circuit Rider holds a campmeeting every summer,—members become enthused and shout. An old Indian, named Simone, came along when the excitement ran high, looked on awhile, and called one of the men to him and said: "Meby so me like 'em firewater, too." He thought them crunk.

Another buck came along, loaded to the gills with firewater, and thought the Pale Face was holding a war dance. He let out a yell and joined them—"He-ya-Hi-Hoo-o-o!"

An Indian calls a skunk "stink-a-heap." A ranchman had killed two skunks that raided his hen house. He threw them over the fence in the trail. Next morning they were swelled up. A Tonkaway squaw came along, got off her pony and was tying them on her saddle. The ranchman asked what she was going to do with them. She said, "Me no like 'em Stink-a-heap; squaw down in tepee HEAP like 'em Stink-a-heap."

The Tonkaways have three very old squaws who are 'official cryers.' When an Indian dies, these squaws are hired for the price of a pony, to cry for the departed. They walk the hillsides all night, crying, each with a sharp stone in her hand, and at intervals they give their breasts a rake with the stone, and by morning they are almost dead from loss of blood, and they are a sight to behold. Then seven of the heads of the tribe (warriors) sit on the ground in a circle, and squaws bring them seven lighted cigarettes, and they all draw in a large draught of smoke and blow it downward in the formed circle; then, with great interest, they watch and comment on the movements of the smoke—if it goes up, their warrior has gone to the Happy Hunting Ground. I wonder why our ministers never give us a sure thing like that.

Some ponies had strayed away from the Tonkaway camp, and a young war-

rior took their trail; he hadn't gone far when he met a Comanche scout from a bunch of warriors who were raiding the country. They drew their guns and fought it out on the spot, both being killed. When their warrior failed to return to camp, they trailed him to the spot where he met his fate. They packed each of them on a pony and took them to camp and then followed the wildest day I ever saw in their camp. They first cut the dead Comanche's hair off, then his hands and turned both over to the squaws; then they piled up a great heap of wood and laid the Comanche on top and set it afire; the squaws held a big dance around it while it burned; the fire was kept at full blast for about six or eight hours then it was let cool while the warriors were getting ready for their part in sending the Comanche to--

They painted up, put on their feather head-gear, got their war ponies up and mounted, each with a brace of pistols. They rode off at about one hundred paces from the smouldering fire containing the ashes of the enemy, and formed single file, with the chief at head, each with drawn pistol in hand. At a signal from the chief, the war-cry came like a clap of thunder as they flew for the ash heap. As they swept by, each warrior emptied a volley of lead into it, and the flying coals of fire that filled the air looked like a meteoric shower. They would run about one hundred yards past, then turn and repeat-- and all at top speed. They kept this up until their entire supply of ammunition was exhausted; then the squaws gathered stones and took a few flings at his ashes. The hands were put up in front of the fire by means of sharp sticks, one end being stuck in the ground and the other end in his hand. I could never quite get the object of this part of the ceremony. The hands were still roasting when I left at eleven o'clock that night.

At night the warriors got out their tom-toms, and the real dance followed, in which another young paleface and myself joined for the sake of the adventure, and we had lots of fun. The tribesmen were very friendly with us, and divided feathers and painted our faces.

* * *

Every little hamlet o nthe frontier

boasts of some attraction. Fort Griffin's was the Tonkaway camp—all visitors must see the Indians. A very bright, refined and educated young man blew into Fort Griffin. From all appearances he was the kind that stayed a few days and turned back. For reasons that are good for me, I will call him Robin Hood.

Well, Robin fooled the old seasoned frontiersmen—the harder things came, the better Robin liked it. When the Indians committed depredations on the settlers, he was one of the first in the saddle, and he never knew when to quit.

Young Robin Hood never let his namesake's colors trail the dust. He was liked by all, and a Chesterfield in manners.

We had a big barbecue and we took along boxes for the ladies to sit on while dinner was served, and gallant Robin Hood, true to his breeding, drew the boxes back and seated the ladies, very much to their amusement and delight.

The truth is, you couldn't hitch Robin up in the wrong place. He was by profession a pharmacist (a druggist.) He set up a little drug store, notions, etc., at the post, and all gave Robin their patronage and the glad hand. The call of the wild was music to young Hood. The Tonkaway camp, with its quaint inhabitants of Mother Nature's very own children, was to him a delightful retreat. He went there often and oftener; he was very attentive to a young squaw named Kitty Gray; his interest in his drug shop waned. When any one wanted to see Robin, he was directed to the Indian camp. He finally closed out his little drug shop and took quarters in Kitty Gray's tepee—Robin turned Indian completely, let his hair grow, pulled his eye-brows out, wore a feather in his hair and buckskin leggins and moccasins; he later on developed Indian features, looked the Indian, and WAS an Indian; he mastered their dialect, and was the only white man, excepting one, who ever spoke their tongue. The Indians loved him; he got to the very head of their tribe, attended to all of the tribal affairs between them and the pale-face.

He never lost any of his old frontier friends, and was still a Chesterfield in the Indian camp.

The government finally (in the early 80's) moved the Tonkaways to the Sack

and Fox Agency in the Indian Territory, and Robin Hood went as one of them, and was their adviser and interpreter. After they had been there a few years, Kitty Gray slept with her fathers, and was no more.

Robin Hood was a Tonkaway 12 years. When he lost his little squaw, he hitched a pair of Indian ponies to a ram-shackled old wagon and drove twelve hundred miles to his people, who, in the meantime, had gone west and settled at a place that I will call Flag Staff, Arizona, for the same reason that I called him Robin Hood.

Widows Live to Ripe Old Age.

Although it is nearly 90 years since the Mexican war, which gained for Texas its independence, there are still forty-eight pensioners on the roll as a result of this great conflict, according to records in the comptroller's department. These pensioners are all women, however, the widows of the heroes who fought in the battle of San Jacento, which also brings to light that these widows were very likely the second wives of the soldiers who fought with Sam Houston, and consequently much younger in age.

These pensioners were somewhat inconvenienced by the failure of the Thirty-ninth Legislature to make any appropriation to pay the pensions, which is \$50 per quarter.

"It was merely an oversight," said Comptroller S. H. Terrell, "that the lawmakers failed to make the necessary appropriation for these pensioners, so we have decided to issue deficiency warrants for these old ladies, and the next Legislature will be called upon to make the necessary appropriations." The amount appropriated by past Legislatures for this purpose has been \$10,000 for the biennium.

It also developed that practically one-half of the 14,000 Confederate pensioners are women, and despite the fact that nearly 1,000 of these pensioners died last year, the number has not materially decreased. For the next quarter, the comptroller says, he plans to give each pensioner \$40 per quarter, while the present amount is \$30.

Buffalo Skinners' Song

Dot Babb, Amarillo, Texas

Come all you jolly buffalo skinners.
Come listen to my song,
But don't grow impatient, as I won't
detain you long.
It's concerning some buffalo skinners
Who did agree to go and spend the
winter pleasantly
Among the buffalo.

It was in the town of Jacksboro, Texas,
in 1873,
That a man by the name of Craig—so
they say:
It's Good Morning, young fellows,
And how would you like to go
And spend the winter pleasantly among
the buffalo?

Oh, this going up on the buffalo range
Depends all on the pay.
Oh I'll pay good wages and find trans-
portation too,
If you'll agree to stay with me the winter
season through.
But if you grow homesick, as many
others do,
I'll not agree to find transportation
From the range of the buffalo.

So then our names were listed on the
books
With a pen—six in number.
Stout, able-bodied men.
Our trip it was a pleasant one the route
we had to go.
Until we came to Pease River
Among the buffalo.

It's now our pleasures are all over,
Our troubles have commenced,
For the first one that I tried to skin,
Oh, how I cut my hand!

We lived on gravy, buffalo hump and
darned old corn bread,
Coffee, croton water—a buffalo hide for
a bed,
And the way the graybacks and fleas
but us, boys.
I tell you it wasn't slow.
God grant there's no worse hell on earth
Than skinning buffalo.

While we were skinning them darned old
stinkers,
For our lives we had no show,
As the Indians tried to pick us off
While skinning buffalo.

Now the winter season is over and home-
ward we must go,
But the outfit being expensive, Craig
refused to pay,
So the boys they showed him a thing or
two.
They left old Craig's bones to bleach
Among the buffalo.

So now we're crossing the Wichitas,
Homeward we are bound.
Never more in this country, never more
will we be found,
And we'll tell our wives and sweethearts
To never go to spend the winter pleas-
antly
Among the buffalo.

W. E. Bard of Renner, Texas a regular reader of *Frontier Times*, sends us a splendid collection of newspaper clippings which he has accumulated during the past several years. The clippings are articles bearing on *Frontier history*, early Texas events and pioneer reminiscence sketches, all of which will be valuable to us for reproduction in *Frontier Times*. We appreciate Friend Bard's kindness in sending us this assortment, as well as the kind good wishes he expressed in his letter for the success of the little magazine.

Frontier Times is the only magazine in the world devoted to frontier history, border tragedy, pioneer achievement, trail drivers' reminiscences, Indian depredations, outlawry, and true narratives of pioneers. It contains no fiction, but is full of real history of the most thrilling kind.

Frontier Times is just a plain, homely little magazine, but every number is well worth the subscription price of \$1.50 per year. Take it for a year and if you are not satisfied with your investment of \$1.50 just say so, and your dollar and a half will be cheerfully refunded.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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Trail Drivers' Reunion

The editor of Frontier Times attended the annual reunion of the Old Time Trail Drivers, held at San Antonio October 8, 9 and 10. We met many old time Texans at that notable gathering, among them Col. Chas. Goodnight, of Goodnight, Texas; Col. C. F. Doan of Vernon, Texas; Capt. J. B. Gillett of Marfa, Mark Withers of Lockhart, D. F. Combs of San Antonio, J. W. Jackson of Bartlett, Uncle Billie Hunter of Jourdan-ton, and hundreds of others who were in attendance. It gives us great pleasure to meet these old timers and hear them discuss events of the past. The trail drivers' meeting this year was the greatest ever held. More than 1,000 of the old cowmen were there to participate in the reunion. A wonderful street parade was given in which about four hundred old time cowboys rode in their old trail garbs. A number of ladies were in the parade on horseback riding sideways and dressed in the old time riding habits. An emigrant wagon created much interest and merriment. It represented an Arkansas family coming to Texas. The wagon was drawn by an old skinny mule and a small pony, and peeping out from under the wagon cover were a number of tow-headed children and a sallow faced woman whose chief adornment was a long-handled snuff stick. Contentedly trotting along under the wagon was a spotted dog, ready to match a scrap with any other canine that came along.

The trail drivers perfected plans for the erection of a \$100,000 monument as a memorial to the men who fostered the cattle industry in the early days, and San Antonio has agreed to raise the funds for its erection.

Col. W. K. Baylor, of San Antonio, presented the editor of Frontier Times with seven Indian arrows recently, of his own manufacture. Colonel Baylor was raised on the frontier and when a small boy he learned the art of making

bows and arrows from the Indians, and he also learned to shoot the feathered shafts as expertly as an Indian. His father, Col. J. R. Baylor was at one time an Indian agent for the government. We are proud of the gift and have placed the arrows on display in our office.

The "Life of John Wesley Hardin," the thrilling story now running serially in Frontier Times, will be concluded in our next issue. The complete story can be obtained in pamphlet form after November 15, at \$1.00 per copy. The edition is limited to 200 copies, and if you want one of them you should send in your order at once. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912.

Of Frontier Times, published monthly at Bandera, Texas, for October 1, 1925.

STATE OF TEXAS COUNTY OF BANDERA

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. Marvin Hunter, who, having been duly sworn according to the law, deposes and says that he is the owner of Frontier Times and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws, and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager, is: J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

2. That the owner is J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are NONE

J. MARVIN HUNTER,

Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1925. (Seal)

W. S. Ethridge

The Battle of the Alazan

Written by John Warren Hunter

CONTINUING THE NARRATIVE OF BELTRAN

The retirement of Kemper from Bexar left us without a commander and for a brief season the army of over eight hundred Americans was threatened with dissolution. Gutierrez again came forward and pushed his claims for leadership, and even issued a proclamation, calling on the soldiers and citizens of Bexar to acknowledge his right to command and rally to his standard. "It is nearly two years," said he, "since I left my country, during which time I have toiled unremittingly for your good, I have triumphed over appalling difficulties, and have made friends and secured the means which will enable us to throw off the yoke of the tyrant. I went alone, a refugee from my own country, hunted like a wild beast; I organized an army on the Sabine; met the enemy in overwhelming numbers at La Bahia, put them to ignoble flight, swept them off the earth at Rosalis, and today our banners wave triumphantly over the walls of Bexar. To whom are you indebted for these splendid achievements? I concede all honor to the brave American volunteers without whose aid I could have accomplished nothing. They left their homes and families to take up our cause and to fight for liberty, they are the sons of the heroes who fought for the independence of the United States, they appreciate the value of freedom, and as brothers they have drawn the sword in defence of the cause of liberty in North America, but with all their valor, patriotism and triumphal achievement, remember, my countrymen, that but for my sacrifices, influence and leadership, these valiant Americans would yet be beyond the borders of Texas, and the hated flag of Spain would still wave over the ramparts of La Bahia and Bexar.

"Soldiers, your chosen leader has abandoned you in the hour of triumph and without just cause; dissension is rife in your ranks all of which is the work of the enemy. I appeal to your patriotism; banish insubordination, rally to the standard I erected on the Sabine and which has thus far led you to victory; follow my leadership, and with the re-

cruits that will daily flock to your ranks I will lead you to greater victories and the campaign so auspiciously begun shall close with your triumphal entry in the ancient city of Tenochtitlan. (Mexico.)"

But Senor Gutierrez's proclamation fell upon leaden ears. The Americans were largely in the majority, and among them there was no dearth of aspirants for leadership. The day following his proclamation to the soldiers, Gutierrez attempted to harrangue the troops in justification of his course toward Herrera and other Spanish officials, but his voice was drowned in a storm of hoots and hisses. From that date until the announcement of the approach of Elisondo, Gutierrez and Delgado seldom appeared in public but were not idle as the sequel will prove.

Colonel Ross was chosen to succeed Kemper, and through his efforts order was restored. The town, then containing about two thousand inhabitants, was placed under martial law, a more rigid discipline on the part of the troops was enforced, and a new order of things established.

Along about this time a large body of Apaches raided the environs and settlements, but were driven off with some loss. Through the solicitation of friends who acted without my knowledge, Colonel Ross commissioned me as captain and instructed me to reorganize my company of minute men in so far as possible, and report for duty. I accepted this commission on condition that my company should be incorporated in the American Army and under no circumstances were we to be assigned or considered as part of the Mexican contingent. This request was readily granted, and I succeeded in organizing a company of only eighteen men, all Mexicans, but I was personally acquainted with each member and I knew their metal. On account of his knowledge of the Comanche dialect and his influence and popularity with that tribe, I made Pablo Rodriguez my first lieutenant, and when we reported for duty, we were informed that owing to our knowledge of the country and the

every path and highway leading out of the city, with orders to allow no one to pass in or out. This order was put into immediate effect, and while the men were yet in line Colonel Perry announced to his trusted officers that promptly at 12 o'clock that night the army would take up the line of march for the Alazan. He directed that the men should move in light marching order without encumbrance whatever, save their arms and a goodly supply of ammunition. They were to maintain profound silence on the march, and no man was to speak above a whisper.

A small force under Lieutenant Marshall was assigned the duty of guarding the Alamo fortress, to maintain the picket guard around the town until morning, and to care for the sick who were unable to accompany the army, and at midnight the troops set forth in the following order: First came the Americans, 836 strong; next the battery of four guns, followed by our Indian allies, Tonkawas, Tonwakanas and Lipans, about 300 strong and all well mounted. Colonel Gutierrez with his Mexican contingent was assigned the duty of bringing up the rear, with the assurance that in the battle formation, he and his men should be placed, according to promise, in position to enable them to lead in the assault. In order to more perfectly enforce the orders enjoining perfect silence during the march, American officers were detailed to proceed with each company of the Mexicans and Indians, and under these precautions, the passing of the army during the stillness of that summer night over the road from Bexar to the Alazan had more the appearance of a host of spectres than that of an army of living, determined men.

The small timber and the undergrowth along the Alazan greatly favored the design of Colonel Perry that of entire concealment of his movements until dawn, the time fixed for the attack. After crossing the little stream, the line of battle was silently formed not over 200 yards from the enemy's picket guard. As before stated, Elisondo had thrown up two earth-works about three hundred yards apart. Between these the space was almost unprotected, and some distance back stood the marque of the Spanish commander. Gutierrez and his

Mexicans, all of whom had been dismounted and their horses left under guard on the Alazan Creek, were placed in front of this open space with instructions to charge in between the earthworks, make direct for Elisondo's headquarters and, if possible, kill or capture the hated Gachupin leader. Capt. Joseph Taylor was to conduct the left wing of our forces against the enemy's right, while Colonel Perry was to lead our right against Elisondo's left. From his Indian scouts Perry had learned the exact whereabouts of the Spanish mulada and caballada, less than a mile from the Spanish encampment, and the Indian auxiliaries were instructed to remain in the rear until the battle opened, after which they were to raise a yell and swing around to the left, get between the encampment and the stock herd and stampede the latter, put them on the run and keep them going until beyond the enemy's reach, even should he come off victorious. Although the best horsemen in the world, these Indians could not be depended on in a regular pitched battle, but as scouts and trailers they had no superior while their services in the stampeding and driving of the enemy's loose stock during the action were most valuable, all of which Colonel Perry was fully cognizant.

With muffled wheels and under command of a skillful officer, the artillery was rolled forward from the creek by hand and two of the guns were placed on the right of Gutierrez's position and the other two on the left.

Still preserving the utmost silence, each division took its allotted position, with orders to lie flat on the ground until the order to advance was passed down the lines. The minutes seemed like hours to us, owing, I suppose, to the intense excitement which always thrills the soldier on the eve of battle; but, in truth, we had been but a very short time in position when the first rays began to light up the eastern horizon, and a moment later we could hear the hum of voices in the Spanish camp, which gave token that the enemy was astir. And then there came the shrill notes of a bugle and the roll of a drum, breaking the stillness of the dawn. It was the solemn call to matins! An altar had been erected in the open space and dir-

ectly fronting the commander's marque, and good Padre Senobio stood ready and waiting to grant total absolution to all devout Catholics who chose to seek the benefits of his pious ministrations. I was not in position to observe the movements of the enemy at this moment, but those who were more favorably situated for observation told me afterward that it seemed as if Elisondo's entire army had gathered in a most quiet and orderly manner to attend this morning worship and that, seemingly, every female camp follower had hastened to be among the first to be found kneeling before the altar.

The officer in command of each gun had been instructed to train his piece at the first fire on whatever point he thought would work the most effective execution, and after the first discharge they were to turn them against the bastions erected by the Spaniards. One of the guns, that commanded by Captain Kimm, was sighted carefully on the Spanish commander's marque, while the other three, charged with canister and scrapiron, were trained upon the kneeling multitude. While this vast host was yet kneeling, occupying a large area almost directly in front of the silent, crouching men of Gutierrez's Mexican division and while the padre, arrayed in the habiliments of his holy office was making intercession for his people, the order "fire," rang out like the notes of a clarion and, with a detonation that seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth, our four guns belched forth, sending their hurtling missiles of death crashing through the concourse of kneeling worshipers, each iron messenger leaving a swathe of blood and writhing, mangled humanity. The first artillery discharge was the signal for the charge and, with a loud exultant shouts and yells, every man sprang forward to the assault. Gutierrez and Delgado, true to their promise led the van. They were foremost in the action that followed and fought with the courage of veterans and the ferocity of demons. They swept past the altar, cutting down all that obstructed their path, not even sparing the women, and reached so far as the commander's marque, making sure that they would encounter the most hated of all Spaniards—Elisondo. But here a force rallied

around one Captain Arreola of Elisondo's staff, and Gutierrez was forced back on the main line. By this time Perry and Taylor had taken both bastions, the Royalists offering little resistance; but rallying their forces, they returned to the conflict and soon drove us back, recovering much they had lost.

While reforming for a final effort, Col. Perry asked Capt. Manchaca which of the two bastions be thought to be the weakest. Overhearing the inquiry, George Westfield, a stalwart Kentucky artilleryman, exclaimed: "The bastion on our right is the weakest; before being driven out I spiked their best gun." Immediately combining the forces under Manchaca and Gutierrez, while Taylor made a feint against the bastion on our left, the stronghold on our right after desperate resistance was retaken, the Royalists retreating to the bastion on our left, which became a general rallying point for the enemy. With surpassing gallantry Captain Taylor reinforced by other companies, most of whom had aided in the recovery of the works on our right, charged the enemy front and flank, and here was witnessed the most sanguinary fighting of the day. For one hour there were charges and counter charges, and in many instances the men were engaged in hand to hand struggles. Finally the Spaniards gave way, and then began rout and slaughter such as had never been witnessed on Texas soil.

As previously stated, Gutierrez's men went into action on foot. Their horses were in waiting, and when the royalists gave way, the Mexicans hastily mounted and gave chase. When the battle opened, the Indians, as per directions swept forward and cut off the Spanish mulada and caballada, and when these herds had been set on the run, only a sufficient number of the savages remained with the stock to keep them going, while the others, to the number of near two hundred, lingered near the scene of strife, waiting the decision of armed conflict. In other words if the fight went against us they would escape with all the mules and horses; if the scale would turn in our favor, at the right moment they would swoop down on the fleeing Spaniards, as they did at Rosalis, butcher them without mercy and load themselves with scalps and other spoils of war.

We had whipped them at LaBahia (Goliad) and at Rosalis and wherever they dared come out in the open, regardless of numbers, we had sent them flying helter-skelter for their lives, and we could whip them again. In former battles we had captured a large amount of booty, but this had been largely consumed, our supplies were running short, payday had long been deferred and rations were not so abundant as of old. The Spanish army was always accompanied by large supply trains and a well-filled military chest. All these were worth fighting for, especially at this particular time, and in view of former victories over the Gachupins and their inclination to run away when the American rifles began to blaze, all we would have to do would be to march out, fire a few rounds, set our Indian allies after the flying wretches and go in and take possession of the spoils. Thus reasoned the average American soldier. But at all events preparations for the coming battle went on apace, not particularly hurriedly, but orderly, and from the day that Elisondo crossed the Nueces his advance was continually under the eyes of my scouts, who sent in regularly their reports to the commanding officer.

As the reader has already been informed, the morals of the men composing the American army in Bexar were of a very low grade. Nearly every man, officers included, had his "amante." That of Colonel Ross was a beautiful Mexican girl by the name of Francisca Ochoa, a daughter of Nepomuceno Ochoa, who was a devoted friend to Gutierrez and had entered into the conspiracy. When the reports of Elisondo's advance reached town this girl, prompted solely by her love for Ross, clandestinely informed him of the plot which had for its object the betrayal of the American army into the hands of the Spaniards. The plan, as revealed by her, was this: Knowing that Elisondo's coming was to avenge the death of Herrera and his staff, it was agreed by the conspirators that they would open negotiations with the Spanish commander, put all the blame for the murder of the Spanish officers off on the Americans, and that on condition that they, the conspirators, were promised immunity from further prosecution for the alleged offense, they would lead the American

army into any trap the Spanish commander might propose, and when the battle opened, they would fall upon the American rear and not leave a man to tell the tale. This girl further told Ross that there were 1,000 Mexicans in San Antonio ready to take up arms against the Americans, and that they only waited the signal to be given by Gutierrez. She begged him for her sake and for his own safety to lose no time in getting away. This was on the evening of June 2, and early after nightfall Colonel Ross convened his officers in council of war, and to these officers he revealed the secret confided to him by Senorita Ochoa, assuring them that there could be no doubt that a deeply laid plot existed, and that the American army stood on the brink of irretrievable destruction, unless they abandoned the city that very night and took up the line of march for the Sabine, leaving these treacherous Mexicans to the mercy of the infuriated Spaniards. This proposition fell like a bomb in the official council. Astonishment, disgust and chagrin could have been read in every countenance. "Has a Mexican Delila shorn our American Sampson?" asked Major Perr. Not an officer favored retreating; not one to agree with Ross. They returned to their quarters and redoubled their diligence and preparations for the coming engagement. That same night Colonel Ross left the army, left the city, and I never heard of him afterward.

The next morning, June third, when it became known that Ross had left the army, Colonel Perry was placed in command and with his accustomed vigor hastened preparations for the coming conflict. From the first announcement of Elisondo's approach, guards had been stationed around the town to prevent egress and ingress of those not having authority to come and go at will; these guards were doubled by Perry.

Elisondo's army had reached the Alazan, a small stream some five miles from Bexar, and from whence he sent in a formal summons for surrender. The messenger bearing this summons was met just outside our picket-line by Captain Wilkinson and conducted into the presence of Colonel Perry, to whom the document was delivered. As near as I

remember the substance of that document was this:

The immediate surrender of the city and all public property. All Americans and other foreigners under Perrys command to be permitted to retire, unmolested from Texas, on condition that Barnardo Gutierrez de Lara, Captain Rafael Delgado, and all others implicated in the trial and execution of Herrera, Salcedo and other Spanish and Mexican officials be delivered up to the custody of the Spanish commander, Elisondo.

To this summons, Perry returned a polite, negative reply, and immediately after the departure of the messenger, he assembled the troops on the military plaza. He also sent for Gutierrez and Delgado, asking their immediate presence. When these two notables arrived, Perry came forward and read to the army a communication he had received from Elisondo, then turning to Gutierrez, who stood in the midst of a large group of his Mexican adherents, asked: "What says ~~a~~ Senior Gutierrez de Lara; has he any suggestions to offer?" Gutierrez was evidently deeply affected; his voice and manner betokened strong emotion. He replied by reminding Colonel Perry how he and his Mexicans had fought side by side with their American comrades at La Bahia, and at Rosalis, and how in every action the Mexican soldiers had proven their valor and loyalty and that he could not believe that in this trying hour an American officer could be guilty of betraying his comrades into the hands of a tyrant who would at once consign them to an ignoble death.

When Gutierrez had finished speaking, Perry read aloud the reply he had sent Elisonda, and for a moment there was deep silence, the men stood in line as if transfixed, then, fully realizing the import of their grave commander's course, a cheer burst forth such as had perhaps never been heard in the old town of Bexar. Gutierrez seized Perry's hand and said: "We are more than ever convinced of the magnanimity and bravery of the American soldier, and in order to give you further proof of our loyalty, courage and fidelity, we only ask that you allow us to lead the van in the coming battle." No mention was made of

his conspiracy; no language of reproof or accusation fell from the lips of Perry, as many expected—the request of Gutierrez was granted.

Confident of a sweeping victory, Elisondo had sat down on the Alazan, a small tributary of the San Pedro. His forces consisted of 1,100 Spanish troops, 1000 of whom had but recently landed on the American shores, and 1,500 presidarios, gathered up from different towns, villages and presidios west of the Rio Grande. Besides these, there was a small army of warriors who cared for the pack animals, and the carreteros who had charge of the trains of carts and wagons which accompanied the expedition. In addition to this horde of presidarios, arrieros and carreteros, all of whom were an encumbrance, there were at least five hundred women, wives and amantes of the soldiers; in other words, camp followers, who were at that time and day tolerated by the authorities as a necessary evil, without which, as was contended, no army could be held together for any length of time. As will be seen later, these women contributed their mite toward Elisondo's defeat, thereby becoming a factor in the tragedy of the Alazan.

Twelve pieces of artillery accompanied the Spanish army and on going into camp, two bastions were erected about three hundred yards apart on a slight eminence overlooking the Alazan, and the guns placed so as to command all the main approaches from the direction of Bexar. Strange to relate no scouts were thrown out during the night, and the sleeping army was guarded only by a weak picket line placed about 100 yards in advance of the main encampment. So sure was Elisondo of an easy victory that he went the round of the encampment and exhorted the weary men to retire early and secure a good night's rest; to rise early in the morning and attend mass in a body; that there would be hot work on the morrow, that victory and glory awaited them, and tomorrow they might rest on their laurels in San Antonio de Bexar.

When Perry had made known to the army the contents of Elisondo's communication and his reply, he directed Captain Taylor to redouble the guard at the outer edge of the town and over

Spanish language, we were to become the eyes and ears of the army and that our future occupation was to be that of scouting.

Meantime, notwithstanding the efforts of Colonel Ross looking to reform, the American troops gave themselves up largely to every form of dissipation—cards, horses, wine and women. Personal combats were numerous and dueling became too common to excite more than passing comment. After my appointment as chief of scouts, I was thrown in close touch with these men and our officers, and I must say that probably no other like body of adventurers was ever assembled in the broad domains of America. There were men of every calling, apostate preachers, and I believe I might be justified in stating that three-fourths of the privates and many of the officers in the army never cared to discuss their antecedents in the presence of honest, respectable company. Nearly, or quite all the States were represented, and in addition to these, there were Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotch, French and a large number of creoles from Louisiana. These men were not influenced by a desire for booty altogether, since there was little promise for spoils in this inhospitable region at that period; their first desire seems to have been to escape the sleuths of justice back at home; next, the love of adventure, a peculiar trait of the Anglo-Saxon, and the prospect of establishing a new republic. They were brave, hardy, determined men, they had been trained to the use of the rifle from childhood; those from Tennessee, Kentucky and other sections of the Mississippi Valley had been raised on the border and were schooled in all the arts of Indian warfare. Discipline, they regarded as being unnecessary only for their own safety and final success, and this sentiment was all that held the army together. There were exceptions, especially among the officers, most of whom were impelled by lofty motives. They foresaw the wane and decadence of the Spanish power in America. They were disciples of Aaron Burr, whom they regarded as a political prophet. They were not unmindful of the fact that General Wilkinson had entered willingly into the "Burr conspiracy," and how the fear of detection and the lure of

Spanish gold had induced him to betray Colonel Burr. These topics were freely discussed around the campfire and at the festa! board, even in the presence of General Wilkinson's son, who was most vehement in the denunciation of Burr's treatment. Moreover: These men cared less for Mexican independence, and more for the establishment of a new American republic in keeping with Burr's plans. Gutierrez and his Mexican compatriots were convenient tools; the march on Monclova and other Mexican cities was a necessity in more than one sense; there were supplies and booty beyond the Rio Grande, and an invasion in that direction would further weaken the Spanish power and establish on a firmer basis the western borders of the new republic. Envoys had been sent post-haste to Nacogdoches and the neutral ground to counteract any evil report Kemper and others may have spread aboard, and to urge the speedy coming of fresh volunteers, and when by the arrival of these recruits, the army should have reached a fighting strength of fifteen hundred or two thousand, the advance would be made on Monclova. Such were the plans of the American officers. Meanwhile, as before stated, Gutierrez and Delgado were not idle. The feeling of resentment of the Americans towards this brace of would-be leaders who were responsible for the murder of Herrera and his staff, was employed to future embitter the Mexican mind against the Americans, whom they represented as being worse enemies than the Spaniards. Their real object in coming in our midst, they reasoned, "is not for the purpose of aiding us to throw off the yoke of Spain, but to establish a republic. If they succeed in this, the Mexicans will be reduced to slavery, and you will see your children auctioned off on the block, as they sell negro slaves in Virginia. Witness the supreme contempt these adventurers entertain for our people, argued Delgado, and the oppression and ill-treatment they mete out to the citizens of Bexar. They seize our property, they invade our homes, debauch our women, they take whatever suits their lecherous and depraved fancy and give nothing in return. Behold how they have deposed those in lawful authority and how they have set up a government of robbery and oppression.

Destroy these adventurers first, then as a united people, we will turn our arms against the Spaniard and drive him into the ocean." Such were the treasonable ideas instilled and sown broadcast in secret until at last a conspiracy was organized, its object being the destruction of every American in San Antonio.

The American officers were not ignorant of the seditious juggling of these arch-conspirators, and adopted measures to prevent the execution of their plans. Captain Manchaca remained loyal to the Americans and urged Ross to adopt more stringent measures. He insisted that Gutierrez, Delgado and several others involved in the conspiracy, should be arrested and sent in irons to Nacogdoches, but Ross showed a disposition to treat the matter lightly and informed Menghaca that to arrest these men as suggested would precipitate an open rupture, and that under present conditions the conspirators were powerless to do more than to get out and raise the "grito," which could only result in the speedy execution of every Mexican connected with the uprising.

And thus matters drifted along until about the first of June. Recruits from the East arrived in small squads almost weekly during the month of May and these brought reports of other and larger bodies that would arrive in June. Early in the last week of May, Colonel Ross directed me to take the country in the direction of Laredo. Taking Lieutenant Pablo Rodriguez, and eight others, I set out, and two days later while scouting near the Nueces River, we discovered a small party of Indians, which upon observing us, sought cover in a nearby mesquite. I sent Pablo forward to have a talk with these Indians, and to find out who they were and if they were friendly. After some delay, and greatly to my surprise, he returned bringing along the entire party, which consisted of twelve warriors and the chief, a young man who proved to be a friend to Pablo, having been a close associate during the latter's captivity among the Comanches. This chief gave us some rather startling information. He said that he and his party had started from their village in the mountains to the Rio Grande valley for the purpose of stealing horses from the Mexican rancheros in

that region, and that when a "sleep" (a night's ride) beyond the Nueces, he discovered a large body of soldiers on the march toward San Antonio. Concealing themselves they watched these troops for more than an hour, and soon found them to be too numerous to count. They were Spaniards, and the army with its supply trains reached out a great distance, according to the chief's statement. Accompanied by these Indians, we cautiously advanced, keeping well under cover of the chaparral, and just after sunrise next morning I had a fairly good view of the Spanish army while it yet lay in camp. With all speed we hastened to San Antonio and reported our observations.

I will here state that after having discovered the Spanish army approaching this Indian chief, whom we afterward knew as Prieto, owing to his very dark, almost black, color, decided to abandon his horse-stealing expedition and return by way of San Antonio and try to induce his old time friend Pablo to flee with him to the mountains and thereby escape the impending danger. Really to this chief belongs the credit of having first discovered the approach of Elisondo's army. The villages of the Comanches were at that time located on the Rio San Saba, far to the northwest of Bexar. Finding that Pablo was firm in his resolve to stay with his people in the defense of their own, this chief begged to remain with him until after the expected battle. His petition was duly presented to Colonel Ross, who promptly granted the request, promising the chief a share of the horses captured, conditioned on the number of scalps the chief and his warriors might be able to produce when the spoils came up for division. The party was to be attached to my company of scouts for service, but during the fight the chief might take his warriors to any part of the field he might choose.

No alarm was created among the troops when it was learned that the enemy was at hand; contrawise, the intelligence seemed to arouse a spirit of enthusiasm in the breast of every soldier. There prevailed a feeling that regardless of the numbers the Spaniard could array against us, there could be no question as to the result of a battle.

The rout had no sooner begun than these savages, joined by the no less blood-thirsty, revengeful Mexicans, under Gutierrez and Delgado—and Manchaca's men were not charged with inactivity—this warlike rabble, like ravenous wolves, hungry for blood, fell upon the flying Spaniards, dealing out death and destruction not sparing age, sex or even the wounded. The American troops succeeded largely in staying the hands of these savages on and in the near vicinity of the battle field, but as the chase continued several miles, only those on fleet horses were able to elude the fury of their pursuers, and Elisondo, the man desired above all others, was among those who were superbly mounted, and who seemed ambitious to outclass all others in the attempt to annihilate space. He and a few of his followers, never halted until they reached the town of Guerrero, on the south bank of the Rio Grande.

The reader will remember that I stated that the women who followed the Spanish army became a factor in the tragedy. This is how it came about: When they heard the crash of our guns and saw their beloved priest fall, writhing in agony and his blood spurting over his sacerdotal vestments, with one voice raised a scream that carried of itself a thrill of panic far more terrible than the yells of the charging Mexicans. This discordant uproar spread throughout the army, and but for the heroic efforts of the officers the rout would have become general at the very outset.

In this engagement we captured over 1,000 stand of arms; 12 pieces of artillery and between 1,200 and 1,500 horses and mules, besides wagons, carts, a vast store of ammunition, provisions, clothing and the military chest. The royalists' loss was over 1,000 killed, wounded and prisoners, while our loss was 76 killed and a large number of wounded, most of the latter dying afterwards for the reason that our facilities for treating serious wounds were deplorably limited. After the smoke of battle had cleared away, our first duty was the care of the wounded, our comrades first, and next those of the enemy who by American interference had been saved from the avenging fury of Mexicans and Indians. All friend and foe alike, received the

same tender care. We gathered up the dead and with reverent hands laid them to rest in a soldier's grave, in a beautiful grove near the Alazan. When this sad task was concluded we began the removal of our spoils to Bexar, which required two or three days. Meanwhile the town was given over to festivities and the wildest reveling in celebration of our great victory over the vaunting Gachupines.

The division of spoils among our Indian allies took place two days after the battle. The American and Mexican troops were permitted to select each a horse, the remainder were apportioned out to the Indians. Most of the mules fell to the ownership of these dusky sons of the plain, and an Indian abhors a mule. Hence there was no end of trading, the Indians offering as many as ten mules for one good horse.

I do not know how much fighting my Comanche friend, Prieto, and his braves did during the battle, but evidently they were not idle. When they put in their claims for their share of the spoils, they offered in evidence of their valor and prowess a large number of scalps. Col. Ross had told them that the awards made them would be based on the number of scalps they might produce, but he forgot to restrict their operations to any particular class of individuals. But they produced the scalps in great profusion, and on viewing them, I said to Pablo Rodriguez that they looked like the scalps of Mexican women. At all events, these Comanches were given a number of blankets and other commodities to please the Indian fancy, and were allowed to take from the captured caballada 100 horses, all of which gave them extreme delight, and after having received this liberal bounty, they set out for their tribal headquarters, which was at that time on the Rio San Saba.

I would have the reader hold in remembrance these Comanches, Prieto and his braves, and also Pablo Rodriguez, since they will again appear after the sable curtain goes down on "The Tragedy of the Medina," the darkest in human history, and one in which Spanish ferocity never displayed more malignity.

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Burnet County Pioneers

Austin American

E. E. Brooks, 81, and Mrs. Brooks, 86, pioneers of Burnet county, have recently returned from a trip in their car which covered a distance of 1200 miles from Burnet to Dewey, Oklahoma, and return. Mr. Brooks claims the distinction of being the oldest living settler of Burnet. He was born in a log house in Arkansas and moved with his parents to Texas when but a child. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage in October 1925. Mr. Brooks with his parents settled in Burnet county where the town of Burnet now stands. It was then called Fort Crogan and was on the extreme border of civilization. Here they decided to stop and carve a home out of the wilderness of Texas. Brooks relates many thrilling experiences with Indians when it took men and women of courage to remain in their frontier homes and withstand the hardships of early days in this section. Before coming to Burnet, Brooks' parents camped for a time near where Georgetown now stands, until they could decide upon a permanent location. It was there they had their first experience with Indians.

One day while the family was sitting down to the noonday meal, they looked up and saw a man approaching under whip and spur as fast as his horse could run, waving his hat in the air. He shouted when near enough; "Run for your lives! The Indians are after me. They have run me for eight miles." He never halted, but ran on to the settlement at Georgetown, nine miles distant; where his horse dropped dead from exhaustion. Mr. Brooks' father threw the harness on the horses and set out under whip to get away. They ran three or four miles, expecting every moment to be overtaken and murdered, and after a while saw a troupe of men coming. Mr. Brooks did not think they were Indians, but Mrs.

Brooks hugged her baby to her breast and begged him to press on. Finally the troops came closer and were seen to be white men. They proved to be rangers on a scout. The man who gave the false alarm was so scared he could not tell an Indian from a white man, or else he did not wait to see.

One day Mrs. Brooks with her three children, was left alone while her husband and some other men were off, splitting out boards to build more room to the house (people in those days grew careless from very familiarity of danger) and she walked to the door which was on the south side of the house overlooking the valley and saw a party of men on horseback rapidly approaching. She thought at first they were cow hunters, but felt some uneasiness and soon took another look, when to her horror she discovered that they were Indians. She ran to her children and cried out in agony of her soul: "Indians!" By this time the Indians had dashed up and dismounted, filling the house and yard, there being about 40 in number. She had no hope of escape and could only await her fate. The eldest boy and girl crawled behind a large chest, expecting to become unwilling witnesses to a massacre.

One of the Indians who seemed to be the leader said to Mrs. Brooks in English: "We want bread," and although she thought she read her doom in their hideously painted faces and blood-thirsty looks, the heroic woman never lost her presence of mind. She implored the Indian who had addressed her in English to spare her children. The Indian who had spoken English came over and sat down by where she sat with her baby in her arms. Then another one came and sat down on the other side of her and one in front. With their spears and tomahawks and war paint they pre-

sented a fearful sight. The one in front of her reached for her baby. (The baby is now Mrs. J. K. Daugherty of Marble Falls.) The mother pressed the baby to her bosom. They took hold of the child and tried to tear it from her, but with a mother's desperate effort to save her child she clung to it, pleading for its life until she thought surely they would pull its little body in two. She let go and folded her arms in hopeless despair. Expecting them to kill the baby, she leaned forward and buried her face in her hands, to keep from seeing her baby killed, expecting herself to be murdered or carried off in captivity, which would be worse than death.

A man, Elihu Casner, who lived about six miles from the Brooks farm, saw the Indians going in the direction of the house and fearing Mrs. Brooks and her children were alone, came to their rescue. His wife, fearing he would be killed, begged him not to undertake so perilous a task, but he stated that duty called and he must go, even at the risk of his life. He came by where Brooks and the other men were cutting boards, then rushed on to the house; to Mrs. Brooks' surprise the Indians had not killed the baby and when Casner rushed in the Indians continued to say, "Want Bread." Casner instructed Mrs. Brooks to give them bread. The chief signaled to his men to get wood, and when it was brought he divided it into two parts, throwing one away. Mrs. Brooks began to cook bread and feed the Indians until Mr. Brooks and the other men arrived; being afoot they were some distance behind Casner. When the Indians saw the men's guns they evidently decided it was the better part of valor to leave.

However, it was possibly these same Indians who killed Wofford Johnson and family. Mr. Johnson and family had been to visit a neighbor and were attacked when on their way home. Mr. Johnson stayed between his family and the Indians and fought back until he was killed and the rest was easy for the savages. As she ran, Mrs. Johnson threw her baby into a clump of bushes where it was found alive the following morning, being the only member of the family that escaped.

Pioneer Recalls Indian Days.

E. A. (Pat) Paffrath, of Fort Worth, a veteran pioneer plainsman, recently gave the Dallas News a narrative of Indian and buffalo hunting in the "seventies."

"When I went to the Panhandle in 1876," he said, "I drove a herd of cattle belonging to Smith & Adams from South Texas to Fort Belknap and after delivering them decided to go to the buffalo ranges and hunt. Buffalo were being killed in large numbers at the time and there was good profit in the hides.

"I recall the incident of the rescue of the white woman, Cynthia Ann Parker, from the Indians," continued the old plainsman. "She was carried off by the Comanches when about 12 years old, and afterwards, as the wife of the chief, became the mother of Quanah Parker, the latter-day chief of the Comanches. She was a grown woman when rescued by Governor Sul Ross, who was then a Texas ranger. Governor Ross and his followers had a fight with the Indians at a point between Quanah and Crowell and found Cynthia Ann and her young daughter in the party. The chief, who was the father of Quanah Parker, was killed during the battle and the white woman was taken back to the settlements.

"The last Indian killed in Southwest Texas," continued the old plainsman, reminiscently, "was a Kiowa who was shot by Captain Arrington's rangers west of Quanah in 1879, and his death brought about a raid by the Kiowas into that section in the way of reprisal. The last white man killed was named Earl and he was slain east of Quanah by the band of Kiowas which came down from the reservation to avenge the death of one of their number, killed a short time before in the same locality by the rangers. Earl had just arrived in the country and I met and talked to him at the headquarters of the R2 ranch the night he was killed. He was traveling with Fred and Joe Estes and knew little about the habits and the disposition of Indians. I warned the little party not to leave the ranch that night, as I had been informed that about thirty-five Kiowas were out on a raiding expedition bent on vengeance, and that traveling might be dangerous. They did not listen to me, however, but continued their journey toward Quanah, and Earl lost his life."

First House at Old Washington

Mrs. L. N. Throop in Dallas Semi-Weekly News

Several years ago a newspaper article appeared in one of our Texas newspapers, giving a little history of Old Washington and the historic house built in the early days in 1834.

This house was described by the writer as furnished from the memory of some old Texan, which was perhaps accurate, as far as the memory of the Texan was concerned. But the house described in that article was the second house, a two-story structure built upon the lot in Old Washington after the original house had gone to decay, and civilization had progressed so that better and different building material could be procured.

I have my information from Mrs. Isabella Buffington Herbert of Anderson, who was born in the first and original house built there for the use of the Republic of Texas in its earliest days, and in this way it became the place where the first tocsin of war for liberty from Mexican oppressors was sounded on March 2, 1836, not quite two months before our great victory on the battlefield of San Jacinto won the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of Texas in the first days of its determination for liberty or death.

Mrs. Isabella Buffington Herbert was born in 1837, at which time her father the Rev. Anderson Buffington, one of the earliest Baptist pioneer ministers of the Republic of Texas, was living in the original house where the archives of the Republic were kept for a period of time and, for fear of their being captured by the invading foe, were removed.

Mrs. Herbert lived in this house five or six years and can remember some small events that happened that were so startling to a child's mind that they became permanent in her memory, which facts were in after years supplemented by her mother explaining what the child's mind failed to understand.

I learned from her the true history of that historic house in Old Washington on the Brazos when it was the capital of the Republic of Texas.

There was no plank or lumber in the Republic, and it was built out of logs

that were cut into four-foot lengths and then split into thin pieces and with a drawing knife were smoothed on one side and made into clap-boards for weatherboarding, and two-foot boards dressed with drawing knife for the covering of the house. Then small cedar posts were set several feet into the ground, laid out for rooms, and after being made steady the clapboards of four feet were nailed onto the cedar posts and the floors were made of oak logs split open and fastened into pieces of logs with strong pegs that formed a rough floor. The house consisted of two sleeping-rooms and a small kitchen. Along the side of these small rooms there was a long room that extended full length of the house.

At the time that Mrs. Herbert's memory begins her mother was keeping twenty-five boarders in this house and seated them in the long dining-room (as she called it). I suppose it was a kind of courtroom when it was used by the Republic of Texas, and in it the Declaration of Independence was signed.

When Mrs. Herbert was a child of about 5 she with several of the neighbors' children and her two little brothers were seated all busily cracking hickory nuts, the children looked down a long road that led up to the little town and saw, to their amazement, a long line of Indian warriors, about 100 red men with no covering except their breech slants of buckskin coming in Indian file. They were terrorstricken, speechless children, but all ran at full speed to reach their homes for protection. Indians in those days were a fearsome sight to children and women.

These Indians came to make some kind of treaty with General Sam Houston, whose headquarters were at that time located in Old Washington.

"The Cokesbury Press of Nashville, Tenn., and Dallas, Texas, will have ready for delivery about the 1st of December, 1925, the life of Stephen F. Austin, by Doctor Eugene C. Baker, Professor of American History, University of Texas.

First Campmeeting in Grayson County

From "Fruits and Flowers," By Z. N. Morrell

At the end of the conference year 1847, the Rev. Mr. Brown, assisted by the Presiding Elder, Rev. Mr. Custer, held a campmeeting at Warren, in Grayson county. Rev. Mr. Duncan, a missionary, from the Indian Territory, also assisted in the meeting. A camp-meeting in those days was a most important event, and anticipated with intense interest by the settlers far and near. Different motives actuated people to attend camp meetings, and the same rule will apply to such occasions of later date. Some go out of courtesy, to see and be seen, others regard it as a season of rest and diversion, while many embrace the occasion to gossip, exchange news, see the latest fashions, and make new acquaintances. A few, a chosen few, anticipate the event when in God's natural temples, the leafy groves, they will feel the "outpourings of the spirit," or experience that magical change of the heart, granted through the efficacy of prayer to those who earnestly seek the Divine blessing. But we will go as spectators, mere lookers on, and take a bird's eye view of this panorama in the midst of nature. We first see a large shed covered with brush and limbs of trees; this is to shelter the large audience; while heavy boards or logs are to serve as seats. Another slab upheld by stakes driven in the ground and covered by a bearskin is the pulpit; a number of chairs, some split bottom and some covered with rawhide, the hair left on, are for the stewards and ministers expected to be present. The "mourner's bench" has not been forgotten, nor has the straw which is scattered around with a liberal hand. Little brush shanties have been erected all around in convenient places for the camps, and soon their occupants began to arrive. They came "afoot and horseback," riding single or double. On carts and wagons are loaded bedding, cooking utensils and children. Dogs have not been invited, but they come anyway, and make themselves too familiar for comfort, and are all sizes and breeds from the longeared hound to the common cur. The camp ground begins to assume the appearance

of a picnic on a large scale; horses neigh as newcomers arrive, babies cry, children shout and play and a hum of good natured conversation, inquiries and greetings all combine to make a vivid and realistic picture in its setting of living green. I said something about fashions, but it was a far fetched allusion. I wonder if our forefathers and mothers in their coonskin caps and slat sunbonets worried about the "latest styles" or in their primitive simplicity ever imagined that succeeding generations would lose sight of their humble origin, forget what the foundation of American aristocracy really is, and run to vanity, selfishness, patent spring bottom pants, "rats," and false hair?

It is now approaching time when the meeting to commence and to blast or toot the horn which brings the scattered congregation together. Those men who from long habit, carry their rifles with them, lean them against a tree, and divest themselves of shot pouch and powder horn. A dog fight or two is settled the yelping curs sent off to crouch under the wagons; then all gather in and seat themselves on the rough boards. A few youngsters who are habitually thirsty at meeting take a last drink out of the bucket near the pulpit, put the gourd dipper down rather noisily, then make their way to their mothers, who unceremoniously yank them into a seat and bid them sit there and be quiet. At last all is still and solemn. Brother Brown raises up his tall form threatening to bring the top of his head and the brush above in violent collision. He casts a searching glance over the audience and finally all are attentive as the occasion requires and he commences in a sonorous voice to line out the hymn:

"Children of the Heavenly King,
As we journey sweetly sing,"—

Here we leave them confident that Brother Brown, in his fervid zeal, will faithfully warn his interested hearers to flee from the wrath to come.

Thus laid the foundation of Metho-

dism in Grayson and adjoining counties Brother Brown was succeeded by Jefferson Schueck and he by Andrew Davis and others, all earnest workers in the cause. The Baptist faith was ably upheld by two brothers by the name of Hiram and James Savage. One lived on Caney creek and the other on Bois d'Arc, as farmers. They tilled the soil the week, preaching on Sundays, accomplishing great good on the frontier of Grayson.

The Fourth of July, 1847, was the occasion of a grand barbecue and barn dance at Sherman, and to a great many who attended the festivities this was their first view of the new county seat. A log house about 20 feet square, used for a court house and a few rods of plowed ground comprised the metropolis from one end to the other. I will leave my readers to picture the contrast of the city then and now. For the barbecue a large brush shed was built, under which were tables loaded with all kinds of roasted meats and all the delicacies of the season, welcome to all, to eat, drink and be merry without money and without price. The refreshment stand, a rail fence partly built around a barrel of whiskey stood near at hand, while a tin cup did frequent duty for a thirsty crowd. The court house was thrown open to accommodate the dancers. Justice took off her spectacles, laid aside her scales, and for once in her life gave herself up to the intoxicating pleasures of the hoe down. Music was furnished by a stalwart darkey perched on a barrel; when he would give out another stood ready to take his place until he could visit the refreshment stand and counteract the effect of the heat and his violent exertions by looking for the bottom of that tin cup.

When we stop and think of the advancements made in every direction since this period of Texas' early settlement, the time seems longer than it really is. When we remember that those pioneers had no newspapers, magazines or any kind of communication with the outside world, save as came by word of mouth; no telegraph, telephone or railroads; that churches and schools barely struggled into existence after long years of patient waiting, makes one imagine a preadamite sort of existence and not of a time

of sixty years ago. Think of having no thread except that manufactured at home; no matches, a flint their only dependence and a stump in the field set fire to by its spark was their reserve when the fire at the house would accidentally go out; the neighbors literally coming to borrow a shovel of coals.

The faithful historian of the Lone Star State cannot ignore, if he is a loyal chronicler, the honor due early settlers for services rendered as advance guards to the great tide of immigration that peopled a prosperous land. It has not been in my power to mention but a very few of the pioneers of Grayson county, but however small the number they help swell the grand total, and I bespeak a recognition in the annals of the State. The pioneers of a country are deserving a niche in the country's history, and the pioneers who became martyrs to the development of an almost unknown land deserve to have a place in the hearts of its inhabitants. None but the brave and venturesome, energetic and courageous dare penetrate the pathless wilderness and trackless forests, and Texas with her cultivated fields, untold wealth and beautiful homes may well enshrine the memory of her noble hearted pioneer path finders, martyrs.

J. A. McCutcheon, 83, one of Williamson County's oldest pioneer settlers, died at his home near Rice's Crossing, northwest of Taylor. McCutcheon had been sick about three weeks. He was born in Travis County in 1842, and was the son of William McCutcheon, who settled in Texas in 1833, before the days of the Texas Republic, coming to Texas from Missouri. J. A. McCutcheon was only 13 when the family moved to Rice's Crossing community. He married Miss Lue Noble of Lavaca County, in 1872, who died in 1894. Three sons and one daughter survive McCutcheon, all of whom reside at Rice's Crossing as follows: P. N. McCutcheon, W. C. McCutcheon, J. W. McCutcheon, and Miss Sallie McCutcheon.

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John O. Meusebach

THINK, in San Antonio Express

On the coldest October day which the oldest resident of that high plateau can recall, Think visited the burial place of John O. Meusebach. It is sad to have to relate that not many of the multitude who ought to make of that grave a shrine, even know where this valiant pioneer and intrepid State-builder sleeps. It is sadder to tell that, so far as the public is concerned, the resting-place is wholly unmarked. Two swaying cedars and a mirthless myrtle keep the lonely vigil. No stone or shaft—almost the solitude of the wilderness which the brave soul conquered.

Long before his death, May 27, 1897, this nobleman, voluntarily turned commoner, rejected the thought of interment in any of a dozen cemeteries where his burial spot might have been cared for tenderly. Going out in the brush a mile from Cherry Spring—on the line of Mason and Gillespie Counties—he selected his own place of sepulcher with the same foresight and courage he had shown in blazing civilization's trail over a wide area of Texas, through

more than half a century of peril and toil.

Baptized Otffried Hans Freiherr von Meusebach, he knocked out the "von" and forgot everything save the "John" which he assumed from the day of his naturalization as an American. It is gratifying to record that Fredericksburg, which he founded, is starting a movement to erect above the dreamless dust of the man whose name everybody reveres, a column—not in Meusebach's honor, but to show that descendants of the men and women he marshaled in disaster and in success have not forgot the tribute which the world owes one of its winners.

Despite the privations and the woes Meusebach endured he died one of earth's signal victors. Discerning students today rank him, as will historians in future, along with Austin and the best of those who carved a mighty commonwealth of a waste. In that neglected spot lies a heart that was pregnant with celestial fire—hands that the rod of empire swayed. A million Texans should be eager to help along the Fredericksburg movement for a monument.

A School Teacher's Diary

From The Graham Leader, January 29, 1922

An interesting diary of the early Indian days at Fort Davis, or Fort Hubbard Settlement, as it is more generally known, located up the river from Eliasville about 20 miles, will be read with interest by old timers in this section. It was kept by Sam Newcomb, who taught school in Fort Davis during 1865 and a part of 1866. The diary is now a historic and most important document, as it vividly reflects the conditions of the country, the isolation of the people and their means of doing things in these pioneer days.

Fort Davis is in Stephens county, just across the line from Shackelford and on the east bank of the Clear Fork. According to County Commissioner Sherman McCready the graveyard there

contains the bodies of several settlers who were killed by the Indians, and for years it has been the custom of the nearby people to go to it on Thanksgiving day and fix up the graves.

Here are a few of the items in the school teacher's diary, as quoted in the Olney Enterprise:

January 1, 1865—For the past year Indians have been troublesome, coming into the section in such large bodies that a great many families have left the frontier and moved into older settled counties, and those who remain are "forted up." There are now 125 persons in the fort and others are preparing to move in.

Jan. 2.—Messrs. Jackson and Irwin, who left for Mexico with a herd of

bees about three months ago, and who were expected back in about six weeks, but who were reported to have been pressed into the confederate service, reached here tonight.

Jan 21.—Deem it not inappropriate here to say something about the frontier service. The law regulating this service requires us to scout one-fourth of our time, and for the remainder we are permitted to remain at home and attend to our own affairs. Under no circumstances are we to be kept away from home for more than two months at a time, unless actively engaged or pursuing the Indians.

Jan. 23.—This day was made memorable by the marriage of J. H. Browning and Miss Angelina McCarty. It was a grand occasion, being attended by a number of people from the lower fort, and all the visitors coming prepared to fight the Indians along the way, if necessary.

Jan. 29.—The men, women and children all met at J. M. Frans' residence at 6 o'clock this evening and organized a Sunday School.

Feb. 11.—A scouting party left the fort, returning on the 15th. They saw no Indians or recent signs of them, but procured a considerable supply of buffalo and other game meat.

Feb. 17.—All the people of Fort Clark seem to be badly discouraged and the probabilities are that the place will be abandoned when grass rises.

Feb. 18.—Quite a number of candidates for county offices were here today. T. E. Jackson, of this place, has announced as a candidate for chief justice. For the most part February was a quiet month. Candidates dropped around occasionally and two prominent citizens came near having serious trouble over the killing of a dog. Dogs were numerous in the fort and served a good purpose owing to the noise they would make when Indians came prowling around.

March 12.—Indian excitement has been high here today. About 9 o'clock this morning Mr. McCarty came upon a large body of Indians about three miles from the fort. They gave him a close chase, but he reached the fort all right. The Indians were followed all day, but made their escape. I think this will stir some people in this place to do their

share of picketing.

March 13.—Commenced school here today for a term of fourteen weeks. I have only nineteen scholars at present and most of them are rude, wild and wholly unacquainted with school discipline.

March 22.—A man by the name of Scott reported to be in this section of the country with forty-five hands gathering all the beef cattle he can and giving nothing but a quarter-master's receipt in payment for them.

May 7.—T. B. Brownfield started this morning for Belknap to get a doctor for Miss Lucinda Selman, who is very sick. Several hours later Brownfield returned with some medicine but no doctor.

June 28.—The first beef buyers since the war are here today. They are paying \$10 per head.

July 8.—A couple of the fort's leading ladies indulged in a fist fight this morning, the result of differences among the children.

The balance of the July diary is principally given to account of Indian raids and fights, particularly one near Camp Cooper and another near Hubbard settlement, and Fort Davis seems to have been in process of dissolution, several families moving or contemplating moving to Camp Cooper and other points.

On August 15th there was considerable excitement in the fort over what seemed a well authenticated report to the effect that the United States, France and Mexico had gone to war and fought a number of battles.

August 26.—There will be no preaching here tomorrow, as the people had expected. There are several persons here, grown, married and single.

Nov. 29.—A large buffalo was driven into the fort this morning, causing a great deal of commotion and excitement. The animal was immediately attacked by forty dogs and killed in a very few minutes.

Dec. 5.—Cold and sleeting and several herds of buffalo drifted by during the day. I have stood in the school house and watched a herd not more than one hundred yards away. I have made some home-made ink, but find it difficult to get it of the proper color and consistency, but it is a case of the best you can do or do without.

There are not as many office-seekers now as there were a few months ago, when a little office would keep one out of the service. Then nearly every man that could write, and many that could not, was a candidate for some office.

Dec. 24.—The first sermon ever preached in Fort Davis was preached here today by Parson Slaughter, and it was the first sermon many of our people ever heard.

Jan. 4, 1866.—Hunters have just returned with wagons loaded with venison, buffalo meat and tallow.

Jan. 7.—Two gentlemen just arrived report that Indians were in Belknap a few nights ago. Mr. Frans also brings the news from Lynch's ranch on the Hubbard that Indians recently stole all the horses from there. Until now the Indians have given us an unusually long rest. It has been three months since they have been seen or heard of in this section.

Jan. 16.—We were agreeably surprised this morning by the arrival of G. T. Reynolds and S. Huff, who have been gone three months with a herd of beef cattle. They, with W. R. St. John, left here for Mexico, but learned when they reached Concho that cattle were not selling well there, so they changed their course and headed for New Mexico. They met a crowd of men on the plains who asked where they were going and when told expressed surprise, and said they admired their courage, but not their judgment. But they made it through without any very bad luck or Indian trouble, though they had a number of escapes. They sold their beeves near the head of the Pecos river in New Mexico. Here St. John, who owns an interest in a mine near Pike's Peak, learned that his partners had sold their interest for several thousand dollars, and as Reynolds and Huff said they could make it back alone, he went to Denver to receive his share of the mine profits.

Jan. 29.—My school is continually getting smaller. This the second time a couple have quit school to get married.

On Jan. 18th, Mr. Newcomb predicts a long-needed rain, also that there would be a number of houses for sale or rent cheap by spring.

On the 19th Mariet Sutherlin came in,

walking, having lost his team and left his wagon near Weatherford.

On the 23rd there was to be a wedding, but the bride-to-be made a furious sort of deadly weapon protest and temporarily triumphed.

On the 25th Mr. Newcomb complains of being tired of teaching school, tired of the lonesomeness and isolation, and wishes for an early spring, that he may go to Missouri to visit his parents whom he has not seen for years. Times are hard, but the people were hopeful and were especially cheered by an occasional report that the government would restore that stage route and re-establish the frontier forts abandoned when the war began.

On Jan. 30th John Hitson moved his family to Camp Cooper, and W. B. Hoover opened a small stock of goods in the house vacated by Hitson.

On Feb. 2nd J. C. Lynch visited Fort Davis and reported that Indians had made another raid and driven off all of his saddle horses.

On the 5th there was considerable sickness in the fort and the people sent to Lynch's for Sam Lindsey, who "was not a doctor, but knew something about giving medicine."

On the 10th the preacher arrived; there was preaching at the school house and the long delayed wedding took place.

On the 11th there was preaching, another wedding and two persons baptized.

On the 12th five persons were baptized, Mr. Newcomb being one of them.

On the 13th two more persons were baptized and Parson Slaughter left for home.

On the 16th three families moved, and others were talking about moving, among them being B. W. Reynolds, who had gone to the old Stone ranch to make ready for his family.

On the 21st Mr. Mosely was in Fort Davis selling his stock cattle at the "rate of two cows and calves for one beef steer, which is a very good price."

On the 23rd two gentlemen came up from the Brazos with a yoke of oxen to trade to Mr. Hoover for goods.

On March 2nd school closed, the teacher being heartily tired of his job and longing to wander around some.

The Battle of the Medina

Written by John Warren Hunter

CONTINUING THE NARRATIVE OF MR. BELTRAN

I could not join heartily in the general and excessive rejoicings over our great victory at the Alazan. Six of my little company of scouts fell while fighting hand-to-hand with the enemy during the last desperate struggle before the Spaniards yielded and fled from the field, three were mortally wounded, not one of the remainder that did not receive wounds more or less severe. My fallen comrades were not interred with the American dead on the Alazan, but were tenderly conveyed to their homes in Bexar and given Christian burial by sorrowing relatives and comrades.

In due time there came a reaction. The revellings ceased to a great extent, our Indian auxiliaries, laden with scalps and spoils of war, departed for their headquarters of their respective tribes, and army and citizens resumed the uneven tenor of border life. About the middle of June a courier from La Bahia arrived, bearing a message from the Mexican Congress, then sitting at Apatzingan, announcing that General Jose Maria Alvarez de Toledo was then on his way from the United States with strong reinforcements, and would succeed General Gutierrez in command of the Republican Army of the North. The dispatch further stated that the enemy was organizing a large army on the Rio Grande for the reoccupation of Texas, but it was confidently expected that with Toledo's recruits this army would be destroyed and the way opened for a triumphant advance into Northern Mexico. News of Elisondo's overthrow had not reached the national authorities when that dispatch was written.

General Toledo was born of illustrious Spanish parentage in Havana. He was educated for the army and at one time was in command of a Spanish frigate. He was never identified with Mexico or Mexican affairs until after his enforced exile from Spain. I mention this in refutation of the claim made by certain biographers to the effect that he was a member of the revolutionary junta

under Morelos. Such was not the case.

General Toledo was a long time member of the Spanish Cortez, where his bold declaration of republican principles and his advocacy of human rights so wrought up the royalist mind that when Ferdinand VII was restored to the throne, Toledo and others of his followers were forced to seek refuge in the United States. In Washington he waited upon the accredited agent of the Mexican government, tendered his services in behalf of the struggling patriots, and his offer was duly accepted. In his tender of service he pledged his own fortune, which in ready cash consisted of \$80,000. This was supplemented by the Mexican junta in the sum of \$30,000, with which, pursuant to orders, he proceeded to the Sabine. Here he met Kemper and others, who had abandoned Gutierrez at San Antonio in April. These men hastened to acknowledge Toledo's leadership and set about industriously to raise recruits for the army at Bexar. This was in June.

According to information furnished by the junta at Washington, and those of New Orleans friendly to the cause, Toledo expected to leave the Sabine with an army of at least 2,000 men, mostly Tennesseans and bold adventurers from Kentucky, but in this he was sorely disappointed. The United States was at war with Great Britain; New Orleans had been threatened, and only a few months previous, General Andrew Jackson the idol of the western branch of the army, had led a force of 1,500 of the very men Toledo expected to enlist, to the relief of General Wilkinson, then in command of the Louisiana department. The sympathies of these Western men and even those of the great Jackson, were favorable to our cause, but they reasoned that their first cause was to conquer the British, after which they would join us in the expulsion of the Spaniard, who at that time was no less obnoxious to the American than to the Mexican. And here I must

say, that in the light of subsequent events, I firmly believe that but for that war with the England, the Spanish power in Mexico would have been crushed before the close of 1815, Mexican independence would have been established, the Providence of Texas would have passed to the ownership of the United States and the war of 1846 against Mexico would never have been waged.

It is not my purpose to write a history of the war against Britain nor biographies of Jackson, Wilkinson and Toledo, and my excuse for offering the foregoing paragraph is that the reader may be enabled to justly appreciate the nature and condition of affairs in Texas in July, 1813,

Toledo left Nacogdoches with a mere handful of recruits—Americans and Mexicans—and reached San Antonio about the middle of July. He was well received by the Americans, and most of the Mexicans. His elegant manners, stately military bearing and fine personal appearance won the respect and confidence of a major part of the troops. Upon his assuming command, Gutierrez departed for the United States, and thus closed the military career of that celebrated Caudillo.

The army, as reorganized under Toledo, consisted of 800 Americans, infantry, and 1,000 mounted Mexicans, and as to arms, ammunition and clothing, the army was abundantly supplied. Captain Mancaha was the only official to oppose Toledo, and his opposition amounted only to a mild protest. This distinguished Mexican was born and raised in San Antonio and was every inch a patriot, wise, brave and a born leader, and his intuitive foresight was far more penetrating than that of his superior officers. "With all Toledo's pretensions," said he to Colonel Kemper, "he is after all a Gachupin, and I have a presentiment that he will prove our undoing. He may be another Elisondo; you Americans are prone to listen to the plausible tales of these Gachupins, while we Mexicans have learned by long experience never to repose confidence in a Spaniard. Mark my words, Toledo will yet be found holding a commission under the crown of Spain!"

Manchaca was correct in his forecasts. Through mismanagement and want of

generalship he became responsible for the great tragedy of the Medina, and three years later he was a fawning royalist in the Service of Spain!

When the news of Elisondo's defeat reached the viceroy in the City of Mexico, that functionary took immediate steps to wipe out the shame and humiliation that had been brought upon the royal arms and of the recovery of the Province of Texas. Brigadier General Arredondo was ordered to proceed with dispatch, with the limited forces then under his command, to Laredo on the Rio Grande, there to establish his headquarters and to bend every energy towards the organization of an army of reoccupation. Orders were also issued to the governors, commandants, priests and bishops of all the four eastern provinces, directing them to forward men, arms, munitions, clothing, horses, mules, provisions—everything required for the full equipment for an army of invasion. In response to this order, alcaldes and other subordinate officials, made their requisitions, bishops and priests—always the friends of royalty in Mexico—called upon their flocks for donations and volunteers. I was told by parties some years later that the Bishop of Monterey offered to grant indulgences to all who would enlist in the crusade to drive back the hated infidels—the Americans—and further announcing that those who could, and would not, engage in this holy service would suffer 1,000 years in purgatory for every month he neglected to serve the crown in this emergency. Armed with these indulgencies, the volunteer was made to believe that repentance was unnecessary and that if he fell in battle his soul would be wafted straight to heaven. Can anyone marvel at the horrible excesses to which Arredondo and his men resorted when influenced by such teachings?

Recruits, ragged, unarmed and half-fed pelados, peons and presidiarios, muladas, caballadas, carts and provision trains, flocked to the great rendezvous, and Laredo, the oldest town (founded in 1755), and about the poorest on the upper Rio Grande, became the scene of bustling activities and sprang into notice as one of the most important gateways to the Province of Texas. The recruits

were armed as they arrived, and from early morn until sunset they were industriously exercised under the eye of the most exacting drill master. Elisondo, smarting under the whiplash of ignoble defeat, rallied a remnant of his troops at Guerrero and Monclova, and with such raw recruits as he could impress, joined Arredondo at Laredo, and on the 10th of July the army took the line of march for Bexar.

Immediately following his arrival in Bexar, Toledo began the reorganization of the army and the establishment of civil as well as military government. I have only to write of the latter. Colonel Kemper was appointed to the command of the American branch of the army, all of whom, were foot soldiers, while Captain, now Colonel Manchaca was assigned to the command of the Mexican contingent, mounted. The Alamo fortress was strengthened and put in a state of defense, while its storerooms were freighted with a superabundance of military supplies, the spoils gathered in at the Alazan. Old guns, in this fortification were replaced by those of better pattern taken from Elisondo, while there were small arms sufficient to supply an army double the size of ours. Colonel Perry was appointed quartermaster general and inspector of arms. He made it a point to see that every gun was in good repair. Infantry and cavalry drills and maneuvers consumed most of the hours of the day, and the patrols kept the men in their quarters at night.

Our Mexican population kept in close touch with affairs transpiring in Laredo. Many had friends and relatives in that town and through their instrumentalities our scouts and spies were enabled to report every movement made by the Royalists, and when Arredondo set out for Bexar these vigilant spies possessed accurate information as to the number of men composing each branch of his army, cavalry infantry and artillery. Three days after Toledo's arrival their report reached headquarters with the intelligence that the Spanish army had taken up the line of march for Bexar and that the strength of Arredondo's army consisted of 735 infantry, 1,190 cavalry, 11 guns of different caliber, 100 artillery men, besides a vast number of arrierros, carreteros and the usual complement of

female camp followers. From this it will be seen that Arredondo's fighting strength was, if anything, inferior to ours; at all events it was so regarded by Toledo, and, I might say, every man in the army, since our muster roll showed 800 Americans and 1,000 Mexicans were ready at a moment's warning for duty.

As in case of Elisondo's approach, there was not an hour from the time Arredondo left Laredo until he reached the Medina that his army was not under the scrutiny of our vigilant spies, and these made their reports with singular promptitude. It is only about seventy leagues from Laredo to Bexar and in traversing this distance, strange to relate, the Spanish army consumed one month. It was alleged afterwards that Arredondo devoted so many hours each day to the drilling of his raw recruits and that he could well afford to so occupy his time, since most of his baggage carts were drawn by oxen, and this, with innumerable other encumbrances, greatly retarded his advance. During the day's march his trains of necessity covered a great distance, often extending for miles, and when nearing the Nueces a band of Comanches, taking advantage of this exposed rear, swept down, killed several of the arrierros and got off with a large number of livestock. When this word was brought in Perry and Manchaca begged Toledo to allow the latter (Manchaca) to head 200 or more of his Mexicans in the direction of the Nueces for the purpose of harassing the enemy. They showed the general that what the Comanches could accomplish the Mexicans, under the able and experienced Manchaca, could do far more, since they were entirely familiar with the country and were schooled in the arts and strategies of Indian methods of attack and retreat. Toledo scoffed at the proposition. "Why should I incur unnecessary risks for a few horses? One man just now is worth more than all the horses in Arredondo's army, and besides, we already have more horses than we need. Allow the enemy to approach at his leisure unmolested; I have my plans laid; I have my ground selected, and at the proper time I will march out and sweep him off the earth." Such were the comforting assurances given the gall-

ant Manchaca. I was present, heard the conversation, and as we left the room Manchaca, in an undertone, as if to suppress his feelings, said to me: "Sus pensamientos indican perfidia!" (His statements savor of perfidy.)

August 17, Toledo marched out to meet the enemy and never was an army more sure of victory. According to reliable reports brought in by faithful scouts, the forces of the two armies were about equal, and in view of the former victories won over much larger numbers, our men felt fully assured that a still greater triumph awaited them on the morrow. But in the minds of many, especially among the Mexican troops and citizens, there ranked a grave doubt as to our success. They had little confidence in Toledo's ability to command an army. The morning we marched out from the city Senora Rodriguez sent for me and her son, Pablo Rodriguez, and during the brief interview that followed, that far-seeing mother voiced the sentiment then prevailing in the minds of most of the leading citizens. As nearly as I remember her words were substantially to this effect: "I have a strange presentiment concerning this expected battle, which causes me to believe that the army is going to be destroyed, in the event of which, the people of Bexar will be indiscriminately slaughtered. Were Manchaca in command we would be safe, but who is this Gachupin? He poses as a soldier, but what do we know of his past? Has he ever won a battle? Was he ever more than a lieutenant under his Gachupin masters? What does he hear at this critical hour? May the holy saints protect us, but I have had awful dreams, and I fear the worst. Go and do your duty as brave soldiers, and if Toledo is routed, as I firmly believe he will be, and if either or both of you should survive, hasten to me; I will be prepared to direct your future course."

The army reached the Medina on the evening of the 17th and bivouaced in a most advantageous position, chosen by Colonel Kemper and Captain Bullard. The Medina lay in our front and in order to facilitate the passage of the cavalry, under Manchaca, in case of a charge, three fords were prepared at convenient distances. The low scrubby

timber and the underbrush quite dense in places, furnished an excellent cover for our infantry, but was rather unfavorable for cavalry maneuvers. The Americans, under Kemper and Taylor, were placed on the right with the artillery in the center, while Manchaca was assigned to the left. We knew the enemy was near at hand and there was little sleep among the troops that night, and early next morning breakfast was served and every man was ready for the fight. About 9 o'clock—the hours seemed exceedingly long to many—our scouts reported the enemy advancing in force, and presently he came in sight. On discovering us in position, the Spanish column halted as if uncertain whether or not to proceed. However, this was only momentary, and after some rearrangement as to formation they advanced until within gunshot and opened fire. This fire was returned spiritedly, and after the second discharge of our artillery the enemy seemed to become confused and began to fall back, as our officers supposed, to reform their lines. Observing this apparent confusion, Toledo ordered Manchaca to take five of his companies, cross over the creek, Medina and maneuver about the enemy so as to locate his stronghold, and if he deemed it prudent, to charge the Spanish lines at their weakest point and thus bring on the action. In the meantime, the royalists had halted and reformed, but seeing this movement on the part of Manchaca, they fired a few volleys and then resumed their retreat slowly, keeping up a desultory firing, until they were joined by a large body of troops, which led Toledo to believe that this new body and those troops on the retreat composed the entire Spanish army and in consequence, and over the protests of all the American officers present, he ordered an advance along the entire line, thus abandoning a strong and almost impregnable position to court defeat and utter annihilation.

When Manchaca, who was now engaged with the royalists, saw that the army was crossing the Medina and comprehending Toledo's blunder, he sent a courier to that officer begging him to get his forces back to his original position, assuring him that the main body of Arredondo's army was yet held in reserve. But

it was too late, and Toledo could not, or would not, profit by the warning.

Once across the Medina, our lines were reformed; Kemper on the right, Manchaca commanding the left, with the artillery, five guns, in the center, and we advanced on a double quick. For about a half-hour the Royalists maintained a stubborn resistance and the firing became furious until, finding himself almost surrounded, Elisondo, who we afterwards learned was in command, ordered a retreat. Seeing this movement, our men sprang forward with redoubled spirit and crowded the enemy so closely that the retreat became almost a rout, until the fact became apparent to Kemper and others that we were being led into a pitfall. In an open space, concealed from our view by a strip of dense chaparral, Arredondo had drawn up his reserves, forming three sides of a square, with his artillery so posted as to sweep the open side of this square, which was open to us, and into which our American troops unwittingly rushed with determined impetuosity, while Manchaca, with equal gallantry, assailed the enemy's right. Discovering his error, Toledo ordered a retreat. I was told years afterwards that this order never reached Kemper, the courier having been killed before he reached that officer's side, but when it reached Manchaca, who was engaged hand-to-hand with the enemy, he shouted: "Tell General Toledo I never turn my back on a Gachupin!" Scarcely had he uttered these words when he fell from his horse mortally wounded. Having overheard the order to retreat, and witnessing the fall of their brave leader, the Mexican troops fell into disorder, some shouting, "Adelante!" others giving back until the confusion became so great that they abandoned the field, leaving Kemper's men to bear the brunt of battle. Just why Toledo did not rally these men, in person, and lead them to Kemper's relief, and try to extricate those Americans from the trap into which he had allowed them to fall, is a mystery that has never been explained. However, his aide de camp, Captain Bullard, succeeded in rallying a force of Manchaca's men, a sufficient number to make a charge on the Royalist rear with the view of cutting off his ammunition wagons, but this charge was repulsed with considerable

loss. Meanwhile the battle along the center raged with increasing fury. Kemper had brought up his guns and planted them within fifty yards of the Spanish lines, and these guns were being served with signal effect, but the storm of shot poured into the artillerymen and their supporting force, which latter was much of the time engaged hand-to-hand with their adversaries, soon silenced three of the guns, and at a critical moment the Royalists charged and the entire battery of five guns fell into their hands.

And thus, with demoniac fury, the battle raged, and these Americans fought until there were few left to tell the tale. Exposed to a withering fire on all sides, they maintained the unequal struggle. There were not fifty bayonets in Toledo's army, but charge followed charge on the part of these Anglo-Saxon heroes, who, with only their long knives and clubbed guns, essayed to cut their way through, only to meet the gleaming Spanish bayonets and—repulse. The battleground became a veritable inferno. The loose, sandy soil had been reduced to an impalpable powder; the cloud of dust and the smoke of burned powder formed a dense mantle made lurid by the glare of flaming guns. But there was no wavering. In all that American host there was not a coward. They were the sons of Revolutionary sires; they were the bravest of the brave, and with them it was not hard to die. No quarter was asked, none given, and the prisoners mentioned by Arredondo in his report were our unfortunate wounded. Finally, when nearly all had fallen, and when there was no longer a cartridge left to the bleeding staggering survivors, Kemper, covered with wounds, shouted: "Boys, save yourselves!" The battle was ended, and the sleuth-hounds of blood were unleashed and sent in swift pursuit.

I do not know how long the battle continued. Arredondo says it lasted four and a half hours, but Arredondo was a Spaniard, and who but Arredondo to magnify his exploits in the ears of the Viceroy Apodaca? I may be mistaken, but I do not think the battle lasted longer than an hour.

At the commencement of the action, my little company of scouts, being mounted, was assigned to duty on the left under Manchaca. At about the same moment,

when that gallant leader fell, my horse was shot from under me, and just as I recovered my feet, a ball pierced my hip, inflicting a painful wound, but fortunately breaking no bones. I had scarcely felt the sting of this wound before a glancing shot struck me just above the forehead, and I fell unconscious, but remained in this state only a few minutes. Seeing me fall, Lieutenant Pablo Rodriguez and another member of my company Adolfo Perez—both more or less wounded—carried me a short distance to the rear, and when the Mexican cavalry began to fall back, a confused rabble, I and others were carried to the Medina, where with fresh water and other very limited means, our wounds received some slight attention.

Although in a dazed state, I was able to sit upright, and after the bandage was secured about my hip I had sufficient strength to walk a few steps, although in great pain. Scarcely had these bandages been adjusted when someone dashed down the bank to where many of our wounded lay and announced the complete rout of the army. Captain Wilkinson, who had rallied a small force to cover the retreat, had just been killed, his men all cut to pieces; Toledo, Kemper Perry and other surviving leaders, were already in flight towards Bexar, the enemy was upon us and those of us who were able to ride should mount and be off. There were numbers of riderless horses within reach, many of them with saddles and bridles, and, aided by Pablo and Perez, I was mounted on one of these loose horses and we joined in the flight to San Antonio, reaching the home of Senora Rodriguez late in the afternoon.

Other fugitives had preceded us and the news of our disaster had thrown the city into a state of the wildest commotion. Toledo and his escort, Kemper, and his companions, had paused in their mad flight only long enough to secure a supply of ammunition from the Alamo magazines and to procure fresh horses from the Government corrals. They were at that moment making all speed towards the Sabine, while individuals and even whole families, laden only with such effects as they could carry on their backs were fleeing, they knew not whither. Hunger, starvation, wild beasts and hostile Indians before them whithersoever

they might go, while a more savage, relentless foe was entering the gates of their city. There is no language to describe the awful pandemonium that reigned throughout that doomed city on that fateful evening. There were many hundreds who could not command the means by which to escape and largely upon these was visited the full measure of Spanish malignity, while many who sought refuge in the mountains and in the wilds of the Cibola were hunted down by Spanish dragons and led back to the city, the men to inhuman slaughter, the women to abject servitude and cruel outrage.

When we reached the home of Senora Rodriguez, then situated a short distance southwest of the Military Plaza, we found that we had not a moment to lose. On all sides we were assailed by a wildly excited populace clamoring for news of the defeat and seeking advice as to what they should do. All we could say was that the day was lost, Elisondo was upon us and they must take care of themselves. And here I was deeply impressed with the prevailing spirit of self-sacrifice among those Mexican women. They did not seem concerned about their own welfare; the escape of sons, fathers, husbands and brothers was the burden of their solicitude, knowing at the same time their own lot when once in the power of a depraved, lecherous Spanish soldiery.

Influenced by her dream and acting under the impulse of her strange presentiment of the army's destruction, Senora Rodriguez was not found unprepared for our escape. Two good horses stood saddled and accounted in her back yard waiting our coming. Two small wallets containing a limited supply of bread and dried beef were ready to strap to the cantels of our saddles; also two muskets, the best she could obtain at the armory, a small supply of ammunition and one pistol had been provided. "Be off at once," urged this Spartan mother. "Do not think of following in the wake of the cowardly Gachupin (Toledo); go to your friends, the Comanches!" "But we will not leave you and the children, Madre," said Pablo and I in one voice. "We will take you along and if the worst comes we can but die together." "Go; I command you," she replied, "entreaty is useless; I am too old and infirm to undertake such

a journey wholly unprepared. I and these children will remain and the Holy Mother will protect us. Go!"

Faint from the loss of blood, the long and painful ride from the battleground in great pain arising from my wound in the hip, I was assisted to my saddle and we, I and Pablo, set off in perilous flight. Perez would have accompanied us, but at the last moment was persuaded to join another party of fugitives; was later captured and executed.

Our course lay northwest and as we were leaving the outskirts of the city we encountered a man by the name of Abner Lane, who was a member of Captain Wilkinson's company, and although badly wounded, had managed to escape the carnage and was just coming in when he saw and hailed us. He begged to join us and, having known him several months and having had proof of his bravery and other good qualities, I gave my consent. He still carried his rifle and pistol, but had no ammunition, and thus a party of three, each more or less suffering from wounds, we made all possible haste to reach the hills northwest of town, overtaking and passing a number of frightened refugees on our route, but refusing any further addition to our number. I will reserve the details of this long and painful journey, our final arrival and reception among the Comanches, for another chapter, devoting the remainder of this narrative to the Spanish occupation and cruelties in San Antonio.

In less than an hour from the moment of our leaving the outskirts of Bexar the streets and plazas of that unfortunate city were swarming with the mounted minions of Spain. When the rout of the army was complete at the Medina, Elisondo, with 200 picked cavalymen, began the pursuit, and as a result of his inhumanity the trail from the banks of the Medina to Bexar became dotted with the corpses of men whom his infuriated soldiers had overtaken and slaughtered. The wounded who had fallen by the wayside, overcome by fatigue and the extreme heat, those on foot or mounted on horses, which from wounds or other causes were unable to carry their riders beyond the zone of danger—all alike were devoted to merciless slaughter.

The city was at the mercy of the avenger, and making a pretext of retaliation

for the blood of Herrera and Salcedo, the Spanish soldiers, unrestrained, spread abroad over the town on their hellish mission of pillage, rapine and murder. Homes were invaded, and where resistance was offered, the defenders were butchered on their own threshold in the presence of their horrified families, the women and even tender girls, mere children, were outraged and in numerous instances, cruelly murdered and their nude bodies dragged into the street. Upon entering these homes the first demand was for mescal, or aguadiente; the next was for dinero. Granted or denied, the procedure was always the same; everything of value was seized, and that which could not be borne away was ruthlessly destroyed, and throughout all the long hours of the night the air was rent with the exultant yells of a drunken soldiery, the wails of little children and the screams of outraged mothers and daughters, and for many years afterwards the people of San Antonio spoke of that awful night as "La Noche Triste"—the night of sorrow.

With his main army, Arredondo reached Bexar early in the afternoon of the 20th. The patio, or parade ground, in the Alamo barracks had been converted into a sort of carcel, more properly, a prison pen, and here, upon the royalist general's arrival, he found that his industrious subordinate, Elisondo, had cooped up in this pen nearly 800 prisoners, including citizens of all stations—all awaiting the verdict of the commander in chief, who lost no time in establishing his tribunal of death, and Arredondo was the tribunal and from whose decision there was no appeal. Those who were taken with arms in their hands were first led into his presence, only to be ordered to immediate execution, and until sunset that evening intermittent volleys of musketry, on Military Plaza, proclaimed to the terrified inhabitants the revengeful policy of the triumphant Gachupin.

In former years a merchant who dealt largely in grain erected a large granery in the rear of his store on Main Plaza. On account of an insect known as the gorgojo (weevil), which in that climate was very destructive, and rendered it difficult to preserve corn from its ravages any great length of time, this gran-

ery was built as a protection against that pest. It was about 20x40 feet in dimensions. The walls were about twelve feet in height, with flat roof and contained only two small openings besides the doorway. These openings were in the south wall, near the roof, merely for ventilation, and could be closed at will. The entire building was of adobe and when the door was closed the interior was almost wholly without ventilation.

At sunset, on the 20th, further executions were deferred until the following morning. A list of the patriots whose sympathies for the Revolutionists were well known was furnished Arredondo, and from this list of names—men already under arrest—he selected 300 of these patriots and ordered them transferred at once, from the Alamo carcel to this granary on the Main Plaza. This order was immediately carried into execution. It was a still, sultry August night, and the temperature, even at best, in the open air was intensely oppressive, and without a drop of water and without any means of ventilation, these 300 citizens were thrust into that small space, the door was closed, guards were stationed on the outside, and later, one of these was severely punished for having repeated to a citizen how those unfortunate prisoners fought and struggled for a position near the little openings where they might obtain a breath of fresh air. The next morning when the door was thrown open eighteen had died of suffocation, four others expired shortly after being removed, while more than half of the survivors had to be lifted and carried from the building. These, when partially restored, were taken before Arredondo, and before the noon hour most of them were stood up against the bloody wall on Military Plaza.

Unsatiated with the blood of patriots and to give broader scope to his consummate malignity, the inhuman Gachupin turned the vials of his fiendish rage against the innocent women and young girls of the devoted city, and more than 600 of these wives, mothers and daughters were arrested and driven into an enclosure near the banks of the river, known as the "Quinta." These were furnished with metates, seized and taken from their own homes, and with these

stone implements they were forced to grind the corn and bake the tortillas for the entire Spanish army. Over these unhappy women was placed a guard and taskmaster a Spanish sergeant, brutal, cruel, beastly obscene and immoral, and he, with the troop under his command, no less cowardly and depraved, found their chief delight in the infliction of every indignity, injury and mortification upon these helpless women and girls. I know whereof I write. Senora Rodriguez and her daughters, the eldest of whom became my wife, were among these victims of Spanish persecution, and I have the truth from their own lips, fully corroborated by the testimony of scores of others of their fellow-sufferers.

Until the first of September public executions were of daily occurrence on Military Plaza; the adjacent country, even at great distances, was scoured in quest of refugees, who, when found, were brought in, the women sent to the "Quinta," the children turned upon the street to starve, and the men delivered into the hands of the executioner. Property owned by patriots and all suspects was confiscated and passed into the ownership of royalists, chiefly Arredondo's officers and favorites. Elisondo, with 500 dragoons, had been dispatched in pursuit of Toledo and slaughter marked his path from Bexar to the Sabine.

The Province of Texas is once more prostrate under the iron heel of the tyrant; her once beautiful capital, San Antonio, is now a city of desolation, strewn with the wrecks of her former glory, and clad in the habiliments of irretrievable woe. Her homes are tenantless, her fathers and sons are either seeking asylum in the fastnesses of the mountains, in the solitudes of the wilderness, or have been consigned to bloody graves, while her gentle matrons and fair daughters have become the enforced slaves of inhuman masters. Truly, Texas is fallen, and the Spaniard has stamped in burning characters of hell his eternal shame on the walls of Bexar.

The tragedy of the Medina stands without a parallel in American history. lore in Texas and the Southwest.

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The Life of John Wesley Hardin

(Continued From Last Month.)

It had been the same way at Memphis, where people flocked to the jail in such numbers to see me that it took a squad of policemen to keep them back. One man named Roe actually rode from Memphis to Texarkana to see me and his wish was gratified by these gallant officers, who brought him into the sleeper where I was trying to rest.

"Why," he said, "there is nothing bad in your face. Your life has been misrepresented to me. Here is \$50. Take it from a sympathizer."

I thanked him and he bid me good bye.

At every station on to Austin a crowd of curious people were at the depot, to see me, but I was so well guarded that few succeeded.

When we got to Austin my guards learned that there was a tremendous crowd at the depot so they stopped the train and took a hack for the jail. The hack just did manage to get there first and they carried me bodily into the jail; so when the crowd arrived they failed to see the great curiosity.

I wrote to some of my relatives at once and to my friends, many of whom I had not seen for four years. Most of them responded and generously came to my assistance with influence and means.

I stayed in Austin jail until the latter part of September and then a company of rangers (No. 35) commanded by N. O. Reynolds and accompanied by Sheriff Wilson and his deputies escorted me to Comanche.

The reason I was guarded by such a strong escort was because they were afraid that the brutal mob who had hung my relatives would hang me.

After traveling several days we reached Comanche, about 160 miles from Austin. Of course our military appearance created interest in every town through which we passed. I rode in a buggy with Sheriff Wilson, the most of the company in front and the lesser part bringing up the rear. We camped out every night and my escort did everything in their power to make me comfortable, except that they kept me securely shackled and handcuffed. On arriving

at Comanche my escort marched up, waited for me to be carried into the jail, as I was too heavily shackled to walk. Reynolds placed a guard around the jail and went out too see what the situation was. He soon found that feeling was very violent against me and that there were 200 men camped two miles from town for the purpose of hanging me.

The sheriff had summoned thirty-five citizens to guard me in the jail. Knowing the situation, and feeling somewhat interested, I told Lieutenant Reynolds to put the citizens outside of the jail yard to guard me and his men inside if he wished to save me. He wisely did this. My idea was that if the mob made an attack on the jail the citizen guard would assist them and if they were inside they would overpower the rangers, which they could not do if they were separated.

The brave Reynolds told me that if the mob attacked me or the jail he would let me out to rough it with him and his men. He would also arm the men in jail, of whom there were ten or twelve. He gave this out publically and the mob never came, but I received anonymous letters saying that if I put off my trial or got a change of venue they would make a demand for me.

As I did not have the confidence in the rangers I should have had I announced ready for trial. I considered a "demand" equal to a delivery to the mob, for I had wrongly no confidence in the rangers. I remembered how my own brother and relatives had been hung by a mob and when there was a company of rangers in the town at the time and ten of them actually on duty.

I employed to defend me S. H. Renick of Waco, T. L. Nugent of Stephenville and Adams of Comanche. Either from fear of the mob or some other unknown cause my counsel allowed the State to put in evidence my character to influence the jury without raising any objection. The very judge himself was disqualified and biased. He had actually given counsel to Frank Wilson about my arrest just before the killing of Webb. He was plainly disqualified. They never

allowed any evidence of my escape to be brought up, although I could have easily sworn that I gave up to the sheriff in good faith and only escaped when the mob and finally hung my brother and cousins. mob disarmed the sheriff, fired on me,

The State tried to prove a conspiracy, but utterly failed in this, hence the prosecution ought to have fallen through. The State proved themselves that Charley Webb had fired at me twice before I drew my pistol, or that I drew and fired, as he was shooting his second shot.

The simple fact is that Charles Webb had really come over from his own county that day to kill me, thinking I was drinking and at a disadvantage. He wanted to kill me to keep up his name, and he made a break on me like an assassin would. He fired his first shot at my vitals when I was unprepared, and who blames a man for shooting under such conditions? I was at a terrible disadvantage in my trial. I went before the court on a charge of murder without a witness. The cowardly mob had either killed them or run them out of the country. I went to trial in a town which three years before my brother and cousins had met an awful death at the hands of a mob. Who of my readers would like to be tried under these circumstances. On that jury that tried me sat six men whom I knew to be directly implicated in my brother's death. No, my readers, I have served twenty-five years for the killing of Webb, but know ye that there is a God in high heaven who knows that I did not shoot Charles Webb through malice, nor through anger, nor for money, but to save my own life.

True, it is almost as bad to kill as to be killed. It drove my father to an early grave; it almost distracted my mother; it killed my brother Joe and my cousins Tom and William; it left my brother's widow with two helpless babes; Mrs. Anderson lost her son Ham, and Mrs. Susan Barrackman lost her husband, to say nothing of the grief of countless others. I do say however, that the man who does not exercise the first law of nature—that of self preservation—is not worthy of living and breathing the breath of life.

The jury gave me twenty-five years in the penitentiary and found me guilty of

murder in the second degree. I appealed the case. The rangers took me back to Austin to await the result of my appeal. Judge White affirmed the decision of the lower court and they took me back to Comanche in the latter part of September 1878, where I received my sentence of twenty-five years with hard labour.

While I was in that Austin jail I had done everything in my power to escape. The cells were made of good material and in fact the jail was a good one, with one set of cages on top of the other, separated by sheet iron. I soon got so I could make a key that would unlock my cell door and put me in the run-around. I made a key to unlock that and now all I had to do was to climb to the window and saw one of the bars. I could then easily escape. But some "trusties" found out the scheme and gave it away to the jailor, who placed a guard inside the jail day and night. Thus it became impossible for me to do the work in the window though I had the key to the cell and the run-around.

There were from sixty to ninety prisoners in that jail all the time and at least fifty of these stood ready to inform on me any time. There was the trouble about getting out.

In that jail I met some noted men. Bill Taylor, George Gladden, John Ringo, Manning Clements, Pipes and Herndon of the Bass gang, John Collins, Jeff Ake and Brown Bowen.

After receiving my sentence at Comanche they started with me to Huntsville, shackled to John Maston a blacksmith of Comanche convicted for attempting to murder and under a two years' sentence. This man afterwards committed suicide by jumping from the upper story in the building to a rock floor, where he was dashed to pieces. Nat Mackey, who was sentenced seventeen years for killing a man with a rock, was chained to Davenport, who had a sentence of five years for horse stealing. Thus there were four prisoners chained by twos in a wagon and guarded by a sheriff and company of rangers. Of course great crowds would flock from everywhere to see the notorious John Wesley Hardin, from the hoary-headed farmer to the little maid hardly in her teens.

On one occasion a young lady told me

she had come over to where we were passing the day before and would not have missed seeing me for \$100. I asked her if she was satisfied now. She said:

"Oh, yes; I can tell everybody I have seen the notorious John Wesley Hardin, and he is so handsome!"

I said: "Yes, my wife thinks so."

When we got to Fort Worth the people turned out like a Fourth of July picnic and I had to get out of the wagon and shake hands for an hour before my guard could get me out of the crowd.

We stopped at Fort Worth all day and all night and then took the train for Huntsville. We arrived there on the 5th of October, 1878, and crowds would come all along the route to see us, especially at Palestine. I was astonished to see even the convicts in stripes gazing at me when we got inside the walls of the penitentiary.

Then they gave me a breakfast of coffee, bacon, bread and molasses, shaved me smooth, cut my hair and weighed me. I tipped the scale at 165 pounds. Then they gave me a bath and took down all the scars and marks on my body. They asked what my occupation was and assigned me to the wheelwright's shop.

I knew there were a heap of Judases and Benedict Arnolds in the world and had had a life long experience with the meaning of the word treachery. I believed, however, that in jail even a coward was a brave man, so I went to work to plan my escape.

I found out where the armory was, about twenty-five yards off from the wheelwright's shop, and concluded to undermine towards it. A carpenter's shop, the superintendent's and director's office had to be undermined before we got there. I took into the conspiracy about seventy-five of the best men, mostly life long term men. Only those who were to do the actual work were let into the plan, the rest were to blindly trust me to say the word and then follow me. The plan was to reach the armory by the underground and there wait until the guards came in to put up their guns and went to eat their supper. We would then seize the guns, demand a surrender, take the prison and liberate all who wished to go except the rape fiends. I perfected my plans about the 1st of November and we began to tunnel towards the armory.

We had to tunnel through five brick walls twenty-four inches thick. This we easily did for we had saw bits, chisels and almost every tool adapted to such work. We were working from the wheelwright's shop and while one would work, the others would watch. We used a small rope or cord as a signal. If the man working wanted any tools, he would give a signal. By pulling the rope we would find a note on the end of it telling anything he wished to say.

So we finished our work quickly and about the 20th of November we were waiting for the guards to put up their guns before cutting through the pine floor. These guards were in the habit of taking outside the walls from 100 to 150 to work on the outside, and it was when these guards came in to their supper that we intended to make our break. Meanwhile several life convicts rushed to the superintendent's office, told him of the conspiracy and how near it was being executed. The superintendent arrested me and nine others, putting us in irons. I denied all knowledge of the armory conspiracy, they put me in a dark cell on bread and water for fifteen days, with a ball and chain attachment.

There were twelve of us doing the tunneling. Two told it to the authorities and "on pressure" nine others owned up. I am certain two long time men were pardoned, Bill Owens and Bill Terril from Waco, the latter having a twenty-five year sentence. I believe three others got their time cut for the same reason—betraying the plot.

When they took me out of the dark cell they put me to work in the factory. I was now "celling" with a lifetime man named John Williams and he was turnkey on our row. He was in with me on the tunneling scheme and had played traitor, although I was not aware of it.

I now conceived the plan of making keys to all the cells on our row in which there were some eighteen or twenty cells all locked with padlocks. I soon had the keys ready and also had impressions of the keys to the outer gates of the prison and had made keys to them which worked well.

For some time I had been able to dispense with my ball and chain. I had cut the bars off that held the shackles together and had put on instead a bolt

with a tap to it, which I could unscrew at will.

On the 26th of December I gave John Williams the keys to see if they would work and he said they worked like a charm. I intended on the night of the 26th to unlock my door and then all the other cells, muzzle the guard, unlock the main prison door and then gate after gate to freedom. I determined to resist all opposition and had two good six-shooters that a trusty brought in to me for that purpose. That evening I was suddenly arrested and locked up. They searched me, found my keys and also the bolt in my shackles; in short my cell mate had betrayed me and the game was up.

That night about twelve officers came in and tied my hands and feet. They jerked me down on a concrete floor and stretched me out upon my face. Two men got hold of the ropes that held my hands and two more of the ropes that held my feet. Then the underkeeper, West, took a strap about 20 inches long and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick. It was attached to a handle about 12 inches long. He began to whip my naked body with this instrument. They were now flogging me and every lick left the imprint of every lash, of which there were four in this whip, consisting of thick pieces of thick harness leather. I heard some one say:

"Don't hit him in the same place so often."

At last the superintendent said, "that will do," after they had hit me thirty-nine lashes, the limit.

My sides and back were beaten into a jelly, and still quivering and bleeding they made me walk in the snow across to another building, where they put me in a dark cell and threatened to starve me to death if I did not reveal the plot. I told them I would tell them nothing; that I meant to escape and would kill them in a minute if they stood in my way. They left me there three days without anything to eat or drink, and on the fourth day I was carried to another cell in a high fever and unable to walk. I stayed there for thirty days.

About the first of February, 1879, they took me out and put me to work in the wood shop. All this time I was plotting and scheming to get away, but my

fellow convicts always gave me away and generally got some privilege for doing so. I was not able to do the work in the wood shop and was in a row all the time with the guard, who had orders to watch me work me. He did not work me much for when he told me to take hold of a plank I told him I couldn't without hurting myself and would refer him to the doctor. He would sometimes report me, but that did no good as I would sooner have taken the punishment than worked there.

In June, 1879, I was put to work in the boot and shoe shop at my own solicitation and soon became one of the best fitters and cutters they ever had.

By this time I began to realize how much of a traitor the average convict was to his fellow. I concluded to try bribing a guard, which I succeeded in doing. Jim Hall, the man who killed Marshal Gosling, was in this plot. Well, to cut a long story short, we got out into the prison yard, when thirty armed men arrested us and took us to the dark cells. This plot was also given away by a convict.

They flogged me again, but not so cruelly as before. I concluded I could make no play that the officers would not get on to and was more cautious from that on. My desire to escape was as strong as ever.

I was getting along tolerably well for a man in prison and began reading a good deal. I managed my work so as to make it very light, and took up arithmetic and mathematics as a study. I went through Stoddard's arithmetic and Davie's algebra and geometry; the balance of my time I devoted to history.

One night the officers came to my cell and told me to come out. They tied me and flogged me again for some imaginary crime and flogged about thirty others for nothing. They may have done this to scare me.

Now I wanted to get away worse than ever before. I became more and more prudent in my actions and conversations and began getting all right once more.

I had now been working in the shop since July, 1879, and this was 1883.

Then three other convicts and I conceived the idea of attacking the southwest picket with pistols and trying to climb the walls, but we had finally to give this up because we could not get the fire arms.

Still & Co. were running a saddle shop in the walls and this shop ran close to the picket spoken of. Eugene Hall was working in this shop and Still & Co. were constantly receiving boxes of material by express. Eugene Hall and I were friends and he was as anxious to escape as I was. Every Sunday we would compare notes. I asked him one Sunday if he had a friend outside who could be induced to box up some arms and send them by express to Still & Co. We knew we could see if the black box came when the whistle blew and we all went out to dinner. We intended to get the guns and fight our way out. Hall's friend weakened, however, and that game was up for the present.

In the meantime Bud Bohannon had been assigned to Still & Co., and not trusting the man very much, but knowing he wanted to escape, I told Hall to approach him and see if he favored my plan, but telling Hall not mention my name. Bohannon liked my plan and at once began to execute it. Of course I was in the play, but talked to no one but Hall on the subject. On the Sunday before it was all to come off I saw Hall and told him that I would take one six-shooter and throw down on the guard from the southwest window of the shop and tell him that his life depended on his actions. If he did not obey I would kill him, the distance being only about ten yards, I then wanted him and his pals to go up a ladder, take him and his arms away and await me at the picket. Then we were to go to the State stable, get horses and leave. Of course, I said, we may have the guard to kill and we are very apt to have some fighting to do, but we can do it so quickly that not even the prisoners need know it, much less the town. This was my plan.

Bahannon wanted to attack the gate keeper and make him open the gate. This was not feasible. Then he wanted to climb the walls with ladders at a place not practicable. Besides all this he wanted to go and hunt up other men to make the play after he and Hall got the guns.

I told Eugene Hall I would have nothing more to do with it unless the men who were in the play would watch the express and go at once to Still's & Co., to get the pistols. They must then attack

the southwest picket. Hall told me that Bohannon would not do that, so I drew out of it.

Sure enough when the time came I saw the black box come in and in a few moments Bohannon came by me and offered me a pistol. I declined it. I saw three or four convicts out in the yard rushing here and there aimlessly. They went to the gate, but the gate keeper being on the out side, got out of their way. They had no certain plan of action and fired several shots either in the air or at the pickets. They finally surrendered before reaching the walls. Of course they whipped them.

I kept on working in the shoe shop until the fall of 1883, when I was taken sick with an abcess in my side and had to give up work. I had been shot in 1872 in my side and this was the wound that became affected.

The officials made fun of me and treated me cruelly. I was denied a place in the hospital, but had a nurse and was permitted to stay in my cell. For eight months it looked as if I never would get well, but finally I began to slowly improve and when I was able to walk, Assistant Superintendent Ben McCulloch wanted me to go to work again, but I refused because I was not able to do so.

After a few days he locked me up on bread and water. When he turned me out I went to work in the tailor shop. They put me to work making quilts. I got the guard and foreman to give me a certain task and got permission to read when I had finished it.

I was now a constant reader. In the years 1880, 1881, 1882, I had studied theology and had been superintendent of our Sunday School. We had a debating society there, of which I was a member and had been president.

In 1885 I conceived the idea of studying law and wrote to the superintendent asking for his advice about what to read in order to have practical knowledge of both civil and criminal law. He referred this letter to Col. A. T. McKinney, of the Huntsville bar. In a few days I received the following letter.

Huntsville, 6th May, 1889.

Hon. Thos. J. Goree:

Dear Sir—Replying to your favor covering note of Mr. John Wesley

Hardin, I beg to state that applicants for license under the rules of the Supreme Court are usually examined on the following books:

Blackstone's Commentaries, 4 vols.
 Kent's, 4 vols.
 Stephens on Pleading, 1 vol.
 Storey's Equity, 2 vols.
 Parsons on Contracts, 3 vols.
 Greenleaf on Evidence, 1 vol.
 Daniels on Negotiable Instruments, 2 vols.

Storey on Partnership, 1 vol.
 Storey's Equity Jurisprudence, 2 vols.
 Revised Statutes of Texas, 1 vol.

For a person who wishes to pay special attention to criminal jurisprudence, I would advise him to read Walker's Introduction to American Law, 1 vol., and Bishop's Criminal Law, 2 vols., before reading the course recommended by our Supreme Court.

These books (except the Revised Statutes) can be obtained at about \$6 per volume from T. H. Thomas & Co., of St. Louis. The Revised Statutes can be obtained from the secretary of State, Hon. J. M. Moore, Austin, Texas, for \$2.50. Yours truly, A. T. M'KINNEY.

(Here abruptly ends the Hardin manuscript—Publishers.)

APPENDIX.

Some idea of the Hardin of 1881 in the State prison at Huntsville may be gleaned from letters written to his wife. In one of them he says, (July, 1881).

"It is now about 8 o'clock p. m. and I am locked into my cell for the night. By special permission from my keeper I now write you. I can tell you that I spent this day in almost perfect happiness, as I generally spend the Sabbaths here, something that I once could not enjoy because I did not know the causes or results of that day. I had no idea before how it benefits a man in my condition. Although we are all prisoners here we are on the road to progress. "J. S." and I are both members of our societies and we are looked upon as the leaders by our associates, of which we have a goodly number. John is president of the Moral and Christian Society and I am secretary of our Debating Club. I spoke in our de-

bating club this evening on the subject of Woman's Rights. John held that women should have equal rights with man and I held they shouldn't. We had a lively time. I followed him winding up the debate for the day. John is the champion for woman's rights, but he failed to convince the judges, who after they had listened to my argument, decided in my favor," etc.

The following is a copy of the pardon and restoration to citizenship granted to Hardin by Governor Hogg:

PROCLAMATION.

By the Governor of the State of Texas. To All to Whom These Presents Shall Come:

Whereas, at the spring term, A. D. 1878 in the district court of Comanche county, State of Texas, John Wesley Hardin was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to the Penitentiary for twenty-five years; concurrent with which sentence is a sentence for two years in the district court of DeWitt county, Texas January 1st, 1892, for manslaughter, and

Whereas, For the reason that he has served out his term of sentence and was discharged from the penitentiary on the 17th day of February, 1894, that good citizens ask it;

Now, therefore, I, J. S. Hogg, Governor of Texas, do by virtue of the authority vested in me by the constitution and laws of this State, hereby, for the reasons specified, now on file in the office of the Secretary of State, do grant to said convict, John Wesley Hardin, full pardon in both cases and restore him to full citizenship and the right of suffrage.

In testimony whereof I have hereto signed my name and caused the seal of the State to be affixed at the City of Austin, this 16th day of March, A. D. 1894.

J. S. HOGG, Governor.
 GEO. W. SMITH, Secretary of State.

Hardin, after being released from the Penitentiary, joined his children in Gonzales county and finally located in the town of Gonzales, where he entered into the practice of law.

During the exciting political campaign of 1894 he took an active interest in local politics, supporting Coleman against W. E. Jones for sheriff of Gonzales county. A bitter newspaper controversy grew out of this between Jones and Hardin and friends of both parties at one time feared serious trouble between the two men. After the election of Jones, Hardin moved to Karnes county.

Early in 1895 he married Miss Callie Lewis of London, Tex., his first wife having died shortly before his release from prison. Soon after this he moved to El Paso, where he lived until his death.

We publish the following letters from prominent men written to Hardin on his release:

Hon. Barnett Gibbs writes him from Dallas under date February 18th, 1894:

Dear Sir—I see from the News that you have been pardoned and am glad of it, for, however great your offense, I feel sure that you have in you the making of a useful man. I hope you will adhere to your good resolutions. Many a man has started in life and in law at your present age and made a success. You have my best wishes in your new life and I will at any time be glad to serve you. Lawyers, as a rule, are generous and liberal in their views and I don't think any of them will fail to appreciate your desire to make up the time you have lost in atoning for your offenses against society. If you should come to Dallas, call upon me. Yours respectfully,

BARNETT GIBBS.

Judge W. S. Fly, associate justice of the Court of Appeals, in sending him a full pardon from Governor Hogg, writes:

Dear Sir—Enclosed I send you a full pardon from the Governor of Texas. I congratulate you on its reception and trust that it is a day dawn for a bright and peaceful future. There is time to retrieve a lost past. Turn your back upon it with all its suffering and sorrow and fix your eyes up on the future with the determination to make yourself an honorable and useful member of society. The hand of every true man will be extended to assist you in your upward course and I trust that the name of Hardin will in the future be associated with the performance of deeds, that will

ennoble his family and be a blessing to humanity. Did you ever read Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "Les Miserables?" If not you ought to read it. It paints in graphic words the life of one who had tasted the bitterest dregs of life's cup, but in his Christian manhood rose above it almost like a god and left behind him a path luminous with good deeds. With the best wishes for your welfare and happiness, I am, yours very truly,

W. S. FLY.

Hardin has often been accused of being the real murderer of Thomas Haldeman, although Brown Bowen was hung for the crime at Cuero in 1878. On the scaffold Bowen reiterated his statement that Hardin and not he was the murderer.

In a letter written from the Austin jail, May 18, 1878, Hardin writes his wife:

"Your pa and Matt came to see me on the 15th. Matt was the same as ever and your pa too. Of course it is reasonable to suppose your pa has done everything he could to save poor Brown, but to no advantage. He is troubled almost to death. He could do nothing. Jane, dearest, I think as much of your pa and family as ever and blame him for nothing, although I have been badly treated. Dear one, on your account and sister Matt's I forgive your pa. He and Matt send their love to you and family. Dear one, your pa wanted to know if there was a statement I could make that would save Brown. I told him no, not an honorable, truthful one, and I told him I hoped he did not want me to make a false one. I told him a true statement would do him no good and a false one I would not make. I told him I would do the best I could, as he insisted that the governor would not allow him even thirty days. So I retired to my cell. They came back the next morning and asked the jailor for the statement. The jailor told me they were there, but I made no reply. In about ten minutes I received the following note:

"Brother John—You told me you would make a true statement about my brother. O, God! why didn't you? O, my God! My poor brother has to be hung. O, my God! do something for him on my account. MATT E. BOWEN,"

I answered her note:

"Dear Sister—My will is good will, but let every tub stand on its own bottom. You ask me to do this for your sake. For your sake I would do anything honorable, but I can not be made a scapegoat of, and a true statement will do your brother no good, and a false one I will not make. Sister, I have a statement already, a true one, and will give it to you or your pa and you can do as you please with it. I am, your sympathizing brother,

JOHN W. HARDIN."

In a letter to his wife just after the hanging of Bowen he said:

"Matt nor your father ever called for the paper. Dear, I forgive poor Brown for his false statements, and may God forgive him. Even after the cap was taken off him he said he was innocent but that John Wesley Hardin did it. He then fell seven feet and lived seven seconds. The whole thing was witnessed by 4500 people. May his poor soul rest in peace and may God forgive his sins."

On June 22nd, 1879, he writes to Manning Clements from Huntsville on the same subject:

"As to the report in the Galveston News that I am the murderer of Tom Halderman, I do not consider it worthy of a denial, for I have never had courage to take a man's life as Halderman's was taken. Any one who ever says that I ever said I killed him is a liar and a mischief making scoundrel, and would steal half a dollar from his dead mother's eyes for gain. It looks as if some one wants to make a scapegoat of me, but that won't work."

We publish the following from the El Paso Times of date of April 23rd, 1895. Hardin evidently had a difficult case in the criminal dockets of the El Paso courts. Juarez is the Mexican town just across the Rio Grande from El Paso. The Times says:

"The toughs who rallied around the imprisoned McRose and Queen in Juarez gave it out that they would bulldoze Attorney John Wesley Hardin if he tried professionally to defeat their schemes to

defeat extradition. Last night Mr. Hardin met the gang in Juarez and slapped their faces one after another."

THE DEATH OF HARDIN.

The El Paso Daily Herald of August 20th, 1895, gives the following account of the killing of Hardin:

"Last night between 11 and 12 o'clock San Antonio Street was thrown into an intense state of excitement by the sound of four pistol shots that occurred at the Acme saloon. Soon the crowd surged against the door and there, right inside, lay the body of John Wesley Hardin, his blood flowing over the floor and his brains oozing out of a pistol shot wound that had passed through his head. Soon the fact became known that John Selman, constable of Precinct No. 1, had fired the fatal shots that had ended the career of so noted a character as Wes Hardin, by which name he is better known to all old Texans. For several weeks past trouble has been brewing and it has been often heard on the streets that John Wesley Hardin would be the cause of some killing before he left the town.

"Only a short time ago Policeman Selman arrested Mrs. McRose, the mistress of Hardin, and she was tried and convicted of carrying a pistol. This angered Hardin and when he was drinking he often made remarks that showed he was bitter in his feelings towards young John Selman. Selman paid no attention to these remarks, but attended to his duties and said nothing. Lately Hardin had become louder in his abuse and had continually been under the influence of liquor and at such times he was quarrelsome, even getting along badly with some of his friends. This quarrelsome disposition on his part resulted in his death last night and it is a sad warning to all such parties that the rights of others must be respected and that the day is past when a person having the name of being a bad man can run roughshod over the law and rights of other citizens. This morning early a Herald reporter started after the facts and found John Selman, the man who fired

the fatal shots, and his statement was as follows:

"I met Wes Hardin about 7 o'clock last evening close to the Acme saloon. When we met, Hardin said:

"You've got a son that is a —, cowardly— of a —."

"I said: 'Which one?'"

"Hardin said: 'John, the one that is on the police force. He pulled my woman when I was absent and robbed her of \$50 which they would not have done if I had been there.'

"I said: 'Hardin, there is no man on earth that can talk about my children like that without fighting, you cowardly — — — — —'"

"Hardin said 'I am unarmed.'

"I said: 'Go and get your gun. I am armed.'

"Then he said, 'I'll go and get a gun and when I meet you I'll meet you smoking and make you pull like a wolf around the block.'

"Hardin then went into the saloon and began shaking dice with Henry Brown. I met my son John and Capt. Carr and told them I expected trouble when Hardin came out of the saloon. I told my son all that had occurred, but told him not to have anything to do with it, but to keep on his beat. I also notified Capt. Carr that I expected trouble with Hardin. I then sat down on a beer keg in front of the Acme saloon and waited for Hardin to come out. I insisted on the police force keeping out of the trouble because it was a personal matter between Hardin and myself. Hardin had insulted me personally.

"About 11 o'clock Mr. E. L. Shackelford came along and met me on the sidewalk. He said:

"Hello, what are you doing here?"

"Then Shackelford insisted on me going inside and taking a drink, but I said 'No, I do not want to go in there as Hardin is in there and I am afraid we will have trouble.'

"Shackelford then said: 'Come on and take a drink anyhow, but don't get drunk.' Shackelford led me into the saloon by the arm. Hardin and Brown were shaking dice at the end of the bar next to the door. While we were drinking I noticed that Hardin watched me very closely as we went in. When he thought my eye was off him he made a

break for his gun in his hip pocket and I immediately pulled my gun and began shooting. I shot him in the head first as I had been informed that he wore a steel breastplate. As I was about to shoot the second time some one ran against me and I think I missed him, but the other two shots were at his body and I think I hit him both times. My son then ran in and caught me by the arm and said:

"He is dead. Don't shoot him anymore.'

"I was not drunk at the time, but was crazy mad at the way he had insulted me.

"My son and myself came out of the saloon together and when Justice Howe came I gave my statement to him. My wife was very weak and was prostrated when I got home. I was accompanied home by Deputy Sheriff J. C. Jones. I was not placed in jail, but considered myself under arrest. I am willing to stand any investigation over the matter. I am sorry I had to kill Hardin, but he had threatened mine and my son's life several times and I felt that it had come to the point where either I or he had to die.

(Signed.) JOHN SELMAN."

Frank Patterson, the bartender at the Acme saloon, testified before the coroner as follows:

"My name is Frank Patterson. I am a bar tender at present at the Acme saloon. This evening about 11 o'clock J. W. Hardin was standing with Henry Brown shaking dice and Mr. Selman walked in at the door and shot him. Mr. G. L. Shackelford was also in the saloon at the same time the shooting took place. Mr. Selman said something as he came in at the door. Hardin was standing with his back to Mr. Selman. I did not see him face around before he fell or make any motion. All I saw was that Mr. Selman came in the door, said something and shot and Hardin fell. Don't think Hardin ever spoke. The first shot was in the head.

(Signed.) F. F. PATTERSON."

Mr. E. L. Shackelford testifies as follows:

"My name is E. L. Shackelford; am in the general brokerage business. When I came down the street this evening I had

understood from some parties that Mr. Hardin had made some threats against Mr. Selman, who had formerly been in my employ and was a friend of mine. I came over to the Acme saloon, where I met Mr. Selman. At the time I met Mr. Selman he was in the saloon with several others and was drinking with them. I told him I had understood there was occasion for him to have trouble, and having heard of the character of the man with whom he would have trouble, I advised him as a friend not to get under the influence of liquor. We walked out on the sidewalk and came back into the saloon, I being some distance ahead of Selman, walking towards the back of the saloon. There I heard shots fired. I can't say who fired the shots, as I did not see it. I did not turn around, but left immediately. The room was full of powder smoke, and I could not have seen anything anyhow.

(Signed.) "E. L. SHACKLEFORD."

Mr. R. B. Stevens, the proprietor of the Acme saloon, said:

"I was on the street and some one told me there was likely to be trouble at my saloon between Wes Hardin and John Selman, Sr. I came down to the saloon and walked in. Selman was sitting outside the door. Hardin was standing just inside the door at the bar, shaking dice with Henry Brown. I walked on back to the reading room and sat down where I could see the bar. Soon Selman and Shackelford came in and took a drink. I then understood Shackelford to say to Selman: 'Come out, now; you are drinking, and I don't want you to have any trouble.' They went out together. I then supposed Selman had gone away and there would be no trouble. I leaned back against a post and was talking to Shorty Anderson, and could not see the front door, and do not know who came in. When Selman and Shackelford came in they took a drink at the inside end of the bar. Hardin and Brown were standing at the end of the bar next to the door. I did not see Selman when the shooting took place. When I went into the barroom Hardin was lying on the floor near the door and was dead. I walked to the door and looked out. Selman was standing in front with

several others. Capt. Carr among them. When Capt. Carr came into the saloon I asked him to take charge of Hardin's body and keep the crowd out. He said he could not move the body until the crowd viewed it. I saw Carr take two pistols off Hardin's body. One was a white-handled pistol and the other a black-handled one. They were both 41 caliber Colts. The bullet that passed through Hardin's head struck a mirror frame and glanced off and fell in front of the bar at the lower end. In the floor where Hardin fell there were three bullet holes in triangular shape, about a span across. They range straight through the floor."

Henry Brown testified as follows:

"My name is H. S. Brown. I am in the grocery business in El Paso with Mr. Lambert. I dropped into the Acme saloon last night a little before 11 o'clock and met Mr. Hardin and several other parties in there, and Mr. Hardin offered to shake with me. I agreed, and shook first; he shook back, and said he'd bet me a quarter on the side he could beat me. We had our quarters up and he and I were shaking dice. I heard a shot fired and Mr. Hardin fell at my feet at my left side. I heard three or four shots fired. I then left, went out the back door, and don't know what occurred afterwards. When the shot was fired Mr. Hardin was against the bar, facing it; as near as I can say, and his back was towards the direction the shot came from. I did not see him make any effort to get his six-shooter. The last words he spoke before the first shot was fired were, 'Four sixes to beat,' and they were addressed to me. For a moment or two before this he had not spoken to anyone but me, to the best of my recollection. I had not the slightest idea that anyone was quarreling there from anything I heard.

(Signed.) "H. S. BROWN."

The following evidence was given Justice Howe this afternoon by the three physicians whose names are signed thereto:

"We, the undersigned, practicing physicians, hereby certify that we have

examined the gunshot wounds on the person of the deceased, John Wesley Hardin, and it is our opinion that the wound causing death was caused by a bullet; that came out at the upper corner bullet; that the bullet entered near the base of the skull posteriorly and came out at the upper corner of the left eye.

(Signed) "S. G. SHERARD,
"W. N. VILAS,
"ALWARD WHITE."

The wounds on Hardin's body were on the back of the head, coming out just over the left eye. Another shot in the right breast, just missing the nipple, and another one through the right arm. The body was embalmed by Undertaker Powell and will be interred at Concordia at 4 p. m.

THE KILLING OF SELMAN.

Hardin's slayer did not long survive his victim. The following newspaper account details the manner of his death at the hands of ex-Sheriff George Scarborough, of Jones county, on the 5th of April, 1896:

"El Paso, Texas—John Selman, the victor of not less than twenty shooting affrays in Texas, the exterminator of "bad men" and the slayer of John Wesley Hardin, is dying tonight with a bullet hole through his body. About three months ago Selman and United States Deputy Marshal Geo. Scarborough had a quarrel over a game of cards, since which occurrence the relations between them have not been cordial. This morning at 4 o'clock they met in the Wigwam saloon and both were drinking. Scarborough says that Selman said, "Come, I want to see you," and that the two men walked into an alley beside the saloon, and Selman, whose son is in Juarez, Mexico, in jail on a charge of abducting a young lady from there to this side, said to Scarborough: "I want you to come over the river with me this morning. We must get that boy out of jail."

Scarborough expressed his willingness to go with Selman, but stated that no bad breaks must be made in Juarez. Scarborough says that Selman then reached

for his pistol, with the remark, "I believe I will kill you." Scarborough pulled his gun and began shooting. At the second shot Selman fell, and Scarborough fired two more shots as Selman attempted to rise. When Selman was searched no pistol could be found on him or anywhere around him. He says that he had a pistol, but that it was taken from him after he had fell and before the police reached him. Scarborough's first shot hit Selman in the neck. The next two shots also took effect, one through the left leg just above the knee and the other entering the right side just under the lower rib. A fourth wound in the right hip is supposed to have been caused by Selman's pistol going off prematurely, as the ball ranged downward. Scarborough is about thirty-eight years old. He was born in Louisiana and was raised in Texas, and for several years was sheriff of Jones county. Selman was about 58 years old and has lived a stormy life. When not drinking he was as gentle as a child, but he did not know what fear was, and has killed not less than twenty outlaws. He was a dead shot and quick with his gun. He was an old officer in service. Some years ago he fought a band of cattle thieves in Donna Ana county, New Mexico, killing two and capturing the others, four in all. He killed Bass Outlaw, a deputy United States Marshal, in El Paso a few years ago."

Copied from the Galveston News Aug 25, 1877:

CAPTURE OF THE NOTORIOUS DESPERADO JOHN WESLEY HARDIN IN FLORIDA

Austin, Texas, Aug. 24, 1877—General Steele has just received a dispatch from Whiting, Alabama, from Lieut. Armstrong of Hall's State troops, announcing that on yesterday, with private Duncan, of the same force, assisted by citizens, he captured the notorious desperado, John Wesley Hardin, at Pensacola, Florida, and took him to Whiting on the train. The requisition being good for Alabama and not for Florida, it was necessary to take him into the former state at once. Hardin had four men with him and made

a desperate resistance. One of his men was killed and others wounded. Armstrong was waiting for the train to leave Whiting, which is a small village, as Hardin he says, has friends and they are trying to rally for his release. Duncan has been on Hardin's trail some time being detailed by General Steele for that special purpose.

Armstrong left Austin with the requisition on the 18th inst., only five days before the capture. Hardin had wanted to return to Texas, but was warned by a letter, which was intercepted, that there was no peace here for honest enterprising men, on account of the disposition of Hall's men, the frontier battalion, and the State Government generally, to disregard Magna Charta.

Copied from the Galveston News, Aug. 26, 1877:

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN HEARD FROM INCENDIARISM

Austin, Texas, Aug. 25, 1877:—John Wesley Hardin tried to get out on habeas corpus at Montgomery, Alabama, but he failed though the only requisition on Gov. Hubbard was by telegraph. The last heard from him was by dispatch from Lieut. Armstrong, that they were on a train passing Verbena, Alabama and will be in Austin Monday.

Copied from the Galveston News, Aug. 28, 1877:

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

Houston, August 27, 1877:—A gentleman down from Austin states that an old Chicago detective named Duncan worked up the arrest of John Wesley Hardin. He first sought out John Wesley's father in Gonzales county, bought a stock of goods, opened up in the old man's neighborhood and in less than a year became one of the most intimate friends and advisers. The old gentleman in a gush of confidence told his new friend that his son, whose whereabouts he minutely and confidently imparted, wanted to return to Texas. But the detective advised him against this and wrote a letter to John Wesley, which the old gentleman signed, telling him to

stay a while instanter and with Lieut. Armstrong, reached John Wesley before his letter did. The balance is known.

Copied from the Galveston News, Aug. 29, 1877:

ARRIVAL OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

Wesley Hardin reached Austin this morning and was placed in jail. Lieut. Armstrong and Private Duncan have earned \$4000 reward offered by the Legislature for his arrest. The law characterizes him "the notorious murderer," though he has not been tried. There was a large crowd at the depot to see him arrive, but they were disappointed, as he was taken in a closed carriage from the rear of the train and carried at once to jail. The desire to see him is general. Numerous applications to the sheriff have been made. The Governor instructed the officers to keep him safe at any cost.

There are nearly eighty prisoners in the jail, some of them from DeWitt and many are considered as desperate characters as Hardin. No one can make a complete list of Hardin's victims but the number will not probably fall short of twenty-eight in Kansas and the territory and fifteen in Texas. He is about five feet, ten inches high, twenty-eight years old, stoutly built and intelligent.

Copied from the Austin Statesman, Austin, Texas: Aug. 29, 1877:

A reporter for the Statesman called on Lieut. John B. Armstrong at the Avenue Hotel and obtained from him the particulars of the arrest of John Wesley Hardin, the noted desperado. He stated that the credit of the working up of the arrest was entirely due to Detective Jack Duncan, formerly of Dallas, who a few years ago went down among Hardin's relatives and friends in DeWitt county and remained there until he got all the information necessary. This having been done Armstrong and Duncan were entrusted by Adjutant General Steele with the important duty of attempting the arrest of this dangerous character who had so often boasted that he could never be taken alive, and on the 18th day of Aug-

ust they left Austin for Pensacola Junction, Alabama, a place sometimes called Whiting, where he had lived for some time past. When they arrived at Whiting they ascertained that Hardin had gone down to Pensacola, Florida, and they proceeded to that place on a special train furnished by W. D. Chipley, general manager of the Pensacola Railroad, who also accompanied them there and rendered invaluable assistance in making the arrest. Sheriff W. H. Hutchinson and his gallant deputy, A. J. Purdue of Escambia county, Florida, are also entitled to liberal praise for aid rendered and Lieut. Armstrong speaks highly of them as well as of Mr. Chipley, and he proposed to deal fairly with them in the division of the rewards offered in Texas, for the arrest of Hardin. They arrived at Pensacola and ascertained that Hardin had gone aboard a train which was soon to start to Whiting and that he was in the smoking car. It was then resolved that he would be taken alive if possible, and some hasty planning had to be done. Detective Duncan, who knew Hardin, took his position on the opposite side of the car from the depot building to prevent his escape; Lieut. Armstrong and Mr. Chipley entered the front door of the car while the sheriff and his deputy at the same time entered the rear of the car. Hardin and his companions (Jim Mann and another person whose name could not be found out) were sitting together in the seat at the rear end of the car, and the moment Lieut. Armstrong, who held in his hand a large pistol, stepped upon the platform, Hardin saw the pistol, and he afterwards stated that he instantly suspected that there was something up which "smelt of Texas business," and he also said that had he not at that moment been seized by two men who entered just behind him he would have fired on Lieut. Armstrong; but fate was at last against him and now it was himself that was to be roughly handled. The moment he was siezed Mann arose and fired three shots himself and several shots were fired at him. Mann jumped out the car window and started to run but was again fired upon and killed. Hardin was, in the meantime, struggling fearfully against odds, but with four men holding him the contest could not last long or result seriously. He did all

that a brave desperate man could do to gain his liberty and when a pistol was pointed at him he said: "Shoot and be damned. I'd rather die than be arrested." After order had been restored, Hardin insisted that he was not John Wesley Hardin, but the next day, however, he admitted that he was, and began to look at his situation in a hopeful and philosophical way, and said that he would employ counsel, not without hope of being acquitted. He also said that he would make no effort to escape on his way back to Texas. He behaved himself very well on the return trip. On the way Hardin fared as well as Armstrong and Duncan did and he kept his spirits up pretty well until he reached the jail, when he showed deep feeling and nervousness and as soon as he entered the inside of the building he asked for Bill Taylor, his cousin. In Alabama efforts were made to liberate Hardin under writ of habeas corpus, but the timely requisition from Governor Hubbard enabled Lieut. Armstrong and Detective Duncan to start on their way with the Grand Mogul of the Texas desperadoes.

John Wesley Hardin was born in Fanin County, Texas, May 26, 1853, and lived there for awhile. His father was a Methodist preacher and attempted to give his children a moral education. Wesley received his education in Trinity and Polk counties, where he spent his boyhood, mainly under the instruction of J. C. Landrum, who now lives at the Carrington Place on Gilleland's Creek in Travis county. In 1869 quitting school Hardin went into the cattle business, and finally settled in Gonzales and married Jane Bowen. In 1874 he sent his wife to his father and brothers and went with some cattle to Comanche, where he lived at peace with the citizens for three weeks when the Webb difficulty occurred. An account of it is given in his own words taken down by our reporter as follows:

"I was not acquainted with Charles Webb. I was in the back of a bar room. Webb was talking with a party to the right of the back door. He was pointed out to me and I was told he was sheriff. I asked to be introduced to him. After finishing his talk Webb turned to go and I spoke to him. He turned and fired on me. My friends, Bud Dixon and Jim

Taylor, seeing he had the drop on me, began to defend me with their pistols. Webb fired three shots and fell. He died instantly. The sheriff came up and I handed him my pistol and demanded protection. Webb's friends came up at this time and Bud Taylor and I ran. Dixon went too, but was arrested two days later.

The same day that Dixon was arrested, my father and mother were arrested. My younger brother and Dixon, neither of whom had anything to do with the affair, were also arrested. The Dixons are my cousins. The two boys, Tom Dixon and John G. Hardin were hung by a mob at Comanche.

Seeing myself in trouble and my friends suffering I decided to leave the state rather than be mobbed. While Jim Taylor and I were hiding they found our camp and made a rush on it one morning. There were about 150 men. We escaped and came to Austin and then to Gonzales. I left Texas and went to Florida.

I was arrested in Pensacola, Florida, in a smoking car. The train was ready to start. I was sitting in the car with my face to the door. I had two companions with me. The deputy sheriff in the plot to arrest me asked me to stay until next morning. At this moment four men appeared and grabbed me.

Several shots were fired. Mann tried to escape and was killed. At Montgomery Alabama, I got a writ of habeas corpus but the requisition came and they brought me on to Texas. The officers treated me kindly and they deserve great praise for capturing me alive.

I am a prisoner and must stand trial. All I want is to be allowed to appeal to the law of the land and I hope the officers of the law will protect me for this end. I want to stand trial. I am sick and tired of fleeing from it and would not go away if I could. I must see the end of it and all I ask is that a mob be not permitted to murder me for I believe I can show that I did not murder Webb."

Hardin is only twenty-five years old and has quite a youthful appearance. He is of light complexion, wears a modest mustache, is five feet, ten inches high and weighs 155 pounds. He is mild featured and mild mannered, with a mild blue eye and talks pleasantly enough. He is evidently tired of his trouble and seems to have no thought except to get through with it. He says he has no fear of the law and that he is ready for execution if condemned, but he claims to be innocent and he is charged with much that he never thought of. He wants the authorities to protect him against mobs, for it is mob violence alone that he fears.

Frontier Justice Served Over a Bar

New York Herald-Tribune, October 18, 1925

LANGTRY.

In a few more months Langtry, the town in the upper border regions of Texas which was made famous by the fact that it was long the home of Justice Roy Bean, the "Law West of the Pecos," will pass out of existence and a new town of the same name will be located on the changed route of the Southern Pacific's transcontinental line, five miles from here. Application of the Southern Pacific to construct a cutoff fourteen miles long, leaving old Langtry and Bean Station high and dry, as it were, was granted recently by the Railroad Commission.

The change of route will shorten the distance between New Orleans and Los

Angeles five miles, but it will remove the most interesting spots on the long route—the ancient ramshackle building by the side of the track where Bean for many years lorded it over the lawless element of the wild frontier. His crude justice was often administered without law, but there was usually reason behind his acts and decisions. Upon the old building in which was located the combination saloon and courtroom and billard room there still remains the weatherbeaten sign:

JUDGE ROY BEAN
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE—LAW
WEST OF THE PECOS

It is related that the sign was painted

about thirty-five years ago by an itinerant artist who stopped off there and took out his pay in liquor which Bean passed over the bar. The Southern Pacific has repainted the sign several times since then.

Southern Pacific officials have been appealed to by Clarence Gilmore, chairman of the Railroad Commission, and other citizens of the state to maintain the old Bean homestead as a public park. This probably will be done.

The naming of the town by Bean is an interesting story itself. It was originally called Vinageroon, which is the name of the deadly beetle insect found in this part of the border. One day the famous Lily Langtry arrived at Vinagaroon. She was traveling from San Francisco to New Orleans. She had experienced a desire to make a call on Judge Bean. The train was held an hour idle while she visited the saloon and courtroom and chatted with the celebrated jurist. Bean held a special session of court in her honor and disposed of several cases in short order. One was a Mexican charged with assault on murder. The fact that he had had no jurisdiction under the law to try such cases worried him not at all. The jury of cowboys found the man guilty and Bean sentenced him to six months' confinement. This confinement consisted of the prisoner being chained to an iron post situated adjacent to the "place of justice," under a spreading mesquite tree.

So delighted was Bean with the charming Lily Langtry that he announced then that from that time henceforth the name of the town would be Langtry and that of his saloon "Jersey Lily." She presented him with a large photograph of herself, which Bean proudly placed in a position of honor upon the shelf behind the bar, where he also kept the old copy of the Revised Statutes of Texas. The fact that the law book was long out of date made no difference to justice Bean. It was only in emergencies that he referred to it at all.

One of the attractions at Bean's resort was a pet bear, which was an adept at drinking bear out of the bottle. The daily arrival of the overland passenger trains, one each way, was quite an event for the bear. In order to give the

through travelers an opportunity to see a bit of the West in the "raw" the railroad officials gave these trains a stop of thirty minutes at Langtry. When the smoke of the incoming train was seen Bean would lead the bear around in front of the saloon and tie it to a post. With the arrival of the crowd of sight-seers the old frontiersman, or one of the Mexican mozos, would hand a bottle of beer to the animal and it would quickly drain it to the last drop down its capacious throat.

"Does the bear ever get drunk?" was usually the natural question of some curious-minded passenger.

"Enough beer would make anybody drunk," Bean would reply.

Beer bought over the bar cost a dollar a bottle, but there were always enough interested passengers to make the experiment. The bear was a big source of revenue to Bean, and bruin seemed to thrive on the beverage. One day a traveling salesman overstepped the bounds of Bean's severe restrictions and was heavily fined. He vowed he would get vengeance. A few weeks later the traveling salesman found himself again in Langtry and at a time when Bean was in San Antonio on one of his periodical visits. The bear was in its accustomed place. A bright thought occurred to the seeker for revenge. He went to the telegraph station, wrote a telegram and signed the name of the Mexican who was in temporary charge of the saloon to the message. It was addressed to "Judge" Bean at his stopping place in San Antonio, and read:

"Bear died last night. What shall I do?"

The telegram was a severe blow to Bean. He wired back:

"Skin bear and ship skin to me here."

The Mexican knew what would happen to him if he disobeyed orders. He went out and locked at the bear. The animal was dosing peacefully in the shade. The Mexican went inside, picked up a rifle and shot the bear squarely between the eyes. He skinned the carcass, and the pelt went to San Antonio by the next train. Bean received it and sent it to a furrier to have it dressed. He came back to Langtry depressed and suffering more or less from a "hang-over."

"What in hell was the matter with

the bear?" was the first question he asked.

The explanations which followed were accompanied by a stirring scene in which the Mexican narrowly escaped his life. It finally dawned upon him that the traveling salesman had played a trick upon him. It was the last time the practical joker made a visit to Langtry during Bean's lifetime.

The transformation of the saloon into a court of justice was an impressive ceremony. As the hour drew near for opening "court" "Judge" Bean would give the bar an extra polish with his dirty apron. He would come around in front of the bar and adjust the chairs into rows for spectators, witnesses and lawyers. The prisoner was never permitted to occupy a seat. This done, he would return to his position behind the bar.

"Anybody want a drink before court opens?" he would ask, surveying the motley crowd with his piercing gray eyes beneath long, heavy brows.

Having served those who responded to this last call, the veteran jurist would mount a chair which occupied a platform just back of the bar. He would stow away his apron, smooth out his long gray beard, place one hand reverently upon the old copy of the Revised Statutes and in loud, solemn words inform the persons assembled that "court" is now open. This duty performed, he would take occasion to announce:

"Gentlemen, it is likely that this trial will be somewhat drawn out, and, as the court does not wish to inflict undue punishment upon innocent spectators, witnesses and the jury, there will be an interval of ten minutes for drinks every thirty minutes."

At the end of thirty minutes he would dismount from his rostrum, restore the apron to his ample form and urbanely inquire:

"Gentlemen, what will it be?"

Not to take a drink would be deemed an insult to the court.

Mexican outlaws had a holy fear of Bean's crude justice. He broke up cattle and sheep theft and various kinds of smuggling along a good stretch of the border. Being tied to a stake in the barren desert during the burning heat of midsummer was worse than serving

a long sentence in the penitentiary. So far as known Bean never imposed a penitentiary sentence upon any person. He was always able to think up some kind of punishment that the criminal dreaded worse than any that the law prescribed.

The state authorities, including the judiciary, well knew that Bean constantly and continuously exceeded his authority, but his acts were winked at and created much merriment among lawyers, judges and governors.

On one occasion a Mexican couple came to Bean and told him they wanted to get married.

"Have you got the license?" he asked.

"No, senior,"

The justice of the peace studied a moment. His face brightened as a solution of the problem came to him.

"I'll send down to Del Rio for the license, but you needn't wait for it to come," he said. "I'll tie the knot now and when the license comes I'll send it over to Comstock to you."

In a few months the same couple came before Bean again.

"Well, what do you want now?" he asked in Spanish.

They told him a long tale of woe. Juanita had fallen in love with another man and Pablo wanted to marry another girl.

"So you want a divorce; do you?"

"Si, senior," they answered in chorus.

He improvised a divorce ceremony on the spot and bade the couple go their separate ways. Some busybody conveyed the information to Judge J. B. Falvey, of the District Court at El Paso, that Bean had granted a divorce. Falvey wrote to the justice, calling his attention to the law and informing him that he had gravely exceeded his authority in divorcing a couple.

"I am running this office of common sense principles," he wrote in his answer to Judge Falvey. "I reckon a man's got the right to undo anything he has done. I married that couple and I had a right to unmarry them."

There are many stock stories of Judge Bean that have been told and retold. One of these relates to a workman on the Pecos high bridge of the Southern Pacific who was killed in a fall from that structure. Bean was sent for to hold the in-

quest. He literally "sat" upon the body as required by law. He then searched the dead man's pockets. He found a pistol and \$48 in money. He fined the corpse \$48 for carrying concealed weapons and stuck the money into his own pocket.

Another instance was that of a white man killing a Chinese cook who was working in a railroad construction camp, near Langtry. It was shown by the testimony that the cook was shot down in cold blood by the intoxicated American. The trial drew a big crowd of witnesses and spectators, and for several days Bean did an unusually brisk business supplying the crowd with liquor over the bar. Finally, the testimony and arguments were over and Bean discharged the jury and took the case under advisement. The next day he reconvened court and rendered his decision.

"I have taken this case out of the hands of the jury," he said, "because I believe I am more competent to handle it than they are. I've gone through this law book," indicating the revised statutes, "and nowhere in it do I find a thing that says it is a crime to kill a Chinaman. The defendant is discharged."

In the discharge of his saloon and judicial duties Bean always went armed. A six-shooter dangled in a holster which he wore around his body. He brought it into play whenever he needed it to enforce his rules or demands, whether holding court or selling liquor. If any person became boisterous in the barroom Bean would rap for order in the courtroom and, putting on his best judicial air, would try and convict the obstreperous party on the spot. The fine usually was "all the traffic would bear."

No appeal was taken from Bean's decisions. He would not allow it, and the lawyers knew it.

This remarkable frontiersman was a native of Kentucky. When sixteen years old he went alone to Santa Fe, N. M. Two years later found him fighting with the American troops in the war against Mexico. Following that war he went to the little community at San Gabriel's Mission, in Southern California, where he ran a saloon and dancehall for a few years. He next went into the business of hauling merchandise between San An-

tonio, Texas, and Chihuahua, Mexico. had many encounters with Indians and bad men. When the Southern Pacific built its transcontinental line through the upper border of Texas, Bean ran a movable saloon at a number of points at the "end of the line," finally opening a permanent establishment at Vinagaron. He was appointed justice of the peace at the instance of the higher officials of the Southern Pacific, who wanted some one they could depend upon to rid that part of the border of bad characters. Although Bean's term of office was two years, he held the job for twenty years without ever being re-elected.

Texas Folk Lore Society.

Legends, ballads and historical incidents are constantly being brought to light through the work of the members of the Texas Folk Lore Society throughout the State who are interested in the history of the regions in which they live, according to Miss Fanny Ratchford of the University of Texas who is a member of the society.

Believing that the promotion of worthy literary productions supplements the work of the collection of Texas folk lore, the society has issued a book, "Westward the Course of the Empire," by Mary Matlock Griffith. This dramatic pageant covers the history of Texas in six periods: The French, the Spanish Missions, the Spanish Secular, the Mexican, the Colonial Revolution and the Republic of Texas. "A Mexican Popular Ballad," with music, prepared by W. D. Whatley for the most recent publication of the society, is the result of another phase of the work being undertaken by the Texas Folk Lore Society. In this same publication, "Reptile Myths in Northern Louisiana" by John K. Streckler, curator of Baylor University, opens yet another field in myths, it is said. Since its organization in 1916 several other volumes have been issued. Membership in the Texas Folk Lore Society is open to all persons interested in the exploration and preservation of the folk-

Subscriptions to Frontier Times should be renewed promptly to avoid missing a single issue. In renewing your subscription or changing address be sure to give former address.

John Braden's Loaded Musket

By W. A. Morris

The first horse stolen in Montague county was on the night of June 5, 1858. Capt. D. S. Hagler and his brother, Maricon Hagler, a single man, moved from Lamar county, Texas, arriving about June 3rd, of the aforesaid year, and camped about one mile northeast of where the town of Forestburg now stands. Their camp was in a grove of large post oak trees which stood in the margin of a prairie, near the base of a mountain covered with timber and undergrowth. Captain Hagler had brought with him a herd of cattle and thirty head of good horses, nearly all of which were mares. His brother, Maricon, had brought along a fine stallion, and the two brothers were well equipped for a successful stock raising business.

Not anticipating any trouble from Indians, the Messrs Hagler indulged in a state of fancied security that came near proving quite serious. They staked out some of their horses, others they hobbled in the little prairie in front of their camp. Capt. Hagler and his wife made their bed down under one of the large post oak trees, while my wife, then a little girl of ten years, a sister to Mrs. Hagler, occupied a couch near by. Marion Hagler slept under another tree, and before retiring each of the men hung his saddle to a limb of the tree, under which he had spread his bed. The feeling of security was greatly strengthened by the presence of two large fierce dogs owned by Captain Hagler and these had proved so watchful that the family felt quite sure that no one could approach the camp without being discovered.

When these men awoke the next morning, daylight revealed the fact that they were afoot. There was not a horse to be seen anywhere, and moreover, their saddles were missing. During the still hours of the night while the immigrants were wrapt in sound healthful slumber, two Indians, with stealthy tread and noiseless movements, stole into camp and without even disturbing the watchful dogs, removed the two saddles, almost from the sleepers heads, rounded up all their horses, and lit out.

The alarm was immediately given and among the few settlers a posse was speedily assembled and the trail followed. The path of the thieves led near my father's house, and Jim Ned lookout, passing over the site where, later, the town of Montague was built, thence by Barrel Sprigs, and on to Belknap creek, west of where Belcherville is now located.

It chanced that on this particular day of which I write, four men were out on Belknap creek, prospecting and looking at the country. These men were John P. Braden, William Fanning, Joab Faulkner, and another man whose name I cannot recall. Each one of these men was armed with a flint lock muzzle loading rifle, except Braden. His only weapon of offense and defense was an old flint lock musket of an ancient pattern, and about as safe, when discharged, at one end as the other. The day previous it had rained heavily and these men had become soaked and their guns also got wet. Early that morning before leaving camp all discharged their guns and reloaded except John Braden. His old musket contained a charge eighteen buckshot—"blue whistlers"—and he tried every means at his command to get his artillery to "go off" but failed. The crowd was ready and waiting to set out, and finally despairing of ever getting his gun to fire, Braden gouged out the touch hole the best he could, put in fresh priming, mounted, and was off with his comrades.

Along about ten o'clock, and while leisurely pursuing their course they discovered a large bunch of horses, being driven by two Indians. This aroused their curiosity, and they decided to investigate. They changed their course slightly, and attempted to ride in ahead of the herd, and when within a short distance of the bunch, the two Indians raised a whoop and dashed down upon them, the four white men at the same time rushing forward to meet the two savages. During the mixup that followed, the Indians became separated, and one of them dismounted and ran to a large post oak tree from which posi-

tion he sent a shower of arrows. Braden was riding a wild young horse, scarcely bridle-wise, and the noise and excitement of the fight caused his horse to run away, carrying Braden and his old, and apparently useless musket, right up to the tree behind which the Indian had sought safety. Just as he reached this tree the Indian let drive and sent an arrow through the horse's neck, causing him to wheel with such suddenness that Braden was thrown off, falling almost at the Indian's feet, and before he could rise, an arrow from the Indian's bow struck him squarely in the forehead, glancing upward and plowing to the skull to the top of his head. This added him so that he was unable to rise, but he yet had the use of his hands and arms and the presence of mind to enable him to cock his musket and to realize his position. The Indian sprang forward to give him the finishing shot when raising his old artillery, and without taking aim, or even raising his gun to his shoulder, Braden pulled trigger; a deafening explosion followed: a detonation that shook the earth and could have been heard miles away, and eighteen "blue whistlers" passed through that Indian's breast, killing him instantly.

All this occurred in much shorter time than it takes to relate it; meanwhile, the other three were paying their respects to the other Indian, who being superbly mounted on Marion Hagler's fine stallion kept up a running fight by circling the men until he saw his comrade fall, after which he lit out and made his escape with Hagler's horse.

After having, in a rude manner, dressed Braden's wound and binding a kerchief about his head, the men rounded up the captured horses and started out on the back trail to see if they could find the owner. They had not heard of Hagler's loss or that of any one else, but they well knew that they were in possession of a bunch of horses stolen by those two Indians from some settler, and this settler they were bound to find. It was the frontier way, in those days.

Leaving their dead Indian to the care of the wolves, they departed with the herd, and reaching Barrel Springs on Coffee Creek, they met the posse that had started on the trail of the two

thieves. When they came upon these pursuers, the first thing in order was to explain where and how they became possessed of the horses, and the next was to tell about the fight, with ever so many good humored witticisms about Braden and his battery of heavy artillery. The interest aroused was so great that the posse and the four men who participated in the fight had to go back to the battleground and view the dead Indian, after which, all camped on Belknap creek for the night. The day following, the horses were delivered to Mr. Hagler, with the injunction to never sleep with both eyes shut while on the frontier.

The spot where Braden killed this Indian is nearly due west from the town of Belcherville, at a point where the south fence of the old Stitt farm enters the timber by the side of a post oak tree, which is yet standing if it has not been felled within the last few years.

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Ft. Phantom Hill and Its Military History

C. C. Rister, Secretary West Texas Historical Association, in Western Weekly

In recent years there has been quite a controversial discussion going on in a number of the West Texas newspapers concerning old Fort "Phantom Hill." Many views have been advanced concerning the notable army officers stationed at this frontier post while it was occupied by United States forces, the manner in which it received its name, and its importance as a link in the chain of defense against the Indians; but the various opinions are so conflicting that one is lost in the maze of uncertainties in the light of all these stories. One says that the post was established by General Sam Houston before Texas became one of the states of the Union; another says that General George Thomas established the post while an officer in the second United States Cavalry; and still another says that General Robert E. Lee not only established the post but that he was stationed there while he was in Texas, and that one of his children is now buried on the hillside near the old post. The strange part is that each one advocating these various views is quite uncompromising in his or her opinion.

It is still more strange why these various opinions continue to thrive in the light of incontrovertible official records on file in the Old Record Section of the Adjutant General's office at Washington, together with biographies and memoirs of all the noted army officers who are claimed to have been stationed at "Phantom Hill" at one time while on duty in Texas. Since all these men mentioned in connection with this controversy were stationed at other points during the time that Phantom Hill was occupied by United States forces legends coupling their names with "Phantom Hill" should be discredited.

It is well to discredit in the beginning the story that Sam Houston established the post and was quite a frequent visitor there. As a federal garrison the post was in no way connected with Houston. It was not established until 1851 and at that time those having to do with the building of the fort said that there was nothing there but the lonely hill when

the Government forces arrived. Houston, as a member of the American Congress, did often call the attention of the nation to the barbarities being perpetrated by the wild Indians on our frontier, but to maintain that our illustrious Texas hero had anything to do with the establishment of "Phantom Hill" can hardly be sustained from reliable sources.

One of the most controversial points having to do with the officers stationed at "Phantom Hill" was in connection with the military service of Robert E. Lee. Lee was at no time stationed at "Phantom Hill," according to records on file in the War Department. He was an engineering officer from the close of the Mexican War up to the time he was sent to Texas with the Second Cavalry. From November, 1851, to September 1852, he was stationed at Baltimore, Maryland, and on the latter date he was transferred to West Point, New York, where he remained until April, 1854. Since "Phantom Hill" was not established until November 14, 1851, and was abandoned on April 6, 1854, it was quite impossible for Lee to have been stationed there. When the second United States Cavalry was sent to Texas in 1856, Lee came with it as Lieutenant Colonel. For a time after his arrival in Texas, he was stationed at Fort Brown from which place he wrote to his wife in December 1856, saying that his only regret in frontier duty was that he was forced to be absent from his family. At this time his wife and children were at Arlington, Virginia. Thus, the story that one of his children was buried on the hillside near "Phantom Hill" seems to be rather far-fetched.

It can be affirmed equally that Generals Thomas, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Joseph E. Johnston were never stationed at "Phantom Hill" as is said by some of our writers. The "Biographical Register of Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point," together with other materials on file in the War Department show that Albert Sidney Johnson was stationed at Austin, Texas, as Paymaster of the United States forces scattered along our frontier, and though he visited "Phan-

from Hill" frequently in pursuance of his duties, he was not stationed there. At the time of the establishment of the post Joseph E. Johnston was stationed at San Antonio with the Topographical Engineers, but in October, 1853, he was transferred to Louisville, Kentucky, where he remained during the time of the occupancy by Federal forces of "Phantom Hill." As to General Thomas having a part in the establishment of this post, in 1856 he came to Texas, two years after the abandonment of the post, as Major in the Second United States Cavalry. Though this officer saw service along our entire frontier, and undoubtedly visited the post while stationed at Camp Cooper, the official records of the War Department show that at no time was he stationed there.

"Phantom Hill," in the official records of the War Department, is also known as "The Post on the Clear Fork of the Brazos." The occasion for the establishment of a post on the Clear Fork was incident to the carrying out of a policy of locating an interior line of forts in advance of the white settlements, stretching from Eagle Pass to the Rio Grande to Preston on the Red River. A second line interior to the first. At the beginning of the movement the greater part of the Fifth United States Infantry, under the command of Colonel Loomis was stationed at Fort Belknap, on the Red Fork of the Brazos. This force was divided in the beginning of the winter of 1851, when five companies under the command of Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Abercrombie were sent to a point about fifty miles southwest from Fort Belknap, with instructions to establish a post near the Clear Fork. Lieutenant Abercrombie arrived at a point known locally as "Phantom Hill" on November 14, 1851, and established a post under the name above referred to. Records detailing the establishment of the post explain that at the time of arrival of the troops it was known "locally" as "Phantom Hill," so the ghostlike chimneys now standing there had nothing to do with giving the place its name. Col. Abercrombie was relieved of his command on April 27, 1852, by Lieutenant Colonel C. A. Waite of the Fifth Infantry. These troops

under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Waite formed the garrison until August 24, 1853, when four companies were withdrawn and moved to Ringgold Barracks on the Rio Grande. On the 24th of September of the same year the remaining company was withdrawn and company "I" of the Second Dragoons was sent to take its place. This organization was under the command of Brevet Major Henry Sibley. These troops formed the garrison until the spring of the following year, when on the sixth of April, 1854, the point was wholly abandoned as a military post.

The five companies of the Fifth United States Infantry and the officers of each company were as follows: Company B, Captain J. C. Robinson, Company C, Captain T. H. Fowler, Company E, Second Lieutenant J. H. McArthur, Company G, Lieutenant F. T. Dint, and Company K, Captain N. B. Bopell. The total force of these five companies when inspected by Colonel Freeman, who at that time was Assistant Adjutant General of the English Military Department, consisted of two hundred and nineteen men. Of this number one hundred and twenty-three were raw recruits. Concerning this number the Inspector wrote:

"The troops have on fatigue clothing. A small quantity of the new pattern arrived for two of the companies, (B and C), and invoices of a full supply for the whole command have been received. The clothing exhibited at inspection was clean, though many of the recruits had not had their overalls and jackets altered to fit their persons. The arms and accouterments were in good order. The knapsacks were indifferent particularly those of India rubber, brought on by the recruits.

"The battalion could not be reviewed or exercised owing to the large number (123) of raw recruits who had joined a fortnight before, and the few old soldiers in rank. In some of the companies there were not half a dozen instructed men under arms—three detachments (all old soldiers) being absent on escort and fatigue duty. Upwards of fifty recruits appeared on parade without arms—there being none in the company stores for the issue. Brevet Colonel Waite reports that small requisitions have been made for arms, etc.,

which have not been complied with. We now have fifty-five recruits without arms."

The duties of these frontier soldiers were indeed arduous. Scouts were kept out continuously hunting down the marauding Indians which constantly depredated on the frontier, killing men, women and children, and carrying away stolen stock. Escorts were furnished government trains, and stage coaches which brought the mail to the soldiers from Fort Belknap, forty-two miles to the northeast of "Phantom Hill." In the winter time, during the prevalence of "northers," from eight to twelve wagons were in constant use hauling firewood from a black jack thicket five miles away. One writer spoke of the fact that timber was so scarce that lumber for building purposes was hauled for a distance of from eight to forty miles. Even drinking water for the post had to be hauled for a distance of four miles.

Colonel Freeman reported that there were no Indians living in the vicinity of the post, although they were frequent visitors there for the purpose of trading with the soldiers and settlers in the neighborhood. Contrary to many stories concerning desperate attacks made on the fort, it appears from written reports of the department commanders that the Indians kept a respectful distance, fearing the two "8 pounders," the only artillery at the post.

Contrary to the usual conception, there were no strongly fortified redoubts or earthworks at "The Post on the Clear Fork of the Brazos." The post was merely a cantonment camp where the officers and enlisted men were sheltered. Colonel Freeman reported that the "buildings, which are of a very inferior character, were put up by the labors of the men." Both the officers and soldiers lived in pole huts daubed with mud of which the Inspector wrote: "They are now in dilapidated condition. The company quarters will, in all probability, fall down during the prevalence of the severe northers of the coming winter."

Because of exposure to the severe weather encountered both at the post and on escort duty, coupled with the poor food furnished the soldiers, much

sickness was experienced. There were three hundred and sixty three patients from the various companies of the Fifth Infantry treated at the post hospital during the year 1863. Of this number ninety-one had intermittent fever and a large number of the remaining patients were afflicted with scurvy. This disease was thought to have been brought on by the absence of vegetables from the soldiers' diet. To correct this situation Dr. Taylor, the post physician, recommended that pickles be added to the ration of each soldier, and failing to raise vegetables in the post garden because of droughts, this was done.

It is interesting to note that two of the reasons for the evacuation of "Phantom Hill" as a government post were the inadequate supply of water in the vicinity of the post and the inability of the officers of the fort to supply the men with vegetables from the post garden. Since it was thought that these two deficiencies could be more easily supplied at some other point on the frontier where at the same time protection could be given the settlers, "Phantom Hill" was evacuated, and the men formerly stationed there distributed temporarily to other posts along the frontier.

In 1871 Gen. W. T. Sherman camped at "Phantom Hill" while on a tour of inspection of the Texas posts, and Inspector General Marcy who accompanied him on this trip made the comment that "this fort was destroyed by our troops in 1861," and that all that then remained were two stone buildings and a number of chimneys. However, another visitor to the post shortly after its abandonment in 1854 stated that all to be found at the post were a number of chimneys and the ruins of buildings, so it is not revealed from official records why and by whom the buildings at the post were burned. It has been maintained stoutly by some of the frontiersmen who were in West Texas at the time, that the post was burned by Federal troops upon evacuation in 1861, and yet we have a contemporary writer of 1856 who says that at the time he visited the post the fire had already occurred. This account seems to discredit the story first mentioned but as to why the

post was burned there is no official light available.

After the abandonment of "Phantom Hill" as a station for Government troops it was then used as a mail station and from time to time small bodies of troops were stationed here to guard the mails or to use this point as a base from which to project expeditions into the Indian country to the west. From the outbreak of the Civil War up to 1865 the post was often visited by Confederate troops patrolling the frontier, keeping back the hostile savages who sought to take advantage of disorganization brought about by the evacuation of West Texas by Federal troops. For a time after the close of the Civil War no troops were stationed there and the entire region about the post again passed under control of the marauding Indians.

In carrying out instructions as found in paragraph III of General Order No. 6, of the Department of Texas, of April 10, 1871, which directed the post commanders to keep one-half of their commands constantly in the field scouting for Indians, sub-posts were established at Fort Lancaster, Mayner's Creek, Camp Wood, Camp Hudson, Fort Chadbourne, and "Phantom Hill." Each of these sub-posts were garrisoned by one company of the Infantry and a detachment of cavalry which were to be relieved monthly. The subpost of "Phantom Hill" was established by paragraph II, Special Orders, No. 115, Headquarters, Fort Griffin, Texas, on June 5, 1871, and discontinued on July 18, 1871, but because of incessant dangers from Indians to the settlements, it was reestablished by Special Order, No. 3, Fort Griffin, Texas, on January 5, 1872. The command at the subpost was to be relieved by a similar command on the 8th of each month, and supplied from Fort Griffin. The order of reestablishment of the post directed Captain Theodore Schwan, 11th United States Infantry, with Company G of the same regiment, four cavalymen, and two Tonkaway scouts to leave Fort Griffin on January 8, 1872. He was to carry with him supplies including two wall tents and flies, twenty common tents, and other camp equipment necessary for the comfort of the men.

In addition to patrolling the frontier a detail of one non-commissioned officer and six privates were sent to guard the Overland Mail Station at Mountain Pass, some eighteen miles south of Merkel. In this connection it is interesting to notice the wording of a Special Order issued from Fort Griffin on November 24, 1871, given as follows:

"The detail of one (1) non-commissioned officer and six privates to guard the mail station at Mountain Pass, Texas, will therefore be furnished from the Infantry company, for the time being, stationed at the sub-post of "Phantom Hill"

"To this end one (1) non-commissioned officer and six (6) privates of Company G, 11th Infantry, to be selected by the Company Commander, fully armed and equipped with one hundred (100) rounds of ammunition per man, and rationed to include the 10th of February, 1872, will report at this office today, the 5th instant, at one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of proceeding to Mountain Pass, Texas, there to relieve a similar detachment now guarding the mail station at that place."

One of these details of troops at Mountain Pass was attacked in the Spring of 1871 by a band of from seventy-five to one hundred Comanche Indians. The savages had attempted to stampede the horses which were used by the Overland Mail but when they were thwarted in their designs by the troops they savagely attacked the defenders of the station. For three hours the small force of defenders warded off every attack of the Indians and when it was seen by the savages that the capture of the place could be effected only by the loss of a large number of men, they withdrew, taking with them their wounded but leaving on the field three bodies of warriors killed in the fight.

Though no officers who latter became outstanding generals in the war between the states were ever stationed at "Phantom Hill" many of those stationed there later rose to prominence in military circles. Colonel Carlos A. Waite, who was in command of the portion of the 5th Infantry stationed there, at the time of the outbreak of the Civil War was in command of the 8th Military Department, (Texas), and surrendered four-

teen companies of his command of the state authorities when Texas went over to the ranks of the Confederate States. Colonel Sibley and others stationed here also rose to positions of importance in the armies of the North and South.

In the vicinity of the post, after the Civil War, sprang up a thriving little village and with the abandonment of the place by the Federal forces the community grew to be quite a pretentious village. Great hopes of this becoming the county seat of Jones County and one of the most wide-awake towns in the West were fostered by those living there. But when other communities in the County developed and the County seat was finally located at Anson, the business men of "Phantom Hill" moved to the more prosperous village and "Phantom Hill" went into its long sleep from which it has not awakened, unto this day. One of the citizens of this community wrote a letter to the "San Antonio Daily Express" in 1892 and complained of the fact that most of the business men had moved away and that at that time there remained "one hotel, one saloon one general merchandise store, one blacksmith shop, and ten thousand prairie-dogs."

"Phantom Hill", as other frontier posts at that time, served a useful purpose and should be remembered as one of the links in the chain of frontier protection. It was in the establishment of such posts, and in carrying out operations from these posts against hostile savages throughout the entire region, that the settlement of this country was made possible. These old ruins, standing as sentinels on the borderlands of those days that are past and gone, are harbingers of the prosperous era now dawning in West Texas. In this care-free age, when contentment and a measure of luxury prevails among our people, we sometimes forget the history coupled with the privations, sufferings and hardships of our heroic forefathers, and it is the sight of these old ruins that carry us back again to the time when West Texas was in the formative period. Today these old ruins are in a delapidated state. The old powder magazine is now used for a cow-pen, the commissary for a pig-sty, and the building where once the violators

of the rules and regulations of the post were imprisoned, today is occupied by a farmer who tills the soil near by. It would be a fine thing indeed if the patriotic citizens of this portion of the state could buy the site of this historic old post and erect a fitting memorial to our brave fore fathers and preserve as far as possible some of the old tumbled down walls of the various buildings.

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Early Days in San Antonio Recalled

Sketch Sent to Frontier Times by Miss Sarah S. King

This story of the early days was told by Mrs. Emily Brackett King in 1917, five years before her death, which occurred in 1922. Mrs. King wrote these memories of her journey to Texas and her life in San Antonio in the form of a letter to her great grandchildren, Emily and Danforth White of Los Angeles, California. Mrs. King came to Texas as a little girl in 1846, one year after Texas became a state, and though all the most bloody days of Texas history were then in the past, life in San Antonio was still that of the frontier. She was eighty-two years old when she wrote the sketch which follows.

You want to hear about the days of long ago. It has all been told in wonderful books of history and romance—I can but add a personal touch that you may treasure. It cannot be great or exciting as my path in life was a home-maker and I just touched the skirts of great events and saw heroes passing along just as quietly as you watch a moving picture.

Remember—your best day is always today, so “do your best each day and trust in God.”

With this little sermon I begin at the beginning of family life in America, for we trace our ancestry back to 1634, when one Nicholas Danforth settled in Newtown, now Cambridge, Mass.

The Danforths were prominent in early New England history, as the political, educational and religious records show.

In 1776 my great-grandfather, Asa Danforth, fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill. He was proud of being a Boston Tea Party man and ranked as Major Danforth at Burgoyne's surrender. At the end of the war he found himself a poor man on account of the decline of Continental money, so he moved to Onodaga county, New York, and was called “The father of Onodaga County.” My grandmother, Patty Danforth, married Thaddeus Wood, a hero of 1812, and their daughter Emily Wood, was my mother. She was a pupil of Emma Williard's school of Troy, New York, and when about 20 years old married O. B. Brackett, a merchant of Syraeuse, New York. In 1846 he came to Texas for his health. We followed within a year—mother and four little girls (Mary, Sarah, Emily and Ellen.) We came through the Erie

canal and thought it a wonderful trip. We visited an uncle at Lafayette, Indiana, and had to leave furniture, pictures and books with our relatives, as we found it impossible to carry so much baggage.

We were over three weeks coming down the Mississippi river to New Orleans. I do not remember much except sand bars and dark woodlands. From New Orleans we came to Galveston and then to Deerows Point on Matagorda Bay, where the Mavericks were staying on account of political affairs in San Antonio.

They bore their losses and troubles like true patriots and welcomed us in a very cordial manner. In an early day people could not do enough for each other.

Our next stop was at Lavaca, where we boarded with a woman who had once been a captive among the Indians. We thought this very wonderful but it filled us with awe and apprehension.

While here a ball, was given by the citizens and Mr. “Limpy” Brown came with his charming wife from Victoria, Texas, where Mr. Brown had a hotel and livery stable. The Browns traveled in a fine ambulance and Mr. Brown agreed to return from Victoria and bring us to San Antonio.

Mr. Brown was called “Limpy” because he had been wounded in an Indian fight and he told some hair-raising Indian stories.

My father and Mr. Peter Gallagher acted as outriders on the way to San Antonio. I hid my head in my mother's lap most of the way because Mr. Brown would tease and yell: “Indians! Indians! Here they come. Look

out." Every leaf that stirred seemed to be a lurking Indian and though in after years I saw many an Indian, they filled me with more or less fear. We reached San Antonio without any excitement and as soon as I felt safe in the small Mexican village, I asked: "Where are the pavements?" Mr. Gallagher laughed and mother said: "Emily likes order and style."

We boarded at Anton Lochmair's in the old Navarro house, corner Commerce and Flores streets. When my mother went house hunting she did not have far to go, but nevertheless houses were scarce.

We secured part of the Trevino house, where the Frost Bank now stands. Mrs. Trevino moved her apartments to Trevino street, facing the cathedral, while we faced Military plaza. My father opened up a general merchandise store in the corner room and I remember that he had in stock fine silks and handsome shawls.

The patio was our playground, but the big arroya in front of the house was a joy forever, though too deep for wading. Sister Ellen, when about five years old, tumbled in, and Mrs. Soto rescued her but not before she was unconscious. We jumped rope and played hide and seek, just as children do now.

Everybody lived indoors and we could not go off the plaza for fear of Indians.

The Indians would often come in to trade and sometimes galloped off with a child.

My mother must have been lonesome, as she did not speak Spanish, and there were so few Americans in San Antonio. One day she heard a voice say "Well Emily Wood—you here?" She turned and welcomed Olive Van Seicraig, a former school mate and the mother of KING Galley TWO nHftoUkonn, id Sarah Webb (Mrs. James French) and wife of Enoch Jones.

Other Americans in San Antonio were the Jacques, Elliots, Bradleys, Riddies, Merrieks, and Mavericks. The Jacques were "old-timers" in Texas-land and friends of Stephen F. Austin. Mrs. Jacques had a boarding house at the corner of Commerce and Yturri streets. She was a mother as well as a landlady to the American boys in San Antonio and Mr. Jacques was very kind. I can

remember, for my interests before 1849 was divided between school and fancy work. It is a great pity I did not keep a journal and secure the autographs of prominent Texans.

We soon learned the Spanish language and mingled with the natives—descendants of the original colonists from the Canary Islands.

They had their Spanish graces and we had our Anglo-Saxon rules and ways, fast friends we made and true.

There was no need to speak of the democracy of childhood because our new found friends and playmates were the children of educated, refined and religious people. The list sounds familiar to old San Antonians—Garza, Trevino, Manchaca, Soto, Chavez, Rodriguez, Quintana, Seguin, Navarro, Rivas, Ruiz, Leal, Cadena, Flores, Cruz, Zimenes, Ramirez, DeZavala, Cassiano. As a body, the Texas-Mexican population had been loyal to Texas and its principles. Most of the Texas-Mexicans had suffered greatly from the persecution of Santa Anna on account of their espousal of the Texas side of the revolution and Don Antonio Navarro, a prince of gentlemen—was in the aftermath called the "Mier Expedition." Navarro with Messrs. Maverick, Bradley, Twohig, Truehart, Ogden and others, were prisoners in the Mexican dungeon called "The Castle of Perote." I heard the story over and over from citizens, but do not remember any details not recorded in Texas history. We met men who had known Milam, Bowie, Bonham, Crockett and Travis.

We came in less troublesome times, as Texas was now part of the Union ('47). However, the pioneer suffers more or less hardship. The citizens of San Antonio were wide awake and busy building up trade with the "States" and Mexico. My father made trips from New Orleans to Mexico City with merchandise and several times lost all he had from Indian raids. The Howard Springs raid is recorded in the annals of Texas.

Our first teacher was Mr. Truehart, a mild mannered gentleman, who taught us the three R's. Our next teacher was Mr. Edwards a lawyer, and he was rather strict. In 1851 the Ursuline

Nuns came to San Antonio from New Orleans. Messrs. Truehart and Edwards had grown weary of school teaching, so the Brackett girls (as we were called) registered at the convent.

To the three R's we added music, drawing, sewing, botany, astronomy and French. Our school books were leather bound and very expensive. Sister Mary had a good voice and crowds would gather within and without the Brackett home to listen to her songs. "Row—My Lads—Row" was a favorite. Sister Sarah (Mrs. Smith) also sang. Our life at the convent was very pleasant. The fifteen acres in the end of the river was a beautiful place. The convent had just four rooms to the two stories. In 1853 additions were made and again in 1866. One mother superior was our beloved Madeline de la Garza of the Garza family. Some of my schoolmates were Sallie Webb (Mrs. French), Olive Van Jones (Mrs. Washington), Ellen Sawyer (Mrs. Meyers), Augusta Evans Wilson, the novelist, Kate Campbell (Mrs. Clarkson), Esther Jackson (Mrs. Glass), Mary Champion (Mrs. Burke), Garza girls (Mesdames Lacoste, Neundorf and Glanten), Mary Wallace (Mrs. G. S. Newton's mother), Joseph, Susan and Lucy Smith (Mesdames Tobin, Campbell and Newton).

From the convent we went to McCullough's school. It was established in 1851 by Rev. Mr. McCullough, a Presbyterian minister, and was an excellent school. A beloved teacher was Miss Baldwin (Mrs. J. Vance, mother of Mrs. George Maverick.) Miss Baldwin was our ideal and I think we said "goodbye" to school days when she left.

My mother was a Presbyterian, and also sister Mary, but three of us became Episcopalians and I have been a member of St. Mark's for over three score years.

The first organized public school was as early as 1851, but in that day and generation public schools were for "pore folk" and the teachers were thought of as good missionary workers.

It took two wonderful women from the north to awaken the citizens to a common sense view. These women were the Misses Thompkins (Mrs. Enoch Jones and Mrs. S. G. Newton). Boys and girls had separate schools and Mr. Thompkins taught the boys. The Thomp-

kins became life-long and much esteemed friends.

During our school days we visited either the Garza or Veremendi home each day. The Veremendi was where Bowie won his bride and the Garza home was where Wolf & Marx's now stand. It was told that one of Lafayette's pirates died here and buried treasures and how we used to speculate about it. We used to bathe in the river back of the Veremendi and the bath rooms looked like white bobbing ghosts as they were built of a light frame work covered with white sheeting and placed upon floating barrels. At first our furniture was home-made. I think we had the first store in the city. The cooking was often done in the fireplace or in the patio. We had plenty to eat and variety in the way of wild beef, venison, ducks, fish and buffalo. Our vegetables were beans, corn, rice. Fruits were high and not very plentiful. However, watermelon, wild grapes and figs were cheap. Butter was scarce and about as high as at present. From 1 o'clock to about 3 p. m., the town slept, then all awoke, rubbed sleepy eyes and drank coffee brought by a faithful servant. Our shopping was done in the eve or at night. The Mexican women had the goods sent to their homes for inspection. We had good clothes and handsome material. French goods and fashion came from New Orleans and Mexico. Our fans, shawls and jewelry were of the best. We dressed up in our best each evening and walked around and around the plaza for recreation. We entertained a great deal. Our pleasures were simple and not expensive. We walked in groups and often as far as the candy store (near the John James place on Commerce street.) Here the young men would treat us to candy and soda water. Ice was an unknown luxury. Mother made ice cream a few times when it snowed, so we would know how it tasted and looked. We had to be home early as the streets were dark. We used candles brought from the States, but many made their own candles.

During certain religious celebrations candles were put on the outside walls of the church and the Mexican homes. The candles were held in little tin or wire

holders or mud plastered in halls against the house to hold the candles. When the candle burned the ball looked like a glowing mud-dauber's nest.

Outside of the few streets leading from the plaza—each one—the San Antonio valley was a garden or farm.

The pious Franciscans had wisely netted the valley with ditches—clear and deep the arroya watered many a "suete" or head right extending down to the mission fields. Priests still labored with the Indians but it was difficult work and the more I saw of the Indians the more I appreciated the wonderful work in building the missions. Each day the wonder grows! The Indians could not understand our "queer ways" and while my sympathy has been with the redmen in their struggle, yet, the padres had a serious and difficult problem in their civilization efforts just as your Pilgrim fathers had in New England. Your "greatest" grandfather Danforth had problems with the Onondago Indians and your "Brackett" grandfather was agent for the Indians around Brackett, Texas (Fort Clark).

To return to the San Antonio valley, the gardens and farms were so close to the city that if we listened at the first streak of dawn we could hear laborers going forth to work and humming a song of praise to Maria Santissima, protectress of the field.

"Thou art the Shepherdess,
Lovely and fair,
The sun that surpasseth
The moon and the stars."

And from every darkened doorway would come the resounding pat pat as the senora pounded out the corn for the tortilla or tamale.

A great many saint days were celebrated and the priests wisely allowed the Indians and the Mexicans some expression of their dramatic talents in what we now call "pageants."

Almost every saint day was celebrated by a holiday. Feasting and dancing after the service at the missions or San Fernando was the rule and we took part in the piety as well as the frolic of our Mexican friends.

There was a great deal of dancing—even on Sunday—for the Mexicans

argued that God gave them legs and arms to use as well as heart and soul and that there was no sin in gaiety and pleasure. Quien sabe?

We never quarreled over this point but my mother, a strict Presbyterian, held us to a puritan Sabbath and it became a habit. We should observe the Lord's day as it is bred in our bone. Otherwise we make it too full and free.

"The blessing of the water" I learned from tradition. It took place when new ditches were opened.

The "Monteëhinos" consisted of a curious gourd dance, semi-barbaric, though held at the church and on the plaza.

"The Pastores" is a really beautiful miracle and folk-lore play brought from Spain and localized. It is a story of the Christ-Child as a drama and is still held in San Antonio at Christmas time. (It is awonder it has not been abolished by petition or decree, so much has been done to Americanize our city.) In California the strange and sweet flavor of old Spain is encouraged and in no wise lessens our American progress. A little Spanish leisure and sentiment will not hurt us, so let us be fair, just and generous to our Mexican friends. The Garza family often entertained the good Shepherds (Pastores) and the special act here was to have the Angel Miguel descend upon a rope from a big cottonwood tree into the Garza patio. However, one Christmas the rope broke at our feet and the angel fell amidst the cheers of the audience yelling, "Viva Miguel!" (Long live Miguel). The "pastores" was the event of Christmas time. The young women dressed in their finest frocks and the hostess always served refreshments to the guests. Many a match was made at "Los Pastores" and the wedding soon followed, as the native Mexicans allowed only "window" courtship, very picturesque, but the Mexican girls envied our "parlors," where social intercourse was "like the Americano."

One time the Pastores troop came to play at Mrs. Trevino's and Ellen was about five years old. She was in the patio scouring a toy kettle when she looked up and saw the players in full costumes. With one look she fled, screaming, "Here comes the devil." It

took the Trevino family and Brackett family to quell her fears. It's a pity all of us do not fear the devil, for he comes in many forms.

We used to go over to the Alamo now and then—it was a long way and we crossed the river on Commerce street over a fallen tree.

There was danger from Indians and the Alamo was partly in ruins extending over the plaza, from the postoffice across Houston street south to the opera house, across to the church part. The convent part, or rather, monastery, was a two story building with arches, and I always heard from eye witnesses that the chief fighting was done in the Alamo court yard.

Mrs. Allsbury and her sister, (a Navarro), as well as Mrs. Dickerson, saw the conflict. A Mexican boy named Esperza, and, I think, a Diaz boy, remembers the massacre.

I heard the story from Mrs. Allsbury, and also from Esperza.

Mrs. Allsbury was a Navarro and a relative of Bowie's wife. Santa Anna sent for the Mexicans and treated the Navarros with due respect; to the others he gave a dollar and a blanket.

Don Antonio Navarro was not in San Antonio but with Don Francisco Rivas and Samuel Maverick, busy signing the "Texas Declaration of Independence" at Columbia.

The church part had in the 80's what we would term an attic and St. Mark's church held a "bazaar" there; so many old citizens attended that a historian could have gathered a wealth of material. It is a pity we let so much go unwritten.

Dean Richardson, of St. Mark's was a loyal Texan and his father a veteran of 1812, helped Milam at the storming of San Antonio.

Everybody knew General Sam Houston, and some time in the 60's we went to welcome him at the Alamo. Some one suggested we have a San Jacinto tune, but Captain Manchaca had forgotten the air and so whistled—"Walk Into My Parlor, Said the Spider to the Fly." I was very young when I attended a ball given by the officers after the Mexican war. They were camped upon the Salado and we went out in army ambulances. The girls wore white tarletons, with low necks and sleeves and the

skirts ruffled from waist to skirt hem.

About this time Van Ness, Van Ransalaers and the Harper brothers came from New York with letters of introduction and were entertained by my mother. At one party Jack Hays had the only dress suit and he would dance awhile and then disappear. Another would take his place—then another—while Hays made frantic efforts to regain his coat. Jack Hays carved his name upon Texas soil and in the historical records of San Francisco, California. A former mayor of San Antonio, Daniel Cleveland, lives in San Diego, Cal. He is highly esteemed.

My husband, Charles F. King, was a Texas veteran and mayor of San Antonio several terms.

The Kings came of revolutionary stock, and records concerning them may be found in New Hampshire and Massachusetts and in the archives of President Franklin Pierce's family. Mr. King settled in Austin and then in San Antonio. He was a Texas ranger and helped in Indian warfare.

There were stages north, south, east and west from San Antonio and endless wagon trains and carts. Mules, oxen and horses were used and driven by picturesque teamsters well armed on account of Indians. The wagons and carts would start from Main plaza and arrive on Military and Main plazas, where teamsters would dump their cargoes of hides, wool, cotton or other merchandise upon the ground in front of a store and leave them for several days.

Sometimes these caravans would start with the men singing and in high spirits and in a few days other travelers or merchants would report mangled bodies and scattered goods. The Indians were very troublesome around Austin and travelers were always glad when they saw the dome of San Antonio from afar. Commerce street was called the Paseo, Camino, Real and Main street. All the streets were narrow and Houston was a trail. The streets were short to avoid Indian raids. The narrow streets were an inheritance from old Spain, as also our plaza, our chili stands, our candy vendors and much else could be traced to Spanish and Moorish influence.

There were adobe houses and ox carts and cattle trails. A cosmopolitan popu-

lation that was about as law abiding as at the present time. Tragedies occurred as they occur today. However, it is deplorable that so much is made of the dark spots and so little of the good deeds. The worst tragedies took place in the later years and stained the fair name of the city of St. Anthony. Many old Texans did not carry a gun except when traveling upon horseback and between settlements. The early Texans were for the most part of good blood and education.

About 1849, there were the following families in San Antonio: Maverick, Riddle, Vanderlip, Elliott, Callaghan, Jacques, Lewis, Dwyer, Devine, James, Bradley, Jones, Twohig, Odgen, Guilbeau, Bowens, Lyttles, Miles, Vane, Pashals, Merrith, Cupples, Herff and others. It is impossible to remember all and from '49 to '59 may be added a host of honored names that added to the welfare and glory of San Antonio.

An appreciation of the past is the best guarantee for the future.

The names and "faces" of old settlers are now carried by children and grandchildren.

May they be as faithful to their trust as their forefathers.

Captain Wright at Eighty-Six.

Among the many interesting characters to be found around the Capitol Building in Austin is Captain H. C. Wright, watchman and ex-Confederate soldier.

This spry young fellow of eighty-six years can interest the most intelligent with his stories of pioneer days in Texas. He is particularly interesting when he chooses to talk of Sam Houston.

He cleverly tells how, when a boy in his home in Huntsville, he admired the great general, yet stood in awe of him.

One day, Sam Houston drove into Huntsville and hitched his horse and while he was transacting his business the horse broke loose and started for home.

Young Wright caught the animal, and as he was coming back to town with it he met General Houston walking hurriedly, with his mantle pulled tight around him. As he came near him, Houston said: "My young friend, you have conferred a favor upon General Sam,

Houston, and he will never forget it." (And he never did forget it, Captain Wright always adds.)

One day last summer while seated with him at the foot of a monument near the Capitol entrance, he was telling how he was remodeling his barn, turning it into a garage, doing the work himself, the conversation naturally drifted and he was telling some of the things that he would like to do if he ever grows old. Suddenly he noticed across the way, in one of the beautiful flower beds of the park, an innocent trespasser who had been tempted by the little charmers to gather and carry them away.

He started in that direction, walking erectly and swinging his cane as easily and gracefully as any other polished gentleman.

When he had told her in his own nice way that these flowers were like the poet's wild rose, "to be seen and not gathered," he came back to us with a meditative air. Perhaps he was thinking, "once a soldier always a soldier"—once fighting to protect "states' rights" always fighting to protect "states' rights."

This good Mr. Wright is not alone in his venerable quaintness. His sweetheart and companion of 60 years suddenly burst into the musical world after she had numbered her fourscore years.

While visiting in New York a couple of years ago, it was discovered what a wonderful voice she had. She sang in Carnegie Hall, Metropolitan Hall and Wanamaker Hall.

Captain Wright said: "She could always sing. She sings beautifully for us at home, but her voice has grown more beautiful with age."—Houston Chronicle.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

A juvenile reader of Frontier Times writes to ask us to "print something about Kit Carson." All right, son. In our January issue we will give you some of Kit Carson's experiences.

Amasa Clark, Age 100, Bandera's Oldest Citizen



It seemed a long time from Saturday afternoon back to the days of the march from Vera Cruz toward Chapultepec, but Amasa Clark, veteran of that hike, recalled it vividly when he was honored at a ceremony at the Gunter Hotel in which he was made an active life member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The handsome governor's suite at the hotel was turned over to him when he came as a guest of the city. High ranking army officers and civic officials were present when the membership was conferred.

Thomas S. Mills, of San Houston Post No. 76, opened the meeting of the veterans. State Commander Dan F. Connor gave the address of welcome to the candidate.

Present at the conferring of the membership were members of the Grand Army of the Republic, United Veterans, Old Trail Drivers, Old Freighters, Spanish American War, Veterans American Legion and their auxiliaries.

The ladies auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars conferred in active membership on Mrs Amasa Clark.—San Antonio Light, Nov. 7, 1925.

FRONTIER TIMES

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The "Life of John Wesley Hardin," which has been appearing serially in Frontier Times, is concluded in this number. We have published the story of this notorious character as it was originally published many years ago from manuscript written by Hardin himself, and to this we have added some newspaper accounts of his capture published in 1877. There is no doubt but that John Wesley Hardin was the most blood-thirsty desperado Texas ever produced. In publishing the story of his life this magazine has had no desire to hold him up to the public gaze as a "victim of circumstances," of that period when the six-shooter was the chief arbitrator in personal matters. He was a real desperado by choice, and gloried in his bloody work. If the same talents which he displayed in pursuing his career of crime had been used for law and order and for the uplift of humanity, John Wesley Hardin would have made a name for himself that would go down in history cherished by all men.

Frontier Times is the only magazine of its kind published anywhere. It is devoted exclusively to frontier history, border tragedy, pioneer achievement, old trail drivers' reminiscences, outlawry, Indian depredations, Texas Ranger stories, and sketches of early day life. There is a magazine in San Antonio which styles itself the "Pioneer Magazine of Texas," and a most excellent publication, but it should not be confused with Frontier Times. Our little magazine is in a class by itself, recognizes no competitor, and if confused with any other it is the reader's misfortune, for Frontier Times contains real history, and is in no way devoted to commercialism, puny love stories, laudatory puffs of petty politicians, or sensational sketches of modern day crimes. We are for the old timers first, last and all the time. Our magazine is published for the men and women who made Texas, and for their red-blooded descendants.

A New Publication.

Those who have read "Legends of Texas," edited by J. Frank Dobie, and published by the Texas Folk-Lore Society at Austin, will be interested in Publication No. IV (edited by Dobie) of the Texas Folk-Lore Society.

This publication specializes in two things: Indian Paintings of Texas and Mexican Songs of the Border Country. Scores of the Indian pictographs are reproduced, and dozens of the Mexican folk-songs (songs of bandits, of Mexican raids into Texas, of vaqueros and bailes) are set to music. But the new publication has many other features as will be evidenced by the following table of contents:

Announcements

A Preface With a Proposal, by L. W. Payne, Jr.

Forward Remarks by the Editor,
A Mexican Popular Ballad (with Music), by W. A. Whatley.

Spanish Songs of New Mexico (with Music), by J. Frank Dobie.

Reptile Myths in Northwestern Louisiana, by John K. Strecker.

The Cowboy Dance of the Northwest, by Roy S. Scott.

Superstitions of the Northern Seas, by Hartman Dignowity.

Oil Field Diction, by A. R. McTee.

Some Folk-Tales of the Chibcha Nation, by Malbone W. Graham, Jr.

The Human Hand in Primitive Art (Illustrated), by Victor J. Smith

Indian Pictographs Near Lange's Mill, Gillespie County (Illustrated), by Julia Estill.

Contributors,

Proceedings of the Texas Folk-Lore Society, 1924.

List of Members.

Price \$1.00. Address All orders to the Texas Folk-Lore Society, University Station, Austin, Texas.

"The Cokesbury Press of Nashville, Tenn., and Dallas, Texas, will have ready for delivery about the 1st of December, 1925, the life of Stephen F. Austin, by Doctor Eugene C. Baker, Professor of American History, University of Texas.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

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Young Saunders' Predicament

Wilbarger's "Indian Depredations in Texas"

One of the most remarkable escapes ever made from Indians was that of a young man by the name of Saunders, who settled in Erath county at an early day. As he was pretty well educated, and there were quite a number of families where he had taken up his abode, they built a school house and employed him to teach their children. Not long after his arrival in the country he made the acquaintance of a young lady who lived at a settlement ten miles distant from the one where he resided, whilst she was visiting a family in the neighborhood. It was another case of love at first sight, or in back woods parlance, he fell dead at the first fire.

After the young lady returned home, as regularly as Saturday came around young Saunders was off to see his sweetheart, and as the emoluments of the school were not sufficient to enable him to keep a horse, he usually made his weekly trips on "Shank's mare," and as the sequel will show, a better never lifted leg.

Young Saunders was as green as a cut seed water melon in everything pertaining to frontier life, and as the Indians had not made a raid into the country since his arrival he thought he could travel the short distance between the two settlements safely on foot.

One Saturday morning when he was about starting on his customary trip, some of his friends told him that traveling on foot and unarmed in that country was a very risky business, but he supposed they were merely trying to intimidate him for their own amusement, and paid no attention to their warning. He had gone about half way between the two settlements when he heard the most diabolical yells behind him, and turning to look he discovered about twenty mounted Indians coming after him at full speed.

There was a dense body of timber a

mile or so to the left of the road he was traveling, and toward it young Saunders now realizing the emergency of the case, put off at a two-forty lick. As he was young and active, and badly scared besides, he made such good speed that for awhile the Indians gained but little on him; but unfortunately (or perhaps I should say fortunately), when within a few hundred yards of the timber, he struck his foot against a stone and pitched head foremost upon the ground. As he fell his hand came in contact with a stick, and for the same reason, I suppose, that a drowning man will catch at a straw he instinctively grasped it.

By the time he had regained his feet, still holding the stick in his hand, the Indians had come up with him, and began to let their arrows fly at him thick and fast. Young Saunders turned and presented his stick towards them, which proved to be a black, half burnt sumach root, about the length of a six shooter, and with a crook at one end resembling the handle.

The Indians, of course, at a little distance, supposed it was a six shooter, and drew back. The young man, taking advantage of their halt, again put in his best licks to reach the timber, but the Indians soon came up with him, and he was forced to turn and present his formidable sumach root at them, which demonstration was followed by the same result. By repeating this maneuver whenever the Indians pressed him closely, young Saunders finally succeeded in reaching the timber and made his escape without having received a scratch, although his clothes were cut in many places with arrows.

The Indians did not follow him any further, no doubt concluding it would not be safe to follow a man into the thick timber who was armed with a

sumach root, and reserved his fire until he could make sure of his enemy.

The parties to whom I am indebted for this account of Mr. Saunderson's love affair; and, knowing as well as I do the chivalrous character of "young Texas," I did not think it worth while to make any inquiries about it. I am perfectly confident that the young man did not discontinue his weekly pilgrimages to the shrine of his lady love for fear of meeting Indians on the way. On the contrary, I feel assured that he purchased a horse and a six shooter with the first available funds he acquired, and that he did not cease to pay his Saturday visits

to his inamorata until she became Mrs. Saunders. It is said that "the course of true love never does run smooth," but at least in Mr. Saunders's case it ran fast enough to save his scalp and I do not think I am running myself before the hounds when I assert that in all probability Mr. and Mrs. Saunders are now numbered among the cattle kings and queens of old Erath, and that from the stoop of their hospitable and palatial ranch they can now count a hundred bovine herds grazing upon a hundred hills. At least, no other conjecture is compatible with the known chivalry of the young America of Texas. "Vive l'amour. Cigars and cognac!"

White Boy Becomes An Indian

Narrative by Charles Morris, of Kerrville, Texas

A family by the name of Fischer lived just below the Morris Ranch in Gillespie county in the early days, and in about 1868 the Indians made a raid through that section and carried off one of the Fischer boys. The red men were in the habit of coming in frequently, during the light of the moon, to steal horses, and settlers throughout that section suffered much through these raids. The Fischer boy, at the time of his capture, was about twelve years old, and he was carried to the Indian Territory, where he grew up in the Indian camp and became one of the tribe. Years later, he was found by the United States soldiers and was returned to his people. They dressed him in civilized garments and used every effort to make him contented, but he had become so thoroughly Indianized that he returned to the tribe after staying with his parents only three or four weeks. The young man had married an Indian girl, and thoughts of his wife and children off in the Indian Territory, and the wild life he had been raised to, called him back; civilization had no attractions for him. His father tried to get him to bring his wife and children and live with him, but he refused, saying the white people would always look upon his wife as a squaw, and she would not be happy there. His father gave him a horse to ride, and he made the trip back to his Indian friends with a party

driving cattle to St. Louis. Nearing his tribe in the Territory, he bade his friends goodbye, and exchanging his white man's clothing for the Indian garb, he rode away to his squaw and his papooses.

This Fischer was living a few years ago at Apache, Oklahoma. He has a brother, Otto Fischer, living at Fredericksburg. This brother at one time went to visit his Indian brother in the Indian Territory, going from the railroad station to the reservation in a buggy. When he reached his brother's place he found him sitting on the doorstep repairing a piece of harness. Otto alighted from the buggy and walked up and said, "Hello." The brother merely said, "How," but never offered his hand, nor even looked up. That seemed to be the Indian style of greeting. The next day when Otto Fischer was ready to return home he bade his brother goodbye, but the brother got in the buggy with him and said, "Me going with you." And he made the trip to near Fredericksburg in his old work clothes, the same he was wearing when Otto reached there. He remained a few days with his parents and then returned to his tribe in Oklahoma.

Some time in 1892 I was on a train going from Fort Worth to Pecos, and across the aisle was Chief Quannah Parker and one of his wives. Quannah Parker's

mother was a white woman, Cynthia Ann Parker, who had been captured by the Indians when she was a very small child, and after about twenty-eight years captivity she was recaptured by Sul Ross' rangers. I asked Chief Quannah, on the train, if he knew a German in the Territory by the name of Fischer. "Fischer?" he said, "A German named Fischer." He repeated the name over several times, and finally said, "You mean a Dutehman, don't you? a Dutchman by the name of Fischer? Oh, yes, I know him. He well fixed, has fine farm, much cattle. Oh, he is all right."

I also asked Quannah Parker if he had ever been on any raiding expeditions on white settlements and he laughed and said, "Oh, yes." When I asked if he was a good shot, he laughed again as if it was quite a joke. "Oh, yes," he said, "I got shot in knee once; makes me limp now, and once a bullet scraped my side and if he had gone little farther over it got me," and he laughed over it. The chief was on his way to New Mexico to bring back some of his tribe that had run off. He said he only wanted to get the men, and when he rounded them up to take them back the squaws would follow.

Chief Quannah Parker was one of Theodore Roosevelt's guests at one time when "Teddy" was on a hunt in Oklahoma.

When Living Was Cheap.

(From The Clover Leaf.)

Mrs. E. C. Snyder, 433 W. 5th avenue Columbus, Ohio, a reader of the Clover Leaf, the other day came across an old account of her grandfather's for the years 1827 and 1828. He kept a general store in Akron and Ravana, O., and was also a maker of felt hats. Mrs. Snyder very kindly copied off part of the list prices and sent them to the editor. They are interesting in these days of post-war high prices. Here they are:

Dec. 20, 1827.

One pound of tobacco.....	12 1-2c
One pint of whiskey.....	6 1-4c
One peck of salt.....	31 1-4c
One half eord of wood.....	28c
Nine pounds of pork.....	27c
Two pairs of stockings.....	75c
One bushel of wheat.....	50c
One quart of whiskey.....	18 1-2c
Seven pounds of sugar.....	52 1-2c

Eight and a half pounds of cheese.....	42 1-2c
Six pounds of veal.....	13c
One Easter hat.....	\$4.50
One broom.....	15c
One boy's hat.....	68c
One bushel of potatoes.....	25c
Three quarts of vinegar.....	18c
One cord of wood.....	50c
Six pounds of beef.....	28c
John Smith, one day's work.....	50c
One bushel of corn.....	18 1-4c
Twenty-five pumpkins.....	50c
Three bushels of bran.....	18 1-4c
Leather for pair boots.....	\$1.25
Bushel of Corn.....	18c
One fox skin.....	31c
Three barrels of cider.....	\$3.75
40 barrels of cider.....	\$3.75
40 pounds of common flour.....	\$1.00
Five days' work.....	\$2.50
Two bushels of shorts.....	50c
One-half days' work.....	25c
Two days and a half work.....	\$1.25
One and 3-4 days work.....	87 1-2c
For washing five pieces.....	20c
Mending pantaloons.....	12 1-2c
Washing nine pieces.....	46c
12 pounds of superior flour.....	63c

"Land o' Tejas."

By Mont Hurst

In Texas let me live and die
On the plains where the air is pure,
Where the fluffy clouds ride high
And where friendships will endure!

Let me ride a mustang cow-horse,
While the swift winds whip my face,
To the tune of a rattler's serenade
And dust of a prairie dog's race.

Just let me smell the scent of bluebonnets,
And let me hear the coyote's howl,
Which, to me, is like a sonnet,
When mingled with calls of prairie-fowl!

You can have your New York City,
And your cabarets of gay Paree,
But livin' in Texas is mighty pretty,
And ridin' range is good enough for me!

"Life of Ben Thompson"

Frontier Times will soon begin the publication of "The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson." Written by W. M. (Buck) Walton of Austin. We have secured a copy of this thrilling book and will reprint it.

Early Day Sheriff Relates Experience

Dallas News, October 23, 1925

Ira L. Wheat, former sheriff of Edwards county, who attended the State Fair of Texas last week, and Henry Putz, 4116 McKinney Avenue, met the other day for the first time in forty years.

In 1885, Putz was a member of the Texas Rangers, Company F, Captain Will Scott, Sergeant K. A. Brooks. The rangers had gone to Montell, Uvalde county, on the trail of a widely organized gang of horse thieves, and Wheat had met them there to be their guide through the rocky fastnesses of that wild region.

"Mr. Wheat showed us through the wilderness of Southwest Texas about the time we were proud of our whiskers, and I am now reciprocating the favor by showing him through the wilderness of the greatest city in the South when we are both a trifle grizzled," said Mr. Putz, talking from his Ford.

"My father, George Wheat, who came to Texas from Arkansas was killed by the Apache Indians in Medina county in 1861, when I was 4 years old," said Mr. Wheat. "In my childhood, and for long after, Southwest Texas was as wild as when La Salle looked it over.

"I settled in Edwards county in 1878. The Apaches were still raiding the country, murdering and stealing. The Comanches, the Huns of the Southwest, made whirlwind cavalry forays into the settlements. The Apaches always softly crept in afoot, hoping to be able to go out on the backs of stolen horses, and too many times they realized their hopes.

"After I located in Edwards county the Apaches murdered two families in the county—the McLaurins and the Ocalsons—and retired with a good bunch of horses. That was in 1879 of 1880.

"A squad of United States soldiers under command of Capt. Bullard, followed this band into Mexico, and discovered them camped in a pleasant valley sixty miles beyond Del Rio. The savages were supinely resting after their fatiguing journey. The soldiers opened fire on them from all directions. With the exception of one old squaw, all the Indians in the camp were killed without a single casualty on the side of the attacking

party. This squaw, who was young, was exceptionally graceful and good looking considering her antecedents, for the Apache squaws were the coarsest and ugliest of all Indian women. The United States government took charge of her, and I never heard what became of her.

"I was elected Sheriff of Edwards county in 1883 and held the office continuously until 1896. Before I was elected Sheriff I acted as guide for the rangers in their operations against the organized horse thieves, and afterwards co-operated with them. Horse stealing was carried on on a large scale for many years. The thieves in each county were organized and worked together from one county to another, through Val Verde, Sutton, Kimble and Edwards, from the Rio Grande to Georgetown and Austin, whence they made their shipments. Not content with what horses they could steal in Texas, they smuggled in bunch after bunch from the other side of the Rio Grande. They covered a territory about 300 miles in length by 100 to 150 in width. The gang in each county passed its roundups to the gang in the adjoining county. They operated by night and were back home by daylight.

"It was estimated that at least 500 men were connected with this industry when it was at its height. Among them were some wealthy men, and a great many first rate young men, who had, by means which they could not explain themselves been gradually drawn into the organization.

"It was not their idea to fight the rangers and the Sheriffs. They depended on outwitting us, and this they succeeded in doing for about twelve years. Through their admirable organization, they always got wind of the coming of the rangers long enough in advance to betake themselves to the mountains, so it early became apparent that terrible as the rangers were against outlaws in general, they were ineffective against this particular gang, and that if the outlaws were ever run to earth the Sheriffs would have to do it. Accordingly Sheriffs W. H. Baylor, Dick Russell and Noah Corder and I got together and de-

ecided to put among the thieves a man of our own.

"We encountered great difficulty in finding a man who was willing, even for good money, to undertake such a hazardous adventure. But finally a volunteer came forward, one of those fellows who are born without the fear bump, who live on excitement and set little value on their own lives. He put us in possession of evidence on which we secured thirty-seven convictions and made things so unsafe for the rest of the horde that they disbanded. But, as we predicted, they got our man. We never heard exactly what befell him but it was easy to conjecture.

"The Sheriffs put the gang out of business with a minimum of bloodshed. They had to kill Alvin and Will Odell, brothers, fine fellows, who, like so many other first rate youngsters in the early days got off on the wrong foot. Three of my deputies and two or three rangers came on the Odell boys in the hills of Edwards county and demanded their surrender. Instead of complying they reached for their Winchesters, and of course perished in the unequal combat.

"The worst men among the outlaws were Lon Bass, who was killed by the rangers, and Bill Chisolm, who escaped to Mexico and there died. It was they who largely directed the operations of the combined gangs. Chisolm legitimately owned large cattle interests. The rangers who co-operated with the Sheriffs were Capts. Frank Jones, Will Scott, K. J. Brooks and Gillette. Capt. Brooks settled in Brooks county, which was named for him. He represented the county in the Legislature and later was elected county judge.

"As a youngster I ran cattle for a long time, working for Lytle & McDaniel, trail drivers, and owners of big herds. I made several trips over the trail, starting from Medina county and winding up at Abilene or Wichita, Kansas. The cattle in those days were longhorns without the least trace of improved blood, and were almost as wild as deer. The western half of Texas was wide open range, covered with knee-high grasses, on which cattle fattened as they journeyed north. It required, ordinarily four months to move a herd from Medina county to Kansas.

"There being no fences, cattle mixed to a considerable extent and at the round-ups cattlemen found the brands of all their neighbors represented in their herds. To save the labor of cutting out they usually bought all the strays among their cattle. The standing price in the 70's and was \$3 a head for yearlings and \$10 for steers.

"In early days closely pressed outlaws in South Texas found safe passage out of the country by enlisting as trail drivers. One year, about 1876, the sheriffs of the counties of the Southwest turned over to the rangers a batch of indictments with descriptions of the boys wanted. The rangers stationed themselves at the head of the Llano river, stopped each herd and cut out the cowboys. They made so many arrests that some of the herds were left without men enough to handle them. C. K. Burr, now living in San Antonio was one of the rangers employed in this work.

"The rocky counties of the Southwest, including Val Verde, Edwards, Kinney, Uvalde, Real and Medina were long passed up by the settlers as worthless, just as the covered wagons crossed the sandy lands of East Texas as people traverse a desert. And just as the people of East Texas have grown rich by cultivating vegetables, fruit, melons and berries, so the people of the rocky counties have found prosperity in raising goats, sheep and fine cattle. There are no more longhorn cattle or Mexican goats in those counties.

"Arnold & Landrum of Uvalde county made the first importation of Angora goats in 1885 and Mr. Witt introduced the first African goat 12 years ago. He paid \$1,200 for it, but it died in a short time. African goats at an auction early this year brought all the way from \$300 to \$800 each. African goats, which it appears are not easily procured, yield fleeces of mohair which is so valuable that the owners of herds of them will give the kids to anyone who will bind himself to give them the first shearing of mohair in payment. Our rocky region is stocked with Angora and African goats and the finest grades of sheep and cattle, and it is rolling in prosperity. Our people have found out how to smite the barren rocks in a way to make them gush forth riches."

Knew the San Antonio of Old

San Antonio Express, Nov. 22, 1925

How San Antonio looked and lived in the days when Indians were ready to swoop down on any white citizen that relaxed his watchfulness for a moment, was recalled by Mrs. H. Lucas of New York, who is now visiting in the city after an absence of about 20 years.

Mrs. Lucas was born in San Antonio 76 years ago and lived here for many years. Her grandmother was one of the first seven white women to live in the little outpost of civilization, and her grandfather and his partner owned the rock quarry that is now the famous Japanese sunken garden in Braeckenridge Park. They opened up the quarry and used the stone to build the first dwellings of stone with shingled roofs in the city. These stone houses were the first ones to be built of anything but adobe.

"My grandparents came from England here in 1836 or 1838, perhaps a little later," Mrs. Lucas said, "bringing their family of several boys and two girls. These two daughters, with their mother, made seven white women in San Antonio. They lived for a short time on Staten Island, New York, but were advised to go to San Antonio for the health of my mother's first husband. He and my mother were each given 320 acres of land, an old Spanish land grant to induce them to settle here. Later he died and was buried where the Santa Rosa Infirmary now stands. This was 1841."

Some time after her arrival here, her grandfather and a friend were traveling to a small town near Victoria, probably Linnville, when they were attacked by Indians who were having a war dance over the burning of Linnville and were scalping their prisoners, Mrs. Lucas said. The two men made an effort to dash by them and escape, but her grandfather's horse was killed and he himself received and arrow in the back. The friend grabbed him up and fled with him across his saddle. They were obliged to eat raw horse flesh for food before they got home.

In those days salt was scarce and tomatoes were just beginning to be eaten. They had hitherto been considered poisonous.

Mrs. Lucas says that her earliest recollections of San Antonio begin about 1853. Her mother married a second time and she herself was born in Matagorda in 1849. After the town was destroyed by hurricane in 1853, her father moved to San Antonio. Her grandfather was still here, and lived on Market street. In later years he owned most of the property from Main Plaza down to the Mill Bridge.

"This was a very primitive town when we first came here," she said further. "The houses were one-story and built of adobe, one room deep with dirt floors and no connecting doors leading from room to room. A person went outside to enter another room from the back. The sills were more than a foot high, the window sills were three feet wide and the walls were three feet thick. The windows were iron barred and one could sit in the window seat and chat with a passerby or flirt with an admirer. The dirt floors were kept hard by sprinkling after each sweeping, which was done with brooms made of wood tops, the kind that are bushy and covered with yellow flowers.

"The back yard or patio was either a place with a fountain and flowers or it was just a dust heap with a scraggly cactus in a corner and a skinny rooster in search of insects in a dust pile. We now call those fowls 'game cocks.' In those days their owners would be sitting on their heels comparing the good points of those birds on which they were betting. The owner of the victorious fighting rooster won the pile put up. They even sat on their heels smoking cornshuck cigarettes, lighted by flint and steel. There were no matches then.

"The men wore tall crowned hats, cotton shirts and tight cotton pants, and sandals on bare feet. The women sat or squatted around a small fire built in the middle of the room. Some stones held up a piece of sheet iron on which they baked tortillas, patted out round and flat.

"The houses of the very poor were merely poles driven into the earth close together and the cracks filled with mud,

Dried beef hides were spread on the floor and the family sat on these to eat, breaking off small pieces of tortilla and folding these to form a spoon to dip up their chilli con carne and frijoles. The coffee was black, or, if diluted, goat milk was used. Frequently you saw a baby in a hammock hanging from the rafters. The hammock was made of hide.

Many of the white people were English or of English descent and had brought handsome old mahogany furniture with them from England. One can imagine how out of place this fine furniture, glass and china looked in the rough walled dirt floor room.

My grandfather and his partner owned the rock quarries at what was then known generally as the head of the San Antonio River and is now the sunken garden in Brackenridge Park. They built the first rock houses with shingle roofs that were constructed in San Antonio. After the death of his partner my grandfather carried on this business until his death in 1861. Prior to that date and even after that time until new conveniences came in, we burned tallow candles which we made ourselves. We used hollow tin molds, soldered six in a bunch. These were suspended in a large vessel to catch the drippings until each mold was full of melted beef tallow. Previously wicks had been drawn through exactly in the center. When hard these candles were ready for use and were hung to rafters in the store room. My mother had a handsome pair of hand-engraved glass candle shades, which she used on the mahogany sideboard. We used hour glasses instead of the not yet fashionable cloaks. For night lamps we used a china bowl filled with melted lard in which was placed a taper, consisting of a long piece of wick run through a hole in a stiff piece of paper. This would give a dim light for the whole night. These were always used, for in those days there was no convenient button to press in case of an emergency."

Mrs. Lucas is enthusiastic about the social affairs of San Antonio in early days, among them the quilting bees.

"My mother and the servants patched and pieced scraps together for weeks," she said. "Then when a quilt was finished there were baking and roasting and

all the delicious odors that belong to that event, and invitations to come and help with the quilting were sent to the neighbors, the men to come in later for the supper. After the men had arrived and the supper was finished, there were games and flirting, and, as human nature is ever the same, there were smiles and blushes and heartaches, too, among the young. Later came the good-bys, climbing into wagons or helping onto horses, and promises to help each other quilt when called on.

Then there were the shucking and shelling bees, the barn dances and all that tended to make friendship stronger and life happier. We either rode horseback or in covered wagons when going anywhere. We wore calico dresses and sunbonnets.

"I once took a trip in 1870 out beyond Castroville some 75 miles. There were three of us, a Mrs. C. and her brother and I. We sat on the front seat of the wagon, Mr. Smith with his loaded and cocked gun across his knees. We two women each had a loaded gun held ready for use in case we were attacked by Indians. We were a day and a half on the trip but reached our journey's end by dark in safety.

"I went one night soon after to stay with a girl friend, when about 10 p. m. we were aroused by a gentle tapping on the door. In subdued whispers we three, the girl's father and we two, crept through the woods to a friend's house with three armed men. They were expecting an attack from the Indians and all the people within a mile or two were gathered in this house. There were about 40 people in all, men, women and children. All the doors and windows were guarded by armed men or women, and others were loading guns or quieting frightened children. About midnight the Indians dashed up with yells to the corrals and driving the horses before them, left without molesting the house. The next morning one of the distant neighbors was found near his corrals, scalped and horribly mutilated."

Mrs. Lucas paid tribute to the bravery and chivalry of the men and to the courage of the women of pioneer days in San Antonio.

"There were no timid, frightened

Neal Coldwell, a Gallant Texas Ranger

Captain Neal Coldwell was born in Dade county, Missouri, May 2nd, 1844, and died at his home near Center Point, Texas, November 7, 1925. His father, Thomas Coldwell, was a soldier under General Jackson in the War of 1812, and participated in the famous battle of New Orleans, fought on January 18th, 1815. The best sketch of the life of Captain Neal Coldwell, who became famous as a frontiersman and Texas ranger, is given in A. J. Sowell's book, "Texas Indian Fighters," and we herewith reproduce the sketch in full:

"In 1850 Thomas Coldwell immigrated to California, going the overland route across the plains. His was quite a large outfit, consisting of five wagons with five yoke of oxen in each, and one spring wagon and ambulance for the members of the family to ride in. Besides this he carried extra horses for the vehicles and 100 head of Missouri cattle. In his pay also as guards, were fifteen men under the command of Captain Steckton.

"This was a long, tedious trip, and fraught with many dangers and hardships. Many Indians were met on the route, but most of them were friendly. Near Carson river, however, one night a hostile band made a raid and stole all of their horses and part of the cattle. Next morning the guards followed them on foot and succeeded in getting the cattle back, but not the horses, and they now had to work oxen to every thing. Finally Mr. Coldwell bought several head of horses from some friendly Indians and continued his journey, but was followed and overtaken by another band, who claimed the horses, saying they had been stolen from them by the ones who had sold them. There was no other alternative but to give them up, and the Indians drove them back.

"Neal Coldwell was then but six years of age, but distinctly remembers all of these things, and says one circumstance which made a vivid impression on his mind was crossing the desert, which consumed two days and nights of travel. It was a sandy country with no water on the route, and was strewn with abandoned wagons and other possession of those who had gone the trail previous. Feather

beds had been ripped to save the cloth, and the feathers had been scattered promiscuously by the winds across the sandy wastes. He saw men chopping spokes out of wagon wheels for fuel, and yokes and chains were lying in front of abandoned wagons where they had been dropped and the given-out teams carried on to water and grass. These wagons were public property for anyone who was disposed to pick them up, as the owners never returned for them, not being worth a trip back in the deep sand to recover them. The elder Coldwell exchanged wagons several times, finding some he liked better than his own among the hundreds that strewed the desert plain. Twelve miles from Grass Valley an interesting individual was found by the road side selling grass and water, the latter at \$1 per gallon. The Coldwell family finally reached their destination, and Mr. Coldwell went into the stock business. His cattle were the first Missouri stock to cross the plains, and some of them sold for \$150 per head. None but Spanish stock had been here previously. Gold dust was the circulating medium in trade, and each dealer, in whatsoever business he was engaged, had his scales to weigh gold dust.

"In 1852 the elder Coldwell died, and in 1856 Mrs. Coldwell went back with her family to Tennessee, her native state. Here young Neal Coldwell attended the Black Grove and Newmarket schools until 1859, when his mother with her family came to Texas, and reached Kerr county in 1860.

"In 1862, during the progress of the Civil War, young Coldwell enlisted in the company of Captain Eugene B. Millet, 32nd Texas Cavalry, the regiment commanded by Col. P. C. Wood. Their field of operation was in Louisiana, opposing the invading army under General Banks. He participated in all of the battles and skirmishes, thirty-two in number, with the exception of Mansfield, his last fight being at Yellow Bayou. During one of these battles, while the regiment was under fire and not replying to it, awaiting orders, one man became nervous, and said there was no use talking, he could not stand it, and would have to move

back: Sergt. John C. Douglas of Seguin told him to come and stand with him, and he would try to keep him up to the fighting point. He stood for a few minutes until a bucketful of canister shot tore up the ground in front of him, when he wilted again, and Douglas told him to go and he went. Their horses were tied in the rear and this man rode a swayback he called Rainbow. He was a humorous fellow, and telling afterwards of his flight from the battlefield, he said that when he mounted he picked old Rainbow up with his spurs and shook him three times, and when he let him down he fairly flew, only hitting the road in the high places. After the war Captain Coldwell came back to Kerr county and engaged in farming and stockraising.

In 1875 a frontier battalion was organized to operate against the Indians, and he was appointed captain of Company F. Pat Dolan was first lieutenant, F. C. Nelson, second, and there were seventy-five enlisted men. There were six companies in all, the whole being under the command of Major John B. Jones. The station (Captain Coldwell's men) was the headwaters of the Guadalupe River. Their scouting territory embraced the country from the mouth of the Pulliam Prong of the Nueces to the mouth of the South Fork of the Llano, where Junction City now is. Much scouting was done, and with such energy that the Indians were kept in check without any fights, but they came near getting one band. On this occasion George Danner, William Baker and Joe Moss were camped with a wagon four miles east of the Frio Water Hole hunting game and wild honey. They had found a bee cave in a gorge and were robbing it, when they were attracted by the barking of a dog at their wagon on the hill. Climbing out to see what was the matter, they discovered a band of nine Indians, who had taken their wagon horses and were carrying them off, the dog following and barking at them. The distance to the Indians was about 600 yards, but Joe Moss had a buffalo gun, and taking a pop at them, he killed one of their horses. The Indians now killed the dog and rode on. At this time Baker was out on a hunt and riding their only remaining horse. When he returned and learned the situation he at once rode to the camp

of Captain Coldwell, nine miles distant, and informed him of the presence of the Indians. He set out at once to the scene with thirty men. The trail of the Indians was taken up at 5 o'clock and followed until night. It led south towards the head of the Sabinal River, and the trailing was tedious and slow, being in a timbered country abounding in high grass. The rangers camped on the divide at the head of the river, having no water, and were moving again as soon as the trail could be seen on the following morning. As they turned down into the head of the canyon a beiled mare and colt were seen, and had they known the situation here they could have waited and caught the Indians, for the latter had only gone down in the valley to camp by the water, and come back to the divide next morning, but not on their own trail of the previous evening. They crossed over into another valley and came out near enough to see the mare, which they captured, and killed the colt. While they were doing this Captain Coldwell and his men were trailing them to where they camped and back on the divide, where the dead colt was found, and the mare gone. Part of this time only a ridge intervened between the Indians and the rangers. The trail now led down the divide between Cypress Creek and the Frio, which came in above the town of Leakey. Here on a high point the Indians stopped for noon, having a good view of the country for several miles, and evidently saw the rangers on their trail and hastily decamped, which fact was indicated by signs of cooked meat, etc. They intended raiding Frio Canyon that night, for as yet they had only one horse besides those they were riding. This one they had stolen from Sam Larrimore on the head of the Perdennes, and had been pushed out from there by citizens who were now on their trail behind the rangers, but went back when they learned that Captain Coldwell was after them. At the noon camp of the Indians the captain left the pack mules with Sergt. W. G. Coston and five men to follow on, and he and the others pushed on as rapidly as the rough nature of the country would admit.

"To give an idea of the difficulties which had to be surmounted in crossing these rocky mountains, the following in-

eidents will be a fair sample: In many places the rangers had to lead their horses, and in one of these Captain Caldwell was leading his by the rope with the bridle reins over the horn of the saddle, and coming to a four-foot ledge, the horses had to make a powerful spring to clear, and all succeeded but the captain's horse. When he made his spring the bridle reins tightened and pulled him backwards, and he fell in such a position with his feet uphill that he had to be turned over before he could get up. At a similar place one of the pack-mules with Sergeant Coston's party fell backwards and rolled to the foot of the hill with his pack.

"The Indians were crowded so close that the water in the little branches which they crossed was still muddy when the rangers would cross. If there had been any open country they would have been caught, but all was brakes, mountains and canyons. Much blood was on the trail where the Indians had spurred their horses. On the West Prong of the Frio two men were discovered some distance off in a little valley, and not knowing whether they were Indians or white men, and wanting to be sure to get them if the former, Captain Caldwell deployed his men and completely surrounded them. When the cordon was drawn close and they were caught in the circle, it was discovered they were white men. The latter were greatly surprised to see armed men riding towards them from every direction, and at first were alarmed. They were busy cutting a bee tree, and did not notice the approach of the rangers until they were close upon them. They were also on the trail of the Indians, but had not noticed this fact, having come into the valley after the Indians crossed it. One of the men was named Ragsdale. The rangers made another dry camp. They had no provisions, but about 10 o'clock in the night Sergeant Coston came up with the pack-mules, and they got something to eat. The Indians had the advantage of the night, when the trail could no longer be followed, and got another good start ahead. They were followed however, until 3 o'clock on the following evening, when a heavy rain came up and obliterated all signs of the trail. Captain Caldwell now went down the Nueces, hoping

to find the trail again but could not do so, and the pursuit was abandoned. The Indians were not heard of any more.

"In December it became necessary to reduce the ranger force, and the company of Captain Caldwell was cut down to forty men and the lieutenants thrown out. Afterwards Major Jones allowed one, and W. K. Jones, (later county judge of Val Verde county) was appointed. He was a brother to the ranger captain, Frank Jones, who was killed in Mexico. Soon after the company was reduced Captain Caldwell was sent down into the Rio Grande counties with his men to stop the depredations of bandits. The territory to scout over was from Ringgold barracks to Brownsville. By vigilant work the outlaws were kept in check during the winter. The command was now ordered in to be disbanded, and Captain Caldwell instructed to turn over State government property, mules, etc., but with the view of organizing a new company for further operations against Indians and lawless characters. The home of Captain Caldwell was near Center Point, in Kerr county, and here he had the government mules, with a man employed to look after them. They were turned out during the day and rounded up and penned again at night. On one occasion a mule failed to show up, having strayed, and that night the Indians made a raid through the valley and carried him off, also a horse belonging to Monroe Surber. Captain Caldwell followed the Indians far to the west, over the rugged mountains, but failed to overtake them, as they scattered and went various ways.

"At this time Lon Spencer and a companion, whose name cannot now be recalled, were out on the head draws of the South Llano hunting game or mustangs, and saw two Indians coming towards them a long way off, and ambushed them. When they came within gunshot each selected his man to shoot at, and both fired. Spencer killed his Indian, but the other man missed, and one got away. Now it happened that these two Indians had the mule and horse which were stolen at Center Point, and they were recovered. Spencer brought back the recaptured property, and also the scalp of the Indian and his rigging.

"In 1876 another company was organ-

ized with Captain Coldwell as commander. Their scouting territory was the same as before, and they did a great deal of it. On one scout of ten days, while returning, they came upon some cattlemen at Painted Rock, on the South Llano, who were carrying a herd to Kansas. They informed the rangers that the Indians had made a raid on another cow outfit at Green Lake, six miles above, and captured eleven head of their horses. Captain Coldwell at once repaired to the scene with his scouts and took the trail. Their only chance for carrying water was in canteens, and as the Indians had gone out through a dry country, the captain cautioned the men to be saving with the water. It was warm weather in April, and the water soon gave out. On the second day, at night, a dry camp was made in a draw, and the men were suffering very much with thirst. They looked bad—skin dry and lips swollen. During the night they were very restless, and moaning in their sleep. Some arose and scratched in the dry gravel of the draw, trying to find moisture. Aleck Merrit, the trailer, had walked a great deal in following the trail, and had long since used up all of his water, and was suffering more than the others, who had ridden their horses. Captain Coldwell and Dr. Nowlin were lying on their blankets together, a little apart from the rest, and were commenting on the long distance Merritt had walked and trailed and expressed an opinion that he was certainly more thirsty than the balance. The captain had preserved some water in his canteen for an extreme emergency if it came, but now called Merrit and made known to him the fact, and offered him some of the water and explained to him the reason. The unselfish and true Texas ranger refused it, because he thought it would look wrong in him to accept it when the other boys had none, and went back to his pallet and suffered on through the long night and until 9 o'clock the following day. When water was found the men could not very well be restrained, and many of them drank until they were sick. Eighteen Indians had camped here the night before, as was indicated by the imprint of their bodies in the rank grass where they slept. Just below, in the same little

valley, a like number had spent the night and held a bunch of horses there. It is likely well enough that the rangers did not come into contact with this band, numbering thirty-six to their twelve, in the famished and weakened condition they were in. The scout was held here two days.

George Beakley's horse had given out and was not able to keep on the trail of the Indians, and the captain did not want to leave him alone, so a return towards camp was made, Beakley riding a pack mule and slowly leading his jaded horse. The captain had flankers on both sides while on the move, and one of these, William Layton, became lost from the command. He was seen during the greater part of the day, but finally he was missed and the command halted. The captain got on an elevated place and searched for him with a spy glass, but could not discover him. He hated to leave the man, but it was useless to go back to hunt for him, as they could not even guess where to look. The grass was fired with the hope that the smoke might be seen by him and to some extent guide him, and the scout moved on. The men would soon be out of water again, and it was twenty-five miles back to it. Provisions were left in a tree, so that if the lost ranger should strike their trail he could find it. Two nights passed before anything was seen or heard of him and he was about given up as lost in fact, when on the third day he overtook them. He had crossed the trail of the rangers once and did not see it, and turned back when he discovered that he was going too low down the country. His horse took the trail when he came to where the grass was burned, and followed it as true as the needle to the pole. It was at the next water that the provisions were left in the tree, and by the time he reached that place they were very acceptable to the hungry ranger. Layton had not been in the service very long. An old time Texas ranger would not have gotten into such a scrape as that.

In the following December Captain Coldwell was put in command of Company A, which acted as escort to Major Jones, and was almost constantly employed in going from one post to another, inspecting, paying off, etc.

In 1877 Major Jones, with Captain

Coldwell's command, Pat Dolan's and Frank Moore's companies, were ordered to concentrate. Captain Dolan was in Nueces Canyon and Captain Frank Moore was on the Llano, where Junction City is now. The purpose of assembling the rangers was to round up the whole country around the heads of the Nueces and Llano, and arrest every man in it. This part of the country had become headquarters for all the desperadoes, outlaws, horse and cattle thieves, and fugitives from justice in the whole Southwest and from the East, and the intention of apprehending every man was to be certain to get the right ones, as the rangers could not distinguish the guilty parties. Each man was examined and he had to give a satisfactory account of himself before he was turned loose. Forty men out of this round-up proved to be the persons wanted, and they were carried to Junction City and there confined in shackles in a place called the "bull pen." Junction City was just being laid off. There were only a few houses there—no jail or court house—although it was designated as the county seat of Kimble county. Judge Blackburn had arrived there to hold court, and the rangers remained to give protection in case any of the outlawry kind gave trouble. But these at the time were all in durance vile in the "bull pen," and everything passed off smoothly during this first term of court in Kimble county. Court was held under a large liveoak tree, and to give color to this primitive court of justice in the wilderness, a swarm of wild bees were working in the tree under which were assembled judge and jury, lawyers and witnesses. The arrested men were all turned over to the civil authorities.

"After this Captain Coldwell went to Frio Town and operated in surrounding counties, capturing outlaws and desperate characters in that part of the country. During this service he and his scouts apprehended more than forty men and brought them to justice.

"The last rangers were different from the first—the Indian-fighting rangers. Many of them were detectives from other states and different parts of this state. The first ones were of the cowboy style—good riders, trailers, and shots, wearing leggings, many of them, and buckskin.

The last ones, however, did splendid work in their line, which was fraught with as much danger as fighting Indians. This service was continued by Captain Coldwell until 1879.

"Governor Roberts was in the executive chair during the last mentioned date, and Major Jones was made adjutant-general, and Captain Coldwell quartermaster of the frontier battalion. His business was to make tours of inspection, furnish rations, and recommend charges of men or companies from one place to another. During this service information was received that lawless characters were operating south of Fort Davis, in the Chenati mountains, where there were no rangers. General Jones ordered Sergt. Ed Sieker to take four men and one Mexican guide and repair to the scene. As these men figure in a fight with the outlaws in which one of them lost his life, their names will be given as follows: Sam Henry, Tom Carson, L. B. Caruthers, — — Bingham, and the Mexican, name not known. At Fort Davis Sergeant Sieker learned that the most daring of the desperadoes were four in number, one of whom was Jesse Evans, from New Mexico. They would rob stores in daylight in Fort Davis and terrorize the citizens generally, and the latter had offered a reward of \$500 for their capture. The rangers learned through a negro named Louis, who occupied a neutral position between the two parties, that the outlaws' stronghold was in the Chenati Mountains. He also told the latter that the rangers were after them. They believed the negro was wholly on their side, and that their position was not known. They told him if only four rangers came to hunt for them he need not put himself to the trouble to inform them, but to keep them posted in regard to a larger force.

"From the fort the rangers went south about eighty miles to near the Rio Grande, on a little creek in the Chenati range, and there, while hunting for trails, discovered four men on horseback above them. As this corresponded to the number of men they were hunting, and in their range, they turned and started towards them. The outlaws, for such they were, turned and ran, and soon commenced firing at the rangers who were in pursuit. This settled their

identity, and Sergeant Seiker and his men put their horses to the utmost speed to overhail them, firing as they went. The chase lasted two miles, until the outlaws came to a mountain which was flat on top, but on the opposite side was a ledge of rock four feet in height which ran around the circle of the mountain. The fugitives went up the mountain, across its flat crest, down the ledge to near the base, and there dismounted, tied their horses, and came back to the ledge and took a position behind it to fight the rangers. When Sergeant Seiker and his men arrived at the mountain and found out the position of the desperadoes; they went up near the crest, dismounted, tied their horses, and advanced to assault their position on foot. The Mexican had stopped back with the pack mule. The rangers deployed as they went, but were soon fired on, and a desperate charge was made across the open ground, in which Bingham was killed. His comrades were charging straight ahead, firing rapidly with their winchesters, and did not notice his fall. The bullets flew so thick along the rim of the ledge that it was death to an outlaw to get his face above it.

The leader, Jesse Evans, kept his head above, and was fired at by Sergeant Seiker, who was charging straight toward their position, but his first ball hit the rock in front of him too low. For an instant the outlaw ducked his head and then raised it again, but only to receive a ball between the eyes from the winchester of the sergeant. The other three became rattled when he fell and ran around under the ledge, keeping their heads below, and almost ran against the muzzle of Tom Carson's gun, who had charged to the brink of the ledge and was looking over, with his gun cocked and finger on the trigger, trying to see them. Before he could fire, they begged for their life and began to throw down their arms. The other rangers congregated at this point, and Sergeant Seiker ordered them to hand up their guns and pistols and come out from under the ledge. This all happened in a very short time, and now for the first time it was discovered that Bingham was killed. The others then wanted to kill the prisoners, but were prevented by the sergeant. The sad duty of burying the

dead comrade consumed several hours, as they had nothing to dig with but Bowie knives. The horses of the outlaws were brought up, on which they were mounted, securely tied, and the rangers took their departure, leaving the dead desperado under the ledge where he fell. The trip back to Fort Davis was made without further incident, and the captives put in jail there.

To take into consideration the disadvantage under which the rangers had to charge across open ground upon a sheltered position of desperate men armed with the best repeating guns and the numbers nearly equal, and the rapidity with which they made themselves masters of the situation, this fight has but few equals in any warfare.

The jail at Fort Davis was of Mexican model, and was a regular dungeon. The main building was square and made of adobe, with rooms in the center and doors opening on the outside in the courtyard. The jail was in one corner of the building, and blasted out of solid rock to a proper depth and then covered over tened. The egress was by a trap door, the top by strong timbers securely fastened. No light was in there. Into this place of utter darkness the captured outlaws were placed.

At this time Captain Coldwell had just arrived, having been sent down there by General Jones to ascertain if any more men were needed at that place. Finding the necessity, General Jones was informed of the fact, and Captain Charles L. Neville and his men were sent. The rangers were quartered at the court and jail enclosure, and some of them stood guard there all of the time. The citizens of this place and Fort Stockton greatly rejoiced at the changes which had been wrought, and had a great respect and admiration for the Texas rangers. Before this they were afraid to open their mouths in condemnation of the lawless acts which were constantly being committed in their midst. They were murdered by these desperadoes on the least provocation. The \$500 reward which they had offered for the apprehension of the four leaders of this gang they cheerfully paid to the five rangers, or to the four survivors of the desperate battle. Of course such service as this was expected of rangers without any

compensation except their monthly pay, and it was not for any reward that they ran the bandits down and captured them, and they did not expect anything. They accepted the gift in the spirit in which it was given. The donation was from wealthy men—merchants and stockmen.

“After the incident above narrated Captain Coldwell was ordered by General Jones to Ysleta to inspect the company of Capt. George W. Baylor. At this time Victorio, the famous Mesealero Apache Chief, was in Old Mexico, south of the Rio Grande, with a strong band of desperate warriors. He had been fighting the United States troops in New Mexico, and getting the worst of it, had run down in there for safety. His presence there being a menace to citizens of Mexico, troops were sent up from Chihuahua by order of the Mexican government to attack him. Officers of the United States troops in Texas, believing that if he was driven out of Mexico he would cross the Rio Grande into Texas, had troops scattered through the mountains at all the watering places to intercept him. Colonel Grierson was in command of these forces, with headquarters at Eagle Springs, forty-five miles east of Fort Quitman, on the Rio Grande. On the El Paso stage route a buckboard was run one day, and a “jerky,” or two-seated hack, the next. Captain Coldwell went down from Fort Davis on the “jerky.” The Captain only had his revolver, but one of his men put a winchester in the vehicle, saying he might see Indians on the route. A man named Baker was the driver. Nothing of interest occurred on the trip down, and they arrived all right at Ysleta. Several days were spent here attending to business, and then the start was made on the return trip to Fort Davis. At Fort Quitman news was received that the Mexican forces had fought Victorio and his band, making a stand-off affair, and had gone back to Chihuahua, and also that after the fight Victorio had crossed the river and was now in Texas. Captain Coldwell now knew the trip back to Fort Davis would be fraught with much danger. Besides himself in the “jerky” was one negro soldier, a boy named Graham on his way to Fort Davis to act as hostler there, and the

driver. The latter thought the Indians would attack them at Quitman Canyon, but if they passed that place all right they might get safely through. They expected to meet the buckboard at dusk at Eighteen Mile Water Hole, where a short halt was made to get water. In the evening five men were seen on large horses, who at a distance had the appearance of United States soldiers on account of the horses. One came towards them a short distance and then went back. The captain now felt somewhat relieved, thinking the country was being patrolled by the regular troops. About dusk the water hole was reached, but Baker and his buckboard were not there. This caused some uneasiness, but Captain Coldwell got out and said he would fill a vessel with water and they would continue their journey. I will here describe the peculiar team which worked to the vehicle. They were small mules, and had been trained to run all the time on the road, and when they were harnessed and turned loose from the hitching post they started off at once in a gallop, and could not be stopped quietly until they reached the next station. So when Captain Coldwell alighted and was filling his canteen the driver had to let the mules run around in a circle until he was ready to mount again. One startling fact which the captain and his party were not aware of at the time, was that on this very day a battle had been fought with Victorio's band in a few hundred yards of this water hole, in a little canyon just back of it, in which a squad of the Tenth Cavalry had been routed with the loss of five or six men and horses and they had retreated back to Eagle Springs. The dead horses were lying almost in view of the road, and the men in the valley back, who had been taken for United States soldiers, were scouts of Victorio mounted on United States cavalry horses which they had captured. It had been agreed by the party in the hack, if the Indians came upon them, that the driver would give his gun to the boy Graham and let the team run in the road, and the balance to fight the Indians as they went, unless a mule was killed, and then to stand and fight to the best advantage, but with little hope of ever coming clear. If they

had known what was ahead the situation at this time would have been more desperate. The non-appearance of Baker with the buckboard was ominous. After leaving the water hole the mules in the "jerky" went at a lively rate for three miles and then shied at something by the road. It was the buckboard with one mule dead, the other gone, and beside it lay two dead men—the driver Baker, and a passenger. They were evidently killed about sundown, as they should have been at the waterhole at the same time the other vehicle was there. No doubt they ran and fought the Indians until one mule was killed, and then died beside the vehicle. Very little time was taken to look around here. The situation was appalling for the captain and his party. Indians were all over the country, battles were being fought and men were being killed in various places. The driver was told to slow down his team. The captain sat with his Winchester in his hand, admonished the men to keep cool, have their guns in readiness, and to keep close watch on both sides of the road; they were in for it, and must face the situation and get out of it the best they could. They arrived at Eagle Springs all right and reported the killing of the men in the buckboard. Baker was warned by the soldiers who had fought the battle near the water hole not to start on his trip, and they told him he was certain to be killed there. For four days Victorio's band swarmed along the road, and finally crossed it at Van Horn's Pass and went in the direction of Rattlesnake Springs. The troops being informed of the route, went around them and laid an ambush at the springs. Here impatient, restless men spoiled all, as is the case on so many occasions of ambushades. Firing commenced too soon, and the Indians turned back and recrossed the Rio Grande, at the same place where they did in coming over. Victorio was quite a general; he knew the Mexican troops were gone by this time, and the coast would be clear on that side.

"In the following winter Captain Baylor came down from Ysleta with his men to investigate the killing of one man and the wounding of another in the Quitman Pass. At the time Captain Neville came down from Fort Davis with

his men, and the two commands met at Eagle Springs. The combined forces now, after finding the trail of the Indians, which were Victorio and his band, again followed in rapid pursuit to the Guadalupe Mountains, and here located the camp of the Indians by their smoke and surrounded them. A fight ensued, but the hostiles soon discovered that it was a considerable force of Texas Rangers that was upon them, and began to scatter and break through the cordon and got away. Six were killed on the ground and many wounded. One wounded squaw was captured and brought back. Some of the United States officers paid the rangers a compliment when they returned by saying they had done more good in ten days than the United States troops had all summer. Victorio was finally killed and his band scattered.

"Captain Caldwell's service ended on the frontier in 1883."

Veteran Who Came in Wagon to Texas is Dead.

Simpson N. Tidwell, 83, who died November 5th, at the home of his son, Lee Tidwell, 2301 Lipseomb Street, Ft. Worth, was a Confederate veteran and had been a resident of Texas for 77 years. He was a native of Mississippi, but came to Bowie county in a covered wagon with his parents in 1848. After his father's death Tidwell continued farming the homestead, which is located eight miles north of Maude. He retired a few years ago, following the death of his wife, and went to live with his Fort Worth son. Tidwell joined the Confederacy when only 17 years old. He saw five years of service, serving in turn under Generals Sidney Johnson, Joseph E. Johnson and James B. Hood. Tidwell had been a member of the Sand Hill Baptist Church at Sims for 54 years at the time of his death. Besides Lee Tidwell, the deceased is survived by two other sons, Clarence Tidwell, Fort Worth, and Jim Tidwell, New Boston; and three daughters, Mrs. M. F. Hale, Goliad, and Mrs. O. H. Jackson and Miss Lena Tidwell, Clarendon.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Kit Carson, the Noted Frontiersman

From "The Santa Fe Trail," By Col. Henry Doman, Published in 1898

Christopher, or Kit Carson, as he was familiarly known to the world, stands at the head and front of celebrated frontiersmen, trappers, scouts, guides and Indian fighters. I knew him through a series of years, to the date of his death in 1868, but I shall confine myself to the events of his remarkable career along the line of the Santa Fe Trail and its immediate environs. In 1826 a party of Santa Fe traders passing near his father's home in Howard county, Missouri, young Kit, who was then but seventeen years old, joined the caravan as hunter. He was already an expert with the rifle, and thus commenced a life of adventure on the great plains and in the Rocky Mountains.

His first exhibition of that nerve and coolness in the presence of danger which marked his whole life was in this initial trip across the plains. When the caravan had arrived at the Arkansas River, somewhere in the vicinity of the great bend of that stream, one of the teamsters, while carelessly pulling his rifle toward him by the barrel, discharged the weapon and received the ball in his arm, completely crushing the bones. The blood from the wound flowed so copiously that he nearly lost his life before it could be arrested. He was fixed up, however, and the caravan proceeded on its journey, the man thinking no more seriously of his injured arm. In a few days, however, the wound began to indicate that gangrene had set in, and it was determined that only by amputation was it possible for him to live beyond a few days. Every one of the elder men of the caravan positively declined to attempt the operation, as there were no instruments of any kind. At this juncture Kit, realizing the extreme necessity of prompt action, stepped forward and offered to do the job. He told the unfortunate sufferer that he had had no experience in such matters, but that as no one else would do it, he would take the chances. All the tools that Kit could find were a razor, a saw, and the king-bolt of a wagon. He cut the flesh with the razor, sawed through the bone as if it had been a piece of joist, and scared the horrible

wound with the king-bolt which he had heated to a white glow, for the purpose of stopping the flow of blood that naturally followed such rude surgery. The operation was a complete success; the man lived many years afterward, and was with his surgeon in many an expedition.

In the early days of the commerce of the prairies, Carson was the hunter at Bent's Fort for a period of eight years. There were about forty men employed at the place; and when the game was found in abundance in the mountains, it was a relatively easy task and just suited to his love of sport, but when it grew scarce, as it often did, his prowess was tasked to its utmost to keep the forty mouths from crying for food. He became such an unerring shot with the rifle during that time that he was called the "Nestor of the Rocky Mountains." His favorite game was the buffalo, although he killed countless numbers of other animals.

All of the plains tribes of Indians, as did the powerful Utes of the mountains, knew him well; for he had often visited in their camps, sat in their lodges, smoked the pipe, and played with their boys. The latter fact may not appear of much consequence, but there are no people on earth who have a greater love for their boy children than the savages of America. The Indians all feared him, too, at the same time they respected his excellent judgment, and frequently were governed by his wise counsel. The following story will show his power in this direction: The Sioux, one of the most numerous and warlike tribes at that time, had encroached upon the hunting grounds of the southern Indians, and the latter had many a skirmish with them on the banks of the Arkansas along the line of the Trail. Carson, who was in the upper valley of the river, was sent for to come down and help them drive the obnoxious Sioux back to their own stamping ground. He left Fort Bent, and went with the party of Comanche messengers to the main camp of that tribe and the Arapahoes, with whom they had united. Upon his arrival, he

he was told that the Sioux had a thousand warriors and many rifles, and the Comanches and Arapahoes were afraid of them on account of the great disparity of numbers, but that if he would go with them on the war path, they felt assured they could overcome their enemies. Carson, however, instead of encouraging the Comanches and Arapahoes to fight, induced them to negotiate with the Sioux. He was sent as mediator, and so successfully accomplished his mission that the intruding tribes consented to leave the hunting grounds of the Comanches as soon as the buffalo season was over; which they did, and there was no more trouble.

After many adventures in California with Fremont, Carson, with his inseparable friend, L. B. Maxwell, embarked in the wool-raising industry. Shortly after they had established themselves on their ranch, the Apaches made one of their frequent murdering and plundering raids through Northern New Mexico, killing defenseless women and children, running off stock of all kinds, and laying waste every ranch they came across in their wild foray. Not very far from the city of Santa Fe they ruthlessly butchered a Mr. White and his son, though three of their number were slain by the gentlemen before they were overpowered. Other of the blood-thirsty savages carried away the women and children of the desolated home and took them to their mountain retreat in the vicinity of Las Vegas. Mr. White was a highly respected merchant, and news of this outrage spreading rapidly through the settlements, it was determined that the savages should not go without punishment this time, at least. Carson's reputation as an Indian fighter was at its height, so the natives of the country sent for him, and declined to move until he came. For some unexplained reason, after he arrived at Las Vegas, he was not placed in charge of the posse, that position having already been given to a Frenchman. Carson, as usual with him, never murmured because he was assigned to a subordinate position, but took his place, ready to do his part in whatever capacity.

The party set out for the stronghold of the savages, and rode night and day on the trail of the murderers, hoping to

surprise them and recapture the women and children; but so much time had been wasted in delays, that Carson feared they would only find the mutilated bodies of the poor captives. In a few days after leaving Las Vegas, the retreat of the savages was discovered in the fastness of the mountains, where they had fortified themselves in such a manner that they could resist ten times the number of their pursuers. Carson, as soon as he saw them, without a second's hesitation, and giving a characteristic yell, dashed in, expecting, of course, that the men would follow him; but they only stood in gaping wonderment at his bravery, not daring to venture after him. He did not discover his dilemma until he had advanced so far alone that escape seemed impossible. But here his coolness, which always served him in the moment of supreme danger, saved his scalp. As the savages turned on him, he threw himself on the off side of his horse, Indian fashion, for he was as expert in a trick of that kind as the savages themselves, and rode back to the command. He had six arrows in his horse and a bullet through his coat!

The Indians in those days were poorly armed, and did not long follow up the pursuit of the Carson; for observing the squad of mounted Mexicans, they retreated to the top of a rocky prominence, from which point they could watch every movement of the whites. Carson was raging at the apathy, if not to say cowardice, of the men who had sent for him to join them, but he kept his counsel to himself, for he was anxious to save the captured women and children. He talked to the men very earnestly, however, exhorting them not to flinch in the duty they had come so far to perform, and for which he had come at their call. This had the desired effect; for he induced them to make a charge, which was gallantly performed, and in such a brave manner that the Indians fled, scarcely making an effort to defend themselves. Five of their number were killed at the furious onset of the Mexicans, but unfortunately, as he anticipated, only the murdered corpses of the women and children were the result of the victory.

President Polk appointed Carson to a second lieutenantcy, and his first official duty was conducting fifty soldiers under

his command through the country of the Comanches, who were then at war with the whites. A fight occurred at a place known as Point of Rocks, where on arriving, Carson found a company of volunteers for the Mexican War, and camped near them. About dawn the next morning all the animals of the volunteers were captured by a band of Indians, while the herders were conducting them to the river-bottom to graze. The herders had no weapons, and luckily, in the confusion attending the bold theft, ran into Carson's camp, and as he, with his men, were ready with their rifles, they recaptured the oxen, but the horses were successfully driven off by their captors. Several of the savages were mortally wounded by Carson's prompt charge, as signs after they had cleared out proved; but the Indian custom of tying the wounded on their ponies precluded the chance of taking any scalps. The wily Comanche, like the Arab of the desert, is generally successful in his sudden assaults, but Carson, who was never surprised, was always equal to his tactics.

One of the soldiers whose turn it had been to stand guard that morning was discovered to have been asleep when the alarm of Indians was given, and Carson at once administered the Indian method of punishment, making the man wear the dress of a squaw for that day. Then going on, he arrived at Santa Fe, where he turned over his little command. While here, he heard that a gang of those desperadoes so frequently the nuisance of a new country had formed a conspiracy to murder and rob two wealthy citizens whom they had volunteered to accompany over the Trail to the States. The caravan was already many miles on its way when Carson was informed of the plot. In less than an hour he had hired sixteen picked men and was on his march to intercept them. He took a short cut across the mountains, taking special care to keep out of the way of the Indians, who were on the war-path, but as to whose movements he was always posted. In two days he came upon a camp of United States recruits en route to the military posts in New Mexico, whose commander offered to accompany him with twenty men. Carson accepted the generous proposal,

by forced marches soon overtook the caravan of traders, and at once placed one, Fox, the leader of the gang in irons, after which he informed the owners of the caravan of the escape they had made from the wretches whom they were treating so kindly. At first the gentlemen were astounded at the disclosures made to them, but soon admitted that they had noticed many things which convinced them that the plot really existed, and but for the opportune arrival of the brave frontiersman it would shortly have been carried out.

The members of the caravan who were trustworthy were then ordered to corral the rest of the conspirators, thirty-five in number, and they were driven out of the camp, with the exception of Fox, the leader, whom Carson conveyed to Taos. He was imprisoned for several months, but as crime in intent only could be proved against him, and as the adobe walls of the house where he was confined were not secure enough to retain a man who desired to release himself, he was finally liberated, and cleared out.

The traders were profuse in their thanks to Carson for his timely interference, but he refused every offer of remuneration. On their return to Santa Fe from St. Louis, however, they presented him with a magnificent pair of pistols, upon whose silver mounting was an inscription commemorating his brave deed and the gratitude of the donors.

The following summer was spent in a visit to St. Louis, and early in the fall he returned over the Trail, arriving at the Cheyenne village on the Upper Arkansas without meeting any incident worthy of note. On reaching that point he learned that the Indians had received a terrible affront from an officer commanding a detachment of United States troops, who had whipped one of their chiefs; and that consequently the whole tribe was enraged and burning for revenge upon the whites. Carson was the first white man to approach the place since the insult, and so many years had elapsed since he was the hunter at Bent's Fort, and so grievously had the Indians been offended, that his name no longer guaranteed safety to the party with whom he was traveling, nor even insured respect to himself, in the state

of excitement existing in the village. Carson, however, deliberately pushed himself into the presence of a war council which was just then in session to consider the question of attacking the caravan, giving orders to his men to keep close together and guard against surprise.

The savages, supposing that he could not understand their language, talked without restraint, and unfolded their plans to capture his party and kill them all, particularly the leader. After they had reached this decision, Carson coolly rose and addressed the council in the Cheyenne language, informing the Indians who he was, of his former associations with and the kindness to their tribe, and that he was now ready to render them any assistance they might require; but as to their taking his scalp, he claimed the right to say a word.

The Indians departed, and Carson went his way; but there were hundreds of savages in sight on the sand hills, and, though they made no attack, he was well aware that he was in their power, nor had they abandoned the idea of capturing his train. His coolness and deliberation kept his men in spirit, and yet out of the whole fifteen, which was the total number of his force there were only two or three on whom he could place any reliance in case of an emergency. When the train camped for the night, the wagons were corralled, and the men and mules all brought inside the circle. Grass was cut with sheath-knives and fed to the animals, instead of their being picketed out as usual, and as large a guard as possible detailed. When the camp had settled down to perfect quiet, Carson crawled outside it, taking with him a Mexican boy, and after explaining to him the danger which threatened them all, told him that it was in his power to save the lives of the company. Then he sent him on alone to Rayedo, a journey of nearly three hundred miles, to ask for an escort of United States troops to be sent out to meet the train, impressing upon the brave little Mexican the importance of putting a good many miles between himself and the camp before morning. So he started him, with a few rations of food, without letting the rest of the party know that such measures were necessary. The boy had

been in Carson's service for some time, and was known to him as a faithful and active messenger, and in a wild country like New Mexico, with the outdoor life and habits of the people, such a journey was not an unusual occurrence.

Carson now returned to the camp to watch all night himself, and at day-break all were on the Trail again. No Indians made their appearance until nearly noon, when five warriors came galloping toward the train. As soon as they came close enough to hear his voice, Carson ordered them to halt, and going up to them, told how he had sent a messenger to Rayedo the night before to inform the troops that their tribe was annoying him, and that if he or his men were molested, terrible punishment would be inflicted by those who would surely come to his relief. The savages replied that they would look for the moccasin tracks, which they undoubtedly found, and the whole village passed away toward the hills after a little while, evidently seeking a place of safety from an expected attack by the troops.

The young Mexican overtook the detachment of soldiers whose officer had caused all the trouble with the Indians, to whom he told his story; but failing to secure any sympathy, he continued his journey to Rayedo, and procured from the garrison at that place immediate assistance. Major Grier, commanding the post, at once dispatched a troop of his regiment, which, by forced marches, met Carson twenty-five miles below Bent's Fort, and though it encountered no Indians, the rapid movement had a good effect upon the savages, impressing them with the power and promptness of the government.

Early in the spring of 1865 Carson was ordered, with three companies, to put a stop to the depredations of marauding bands of Cheyennes, Kicwas and Comanches upon the caravans and emigrant outfits traveling the Santa Fe Trail. He left Fort Union with his command and marched over the Dry or Cimarron route to the Arkansas River, for the purpose of establishing a fortified camp at Cedar Bluffs, or Cold Spring, to afford a refuge for the freight trains on that dangerous part of the Trail. The Indians had for some time

been harrassing not only the caravans of the citizen traders, but also those of the government, which carried supplies to the several military posts in the Territory of New Mexico. An expedition was therefore planned by Carson to punish them, and he soon found an opportunity to strike a blow near the adobe fort on the Canadian River. His force consisted of the First Regiment of New Mexican Volunteer Cavalry and seventy-five friendly Indians, his entire command numbering fourteen commissioned officers and three hundred and ninety-six enlisted men. With these he attacked the Kiowa village, consisting of about one hundred and fifty lodges. The fight was a very severe one, and lasted from half-past eight in the morning until after sundown. The savages, with more than the ordinary intrepidity and boldness, made repeated stands against the fierce onslaughts of Carson's cavalrymen, but were at last forced to give way, and were cut down as they stubbornly retreated, suffering a loss of sixty killed and wounded. In this battle only two privates and one non-commissioned officer were killed, and one non-commissioned officer and thirteen privates, four of whom were friendly Indians, wounded. The command destroyed one hundred and fifty lodges, a large amount of dried meats, berries, buffalo robes, cooking utensils, and also a buggy and spring-wagon, the property of Sierrito, the Kiowa chief.

In his official account of the fight, Carson states that he found ammunition in the village which had been furnished no doubt, by unscrupulous Mexican traders.

He told me that he never was deceived by Indian tactics but once in his life. He said that he was hunting with six others after buffalo, in the summer of 1835; that they had been successful, and came into their little bivouac one night very tired, intending to start for the rendezvous at Bent's Fort the next morning. They had a number of dogs, among them some excellent animals. These barked a good deal and seemed restless, and the men heard wolves. "I saw," said Kit, "two big wolves sneaking about, one of them quite close to us. Gordon, one of my men, wanted to fire his rifle at it, but I did not let

him, for fear he would hit a dog. I admit that I had a sort of an idea that those wolves might be Indians; but when I noticed one of them turn short around, and heard the clashing of his teeth as he rushed at one of the dogs, I felt easy then, and was certain that they were wolves sure enough. But the red devil fooled me, after all, for he had two dried buffalo bones in his hands under the wolf-skin, and he rattled them together every time he turned to make a dash at the dogs! Well, by and by we all dosed off, and it wasn't long before I was suddenly aroused by a noise and a big blaze. I rushed out the first thing for our mules and held them. If the savages had been at all smart, they could have killed us in a trice, but they ran as soon as they fired at us. They killed one of my men, putting five bullets in his body and eight in his buffalo robe. The Indians were a band of Snakes, and found us by sheer accident. They endeavored to ambush us the next morning, but we got wind of their little game and killed three of them, including the chief."

Carson's nature was made up of some very noble attributes. He was brave, but not reckless like Custer; a veritable exponent of Christian altruism, and as true to his friends as the needle to the pole. Under the average stature, and rather delicate looking in his physical proportions, he was nevertheless a quick, wiry man, with nerves of steel, and possessing an indomitable will. He was full of caution, but shewed a coolness in the moment of supreme danger that was good to witness.

During a short visit to Fort Lyons, Colorado, where a favorite son of his was living, early in the morning of 1868, while mounting his horse in front of his quarters, an artery in his neck was suddenly ruptured, from the effects of which, notwithstanding the medical assistance rendered by the fort surgeons, he died in a few moments. His remains, after reposing for some time at Fort Lyon, were taken to Taos, so long his home in New Mexico, where an appropriate monument was erected over them. In the Plaza at Santa Fe his name also appears cut on a cenotaph raised to commemorate the services of the soldiers of the Territory. As an Indian fighter he

was matchless. The identical rifle used by him for more than thirty-five years, and which never failed him, he bequeath-

ed, just before his death, to Montezuma Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Santa Fe, of which he was a member.

A Bandera County Minute Man

Related by Tom M. Stevens, Bandera, Texas

I joined Captain Jack Phillips Minute Company at Bandera in 1873, at the time of the organization of that company. We elected Jack Phillips as our captain, and Sam Jones as first lieutenant. I was made corporal. The State appraised our horses, and furnished our arms and amunition, but we had to furnish our mounts and provisions. Our company was composed of the following men, all of whom are now dead, except myself and Andy Jones: Jack Phillips, Sam Jones, T. M. Stevens, J. I. Jones, Will Ross, F. L. Hicks, Jack Sheppard, Bill Hester, Sam Casey, Jim Davenport, John A. Jones, Jim McKay, Joe Miller, Taylor Hester, Joel Casey, Jim Brown, John Clark, Monroe Moncur, Joe Click, Alex Hay, Jim Lewis, Joe Reed, Pete Weaver, Mack Weaver, Dave Weaver, A. G. Jones, Charlie Gersdorff, Jim Gobble, Dave Chipman, Laoma White.

This minute company was organized for protection against the Indians, and to put a stop to the cattle and horse stealing which had become very common in this country, the stealing being done by thieves who drifted in from other sections of the state. Indian raids at that time did not occur as often as formerly, but the redskins still came through occasionally. The last raid they made was in 1875, particulars of which will be given further on in this narrative.

Our first call was for ten men to scout for Indians. The second day out we jumped a big bear which took a tree. We ran up and Will Ross shot at the bear and missed it, but Will's gun was so near me that my face was powder burned. We got the bear, however, and Will had to guard the horses while we were in camp for being such a poor marksman. Finding no Indian sign, we returned home without accidently getting shot.

In the spring of 1874 Indians stole some horses from parties around Bandera. Captain Phillips and his men

followed them out near the head of the Medina river to the headwaters of the Frio. There the Indians met another band of the red devils, who had been in camp several days at a fine spring which gushed out of a bluff of a mountain, which location afforded them an ideal lookout, as a splendid view of the whole surrounding country was obtained. Their spies had evidently seen us a long time before we reached there, for we never overtook them, although we followed their trail to the Nueces. In 1884 W. P. W. Holmes and myself located a cow ranch at this place where the fine spring was found.

Along in 1873 and 1874 Bandera county was overrun with some bad hombres, who were known to be cattle rustlers. Captain Phillips decided to break up some of their devilment. Four or five of these rustlers rounded up a herd of cattle along the Medina river above Bandera and started them west. We followed them and overtook the herd about where Leakey now stands, and we rounded up both cattle and men. They offered but little resistance, and it being late in the afternoon we went into camp for the night, Captain Phillips detailing some of his men to guard the prisoners. We had camped near a ranch, and while we were cooking supper a kind lady named McDougal, sent word that if any of our men would come over to the ranch she would cook supper for them. One of the prisoners, a man named Nichols, asked Captain Phillips if he could go over there and get supper if his guard accompanied him, and F. L. Hicks was detailed to go with him. Mr. Hicks consented but said, "I'll take you over there and I'll bring you back." But he never brought him back. When they went in and sat down at the supper table, Hicks left his gun near the door, Nichols seating himself nearer the door than Hicks. While Mr. Hicks was hiding the good things set before him,

Nichols grabbed the gun and jumped for the door, and once outside he made a run for the brush. Mr. Hicks jumped up, knocking part of the dishes off of the table and turned over the bench on which he had been sitting, and dashed in pursuit, leaving his hat. It was too dark outside to see the prisoner, so he returned to camp and reported the escape. The joke was on Hicks, and we had lots of fun over the incident. We did not care if all the prisoners got away, just so we got the cows back home. Next morning we started for Bandera, and on reaching there we delivered the other prisoners to the sheriff and turned the cattle loose on their old range.

In the summer of 1874 we captured a young man named Waldreop on the river near where the town of Medina is now located. He was accused of finding ropes with horses at one end. There were also others accused of similar crimes; and we took them to San Saba where they were wanted, and turned them over to the officers at that place. A little broke-backed man by the name of Aee Brown, evidently the alcalde of the town, ordered the prisoners put in a hole in the ground, about 10x10 feet, which served as a jail. Guards were placed around this sweat hole to keep the inmates from escaping. And there we left them, and as we bade them farewell I could see the beads of perspiration standing out on their faces. I heard afterwards that these fellows left that hole one night and got away. I was glad of it.

We were disbanded in the spring of 1875, and the following winter Capt. Jack Phillips was killed by Indians, at Seco Pass, in the western part of Bandera county. Mr. Phillips lived several miles above Bandera on Winan's Creek, and had started over to Sabinal Canyon on some business for his brother-in-law, Buck Hamilton, who was then sheriff of Bandera county. There was no wagon road over the mountains, but just a horse trail. Mr. Phillips ate dinner with M. C. Click, on the Hondo, and when he arrived at the Pass which leads into the Seco Canyon he was attacked by Indians. Some time previously F. L. Hicks had built a pasture fence across the trail and in lieu of a gate had provided common draw bars through which

to pass. Mr. Phillips had passed through this when the Indians made the attack upon him. He ran back the way he came and succeeded in getting through the bars again, but was pursued for about half a mile. His horse was shot through the shoulder and fell into a ravine. Mr. Phillips took down the ravine on foot, but was soon overtaken and killed. While all this was taking place William Felts and Miss Josephine Durban were on their way from Sabinal Canyon to Bandera to get married, and came upon the body of Mr. Phillips shortly after the Indians left. They first saw the disabled horse, which was lying in sight of the trail, and went to him. Here they discovered the tracks of Mr. Phillips, where he ran down the ravine, and following these about fifty yards, they found him lying face downward. They hurried to the ranch of Mr. Click, told him the news, and stayed at his house that night. Next morning Mr. Click, Mr. Weaver, and others went after the body and Felt and Miss Durban came on to Bandera and brought the news over here. When Mr. Click and his party arrived at the scene of the killing the horse was still alive but unable to get up and was shot by Dave Weaver. The body of Jack Phillips lay face downward, and was stripped and mutilated. The Indians had taken the saddle off the horse and carried it away. The body was taken to Joel Casey's, the nearest Hondo settler, and Mr. Click came to Bandera that night and had a coffin made, and the next day the remains of Mr. Phillips were brought to Bandera and buried with Masonic honors.

Copies in Demand.

We want a number of copies of Frontier Times, issues of October, 1923, January 1924, February 1924, April 1924, January 1925. If you have any copies of these dates please notify Frontier Times and state price.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

Newspaper Files Bought by University of Texas.

Newspaper files covering the Civil War period in the University of Texas library have been made more complete through the purchase of 221 issues of the Charleston Daily Courier for the year 1861, some 600 issues of the Charleston daily Mercury for the years 1861 through 1864 and 278 issues of the Richmond Daily Dispatch for the three years of 1861 through 1863.

These papers, bought at auction, are from the library of John L. Manning, war governor of South Carolina, and Brigadier General J. L. Chestnut, aide to Jefferson Davis. Civil War papers are very hard to obtain and the prices of these ranged from 60 cents to \$1.00 an issue, according to E. W. Winkler, University librarian.

The University library already contained a file of the Charleston Courier for the three years of 1862 through 1864, but not of 1861. Heretofore, the library possessed no copies of either the Charleston Mercury or the Richmond Dispatch.

W. W. Sloan Dies.

W. W. Sloan, 80, pioneer Texan and resident of San Antonio for 32 years, died Sunday morning November 29.

He was a native of Carthage, Tenn., and came to Texas with his parents in 1850 when five years old, and lived first at Indianola. He was married to Mary Frances Smith of Mississippi in 1868. After joining the 33rd Texas Cavalry in 1863, he served through the remainder of the Civil War. After holding the offices of mayor, magistrate and public weigher for several years during his residence in Flatonia, he moved to San Antonio in 1893 and became associated with G. W. Hagy as a partner in an undertaking firm in 1900, from which he retired in 1917. He was a member of the first school board under the San Antonio independent school district, and was one of the founders of Prospect Hill Baptist Church, of which he was a member.

He was married to Mrs. Julia Barkley of Yoakum some years after the death of his first wife. Besides his widow, members of the family who survive him include two daughters, Mrs. Fred F. Miller of Kingsville, Miss Louise Sloan

of Baltimore, Md.; six sons, W. W. Sloan Jr. of Falfurrias, John J. of Des Moines, Iowa, Dr. Martin F. Sloan of Baltimore, Sam D. of Fort Worth, Sid and Jean Sloan of San Antonio, and 12 grandchildren.

When the late Captain D. H. Snyder of Georgetown came to Texas about eighty years ago, he made a crop with two oxen. One ox was gentle when he started in and the other was wild. The oxen were given or loaned to Snyder by James G. Harrell of Round Rock, where it was that Capt. Snyder farmed that year. Snyder was a youth of 20. He had come out, unknown, alone, from some state to the east, and worked for Mr. Harrell as a "hand" by the month, at first. Mr. Harrell saw the good in the boy and staked him for a crop of his own. Farming was all they had, for cattle then were almost useless property. We read in the chronicles of the life of this great man that later on he walked to San Antonio on a visit, on which visit he bought either cattle or horses, and entered on a career that finally put him far up the ladder of achievement. That Mr. Harrell who staked him at Round Rock that faraway day, was the father of James G. Harrell, ranchman of Atascosa county. All this happened long before the day of Jim Harrell, the Atascosa man, but when he and Hiram Craig met here Sunday afternoon at the rodeo, they talked over a lot of things, and the early life of Captain Snyder was one of them. Craig lived for many years at Round Rock and Georgetown, and saw Jim Harrell grow from a small boy to his present six foot-four and considerable popularity.—San Antonio Express.

The Texas State Library needs copies of the Frontier Times for October and December, 1923, and April 1924 to complete its file. Please notify the Library if you have copies of these dates for disposal.

We have only a few copies left of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers." Regular price \$2.50. Our club offer of one year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of this book for only \$3.00 still holds good, but will be withdrawn when

Noted Texas Desperadoes

Frontier Times has on hand less than 100 copies of "The Life of John Wesley Hardin," as it appeared serially in this magazine. We are offering these books at \$1.00 each, postage prepaid. After this supply is exhausted it will be impossible to obtain this thrilling book, so if you want a copy send in your order at once to Frontier Times.

We have secured a copy of "The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson," published in 1884, which we expect to publish serially in Frontier Times, beginning in the February or March number,

which will be found equally as interesting as the story of John Wesley Hardin. We will also republish Ben Thompson's life story in book form when the serial is completed in Frontier Times.

We want to secure a copy of "The Life of Sam Bass," another noted Texas desperado, which we will republish. Anyone having a copy of this book will confer a favor by at once notifying us. It is our purpose to republish many books that are now out of print, which have a bearing on the early history of our state.

State Troops on the Frontier

During the Civil War State troops were maintained at different points on the frontier. Mr. Henry J. Brown of Santa Rita New Mexico, has furnished us with some old documents pertaining to these troops, and among the lot we find reports of Captain W. J. Standifer's Co. C, and Capt. Christian Dorbandt's Co., 3rd Frontier District, Burnet County. On the opposite page we give Capt. Dorbandt's report. Below are the names of Captain Standifer's Company appearing in his reports of March and April, 1865:

Hugh McCay, First Lieutenant
 W. J. Standifer, Captain.
 Daniel McKenzie, Second Lieutenant.
 Q. L. Seay, First Sergeant.
 Robert Alexander, Second Sergeant.
 Wm. Moss, Third Sergeant.
 Henry Webb, Fourth Sergeant.
 Abe Spence, Fifth Sergeant.
 H. B. Wells, First Corporal.
 Abe Riffe, Second Corporal.
 J. M. Drake, Third Corporal.
 J. B. Napier, Fourth Corporal.
 W. H. Sims, Fifth Corporal.

Privates:

H. H. Allison.
 John Alexander.
 J. G. Ashbrana.
 John Axley.
 J. A. Bittick.
 C. C. Bryan.
 J. N. Caison.
 L. H. Cowan.

M. Ethridge.
 James Elliott.
 R. W. Farquhar.
 A. N. Farquhar.
 A. Guaf.
 W. G. Gan.
 R. D. Holland.
 E. W. Hamilton.
 George Hobbs.
 James James.
 John Lawhon.
 A. P. Lee.
 G. W. McCoy.
 J. B. Mooney.
 H. Maxwell.
 Wm. Maxwell.
 Wm. Mauldin.
 John Nordin.
 Henry Parker.
 J. H. Russell.
 W. A. Reeves.
 J. G. Smith.
 John Slaughter.
 J. C. Stapp.
 W. H. Stapp.
 J. E. Standifer.
 W. J. Stewart.
 R. Senterfit.
 Calvin Scott.
 Thos. Wolf.
 Jordan Wyatt.
 M. R. Wilkins.
 Jonathan Williams.
 Wm. Webb.
 E. L. Webb.
 Thos. Williams.
 Robert Watkins.

Report of Captain C. Dorbandt's Company, Burnet County, Texas, State Troops
3rd Frontier District, for the Month of January, 1865.

	NAME	Age	Days	Pay	Amt	Remarks
1	Christian Dorbandt, Captain	46	17	\$3.00	\$51.00	
	Alferd Shelby, 1st Lieut.	30	17	3.00	51.00	
2	W. Y. Fowler, 2nd Lieut.	38	10	2.75	27.50	
1	W. M. Carpenter, 1st Sergt.	46	2	2.50	5.00	
2	W. R. Slaughter, 2nd Sergt.	40	2	2.50	5.00	
3	A. J. Stenford, 3rd Sergt.	40	13	2.50	32.50	
4	Harman Fowler, 4th Sergt.	20	13	2.50	32.50	
5	John Tawson, 5th Sergt.	26	12	2.50	30.00	
1	Dan Frances, Corpl.	30	11	2.25	24.75	
2	John Davidson, Corpl.	38	2	2.25	4.50	
3	Edward Ebling, Corpl.	41	3	2.25	6.75	
4	Calven Hall, Corpl.	47	12	2.25	27.00	
5	George Hastings, Corpl.	29	11	2.25	24.75	
1	Ahers Smith, Private	36	11	2.00	22.00	
2	Baily Isham, Private	17	11	2.00	22.00	
3	Burnam, Gid, Private	17	14	2.00	28.00	
4	Burnam, Waddy, Private	17	14	2.00	28.00	
5	Burton, John F., Private	41	12	2.00	24.00	
6	Brace, Rodeny, Private	44	14	2.00	28.00	trans from Cpt Magills Co
7	Branson, J., Private	40	14	2.00	28.00	
8	Carpenter, George, Private	18	11	2.00	22.00	
9	Cox, F. M., Private	21	14	2.00	28.00	
10	Cox, George W., Private	18	9	2.00	18.00	
11	Cox, A. M., Private	40	2	2.00	4.00	
12	Crawford, W., Private	18	18	2.00	36.00	
13	Corder, Joel, Private	17	2	2.00	4.00	Enlisted on 20, Jan. 1865.
14	Davis, John, Private	24	2	2.00	4.00	
15	Davidson, Felix, Private	24	14	2.00	28.00	
16	Davidson, Wallas, Private	44	12	2.00	24.00	
17	Franklin, Wm., Private	28	14	2.00	28.00	
18	Franklin, Jim, Private	37	11	2.00	22.00	
19	Harris, Joil A., Private	38	2	2.00	4.00	
20	Halow, Lewis, Private	37	12	2.00	24.00	
21	Holeman, Jesse, Private	48	11	2.00	22.00	
22	Hall, Ben, Private	17	11	2.00	22.00	
23	Jackson, Elias, Private	40	14	2.00	28.00	
24	Kirkwood, Wm., Private	40	12	2.00	24.00	
25	Lacey, Ewin, Private	29	12	2.00	24.00	
26	Lacey, John, Private	25	2	2.00	4.00	
27	Lacey Frank, Private	38	11	2.00	22.00	
28	Lacey, Jacke, Private	40	11	2.00	22.00	
29	Rodgers, Lenard, Private	37	2	2.00	4.00	
30	Richter, Rudolf, Private	29	2	2.00	4.00	
31	Rust, W. M., Private	40	2	2.00	4.00	detailed to powder mill.
32	Smithard, M. A., Private	37	14	2.00	28.00	
33	Singleton, Waller, Private	29	2	2.00	4.00	
34	Stewart, Sam, Private	26	11	2.00	22.00	
35	Smith, Joe, Private	26	11	2.00	22.00	
36	Stimmet, Laurenz, Private	25	11	2.00	22.00	detailed as public Miller.
37	Turner, John, Private	17	11	2.00	22.00	
38	Vickers, John, Private	46	14	2.00	28.00	
39	Wright, O. L., Private	46	3	2.00	6.00	
40	Whitman, John, Private	19	13	2.00	26.00	
41	Whitman, Wm., Private	32	2	2.00	4.00	
42	Waldrip, T., Private	40	12	2.00	24.00	

Soldiering on the Frontier

Geo. S. Raper, Two Harbors, Minn., in National Tribune

Fifty-five years ago today (Aug. 22), at Louisville, I enlisted as a General Mounted Service recruit. First Lieut. L. M. O'Brien was the officer in charge. After I put my name on the dotted line the Sergeant handed me a suit of blue, that was made for a man twice my size, and the Sergeant, being a good-natured sort of a cuss, hating to put any unnecessary work on us, gathered up all of our citizen clothes and took them away and sold them. I have often wondered if it was just absentmindedness that prevented him from "whacking up" with us.

That evening we started for Fort Leavenworth, and after a month there we (about 150 of us) were fortunate enough to be assigned to the 8th Cavalry, then in command of that splendid officer, General J. Irvin Gregg. We were loaded into cars and started to New Mexico.

We got to Kit Carson, Colorado, and the first thing we saw the next morning were two fellows strung up under a railroad bridge where they had been hung the night before by a vigilance committee. From this it might be inferred that Kit Carson was "fully alive" at that time.

The monotony of the long trip across Kansas and part of Colorado was only broken by the thousands of buffalos. Six years afterwards, when I was returning home the buffalos were all gone and the country was almost a solid field of wheat across western Kansas.

At Kit Carson we were given guns, and we picked up a bunch of "dough-boys" headed for the 15th Infantry. All of us were under command of Second Lieutenant Hampton S. Cottle, long since dead. There we started on our long march of nearly 1,200 miles to New Mexico.

Any one now passing over the A. T. & S. F. from Los Animas, Colorado, to San Marcial, New Mexico, probably would not appreciate what a God-forsaken country that hike took us through back in the fall of 1870.

The first place we struck that told us we were still in the United States was the flag at Fort Lyon, then in command

of General J. R. Brooke, Lieutenant Colonel 3d Infantry.

I have no recollection of Las Animas. Trinidad was just one street, with a few scattering adobe shanties down near the river. We crossed the Raton Mountains at Dick Hooten's ranch, and found the Red River of the South, west of the foot of the mountains, only about 10 feet wide.

One place where we camped for a night there was a rancher living. It was said that at this house they had soda biscuits three times a day, 365 days in the year. I had a good many meals there and I never found any other kind of bread; so it must be so.

At this place we saw our first Indians. They were Utes, and one of them had on a Major General's dress uniform, coat, epaulets, and all, which had been given him by General Sherman. The old chief also had a letter from the General which he prized very highly. The letter advised the reader to watch the old fellow very close, that he would carry away anything he could get his hands on.

Cimarron was about the only place we found that would lead one to believe that there had ever been anything but a Mexican in that country. Fort Union was the headquarters of the 8th Cavalry. I was fortunate enough to be assigned to troop B, with Captain Wm. McCleave in command. He is long since dead, but I want to go on record as believing that there were very few officers that were his equal.

At Fort Union we lost the men who were assigned to troops at that station, and also those at Fort Garland. After a few day's rest we again took up the weary march, and two days after we camped at Las Vegas, an old Mexican town. What is now East Las Vegas was not at that time even a hole in the ground.

At Albuquerque we first saw the Rio Grande, and lost our comrades that were en route for Fort Wingate. At Fort Craig the fellows for Fort Selden and Fort Bayard kept on down the river; and we that were going to Fort Stanton crossed the river and hiked east through

the sandy desert. The first of November we reached our long looked for "happy home."

We were not long in taking up the duties of soldiers, with foot and mounted drill nearly every day. We had a splendid drillmaster in Sergeant Patrick Golden, an old soldier of several years' service.

A short time before we reached the post the Apaches killed one of our troop, and also a member of Co. I of the 15th Infantry within a few miles of the post. A scout was at once started after the murderers who were followed so closely that in order to let the bucks get away the squaws got in the way of the charge going up a narrow canyon, knowing, as they did, that in order to get around them it would delay the charge.

Several prisoners were taken and we found them still in confinement at the post with a guard over them. That post was not very desirable. We enlisted at \$16 a month, but Congress got funny and reduced our pay to \$13. Of course, that did not set very good, and the result was the army lost many men by refusal to reenlist and by desertion. One of the latter was my bunkey.

It would be hard for one who has not passed through the experience to realize the irksome sameness, or want of variety of a soldier's life in New Mexico, and especially at Fort Stanton in the early 70's. The nearest point of anything that might be called civilization being Las Vegas, more than 150 miles away. Not a book or anything to read. Mail once a week and taking from four to five weeks for a letter from as far East as Ohio. Where one was fortunate enough to have a friend who sent them the home paper it was read by every man in the troop until entirely worn out.

There was nothing to attract one's attention, except the same old round of soldier duty, an unending sequence of guard, stable police, kitchen police, and fatigue; and then back over the same thing.

We cavalymen had a little the best of the infantrymen. We got all the escort duty, scouting and other things of that kind. For a few days we had a chance to lose sight of the old stone buildings of the post. We looked forward with delight to the afternoon that

we were the old guard, as we then had the splendid duty of herding the horses for grazing.

It certainly was fun to get the horses all excited in the corral (when there were no commissioned officers around), and then turn them loose and run them until they got their play out. We all felt as though we had lost our best friend when mounted drill was taken off.

All of the officers of the regiment above Second Lieutenant had seen service during the Civil War. Several of them had reached the rank of Brigadier General. With us as we were making out tramp was four Second Lieutenants that had graduated with the class of 1870. I think only one of them is now living, Brig. Gen Samuel W. Fountain, retired. Lieut. R. A. Williams only lived long enough to get his Captain's commission.

I have understood that Lieut. F. E. Phelps lost a leg at Wounded Knee, and was retired; Lieut. Godwin became a Brigadier General, retired. S. B. M. Young was one of our original captains, appointed in 1866. He was, I think, the last one to die. Capt. J. F. Randlett was transferred to the regiment in 1870 and was a captain for 16 years.

This letter starts by saying "55 years ago I put on the blue." Now I close it by saying that 50 years ago Major J. H. Mahuked, Regimental Adjutant, handed me my discharge at Santa Fe, New Mexico, for expiration of term of service, signed by General Gregg, and the Major was kind enough to write the word "excellent" under the black line.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

The Past and the Present

Jeanette Jones, in Houston Chronicle, December 16, 1923

Hospitality is not what it used to be. Neighborliness has almost ceased. Kindness and cordiality are lost arts. Virtue and honesty exists only in light cases. People don't do like they did in the good old days. And the world is going to the bow wows. At least, according to some preachers, ladies' aid workers, it is. Contrary to the good old days, to hear them tell it, there is more of getting and less of giving.

Verily, the old order changeth and giveth way to the new, which causeth much head-wagging and ominous foreboding. To pay an afternoon visit and "set a spell" is not to be thought of. To take the family and the dog and spend the night with a neighboring family would be a sign of barbarism. People kill hogs and never send their neighbor so much as a sparerib or sausage. They gad around in automobiles instead of riding safely and sedately behind a mule. They wear silk hose and thin crepe in winter instead of ankle-length unions and flannel petticoats.

The new age with its "rash doin's" and its perplexities, its hurried and frank mode of living, contrasted with the ways of our grandfathers, has supplied subjects for many a sermon, lecture, magazine article and gossip fest. It is interesting to note the passing of customs instituted by the staunch and grizzled pioneers of the country, who themselves are rapidly passing away. The dress of a generation ago is, of course, "impossible" now. The manner of traveling has changed. Ideals and standards have moved up. The amusements of half a century ago would be tame and laughable now. People do not cook nor eat as they used to. Even ailments and diseases have changed, as have the methods of treating the sick.

It is especially interesting to consider the changes which have taken place in the catalogue of human ailments in the last quarter of a century. Babies which are no longer "babies," but "infants," used to have measles and whooping cough. Indeed, care was often taken by the parent who took care of the offspring that the infant be exposed to these

maladies in order to prevent his having them in later life. Adults were said to have a hard time surviving measles and whooping cough. The child who reached maturity without a case of one or the other was not properly brought up.

But modern babies rarely have measles or whooping cough. They are born and reared according to baby books, charts and courses in mothercraft, which prevent the luxury of any disease or ailment, save when one slips, which is not provided for in the book. Occasionally a skinny little fellow is found. He is immediately carried by the frantic parents to a baby expert, who prescribes malted milk, beef juice, various essences and extracts, scales and an easy life for the underweight. Adenoids, weak eyes, tonsils and bow legs are not allowed modern children, but children of a generation ago grew to manhood and womanhood without knowing that their physical path had been beset with foes like these.

Where is the kid who used to go barefooted almost the entire year around? Youngsters today are rarely seen unshod. Even in midsummer their feet are strapped in cunning, if scant, sandals, and their colds for the year are sometimes as numerous as their shoes. They are not even allowed to have sore toes and stone bruises, the priceless possession of the barefoot boy. Croup, that changed the sweetest voice to the likeness of one coming from under a tub and sometimes followed a visit to the wash hole, is never heard nowadays. The best cure for the croup or sore throat in the good old days was simply the unfragrant method of sleeping with a dirty stocking tied around the neck. It never failed!

Soreness in the chest was relieved by wearing a piece of red flannel over it. Between the chest and the flannel was a plaster composed of the following ingredients: Kerosene oil, syrup, vinegar, soda, turpentine, red pepper, axle grease and whatever else could be spared from the pantry or barn.

A few years ago people lived happily, densely ignorant of the fact that among their inward fixtures was an organ called the appendix. Citizens went to their

graves and carried their appendices with them still on the inside. But today he who has not had his appendix removed and been treated with X-ray has not lived his life to the fullest. In this modern day the number of operations one has undergone brings the same feeling of satisfaction that scalps on an Indian's belt or notches on a hunter's gun used to produce.

Sulphur was taken for pimples, purgative for headaches, water and soda for colic and lightning oil was rubbed on for rheumatism. Asafoedita was in a little bag around the neck to scare off dread diseases. Onions were often eaten for preventatives, turpentine was applied to cuts. The medicine shelf contained only about six bottles of plain strong medicines. And in those days there used to be epidemics of a trouble, usually starting in school which began on the hands, usually between the fingers, and caused considerable discomfort and tingling. Relief could be gained only by rubbing against an oak tree or a fence. We never hear of this particular misery now, though there are various complicated skin diseases.

But now, blood shots are taken at the dawn of the first pimple. Raisins are Hospitality Galley TWO zftth o perscribed; anything with iron in it. We wouldn't be surprised some day to see a pimply girl eating rusty nails or a hammer. The used-to-be purgative fiend goes on a diet of turnip greens, spinach and lettuce. He takes tonic of mornings, pills at noon and powders at night. Smelling salts and tear starters are the only preventatives. Arnica, adhesive tape, absorbent cotton and white gauze have supplanted the turpentine bottle and clean white rag of bygone day.

The sick are treated in a heartless manner. Carried to the hospital on a stretcher, attended by the family, preacher and physician, if he has time, the ailing person is installed in a narrow white cell to stay until he either dies or recovers sufficiently to move out and make room for another suffering brother. He is allowed to see no one but the nurse, physician and nearest of kin. Flowers with tags on them are sent to soothe his pain. Telephone messages and telegrams are delivered to him second hand. He is fed diluted essence of water and strained

soup. But on one is allowed to drop in and ask him if he thinks he'll get well, tell him how peekid he looks, rub his head, nor hold his hand. His best friends are not allowed to send him a mess of kraut or steak and onions, if they are so minded. The whole business is rather cold blooded.

On the other hand, in the good old days a person was not allowed to suffer unseen. Once in Rusk County, East Texas, where a Northern woman said the pine trees were tall enough to tickle the toes of the angels, five wagons, four buggies and two horses stood all day and far into the night at the home of a dear little white-haired woman who lay dangerously ill. She was more than 70 years old, and had cured more ills, ushered more babies into the world and fed more preachers than any other woman in the county. Aunt Net was loved far and wide. And now when she was about to die it seemed, friends poured in by the score to sit up, to help with the work, to bring something or "to do just anything," they said.

Women huddled in groups on the little front porch and talked in whispers. Some of the men unloaded a wagon load of wood which had been brought up by some kind neighbor. Others were in the side room with the husband, "Uncle Gus," who was worried and tried not to show it. Doves of children played with unbelievable quietness under the house. Women in the kitchen cooked or brought water or scrubbed the shining milk crocks. A woman came up in a wagon from 15 miles away, bringing a jar of blackberry wine and a bunch of withered flowers.

The sick room was very quiet, as was the entire place. Four persons watched by the bed, softly stirred the fire, straightened a cover, or merely sat. A woman was seated close by the bed waving over the sick one a long, leafy peachtree shoot, though not a fly or mosquito was in sight. Everybody on the place had spoken for the privilege of sitting by the bed, and every person present declared his intention of sitting up through the night.

Not a word was spoken but the woman on the bed watched the people on the porch through the window. She saw a half-grown girl stop and tell the

others how the patient was, and whisper that she was going home to cook supper but would be back to sit up.

The woman stirred in her bed, turned and whispered to the one sitting near, "It ain't so bad to be sick when folks is so good to ye."

Verily, the old order changeth and giveth way to the new. But the world still rocks on.

Old Times in Texas.

Naturally the early settler in Texas gave his first thought of the farm to the production of corn. He could live on beef or game for months at a time without bread or salt. The corn meal was a wonderful addition to the daily fare, and I imagine was, at times, a real luxury, instead of a common diet. Not that the settler needed much corn; his horse would not eat it, and his family learned to conserve it. The only mills were the old fashioned steel mills, worked by hand; and to grind the corn in a mill was considerable task of itself. Meat was much easier obtained; still one could not afford to waste powder and lead; the pioneer must be a good marksman.

As early as 1851 corn was being planted in small areas or fields, "patches," along the Brazos, in what are now Brazoria, Austin, and Washington counties.

The early settler probably thought that Texas soil would not produce anything else but corn; and certainly it seems that little else other than what the forest and streams provided was required to meet the immediate needs of his table.

William Scott built a gin house near Cedar Bayou in Harris County as early as 1834 and installed a 40 saw Pratt gin. Cotton was brought by boat and on horses to the gin, and, as opportunity offered, was shipped to New Orleans. About this time a little Sea Island cotton was also being introduced along the Texas coast. Even earlier than the Scott gin, Jared E. Groce raised a crop of cotton on his farm near the present town of Hempstead and ginned and pressed it into 100 pound bales, and carried it on pack mules to Mexico, where he sold it for 50 cents per pound. The same year, 1830, John M. Smith settled

on the Trinity River, where the town of Liberty now stands, and opened up a farm by clearing a canebrake. He hired by day labor Masley Baker, William H. Jack and William B. Travis—men who later became prominently identified with Texas progress and Texas history.

But in spite of these isolated farms with their restricted fields of corn and cotton, stock raising constituted the chief pursuit of the early settlers. Mustang ponies were caught, and after being somewhat gentled, were shipped to Louisiana and sold. This industry or traffic was carried on mainly by young men who had drifted into the country in search of adventure, but found no demand for their services other than capturing and breaking into use the wild ponies. The Vince brothers seem to have been the first to bring improved horses into the country for breeding purposes. They crossed these on mustang mares that had been captured and confined in pastures. But the Houston prairie, from Hempstead south was a favorite range, not only for the wild mustang, but for buffaloes also.

It is a far cry from the primitive agriculture of that day to the great farms and stock ranches of Texas, as we see them now. The ox wagon and the pack mule have been superseded by the railway, auto, and motor trucks. The tractor challenges the supremacy of horse power on the farm, while the multiplied conveniences of the farm home are in like contrast to the primitive home of a century ago. We feel at times that as farmers, we are not receiving an equitable share of the common prosperity that marked the advancement of the last century, yet we doubt if any other line of business or in any other vocation, have there been such marvelous changes of improvement as in the agriculture. This progress demonstrates too, how all industries are linked and dependent, one upon the other, for the industrial development and advancement of the human race. The isolation and individual independence of the farmer has passed away.

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Knew San Antonio of Old

From Page 7

women there," she declared after describing the room of the neighbors during the night of the expected Indian raid. "Nor were there any women with frazzled nerves. Vicissitudes were their daily atmosphere, and God's fresh air was their lipstick.

"As the years passed and more people came in, the town grew," she resumed. "Rock houses sprang up, shingled roofs were used, and canvas or unbleached muslin ceilings became popular. Stores became larger than the little one-roomed adobes which kept a combination of food and clothing, department stores in the making probably. Even at this date Military Plaza was our market place, where we supplied our needs. There were the carretas of long wood, two-wheeled carts drawn by a yoke of oxen. Donkeys with short wood piled high on their backs were here and there. You had your choice of wood for the price you chose to pay. Dotted about were a few ears of corn and some peppers perhaps.

"Then, too, there were little tables over which were erected four poles with a hide stretched over them for a roof. At these tables one could sit and eat tamales, frijoles, and chili con carne. My, how good it was! How many times in my wanderings have I longed for and searched for this delicious Mexican cooking. Not in Guatemala, nor in California, nor in Spain can you find it. There is none, for it is not done that way elsewhere."

Added to her other reminiscences of San Antonio is a vivid recollection of the coming of the first railroad into San Antonio and the days of the Civil War. In the war days the Southern people had no coffee and as substitutes tried parched rye, oats, okra seed, corn and even sweet potatoes cut into small tubes. All were equally dreadful, she declared.

In the last year of the war there was a flood, which since the 1921 flood has been recalled by many old settlers.

"The Alazan and the San Pedro creeks joined forces and spread their waters until for safety our family and the servants lifted the children to their shoulders and waded in water waist deep to dry

land," Mrs. Lucas said further. At that time she lived two miles out on South Flores street. "There was a little rushing sound and the candle lights were put out by the water that carried away the house. There was nothing left of the busy little home.

"Later we lived at the corner of Commerce and North Flores streets. I remember the dreadful epidemic of cholera which followed the end of the war in 1865. People died on the streets, many from fear. So fast did they die and so many that there were no men to make the coffins. People were forced to nail pine boxes together as quickly as possible, haul them to the cemeteries and bury them in trenches side by side. But tragedy often has its comic side. There was a man in town who had never heard of prohibition, and his task of burying the dead was a grewsome one. He must have something to give him courage, so he took his courage in hand and started up to the cemetery on Dignowity Hill with a pine coffin on his dray.

"His eyesight was uncertain, the wheel struck a stump and when the driver looked back to ascertain what was the matter he saw his dead man sitting in the road with the broken coffin scattered about him. The corpse had been dead drunk. The driver did not know this, but with a yell dashed back to town, leaving man, horse and dray to their own sweet will.

"I recall also in those days that the Yankee soldiers passed our house and we children began singing 'Jeff Davis Is Our President.' Some of them instead of being wounded as we thought they would, only laughed and threw kisses to us.

"As time passed on Eastern and Northern people began to pour in. The climate was delightful, the girls desirable and so the breach began to heal. We married and intermarried, commercialism crept about us, and the town began to grow. There were some quite good stores, Grenet, Schleuning, Wolfson, Haas, Oppenheimer, Dulling and others. In 1873 a small store opened its doors on the Austin road, where the S. P. roundhouse now is."

Mrs. Lucas went on to describe this store as the beginning of the present Joske Bros. department store.

FRONTIER TIMES

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Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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We want to secure a copy of a pamphlet issued many years ago by Middleton, entitled "Moderators and Regulators." Address Frontier Times.

Mrs. Lula Taylor of Canadian, Texas, helps the good cause along by sending in four new subscriptions to Frontier Times, besides her own.

James K. Duke of Abilene, Texas, in sending in his renewal subscription for Frontier Times, says: "I hope that you and I may be permitted by a kind fate to continue this annual exchange of checks for Frontier Times for many years to come."

George P. Hoover of Rio Frio, Texas, writes to order the little magazine sent to his father, R. W. Hoover, at Burnet, Texas. He says: "I do not want to miss a copy of your great magazine. I think, after getting all of the numbers for a couple of years, I will save them and place them in our school library."

Mont Hurst, of Dallas, writes us as follows: "I am enclosing my check for \$1.50 for a renewal of my subscription to Frontier Times. I wouldn't miss a copy of it for any consideration, and I think that every Texan should subscribe for it and help perpetuate the memory of those grand old frontiersmen who made this the greatest state in the Union."

Miss Nell Andrews, who recently opened the Personal Service Book Shop at 2011 Guadalupe Street, Austin, Texas, writes us an interesting letter in which she states that her establishment is steadily growing. Her Shop service includes a special department for the collector of rare books, out of print items, bindings, etc., biographies, club papers, club programs, suggestive reading lists, debates and public speaking, historical societies, suggestive books for private libraries, etc. Correspondence invited.

E. P. Lamborn, Route 2, Leavenworth, Kansas, writes as follows: "Do you know of anyone who has a photograph of John Wesley Hardin, Ben Thompson, Bill Thompson, Bill Longley, Clay Allison, John Selman, or George Scarborough? I will gladly pay costs of having a photographer make copy of such photos. I wish some old timers would send in to Frontier Times sketches of the following men: The killing of Billy Carver at Sonora Texas, April 2, 1901; the hanging of Bill Longley at Giddings, Texas, October 11, 1878 or 1879; the killing of Ben Thompson and King Fisher at San Antonio, March 11, 1884; the killing of Ben Kilpatrick at Sanderson, Texas, March 13, 1912; the history of the Ketchum boys of San Angelo; the history of the Marlow boys of Young county, Texas; the killing of Sheriff Tom McGee of Canadian, Texas, by outlaws, November 1, 1894; the accidental killing of Clay Allison near Peecos City, Texas."

Woman 107 Years Old.

Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Dickinson of Terryville, a small community, six miles south of Yoakum, recently celebrated her 107th birthday. Mrs. Dickinson was born in Mississippi Nov. 8, 1818, and lived in that State until she married Dr. S. B. Dickinson and moved to Texas, settling at what is now known as Old Sweet Home, Lavaca County, about five miles west of Yoakum. Soon after their arrival here the Texas War of Independence started and Dr. Dickinson enlisted with Fannin's company, but it so happened that he was on a furlough when these Texas heroes were all killed.

After the war Dr. and Mrs. Dickinson moved on a ranch near Terryville, and she has lived on the same place for sixty-five years. Her husband died in 1881. She is the mother of eleven children. One died in infancy; the remaining ten are living and all have large families. She has many grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great great grandchildren.

Mrs. Dickinson is very active and helps with the housework every day. She has been a member of the Methodist Church since childhood, and one of her sons, Samuel B. Dickinson, is a Methodist minister.

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Moore's Defeat on the San Saba

From "The Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas"

In consequence of the repeated and continued incursions of the Indians through 1837 and 1838, at the close of the latter year Col. John H. Moore, of Fayette, already distinguished for gallantry and patriotism, determined to chastise them. Calling for volunteers from the thinly settled country around him, he succeeded in raising a force of fifty-five whites, forty-two Lipan and twelve Teneahua Indians, an aggregate of one hundred and nine. Col. Castro, chief of the Lipans, commanded his warriors, assisted by the rising and ever faithful young chief, Flaceo, whose memory is honored, and whose subsequent perfidious fate is and ever has been deplored by every pioneer of Texas.

Among this little troupe of whites was Mr Andrew Lockhart, of the Guadalupe, impelled by an agonizing desire to rescue his beautiful little daughter, Matilda, who had been captured with the four Putman children near his home. Her final recovery, at the time of the Council House Fight in San Antonio, on the 19th of March, 1840, will be narrated in another chapter.

The advance scouts reported to Col. Moore the discovery of a large Comanche encampment, with many horses, on the San Saba river, yet the sequel showed that they failed to realize the magnitude in numbers.

With adroit caution that experienced frontiersman, by a night march, arrived in the vicinity before the break of dawn, on the 12th of February, 1839, a clear, frosty morning. They were in a favored position for surprising the foe, and wholly undiscovered. At a given signal every man understood his duty. Castro, with a portion of the Indians, was to stampede the horses grazing in the valley and rush with them beyond recovery.

The whites and remaining Indians were to charge, without noise, upon the village. The horses of the dismounted men of both colors were left tied a mile in the rear in a ravine.

As light sufficiently appeared to distinguish friend from foe, the signal was given. With thirty of his people the wily old Castro soon had a thousand or more loose horses thundering over hill and dale towards the south. Flaceo, with twelve Lipans and twelve Teneahuas, remained with Moore. The combined force left, numbering seventy-nine, rushed upon the buffalo tents, firing wherever an Indian was seen. Many were killed in the first onset. But almost instantly the camp was in motion; the warriors, as if by magic, rushing together and fighting; the women and children wildly fleeing to the coverts of the bottom and neighboring thickets. It was at this moment amid the screams, yells and war-whoops resounding through the valley, that Mr. Lockhart plunged forward in advance of his comrades, calling aloud: "Matilda! if you are here, run to me! Your father calls!" And though yet too dim to see, every word pierced the child's heart as she recognized her father's wailing voice, while she was lashed into a run by the retreating squaws. The contest was fierce and bloody, till, as the sunlight came, Colonel Moore realized that he had only struck and well-nigh destroyed the fighting strength of the lower end of a long and powerful encampment. The enraged savages from above came pouring down in such numbers as to threaten the annihilation of their assailants. Retreat became a necessity, demanding the utmost courage and strictest discipline. But not a man wavered. For the time being the stentorian voice of their

stalwart and iron-nerved leader was a law unto all. Detailing some to bear the wounded, with the others Moore covered them on either flank, and stubbornly fought his way back to the ravine in which his horses had been left, to find that every animal had already been mounted by a Comanche, and was then curveting around them. All that remained possible was to fight on the defensive from the position thus secured, and this was done with such effect that, after a prolonged contest, the enemy ceased to assault. Excepting a few occasional shots at long range by a few of the most daring warriors, extending into the next day, the discomfited assailants were allowed to wend their weary way homeward. Imagine such a party, 150 miles from home, afoot, with a hundred miles of the way through mountains, and six of their comrades so wounded as to perish in the wilderness,

or be transported on litters home by their fellows. Such was the condition of six of the number. They were William M. Eastland (spared then to draw a black bean and be murdered by the accursed order of Santa Anna in 1843); S. S. B. Fields, a lawyer of LaGrange; James Maner, Felix Taylor, — —. Leftingwell, and — —. Martin, the later of whom died soon after reaching home. Cicero Rufus Perry was a sixteen-year-old boy in this ordeal. Gonzalvo Wood was also one of the number.

After much suffering the party reached home, preceded by Castro with the captured horses, which the cunning old fox chiefly appropriated to his own tribe.

Colonel Moore, in his victorious destruction of a Comanche town high up the Colorado in 1840, made a terrible reclamation for the trials and adversities of this expedition.

He Soldiered With Henry M. Stanley

John Sharpe, in Dallas News, December 27, 1925

It is not often that we find a man who through all the achievements of a busy life has steadfastly remained a farmer. That, however, is the position of Col. James Henry Faubion, of Leander, Williamson County, who is at once a farmer, a pioneer, a statesman and a patriot. Quietly at the age of 81 years, this beloved and honored citizen lives with his two daughters on his valuable farm where all of his seven children were born. His life has been a busy one and a blessing to his country, state and nation. He has served her as a soldier, in legislative halls and as a pioneer justice of the peace, county commissioner and supervisor of roads and most of all as a true citizen who has been upstanding for the fundamentals and sensible applications of democracy in government.

Col. Faubion was born at Newport, Cocke county, Tenn., Aug. 20, 1844, and arrived in Georgetown, Texas, Dec. 24, 1865, coming here from Greenville; S. C., after having been paroled from the Confederate army at Kingston, Ga. He later went to Milam county where he

spent one year and then moved to Leander where he has since resided. At first he rented land with his uncle John Faubion, Sr., then purchased the place on which he continues to reside. He married Miss Margaret C. Mason, December 30, 1869, who has been dead for a number of years now. He has seven children, E. M. Faubion, of Houston; O. E. Faubion, of Temple; Mrs. Lelia McBride of Leander; Mrs. W. B. Stanfield, of Fowlerton and Misses Maud and Kate Faubion who make their home with their father.

Col. Faubion joined the Confederate army immediately on the declaration of war and served throughout that struggle taking part in many of the battles. He was sergeant of Company C, 26th Tennessee Infantry, and is the only survivor of his company and one of only four of his command, the division was shot to pieces in a number of fights and at one time only a handful escaped and Col. Faubion being one of them joined a pick-up company and followed on in the running battle which followed. Col. John M. Lillard was his first divisional

commander. He was captured at Fort Donaldson, Tenn., and was taken to Camp Morton as a prisoner of war, remaining eight months. After the battle of Vicksburg, he was exchanged and re-entered the service. He was again captured at Bluntsville, Tenn., and there he escaped from his guards before reaching prison. He rejoined his regiment and served through the campaign which swept through Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, being the fifth Tennessee regiment at the close of the war.

In 1873 Col. Faubion was elected justice of the peace and county commissioner, which office carried with it the further duties of assessor of taxes and road supervisor. Judge Sidney Seymour was at that time chief justice; there were no county judges. When he assumed his duties as justice of the peace, tax assessor, road supervisor and county commissioner, Col. Faubion states Williamson county script was worth 16 cents on the dollar. He states that Dr. Sam Houston, Jr., son of General Sam Houston, was county physician at that time. He also says that many bills were presented the court the first time it assembled and among them \$1,000 for building the first court house of the county. The court concluded that the bill was an imposition as the first court house had been builded in 1848, and refused to pay it.

In 1885, Col. Faubion was elected to the legislature of Texas and served through the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd and 23rd sessions during which time he was chairman of a number of committees. He recalls the services of L. L. Foster, John H. Cochran, and Speaker Alexander as the speakers of the house in those days.

In 1903 he was elected to the state senate and served in the 28th session in the upper house.

Not only is Col. Faubion a pioneer farmer, stockraiser, legislator, senator and county official but he is also a pioneer in newspaper work having been a regular contributor to The Williamson County Sun since its establishment in 1877. He at one time edited The Liberty Hill Curant and later The Leander Times, each of which papers

were among the first established in smaller towns of this state.

Of all the important positions Col. Faubion has held during his eventful life, the most appreciated perhaps is the office of president of the Williamson County Old Settlers' association which he has filled with credit to himself and the association for many years. He is the second man to have held that office during the 21 years of its existence as he succeeded Col. W. K. Makemson, its founder, at his death. He is greatly beloved by the membership.

Reminiscently Col. Faubion has informed this writer from time to time that when he moved to Texas Williamson county had a wonderful supply of wild deer, prairie chickens, quail, wild turkey and kindred game. There was no such thing as a wire fence and the country was open and regarded as a free range. He saw the rich prairie land around Georgetown, Taylor and Granger raise from \$2 per acre before the day of barbed wire to its present high value much of it worth \$500 per acre. Land in the timber where rock or rails were available was worth much more money in those days.

Col. Faubion tells yet with a shudder of the terrible casualty list in his company at the battle of Murfessboro, Tenn., when after the battle in calling the names of the companies when his was reached his captain said all are slaughtered.

"He was wrong," Col. Faubion says "for me and a few more of the boys had come through that fire which was nothing short of a miracle."

Col. Faubion says there has been but one mystery in his life that he could not solve and that was whether or not he was correct in his deductions as to a "buddie" he had once during the war. He has always believed and does yet that a man attached to his regiment and company at one time was Henry M. Stanley, later of African fame. He says the man had the same name, he looked like the pictures of Stanley and at the same time was a soldier of fortune. He believes sincerely that his comrade was none other than Mr. Carter.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times.

The Buffalo Butchery in Texas

Don H. Biggers, in Farm and Ranch

HERE is a story of the buffalo slaughter and overlooked opportunities written in substance as related by the late John W. Mooar, of Colorado City, Texas. Mooar was one of three men to first engage in killing buffaloes on an extensive commercial scale, and was in the business when the guns of buffalo slaughter ceased to boom.

Properly speaking, the buffalo slaughter started in 1870, and practically ended in 1877. Previous to 1870, a considerable number of persons, especially in Nebraska, Kansas and Texas engaged in buffalo hunting as a regular business, but only the choicest meat of the animals killed was sold at Government posts or peddled in towns and communities throughout the country. The number of animals thus slaughtered were comparatively few, and the hides, having at that time no market value, were usually thrown away.

In the early part of 1870, J. Wright Mooar, then a mere boy, left New York City, and a few weeks later landed at Fort Hays, in Western Kansas. Mooar secured a contract to supply the post with wood, and while camped on Walnut creek, some fourteen miles south of Fort Hays, he got acquainted with James White who was killing buffaloes and selling the meat to Fort Hays, but was throwing the hides away. White later became one of the best known buffalo hunters, but in 1877, together with his entire outfit of several men, he was killed by the Indians near what is now Miles City, Montana.

Mooar suggested to White that they try an experiment to see if they could profitably market the hides. As a result of this suggestion twenty-one hides were shipped to John W. Mooar in New York, with instructions to see what he could do with them. No sale could be made, and Mooar finally gave the hides to a Pennsylvania tannery for experimental purposes. The tanners were satisfied with the test, and a few weeks later contracted with Mooar Brothers and White for 2,000 hides at \$3.50 each,

and thus the killing of buffaloes for hides was commenced on considerable scale.

Other tanners soon entered the market, one English tannery contracting for 10,000 hides. By this time several big outfits had entered the buffalo range, and the slaughter was on in dead earnest throughout a vast scope of country.

One of the most serious problems confronting the first professional buffalo hunters was a gun that would do proper execution. Mooar Brothers and White took the matter up with the factories. The first output was the "Big Fifty," which proved a success. Later the Sharpe's 44 became a favorite with most buffalo hunters.

Until the latter part of 1871 most of the big outfits operated in Western Kansas, but in the spring of 1872 a number of hunters had ventured into that part of Texas north of the Canadian river. But the Kiowas, Comanches, Arapahoe and other Indian tribes went on the war-path, and the hunters discreetly retired to new fields. The country most coveted by the hunter was the great plains and prairie area of West Texas.

By the most direct route it was 500 miles from the most southerly camp on the Canadian river to the coveted territory, but the Indian uprising made it impossible to follow that route. The result was that the hunters doubled back, going by way of Fort Dodge, Kansas, Denison, Texas, thence west to Fort Griffin, and from that point another hundred miles west and into the buffalo range. From the time they broke camp until they reached their destination the hunters had traveled a distance of more than 1,000 miles.

With their big ox and mule teams they had averaged around ten miles per day, and for the most part had traversed a trackless wilderness. Long before reaching the buffalo range proper they passed through a country that would now be a hunter's paradise. They were seldom out of sight of herds of antelope, droves of deer, flocks of turkeys and packs of wolves. The deer and antelope have disappeared, a wild turkey is

seldom seen, and the howl of the wolf is seldom heard.

The first permanent buffalo camp was established in the new Texas hunting ground at Big Lake, near the boundary line of what is now Knox and Haskell counties, in 1872. During the winter more than 20,000 buffaloes were killed and thousands of pounds of meat cured by the hunters. Early the next spring the hides and cured meat were sent to Denison. The progress of this hide and-meat train was a sight never to be forgotten and never to be seen again. There were from four to five yoke of oxen in each team, pulling three big wagons, one trailed behind the other. In each wagon bed was packed cured meat, and on top of the meat was piled a great stack of dried hides. The teams were strung along for a distance of more than a mile, and much of the country had never been traversed by wagons.

Frequently the lead team would trample on grass-covered soil, while the rear team would follow a well rutted and dusty road, made by the lead teams. Many people still living remember the entry of that first great buffalo hunter's train into Denison. The Denison hide and meat buyers were unable to even figure on the hide and meat, and the entire lot was sold by telegraph to buyers in Leavenworth, Kansas, to which point shipment was made by rail from Denison.

During 1873-4 quite a number of big hunting outfits ventured into Texas. Among them was George Causey, who had previously operated on a small scale in the Fort Dodge country. Before the end of the slaughter he was one of the most noted hunters and perhaps the biggest outfit that ever operated on the buffalo range. During the winter of 1876-77 his outfit, then operating in the Yellow House Canyon country, skinned 75,000 buffaloes and cured hundreds of thousands of pounds of meat. The work of this one big outfit gives some idea of what was going on throughout the buffalo range of the United States.

Sam Carr was perhaps the greatest individual hunter that ever invaded the buffalo range. He went in alone, and was both a great killer and skinner, and it was no unusual thing for him to kill,

skin and bring into his camp thirty-five or forty buffalo hides in a single day. To do that a man must be a great marksman, know how to "hold the herd," and be an expert skinner to complete the job. It is said that Carr never bothered about saving meat beyond his own camp needs.

It was during 1875 that hunters commenced pouring into the range all over the United States. Merchants, grub-staked men to kill buffaloes, and every man that could raise a wagon and team, a few bed clothes, cooking utensils, any kind of gun and some ammunition turned himself loose. This caused the big outfits to redouble their efforts and the end soon came.

As a commercial proposition there has never been a waste equal to the buffalo slaughter. No flesh equals buffalo meat as a food, and yet of the millions of buffaloes slaughtered during the period of less than seven years, no attempt was made to cure and market more than 5 per cent of it. The only meat the professional hunters cured was the humps, tongues and part of the hams.

As early as 1871 packers came to realize the superiority of buffalo meat and this led to its immediate introduction and popularity as a food. The tallow was an inferior quality, never commanded a good price, and hunters soon ceased to pay any attention to buffalo fat. Owing to the enormous but short-lived over-production, the price of hides and meat depreciated almost to the vanishing point. At one time during the worst glut, hides sold for less than 75 cents each and the price of the meat on the most distant American markets reached the low level of 1½ cents per pound.

After the hunters had gone, railroads were built into many parts of the old buffalo range, and then came the bone boom. On old killing grounds, and for that matter scattered over the entire country, there were tons and tons of bleaching bones. In many instances an area embracing hundreds of acres would be white with them.

The professional hunter had mastered the secret of getting a big herd of buffaloes to milling around, keeping them under his control until he had killed hundreds, frequently until darkness put an end to his work. It was on these

killing-grounds that the greatest supply of bones was found. Perhaps the first big shipment of bones was made from Abilene, Texas, to New Orleans in 1880. For this train load of bones a fancy price was paid, the news spread, and bone haulers flocked into parts of the bone-covered country. The bone hauling business lasted nearly two years and the shipments from Texas alone amounted to more than hundreds of thousands of tons, and the average price of these bones at point of shipment was around \$4.50 per ton.

As usual the bone business was over done, the markets glutted, and prices declined. Prairie fires destroyed millions of tons of the bones before the bone boom started. I saw one stack of buffalo bones on the prairie that was estimated to contain 10,000 tons. This was an assembling point for a big scope of country. Along the railroad tracks at every shipping point contiguous to the bone country there would be great stacks of bones waiting cars for shipment.

In many respects buffaloes were the most remarkable of all animals. In habit they were migratory, drifting south to the Rio Grande in winter, and north into the Dominion of Canada in summer. That is, the lead herds would drift as far as the Rio Grande, while the tail herds would probably get no farther south than Kansas or even Nebraska. The southward movement would start about September 1st, and the northward movement about March 1st.

Old hunters believed the most southerly herds never drifted farther south than the point reached by the southern herds. It was literally one vast herd ebbing north and south with the seasons. They were the hardiest animals in the world. They could withstand the extremeness of heat and cold. In winter they would root or paw through snow and ice for grass, could stand long sieges of drouth and short range, were in reality a family group, and had perhaps originally consisted of but few members, clinging together as it multiplied. The number of the buffaloes in a herd varied from a few hundred to many thousands, and there were frequently so many big herds in proximity that it appeared as

one herd. Mr. Moorar said that he had frequently stood on an eminence and counted as many as half a dozen herds within a few hundred yards of each other. Some of these herds were contentedly grazing, others peacefully lying down, and others marching along with military precision, but all headed in the same direction.

Mr. Moorar said there were two distinct breeds of buffaloes, the mealy-noses and black-noses, one breed having smutty-yellow noses, the other coal-black noses. Other old hunters have verified this statement; and all of them say that whether the herds were drifting north or south the black-nose breed was always on the west side.

In addition to these distinct breeds there were two freak species, the white and blue buffaloes. The white ones were very rare, not more than a dozen or two having been seen or killed by professional hunters in so far as the records show. The blue buffaloes were more numerous, a few of them being found in nearly every big herd. These blue buffaloes were really coal-black, their hair glistening with silvery blue tinge in the sunshine.

The white buffaloes were sacred among the Indians, and one of their hides commanded a small fortune. The hides of the blue buffaloes were used in making the finest of buffalo robes and rugs and commanded fancy prices. Another thing not generally known is that buffalo calves are deep red, later changing to dark brown.

During the period of buffalo slaughter the pick of the country was available for game preserve purposes, and land, particularly in Texas, could be acquired in large tracts for nominally nothing. The question is, why did not some individual, as a stroke of business genius, acquire a great game preserve and found a buffalo herd that would have made him a millionaire, and one of the world's most advertised and famous men? The answer seems to be that no one thought or cared about it. True, they had no wire fences in those days, but there were other methods of inclosure.

Charles Tasker, an adventurous Englishman, came to the West Texas buffalo country in 1876. He conceived

the plan of a great buffalo park. The first step in his plan was to acquire several thousand acres from the State, this land being on the Blanco canyon in Crosby, Hale and Floyd counties. It was ideal property for the purpose.

For a distance for more than ten miles there is a fertile valley, varying in width from a few hundred yards to more than a mile. Through the center of this valley runs a stream, fed by never-failing springs. Skirting the valley on each side is a string of high bluffs. Across one end of the valley Tasker planned to build a high stone wall, and as the valley was narrow at this point, building the wall would have been a simple and inexpensive matter. This wall built by Tasker would drive buffaloes into his park from the open end, and while herding them in the valley he would build another high stone wall across the upper end of the valley. With a stone wall at each end of the valley, and with high bluffs on each side the herd would be securely corralled.

It was a great scheme and easy of accomplishment, and would have resulted in the greatest buffalo preserve in the world. But Tasker proceeded in a foolish way to carry out his great dream. He doubtless had no idea the end was so near. At any rate, before starting his fence he put in several months building a number of fine stone buildings, to be used as barns, homes, etc., and by the time he was ready to build the fence two things had happened. Tasker had gone broke, and practically gave his place away, and the buffaloes had almost disappeared.

After the last of the grown buffaloes had disappeared there were a number of calves wandering about the country. The professional hunters paid no attention to calves, as there was no market for calf hides and their meat was not worth fooling with. These calves would sometimes be found in bunches of a dozen or more, but they were soon exterminated by the thousands of wolves then infesting the country. At that time Colonel Goodnight had a big ranch on the Quitaque river in Western Texas. One day Mrs. Goodnight insisted that the Colonel take some of the ranch hands and bring in some of these motherless

calves and raise them. To please Mrs. Goodnight the Colonel did so, not thinking what the great outcome would be. The Colonel was fortunate in finding a bunch of calves. They were roped, tied and later hauled to the ranch, placed in a strong corral and raised by milk cows. These calves were later put into well-built wire fenced pastures to themselves, for it requires an unusually strong fence to hold even a buffalo calf, and thus was founded the famous Goodnight herd. It was a much less pretentious and far less specular plan than Tasker had, but it was carried out.

And thus, because of the foresight of an educated woman, was preserved the only bunch of buffalo calves in Texas, once the greatest buffalo range in the world and the principal scene of the greatest butchery that ever befell wild animals, a butchery that has, in the long run, amounted to a National calamity.

When the Capitol Freehold Syndicate 44 years ago, contracted to build a state-house at Austin of red Texas granite in return for a deed to 3,000,000 acres of Texas land, it was considered by many to be an undertaking full of hazards. At that time, Texas land was considered practically valueless, being worth not more than 50c an acre. Texas got a capitol building second in size only to the Washington capitol and, for all that, the Chicago syndicate got a great deal the best end of bargain, if we were to believe the figures of its balance sheet. It is thought that in two years' time the last acre of the original tract will be sold. In this land deal we get a good illustration of the wisdom of holding land whose value, in a few years' time, can be so greatly enhanced.

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The First Election in Texas

MOST TEXANS know that Sam Houston was the first elected executive in Texas, but few can realize now the situation in the new born republic at the time of this first election in the fall of 1836. Affairs of State were discord, there were malecontents in every settlement, and there was that general condition of confusion and independence and the the birth of a State. A temporary government had met with opposition in many quarters and had not been allowed to pursue a consistent policy. The citizens were flushed with the victory of San Jacinto, however, and among the masses (if one may call the population of Texas in 1836 disorder that always follows a war for "masses") there was the proper spirit and the right purpose, even though they were divided over many details.

The constitutional convention which had met at Washington in the previous March had made provisions for an election, when the way became clear for such procedure, and accordingly the temporary government authorized the holding of an election for the choosing of a president. There were two candidates, Stephen F. Austin and Henry Smith. Immediately many of Sam Houston's friends importuned him to become a candidate, but he declined to seek the office until twelve days before election day, when the public clamor for him was so great that it appeared that the office was seeking the man. So Houston finally entered the race.

What really caused Houston to enter the race was his fear that Texas would be disrupted by the party spirit which had developed, even this early, to an alarming degree. It was a vigorous campaign, for those days when campaigners had no railroads or automobiles or telephones or daily newspapers to help them in their campaign. The stump orator was supreme, and there were plenty of these. It was a bitter campaign, and the entrance of Houston into the race twelve days before the election had the effect of rallying men from both sides and bringing to pass an

election in which party allegiance was ignored and the voter voted for the man. Thus it happened that the first national election in Texas was similar to the first national election of the United States. In both elections, the people, without reference to party or platform, voted for the man, and in each case it was the man who had been leader of the revolutionary army that was elected.

Of the three candidates voted for, Sam Houston received 4374 votes; Henry Smith received 743, and Stephen F. Austin received 587. (In other words, the total voting strength of Texas in 1836 was less than 6,000 votes.) It was practically a vote by acclamation. It was a splendid tribute to Houston of what the people of Texas thought of him, and of how they valued his service. His election was the biggest landslide that Texas politics has yet recorded, and it was accomplished by no political maneuvering by no strategy or party management. When Houston finally consented to run for the presidency almost the entire voting strength flocked to his banner. Close friends of the other candidates stood by these two and there was a small aggregation of adventurers who opposed Houston and used every means to traduce his name and weaken his candidacy.

At the same time Houston was elected president, Mirabeau B. Lamar was elected vice president. The new president showed the sincerity of his anti-party attitude by appointing men to his cabinet from all factions, his endeavor being not to recognize the faction so much as to get a good man for the place. So his two opponents were called into the administration. Stephen F. Austin was made secretary of State, and Henry Smith secretary of the treasury. Senators and representatives were elected at this general election and on October 3, 1836, the first congress of the republic met at Columbia and was organized.

Hon. David G. Burnett was president ad interim of the government temporarily organized by constitutional convention at Washington on the previous March. On October 22, (in the morning)

he tendered his resignation, and immediately congress passed a resolution accepting this and providing that the inauguration of President-elect Houston take place that very day at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A joint committee was appointed by the two houses to wait upon the president-elect and notify him of this action. Promptly at 4 o'clock Gen. Houston was introduced in the house of representatives, the oath of office was administered by the speaker, and Sam Houston was proclaimed president of Texas. Then President Houston faced the assembly and delivered the inaugural address. It was an extemporaneous speech; only four hours before he had been notified that the inauguration was to take place that afternoon, and the four hours had been spent meeting friends and in conversation. Notwithstanding this, the address is a gem of oratory as well as masterly presentation of the conditions then existing in Texas and of the new State's position among the Nations. In some respects, this address is the most important paper in the archives of the republic, and bears large interest to the student of constitutional government in Texas.

One question was uppermost at this time. It was the question of annexation. The people had voted on this at the recent election, and Houston refers to it in his speech in these words: "In our recent election the important subject of annexation to the United States of America was submitted to the consideration of the people. They have expressed their feelings and their wishes on that momentous subject. They have, with a unanimity unparalleled, declared that they will be reunited to the great republican family of the north. This appeal is made by a willing people. Will our friends disregard it? They have already bestowed upon us their warmest sympathies. Their manly and generous feelings have been enlisted on our behalf. We are cheered by the hope that they will receive us to participate in their civil, political and religious rights, and hail us welcome into the great family of freedom. Our misfortunes have been their misfortunes—our sorrows, too, have been theirs' and their joy of our success has been irrepressible.

Last Of Terry Rangers Dies.

David S. Combs, an original recruit in Terry's Texas Rangers, and thought to be the sole survivor of that world famous band of guerilla warriors that fought through the Civil War, died at his home in San Antonio, January 1, 1926, at the age of 86 years.

Coming to Texas with his parents from their home in Missouri in 1854, the family settled at San Marcos. Combs went up the trail to Iowa in 1867 with a herd of ponies. From that time he was prominently identified with Texas ranching, establishing the Combs ranch at Marathon in 1900. From 1870 until the railroads were built Combs made almost annual trips up the trail with cattle from South Texas. He moved to San Antonio in 1876 and established extensive ranching interests in the Big Bend district. In 1880 he formed a partnership with W. D. and J. M. Kincaid for ranching near San Angelo. He joined Terry's Texas Rangers in 1861, when he was 22 years old. He joined Company D, then known as the Eighth Texas Cavalry, which organized at Bastrop. In common with other members of this famous ranger band, Combs furnished his own mount and all equipment and provisions throughout the period of the war. A statue commemorating the valor of this company of famous fighters now stands in the Capitol grounds at Austin.

Combs married in 1873. His wife died in 1916. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Nora C. McGhee and Mrs. Lila C. Matthews and a son, Guy S. Combs, all of San Antonio. Burial was at San Marcos.

Mrs. Jackie Kindel Oglesby, well known writer of Dallas, sends us this cheering message: "Your Frontier Times is beginning to create interest among University students here. It affords me great pleasure, and is so much assistance in my efforts in writing. I want to see Frontier Times live and grow. We need just such a magazine and there is not another of its kind in existence that I know of."

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Thrilling Adventure on Texas Frontier

Kansas City Star, December 30, 1925

WAKEFUL nights on starlit plains of the Texas of 1846, when the hoot of an owl or the bay of the wolf alone pierced the black void. Days of roving, countless herds of buffalo and Indian bands where no white man had ventured. A tele-a-tete with death before a phlanx of stampeding buffalo. A ride overland to the gulf with only a penknife for protection and a faithful horse for company—these, to George Andrew Gordon, were adventure. Now they are romance. --

That this staunch pioneer should face the perils of an untamed frontier, stalked more than once by certain death, and live to tell that story 80 years afterward, seems fanciful. Yet before death came two weeks ago at his Eureka, Kansas home, he had attained the age of 104 years and had unfolded to Gordon A. Badger the account of his expedition into the Texas wilds when a lad of 25. Mr. Badger's narrative will be a feature of the new volume of Kansas Historical Collections, due to come from the press early in the new year.

There was no particular reason for Gordon's forsaking the comforts of home to explore the trackless stretches of Texas, but within 15 minutes after he had met four strange adventurers in the spring of '46, they had set forth into a hostile Indian country south of the Red river. Two of his companions were grey-haired French Canadian trappers; two were natives of Arkansas.

Two days found their corn pone exhausted; a few more and their salt was gone, and the diet became one round after another of fresh buffalo meat. By night they camped in a spot as inconspicuous as possible, and after the old hunters had spun their evening yarns, they would crawl away from the fire, lie down with guns by their sides, their bed the ground, their saddles pillows, their covering the sky. No word was spoken above a whisper. No sentinel was posted, but perhaps they were never all asleep, Gordon thought, for an owl's hooting or the howling of a wolf was sure to awaken someone.

At length fresh signs of Indians warned the trappers to head the party homeward, and they set out one morning to lay in a supply of meat for several day's journey. Gordon went out with one of the Arkansans. In the hunt they became separated, and Gordon found he had lost all his bullets. Time passed and he failed to locate his companions. Alarmed at his predicament, he mounted a high ridge where he might see from afar.

In about an hour a faint murmuring came, as of wind sighing in pine trees—but there were none. Could it be a buzz of insects. He could see none near. The buzz became a drone, a roar that shook the earth. And then he saw—a monstrous herd of buffalo charging down upon him, a surging black mass that would engulf him.

Gordon looked about frantically for a refuge. He could not tell what course to take to avoid them. His horse trembled with fear. There was a cluster of trees not far away, and he dashed over to it, tied his horse and clambered into the branches. But the center of that mass of animals struck the little grove, and it seemed inevitable that his horse would be crushed.

"The width of that sea of buffalo as shown by their trail was more than half a mile," Gordon related. "My terror was indescribable. Alone, as I feared, far from civilization, without a horse, in a hostile country, with my last bullet in my gun, a braver man than I might have despaired."

"When they had come within about 100 feet, those in front saw my horse and attempted to halt, but in the twinkling of an eye were overwhelmed by the pressure behind. One who has seen railroad cars pile up after a wreck can imagine how the buffalo piled up in an immense heap. This did not in the least check the great host which swept by me like a torrent, but it opened a lane and saved my horse. He, poor fellow, had stood shaking with fear and

perhaps shared with me the feeling of relief this fortunate occurrence gave.

"I could now enjoy a spectacle which I fancied neither white man nor Indian had ever seen. The front rank as they passed was as straight as a regiment of soldiers on dress parade. It was as though they had been trained to keep step. If one had slackened his speed in the least he would have been run over.

"But the open space was growing narrower. The buffalo were dropping from that pile one by one, and the lane of safety was filling. I could now have whipped the buffalo on each side of me with a buggy whip, and the heap itself was approaching me, with the buffalo on top of it higher than the fork of the tree where I was perched. It was a great relief when I observed that the roar was lessening, and after 55 minutes of alternate terror and pleasure for me, the mighty host had passed."

It had been a great migration of buffalo from their winter pastures in Texas to their northern haunts of the summer.

Shortly after Gordon found his companions, and in fear of the Indians that might follow the herd, they hastened all that afternoon and night toward the settlements. A few days later, ready to return to his wife and children, Gordon returned his rifle to its owner, and set out alone for the gulf, with only his penknife as a weapon.

One morning Gordon's horse was following the trail with his master dozing in the saddle, when he suddenly stopped, threw back his head, and pitched Gordon forward. Startled, the rider looked up to see a monster buffalo bull, head high, eyes glaring, shoulders and sides denuded of hair, wool hanging in rolls almost to the ground.

"He was certainly a frightful looking creature," Gordon recalled. "He evidently had just come off second best in a contest with a rival, and was now ready to try his fortune in another battle. One lunge forward and I would have gone down with my horse. Many thoughts rushed to my mind, the most painful being that no word of my fate could ever reach my wife, whom I was hoping soon to meet. My horse realiz-

ed the danger. He stood motionless as a statue, ears forward and eyes doubtless staring the buffalo in the face.

"How long we stood there I do not know. It seemed interminable. The buffalo, however, after satisfying himself that I was an enemy too powerful to attack, lowered his head, wheeled and dashed along the trail until he disappeared."

Through the wilderness the young man pushed on, riding all one night through an inky forest while wolves howled in the distance. Then one day he heard a splashing of water ahead, and emerging from a woodland saw three horsemen swimming their mounts across a murky stream. As they reached the opposite bank, Gordon guided his horse into the current not thinking but that he could cross as easily as they. But at midstream his horse sank beyond its depth, unable to swim. The current swept him on his side, and Gordon hung on, chilled in the icy water, trying to save what provisions he could of his meager store. At length he guided the animal ashore, and while the men stood heartlessly by and watched without offering aid, Gordon made his way to an Indian hut where for a week he was nursed through illness by the Indians.

Finally he pulled himself together and rode onward to the gulf, where he sold his faithful horse and embarked from Galveston to New Crawfordsville. In 1868 he settled near the site of Eureka, Kansas, where he lived until his death.

Many subscribers loan their copies of Frontier Times to neighbors to read, which is neighborly, and all right. But if you will ask your neighbor to subscribe for Frontier Times, and he will do so, it will help us to increase the circulation of the little magazine and at the same time help you to preserve each copy you receive.

We have only a few copies left of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers." Regular price \$2.50. Our club offer of one year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of this book for only \$3.00 still holds good, but will be withdrawn soon.

Old Fort Croghan

TUCKED away in the heart of Burnet County, nestling in its clasp of purple hills at the foot of Post Mountain, is an old log house, all that is left of Fort Croghan, which was built immediately after the Mexican war and where some of the most famous actors in the swift moving drama of American history were stationed. Here lived the South's beloved hero, General Robert E. Lee. In 1917 the old fort was the home of an old slave darkey, Aunt Sophie Sampson, ninety odd years old, who once nursed the general during a spell of illness.

It is doubtful that one in a thousand persons in Texas knows there is such a spot as Fort Croghan. Yet it is one of the most historical spots in this whole wide States' history. It is near, in fact is, a part of the town of Burnet, in all its picturesque beauty, rich in romance and history. The silence of years has fallen upon the stage where some of the most noted characters of Southern history played an important part.

Old Fort Croghan remains a remnant of the stage, glorious with memories of those men who moved like giants in the great war that swayed both North and South alike, when houses were divided against themselves, brother fought brother in mortal combat and old time friends unsheathed their swords under different flags, each fighting for what he thought was right.

And now after sixty years have rolled by, all that Texas ever has left of those days when history was in the making is the old log house named for Captain Croghan, one of the bravest heroes of Mexican War days. Here in this fort of logs were stationed at different times General Robert E. Lee, Van Dorn, E. Kirby Smith, John B. Hood, Chalmers, James McClellan and A. R. Johnson, each man a familiar and honored figure in the pages of history.

The old hospital is all that is left now. Captain E. Kirby Smith, was the first man to station his men at this old fort in the days when it boasted of several log houses. Later it was commanded by Captain Van Dorn afterwards Gen.

Van Dorn, of Confederate fame. Then came Lieutenant Chalmers who during the Civil War as General Chalmers, commanded the North Mississippi division of the Confederate Army. Not long after General John B. Hood took charge, the General Hood whom every Texan knows and loves as the leader of Hood's matchless brigade which covered itself with glory on every battlefield.

Among those names of illustrious commanders was one of the men who wore the blue uniform and rode to fame with the Federal army, General James B. McClellan. And last but not least, General Robert E. Lee that brave and gallant wearer of the gray who not only a nation honors, but to whom the whole world pays tribute, once too, commanded old Fort Croghan.

Old settlers tell of a time when Gen. Lee sat on his horse on top of Post Mountain overlooking the country, and as his eyes took in the beauties of the scene he remarked: "This is truly a spot where history and romance will go hand in hand." And strange to say, his prophetic words have come true.

After General Lee's troops were ordered elsewhere, A. R. Johnson lived here. During those four awful years when the South's red battle flag with St. Andrew's cross of stars waved at the head of hose ever diminishing but ever advancing columns in their tattered uniforms of gray, this man rode at the head of the Partisan Rangers and made one of the most brilliant records of any of the South's heroes. His Partisan Rangers were raised, and equipped behind the Confederate lines while the Federals sought in every way to effect his capture and his hairbreadth escapes were many and thrilling. General Johnson's capture of Newburg, Ind., with a "stove pipe" battery and twenty men was one of the most remarkable feats of daring recorded in history. While leading a charge at Grubb's Crossroads, Kentucky., he was shot through the eyes and left for dead on the battlefield. He was found by the Federals and thrown into prison where he remained until exchanged near the close of the war. After

Lee's surrender, General Johnson returned to Burnet where he resided until his death a few years ago.

Not far from General Johnson's home is a spot that is known as "Dead Man's Well" where Union men hung Southern sympathizers to a tree which droops above this bottomless pit and afterwards cutting the rope let their bodies fall within.

Years afterwards some of their skeletons with hands tied behind them were found on the logs where they had lodged. During those days of terror in Burnet men who were known to be on the South's side would disappear as if the earth had swallowed them and people would whisper with a shudder "Dead Man's Well."

There is still a huge live oak tree on the top of Post Mountain where the dim lettering of a name can be seen and that name is none other than Robert E. Lee.

Fort Croghan was needed to protect the settlers from Indians long before there was any certain indication that the States would go to war. Here is a story of an Indian attack in the early days of 1861 in the section the Fort Croghan troops were guarding.

In 1861—Thomas Dawson, a single man lived about nine miles westerly from Lampasas and about two miles east of the road from Burnet to San Saba. With him lived a fatherless boy of 13 years, John H. Stockton. On April 10, 1861, James, the 13 year old son of John N. Gracy of Lampasas, went to Dawson's in search of horses and remained all night.

On the morning of the 11th these two boys, on foot, went out seeking the horses. When about two miles from the house and very near the Burnet and San Saba road while Stockman was trying to kill a turkey a short distance from Gracey, in a body of postoaks, he heard a rumbling sound, then shouts, and on looking discovered fifteen Indians in charge of about 100 stolen and frightened horses. Checking up the herd, three of the savages seized little Gracey, stripped off his clothing, scalped him as he stood on the ground, then beckoned him to run and as he did so sent several arrows through his body causing instant death. It was the work

of a moment during which Stockman stood among the trees as if paralyzed not doubting a similar fate; but just as the wretches were about to rush upon him their attention was directed to another party a short distance below on the road. It consisted of George Baker of Austin on horse back: his wife and infant and Mr. Austin, his father-in-law, in a buggy. Most of the Indians were required to hold their restless herd, but the remainder attacked the party Mr. Baker sought to defend his precious charges till they could reach some timber and brush perhaps 200 yards away. He had both a gun and pistols. He was sorely wounded but killed the most daring of his assailants at an instant when Mrs. Baker was found for a moment at their mercy. But they were so sanguine of killing the husband and holding the wife that the whole party succeeded in reaching the desired haven and found partial protection. Mr. Austin was an old man somewhat palsied in the arms and could do nothing. Baker held them at bay firing several shots and wounding a second Indian; but he was wounded several times and finally became unable to do more. Mrs. Baker drew the arrows from his body and staunched the wounds as best she could; but in the last dread alternative stood in his stead, wielding his weapons and holding the brutal creatures at a respectful distance. An arrow entered the baby's stomach through several folds of a Mexican blanket, but not far enough to endanger its life.

In the meantime two other fortunate events transpired. The boy Stockman seized the occasion to escape. He found partial protection for a short distance along a ravine. Having on a very white shirt easily seen at a considerable distance he cast it off. Having to cross a small prairie he crawled perhaps half a mile, lacerating his flesh and limbs, and while so engaged a part of the Indians, in preventing a stampede of the horses rode almost upon without seeing him in the high grass. Through brush and briars he ran rapidly by circuitous routes six or eight miles, to reach the house of Thomas Espy, two miles east of the Dawson place. He was severely torn and bruised but not otherwise injur-

ed though frantic over the horror he had witnessed.

The other incident was that as the occupants quit the buggy the horse ran away, casting off one of the four wheels and providentially leaving the road, he went full speed to Dawson's house near which one or two of the Indians captured, unharnessed and hurried him back to their fellows. This was seen by Mr. Dawson who mounted his own horse and started on a run to give the alarm at Lampasas. But again, providentially, within a mile he fell in with a hunting party from Lampasas consisting of Dempsey Pace, John Greenwood, George Weldy and Newton Knight who, at half speed, followed the trail made by the buggy, and soon arrived on the scene to find the enemy still endeavoring to accomplish their object without losing any more of their own number. The

savages challenged them to combat at some distance on the prairie, but their purpose was to protect and save the apparently doomed family. They prepared as best they could for conveying them to the house of Mr. Epsey, the nearest family in that region. The Indians soon retired with their booty and the rescuers safely conducted their charges in carrying Mr. Baker in a litter. He was gently nursed for six or eight weeks and was then enabled to reach his home where he in due time recovered, as proud of his heroic wife as he was thankful for their preservation through such apparently hopeless dangers.

A party went out and found the nude body of little James Gracey among the rocks. The remains were conveyed to the family home and interred.

A Pioneer in West Texas

By Wyatt Anderson, Animas, New Mexico

I was born in DeWitt county, Texas, June 4, 1864. My father, Wat Anderson, moved to DeWitt county in 1848, and lived there until 1870. Father was also a native of Texas, and I have often heard him tell of the struggles of the early settlers. He moved to Bell county in 1870, and located there. In 1874 he gathered a herd of cattle and drove them up the trail to Newton, Kansas, where he sold them. When he paid off his cowboys they all went to town and had a great time. As they left camp Father cautioned them to be careful and not get into trouble, but about midnight he heard guns firing and knew something had happened, so he went to town and found all of his men wounded and one dead. I had one brother in the crowd, Hugh Anderson.

My father was born July 4, 1824, and when about grown he married Miss Lou Bailey. Ten children were born to them, six boys and four girls. Three of the boys and one of the girls have passed away. Father left DeWitt county on account of two of my brothers, Richard and Hugh, who were grown at the time, as the Taylors and Suttons were having

trouble. We were related to the Taylors. Buck Taylor married my oldest sister, and my uncle, Tom Bailey married Buck Taylor's sister. My oldest brother, Richmond, went back to DeWitt county and joined the Taylor side. Buck Taylor was killed in Yorktown in 1868. He has a son, Bill Taylor, living at Junction City, Texas, now.

When we left DeWitt county my father took a drove of about three hundred horses to Bell county. I was six years old at the time, and I rode horseback all the way, some two or three hundred miles. In 1876 we moved to McCulloch county. I was married on January 24, 1883, to Miss Milly Davis, daughter of Jack Davis, an old Indian fighter, who had located on the San Saba river in 1860. Mr. Davis and his wife are still living.

In the spring of 1880 I helped John and Zack Light put up one herd in Llano county, for driving to Kansas. They were all steers, and I was with them two or three weeks, but they ran almost every night, and I quit the outfit. In 1883 I went from McCulloch county with twenty-four hundred cattle to the

Pontoon Crossing on the Pecos River. We had a hard trip all the way. It was a dry year, and the cattle had no water from the head of Middle Concho until we hit the Pecos river, a distance of ninety miles. We drove day and night, and when we reached the Pecos we just turned the cattle loose. We were "all in" ourselves. In those days the country was all open range and full of wild game of all kinds. I have seen thousands of buffalo, and thought it was the best meat I ever ate.

I moved my family from McCulloch county to Tom Green county in 1883, and settled on the Middle Concho river west of San Angelo. There I went into the cow business, and built up a bunch of cattle. But we had some dry years and lost most of them. However, we stayed on the job and in a few years built up again. I lived there thirty-four years, and then moved to Animas, New Mexico, where I am now living. I have a good ranch and a good bunch of cattle. I am now sixty years old, and my wife fifty-eight. We have nine children living, and all grown, except one boy who is fourteen years old. Our children, five boys and four girls, are all married except two boys. We have ten grandchildren. We have two children and one grandson dead. I have worked cattle all of my life, from Texas to Arizona, and I am still working cattle. I have seen many changes since I was a boy, from ox-wagons to flying machines. When we moved to McCulloch county that was a wild region. The Indians would come in and take all the horses they could find, leaving their old, poor, ridden-down horses to us. That was in 1878. Just before we moved to McCulloch we were told about two men who came out from East Texas to look at the country. They hobbled their horses one night, and the next morning they went out to look for them. Mr. Davis advised them to take their guns with them, but for some reason they did not do so, and the Indians captured them, put hobbles on them and drove them some distance, and then speared them to death. This occurred on the San Saba river, below old Camp San Saba.

When I moved to Tom Green county

there were only two small stores in San Angelo, and it was a very wild place. The cattlemen would meet there in the spring and start working cattle up and down the three Conchos. The country was full of cattle then, and as there were no wells the stock watered at the rivers. Our round-up boss was Jess Lewis. Every outfit would cut their cattle by the numbers of wagons there. Generally there were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred men, and we would cut cattle most of the day and stand guard every night. I worked with the Half Circle Six outfit some times. Gus Thomas was the boss, and a better man to work with never lived. He died two or three years ago.

I had one son, W. F. Anderson, in the World War. He went over to France and saw a hard time. My people were all Southern, and my father was a ranger captain on the frontier during the Civil War.

"Turkey in the Straw."

An old Texan, in order to revive memories of many who have not much left but memories, contributes the following:

I knew an old fiddle man so lame he
couldn't walk,
But he had an old fiddle that could
almost talk;
You could see mighty quick when he
gave the bow a draw,
What we both liked best was "Turkey
in the Straw."
So swing your partners an' all prome-
nade,
Listen to that fiddle, jes' listen what it
sayed.
The best piece of music that I ever heard
or saw,
Is the jolly old shuffle called "Turkey
in the Straw."

Frontier Times is read by people in all walks of life, Diplomats, congressmen, senators, magazine writers, university heads, college professors, students, frontiersmen, trail drivers, pioneer women, historians, school boys and girls, and all are enthusiastic boosters for the homely little magazine.

An Old Pistol Found.

In 1878 Andy Runnels, a stockman who lived near Castroville, was running cattle in the rough region in the upper part of Bandera county, and one day he lost his pistol from its holster while riding out on the range. Diligent search was made for the weapon, but Mr Runnels, failed to recover it. He reported his loss at the Hillman ranch nearby, and John Hillman, who was then just a boy, looked for the pistol for weeks, but he was unable to find it. Forty-eight years have passed, and a few days ago John Hillman, who still lives on the old place and is the father of a large family of children, found the pistol where it was lost so many years ago. It is one of the old cap and ball Colt's revolvers, and, while the wooden handles have decayed and fallen off, the old pistol is in a good state of preservation, despite the fact that it has lain on a hillside exposed to the elements for almost half a century. It is fully loaded and the caps are still on the tubes of the cylinder. Mr. Hillman brought the old relic to the editor of Frontier Times and we are very proud of it.

The department of archeology of Phillips-Andover Academy, in co-operation with the State of Mississippi, has excavated the Indian mounds near Natchez and has found skulls of seventy-two mound builders and some 2,500 pieces of pottery and articles of bone, stone, and clay. The skulls, which are said to be typical of the Indians of the Southwest, have been presented to the Smithsonian Institute and seventeen of them have been completely restored.

I have Vol. 2 complete of Frontier Times. Will take \$5.00 for the 12 numbers. October 1924 to September 1925, inclusive.—Roy Thalmann, Bandera Texas.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

Dr. Frank Paschal Dead.

Dr. Frank Paschal, a pioneer citizen of Southwest Texas, and president of the State Association of Texas Pioneers, died at his home in San Antonio December 20, 1925. All Texas mourns the passing of this noble, chivalrous, patriotic Texan, whose efforts to preserve the history of our glorious state were untiring and extensive. He was the organizer of the Texas Pioneers, of which society he had been president since its organization.

Old Texas Ranger Dies in Arizona.

Henry Mims, though 60 years ago as near death as a man may come, missed it to live to the age of 109 years and nine months and come to this end at Globe on Christmas day. Mr. Mims was born in Alabama in 1816. At an early age he moved to Texas, where he resided until four years ago, when he came to Arizona and settled at Globe where a son, Henry Mims, resided at that time though he is now living in Tempe.

The elder Mr. Mims was for some time a Texas ranger and after that was a cattleman in that state. He enjoyed the distinction of being one of the few men that ever survived a scalping, and no man living or dead was ever scalped more thoroughly than he was 60 years ago near Duncan Prairie, Texas.

One night he and two other men stole out to watch stock against the incursions of Indians but they were seen by a band of hostiles which stole upon them, and Mr. Mims was stricken down and scalped. The other two men fled and were pursued by the Indians, scalper and all. The white men made their escape, and the Indians, doubtless, believing Mims to be dead, did not return to him.

He had been struck down near a log and he rolled into the shadow of it after the Indian left. Later he crawled to the little settlement near by where he received attention and quickly recovered.

He remained in good health and his faculties remained unimpaired up to the time of the illness which resulted in his death.—Phoenix (Arizona) Republican, December, 27, 1925.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times.

Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang

By a Citizen of Denton County

*Printed in the Monitor Book and Job Printing Establishment,
at Denton, Texas, 1878*

INTRODUCTION.

The following narrative of the notorious gang of outlaws, which for some months past has infested Northern Texas, is intended to be authentic. The sources from whence the facts are derived are regarded as being generally reliable—many of the incidents having transpired in Denton and adjacent counties—and are already matters of public notoriety. It is thought that a correct history of the performances of Bass and his gang—while it may not, in the abstract, subserve the cause of mora's and good order—may, in some measure, tend to forestall that class of fictitious literature, which by its overdrawn and rose-colored fancies, may tend to the demoralization of the young, and consequent promotion of crime.

As regards the performances of Bass and his co-adjutors in the Black Hills, as well as the particulars of their robberies of stages and express companies in Texas, and the persons engaged in those outrages, the statements given in this work are those detailed by Bass and his

men in their camp to J. W. Murphy, and are given in the language to the parties as nearly as Murphy was able to rehearse them. As to the truth or falsity of these statements of Bass & Co. to Murphy, their motives for thus detailing their adventures around the camp-fire or on the march, etc., the public must judge.

In pursuing these statements the indulgence in some of the inelegancies of slang peculiar to this class of men has been unavoidable—as much as the same may be deprecated in any publication. The particulars of the Allen, Hutchins, Eagle Ford and Mesquite robberies, and the parties engaged therein, when not extracted from newspapers, were generally given by Sam Bass himself to Murphy during his connection with the gang from Denton county to Round Rock; and the particulars of that trip, which ended in the death of the chief—Sam Bass—are given in Murphy's own language.

SAM BASS, HIS PARENTAGE AND EARLY LIFE.

This notorious character was born in Lawrence county, in the State of Indiana, on the 21st day of July, 1851, near the town of Mitchell. His father, Daniel Bass, was an honest, industrious farmer, who by continued toil and rigid economy, accumulated sufficient property to insure himself and family the ordinary comforts of life. He died on the 20th of February, 1864. Sam's mother was named Jane Sheeks. She was married to Daniel Bass in 1840, and shared with him the privations and prosperity of their married life up to 1861, when she died. She is said to have been a kind and dutiful wife and mother, and doubtless

gave her wayward boy many a precept, such as mothers only are best prepared to give. At the death of Sam's parents, his maternal uncle, David L. Sheeks, took charge of him and the other children, six in number—two boys and four girls. It is said that Sheeks was a large farmer in Indiana, and trained up the Bass family to habits of economy and industry, as their parents had endeavored to do, and gave them an equal chance at an education with his own children. But so far as regards Sam, this statement is either very apocryphal of the point of education, or the advantages in that line were very slender, for it is

well known by the acquaintances of Sam after his arrival in Texas, that he was intensely ignorant and wholly illiterate. He could not read a word; nor could he write his name until taught by a school boy named Charles Brim, in the town of Denton, about the year 1874, and it was with much difficulty that he learned to do this. But be this as it may, if Sam ever had opportunities he neglected them, and we find him at an early age turning his attention in the direction of his untimely and disgraceful end. He gained a passion for cards, horse-racing and revelry, and sought the acquaintance of the most abandoned and desperate characters of both sexes. He was of a roving, restless disposition, and soon cut himself loose from all restraint, and in 1869, being then eighteen years old, he left his home on a tour of dissipation and speculation, and after considerable rambling and association with that class of humanity that comported best with his own uncultivated mind and course instincts, he turned up at Rosedale, in the state of Mississippi, when, being driven to the wall financially he was forced from sheer necessity to engage as a laborer in a saw mill, where he remained for about a year, spending his spare moments in dissipation, card playing and handling the six-shooter, though it is stated by persons who knew him that he knew nothing about fire arms when he first came to Denton. We have no evidence that he slighted his work, while under employment. On the contrary his subsequent history justifies the conclusion that he was at least industrious while engaged at his labor, which may be set to his credit for one commendable virtue at least. In the year 1872 he left Mississippi and landed in Denton county, Texas, in the latter part of the year, and was shortly after engaged as a teamster and general roustabout for Mr. T. J. Egan, with whom he remained for about a year, after which he was employed by W. F. Egan, Sheriff. Up to the date of his arrival in Denton, and for a considerable period subsequent, his life seems to have been an uneventful one. Nothing is known to have transpired out of the dull routine of common place occurrences which checker the lives of most men of his type, and as it is the

design of these pages to present the truth, though dull it may be, it is not the writer's pleasure to fill up this hiatus with highly colored figments of the sensation monger, which poison the literature of the present day, and in the writer's opinion are doing more to fill our jails and penitentiaries with capital felons than any other influence known. If the notorious Sam ever did anything up to this period that would form the basis of the most meagre chapter of a dime novel, it was never discovered by his acquaintances in Denton.

When he arrived in Texas, he was about 19 years old and he was quite as poor a prospect for a hero as ever blossomed into notoriety. He was about five feet eight inches in height, dark sallow complexion, dark hair, and brown or hazel colored eyes. He had a thinly scattered black beard, which habitually appeared about a week old. He was stooped in his shoulders, and wore a downcast look, more a look of embarrassment than of villiany. He rarely spoke, except when under the influence of whiskey, and when he did, his words were drawled out with a shrill, nasal twang that was devoid of melody, and exhibited a total absence of refinement. He was dull in all but trickery, but be it said to his credit he was a faithful and trustworthy servant. His employer, W. F. Egan, relied implicitly on his fidelity, and he is never known to have betrayed his trust while a member of his household. He did a kind of jobbing business with Egan's wagon and team, and almost daily for several years was he seen on the streets of Denton with the reins of his horses in hand; driving hither and thither with that same imperturbable, downcast look which ever characterized him. When addressed vis-a-vis, instead of looking the person addressing him square in the face, his gaze never reached a higher point than the central button on the second party's shirt front. But when under the influence of liquor he was rather garrulous, and though not quarrelsome, was easily aroused to pugnacity, and when engaged in a horse-racing adventure, for which he developed a remarkable passion, and in which he frequently made his calculations to bear

off the stakes, whether he won them or not. One incident in this regard, which occurred in Denton in 1874, which was the beginning of his career as a "public man" in this section of the country. Sam had a mare in which he took great pride, and the terms of a race were agreed on between him and one Marcus Milner, one of Parker county's doughty constables. The stakes were horses, which were confined in a pen near the race course, which was about one mile from Denton. The race was run, and Marcus' pony beat Sam's mare; but Marcus did not get the horses. Sam found something foul about the start, and soon raised a squabble, kicking up enough dust to produce confusion among the judges, who failed to agree. Pending the broil, Sam, having an eye to business, caused the horses to be turned out of the pen; and, as Sam was at home, and had friends around, the result of the race was left to be adjusted by Sam and Marcus themselves. This coup de main of Sam's put him on the vantage ground. He could then afford to snap his fingers in Marcus' face and extend the invitation to that gentleman to help himself. Marcus lingered about till just about daylight the next morning, when he and his friends managed to get hold of the horse that Sam had staked on the race, and with it they made tracks for Parker county. Sam immediately employed Bill Fry, the city marshal, and together they got out in pursuit. They found four of the parties at a dance in Parker county, in possession of the horse, and though they were all heavily armed, Fry made the impression on them that he had the papers for their arrest, and succeeded in getting possession of the animal, promising the parties, however, that they would meet them at the house of a neighboring justice of the peace on the next day or try the rights of property. Bass and Fry went to the justice's, but finding him absent, proceeded to Weatherford, where Sam made complaint against the parties for theft, and armed with a capias, in company with the sheriff and Fry, he met the parties according to appointment, but to arrest and take them as prisoners to Denton, instead of to "try the rights of property." Fry states that Bass,

however daring he may have grown in after days, was badly scared from the time of the capture of the horse until they reached Weatherford, frequently expressing his alarm lest the parties would pursue and kill them. Sam having row the possession of the horse. Marcus tried the law on him, in the way of a civil action, by writ of sequestration. Sam employed attorneys and instructed them to fight it out on that line, if it took all he had to do it. Suit began in justice court, and was continued for a term or so. Marcus lived about fifty miles away, and it took but few trips with his witnesses for it to grow very monotonous to him. At length Marcus got a trial and won the case. Sam at once appealed to the district court, and from that good hour he regarded himself as the winner. He knew that Marcus had already paid out more than two such horses were worth, making his perodical trips to court, and Sam thought he could see something faint and despondent in his looks. Marcus wanted to compromise. Sam referred him to his lawyers, whom he had instructed to compromise under no possible circumstances. At length Marcus, having paid out more than the value of his horse, was called on by his attorneys for their fees. He failed to fix up the fee, but sought to parley about it. Pending his parley his case was called up. Marcus had not arranged with his attorneys, they refused to represent him, and he enjoyed the experience of seeing judgment go against him, and Sam trot off with the horse. Sam had executed his note for his fee to his attorneys, which was signed thus, "Sam B Ass," which was the only signature of this notorious character the author has ever seen, and he knows full well that in signing his name Sam used a capital B and a capital A in Bass, and separated them so far apart as to make the B appear like an initial. The next thing on the tapis with Sam, now that he had beat Milner out of his horse, was to beat his attorneys out of their fees, which he did most successfully by dint of skillful strategem and "standing them off" until he got execution proof. They sued him and obtained a judgment which stands unsatisfied to this day.

In this connection it will be proper to remark that the report that Bass, while in Sheriff Egan's employ, was "one of his deputies, and a faithful and trusted officer," is totally untrue. This statement has been made by a newspaper reporter, as coming from Egan himself, during a personal interview with the sheriff. But Mr. Egan characterizes the pretended interview as a fabrication, and that part of it especially that represents him as saying that Bass was one of his deputies, as an unvarnished falsehood. Bass never held a higher rank in Egan's employ than that of a teamster. He had no qualification whatever for business, and never held any official trust of any kind whatever in Denton county.

On one occasion Sam, with a number of other young bloods, attended a dance in the country. The fiddler, Pomp Rose, and several others imbibed rather too freely, and a kind of general row ensued, in which knives and pistols were brandished rather liberally. It seems that the affair grew into a general melee, in which Tom Gerren, a deputy sheriff, was seriously threatened by some of the combatants while endeavoring to quell the disturbance. Gerren reports that Bass, in his extremity, came to his rescue and saved his life. The lady of the house was indignant at the conduct of the participants, and ordered the party out of the house, and gave Bass special orders to vacate. In her frenzy she made some threatening demonstrations towards him, whereupon Bass, with knife in hand, protested that he had nothing to do with the difficulty, but was trying to keep it down, and warned her that if she struck him he would "cut her throat!" Pomp, the fiddler, was severely stabbed. Bass and others were arrested upon the charge of doing the stabbing, but as there was no evidence to convict, the case was dismissed.

Sam's next public performance was in 1875 when, in company with Henry Underwood, a congenial spirit who lived in Denton, and with whom he had become intimate, he was about to start to the southwestern part of the state for the purpose of getting cattle—whether by fair means or foul is not known. They had been in camp with some cow-herds

on Hickory Creek, about six miles from Denton. Going out of town one day Bass had before him a large watermelon, which, by reason of the unruly capers of his horse, he was compelled to drop, bursting the melon. The accident irritated them, and they began to swear profanely over it. Half a dozen black, fat, greasy negroes were lounging about a street corner near by, and gave vent to a boisterous negro laugh. Without a word the two horsemen dismounted and sent a shower of stones, brick-bats, and whatever else they could get hold of, into the crowd of darkies. One negro, Albert Williams, received a severe blow on the head which brought him to the ground. The stones rattled like a discharge of grape and canister against the office of the writer, who approached the door in time to see the negroes, who were not hors du combat, scamper off in every direction, save one, Parson Sterling Johnson, whom Underwood held at bay, and was about to decapitate with a club. Underwood drew back with all the fierceness of a mad lion, with the remark: "I'm a good notion to knock your d—n head off! Sterling, if you wasn't a good nigger I'd kill you, d—n you!" Sterling was rescued, however, and Bass and Underwood proceeded out of town in a full gallop. Shortly after this they returned on another street when Tom Gerren, the deputy sheriff, attempted to arrest Underwood, whereupon he retreated and Gerren fired at him as he ran. They then returned to their camp, and in company with one or two others proceeded to defy arrest, being well armed and determined. A posse pursued, but failed to find them, they having retreated into Hickory Bottom. Shortly after this Bass and Underwood made good their escape from this section of the state.

This was the first open defiance of the law by either of these two men, and was the beginning, with Bass, of his life of outlawry.

HENRY UNDERWOOD.

This man who has figured conspicuously in connection with Sam Bass, and who has been considered by many as the most desperate and daring of his gang of outlaws, was born in Jennings county,

Indiana, on the 10th of January, 1846. His father's name is Julius Underwood, and his mother's Maria. Julius Underwood is a respectable farmer and miller and yet resides in Jennings county, where the family occupy a position of high esteem among their neighbors. Henry's parents are both strict members of the Baptist church, and he was reared under good influence. At a very early age he enlisted in the Federal army, and served, according to the statement of his wife, five years in a regiment from Indiana, during the late war. It has been said however, that he was a member of Jenison's Kansas "Jay-Hawkers," during the time of his service, and in that school of guerrilla warfare and pillage he caught the inspiration that ripened him into a first class freebooter in later years. It has been said of him that he killed a man in Kansas before his departure for Texas. This story is stoutly denied by his wife, who solemnly protests that he was never in a difficulty of any character before he reached this state, and that his demeanor was unexceptionable. His education was quite limited, though he can read and write legibly, and is a man, withal, of quick preception and great native shrewdness. He married Miss Mary Emory, daughter of James Emory, of Labeek county, Kansas, on the 10th of January, 1871. Henry is said to have been well-to-do while in Kansas, living before and after his marriage the quiet, steady life of a farmer; and, according to his wife—a very excellent lady, from whom the writer derives the principal facts as to his birth and early history—he had never, during her knowledge of him, engaged in dissipation or reckless adventuring before the date of his arrival in Texas, which was in September, 1871. Arriving in Denton, he engaged in hauling fuel for market, and freighting with a team between Denton and Dallas. He behaved himself quietly for as much as a year before he began to indulge in those dissolute practices that subsequently led to his ruin. He formed the acquaintance and became the friend and companion of Sam Bass in 1874, about the time of Sam's acquisition of the race mare mentioned in the previous chapter.

Underwood is five feet and nine inches high, of dark complexion, very small black eyes, which look from their sockets as though the apertures were too small. He usually wears a dark mustache. He stands erect, and is quick and nervous in his movements. He has a laughing rellicksome disposition while free from anger, but is quick tempered and daring to resent an affront. His voice is very shrill and loud when he is excited. With the courage of a lion he combines the cunning of a fox. Ever ready for adventure and often unscrupulous in the means to be employed, yet he is not cruel or bloodthirsty in his disposition. He was the very brains and soul of Bass' gang while he remained with them; and it is said by Charley Carter, who was with Bass for some time, as also by Jim Murphey and Underwood's wife, that to him many citizens of Denton county owe their lives today; as it was his urgent counsel that restrained Bass and others from adding the crime of murder to the dark aggregate of their felonies while being pursued by the citizens prior to the dispersion of the gang. It is not the writer's purpose to defend the name of such a man as Underwood. He is and was a bad character—a malefactor and a renegade from justice before he joined his desperate fortunes with the banditti of Bass, but Henry had some virtues, as many perhaps as any other of the gang. Before his outlawry he was known as a man who paid his debts, and who appeared to earn his living honestly. He was true to his attachments and would go to any length to accommodate a friend. He was courteous and warm hearted when sober, and idolized his wife and children with the devotion of a true and dutiful husband and parent.

After about a year from his arrival in Texas he began to form evil connections, and soon fell into gambling and dissipation. He was now most frequently found about saloons and in company with rough characters. True, he would now and then be seized with a spasmodic fit of labor, but his general course was downward, until he became somewhat noted for recklessness. He seemed to have a peculiar penchant for "straightening up" crooked negroes, and never

hesitated to apply such correctives to a refractory gentleman of color as were sure to bring about temporary reform at least. Negroes are proverbially slow to pay their debts, and being generally proof against judgments and executions, it is folly to attempt to collect dues from them. Pay them in advance and they consider that so much clear again. They will seldom repay the money or perform their contracts. For this evil Henry was a living remedy, while he performed the role of gentleman of leisure about Denton. It mattered not with him whether the darkey debtor had the "wherewith" that the law could reach or not. Henry was better than the justice of the peace, constable and sheriff combined, to collect a bad debt from a worse negro. His mode of procedure was thus: Armed with the claim and such weapons as he thought the case demanded, he would very courteously tap his victim on the shoulder. This was generally at an hour when the least excitement was likely to ensue, and one that would make the deepest impression on the creditor—say about midnight. He would take his darkey around to some dark alley, and address him about thus:

"You are owing Mr. Jones ten dollars, I believe."

"Yab, sah—dat is—it's jus dis way 'bout dat—"

"Hold on—no explanations. I've got the account. Now you must pay or I'll cut your d—n throat!" and would perhaps accompany the words with the keen edge of a knife across the jugular of the darkey, to show him that he meant business. "Now you get the money at once. I'll give you till tomorrow night, and if you don't get it you'll be a dead nigger. That's all—you know me!" The money generally came on time. He seemed to take a peculiar delight in educating the darkies, and keeping them in what he regarded their proper places. He had fought for their liberties, in the Northern army, and considered that he had a constitutional right to teach them how to enjoy them. He corralled four in a livery stable on one occasion, and warned them up with a quirt until he thought they would be good boys.

After he and Bass had the affray with

the negroes over the watermelon, Henry took a trip southwest to buy cattle. While he was out on the Concho he encountered an organization of cow vigilantes, who had undertaken to regulate the cattle business in that section—in other words to attend to the cattle thieves. Henry said those fellows were an organized mob, and on one occasion spoke his mind freely about some of their performances. It was in a saloon and some of them attempted to surpress him. A desperate row ensued in which he shot two men, and received a shot himself, from a Winchester rifle, through his body. He was attempting to escape at the time and the enraged populace were hot after him. He concealed himself in some brush by the roadside and eluded them for awhile, but was finally captured and placed in a hospital, by the side of one of the parties he had shot. It was thought that Henry would die, and he encouraged that belief, but had no thought himself of giving up. He had several animated conversations with his late antagonist, whose arm was badly broken near his shoulder. At length Henry grew very feeble and sick, apparently, and seemed to linger on the verge of eternity, but just as his captors were thinking that every hour he would have to be laid out he disappeared from the hospital and made his escape. When he returned to Denton he was yet unwell, but he made no mention of his adventure for quite awhile. He seemed to have been considerably mellowed down by this experience, and having rejoined his family, went to work and worked quite well and steadily until he was arrested under the charge of burning the Presbyterian church, in which district court was being held. The suspicion was intense, and an indictment was found. No motive was assigned for the act on his part, except that some of his friends were under indictment for cattle stealing, and it was thought that he fired the building to destroy the criminal records as a matter of friendship and accommodation to others. He was kept in jail, closely confined, for six months, at Denton and Gainsville. Finally it was found that though there were some circumstances that seemed to point to his guilt, there was not enough testimony

to make a case; the indictment was dismissed, and he was once more a free man. After a few days he went into the country and became embroiled—in a difficulty again, being this time charged with the theft of a yoke of oxen. Complaint was made, and a warrant issued. He made his escape, and soon after this fell in with Sam Bass, who had just returned from Nebraska with the fruits of his great robbery of the Union Pacific Express.

FRANK JACKSON.

The subject of this sketch, who, for the past few months, has been identified with the operations of Sam Bass, and who was the only one of his confederates who escaped at Round Rock—who was the true friend and confidant of his chief up to the last extremity of his earthly career—who had stood by him through dangers and privations sufficient to sicken the heart and unnerve the hand of a hero in a better cause, is the third child of Robert and Phoebe Jackson, and was born in the county of Llano, State of Texas, about the 10th of June, 1856; hence he is now about 22 years old. His parents were pious members of the Methodist church, and are said to have been exemplary members of the society where they lived. His father was an industrious blacksmith and earned his living at the forge. Robert Jackson died in 1863, and Phoebe in 1864, and thus at an early age, was Frank deprived of that moral discipline, which he would doubtless have received had his parents been spared to guide him in his youth and budding manhood—that dangerous tide in the life of men when of all others they need the constant watchcare of parental love and guiding hand of parental wisdom. At the death of his parents, Frank, with the other children of the family, of whom there were five, two girls and three boys, was taken charge of by Joseph Barker, his maternal uncle, who, being a man of limited means, was unable to extend to them that care and education that is necessary to the proper training of the young in a frontier country. Hence, Frank grew up like a wild weed, uncultivated and uncouth. He was, nevertheless, a boy of kind disposition and was

not averse to labor; yet susceptible to evil impressions, full of blood, and impetuous.

In the year 1871 the children removed to Denton county, having in the meantime resided for a period in the state of Arkansas, which fact it would seem was none the better for Frank. They found homes with different families in and around Denton, Frank taking service with Dr. R. S. Ross, with whom he remained for a considerable period, performing his duties as a hireling with fidelity and giving satisfaction to his employer. For several years prior to joining Bass, Frank made his home at his brother-in-law's, Ben F. Key, in the town of Denton. He was for the most of this period a good, industrious boy. He worked at the tinner's trade for eighteen months, and became a good tinner. Through the influence of his brother-in-law, Ben A. Key, who was a law-abiding and industrious citizen, he was encouraged to give his attention to his books at night, and he soon acquired a limited knowledge of the rudiments of English—could read fairly and write legibly. But this did not comport with his restless nature, and he soon broke through the thralls of moral restraint to seek the haunts of vice and to associate with rough characters during his idle hours, and was often at nights seen about saloons and billiard tables, places whose influence upon the young or old is anything but elevating. The first decisive step in Frank's career, which especially signalized him in the community as a desperate character, and which was doubtless the entering wedge to his subsequent life of lawlessness, was the killing of a negro desperado named Henry Goodall, which occurred in the fall of 1876. Goodall was a burly griff, about six feet, two inches high, a very giant in strength, and one of the very worst characters—white or black—that infested this section of country. A notorious thief and desperado, he was the scourge of his own race and an innumerate insult to the public generally. This negro was ever ready to measure arms with white or black, and seemed perfectly indifferent as to whom his affronts affected. He had obtained possession of a horse that was claimed by Jackson,

and a row ensued about it between them. Jackson told him he had to replace the horse or he would kill him. The negro at length agreed to turn Jackson over another animal in lieu of the one in controversy, and the two repaired to the prairie in search of it. The day passed and nothing was seen of either. Late that evening Goodall's horse came home riderless, with saddle and bridle covered with blood. His colored friends at once instituted search for him, and about 9 o'clock next day he was found lying upon the prairie dead. A bullet had pierced his body and in his forehead was a hole with marks of powder around it, and to add to the horror of the scene, his throat was cut from ear to ear. It was a most horrible spectacle, and bore every evidence of an atrocious murder. Jackson had before this engaged as a cowboy for Jim Murphy, to whose camp he had repaired, and where he gave a version of the affair as follows:

He said that while he and Goodall were out looking for the horse they came to some water and he dismounted to get a drink. While he was bending down to drink Goodall drew his pistol, with the remark that he had Jackson where he had wanted to get him, and immediately fired upon him but missed his aim, whereupon Jackson sprang up and fired upon Goodall striking him in the side. Then, mounting his horse, a running fight ensued, in which Jackson shot Goodall in the forehead and killed him. As to the barbarous act of cutting the negro's throat the writer does not know of Jackson's ever giving any account. His statement was the only evidence for or against him, and that alone was insufficient to insure conviction; hence, to the great detriment of Jackson himself, he was never indicted or prosecuted for the homicide. Many regarded his story improbable, if not unreasonable, and in the interest of law and order, and for the welfare of Jackson himself, he should have been indicted and prosecuted. That course would have tended to check him, and perhaps would have changed his whole course of life. But, escaping scot free from the law's clutches in this, he was emboldened to embark in other crimes and soon became an easy prey to the influences of Bass

and men of kindred character. Jackson engaged as a cowboy for near a year after this. He finally returned home and engaged to work for his brother-in-law at his trade, to which he applied himself with earnestness for a brief spell.

In the fall of 1877 Sam Bass and Jack Davis—one of Sam's pals in the Union Pacific Express robbery—appeared in Denton county, bringing with them some \$20,000 in gold, the fruits of that gigantic outrage, the glitter of which, coupled with the cajolery of Bass, who saw in Frank the right kind of timber for his purposes, completely won the soul of the young man. In spite of the entreaties of his kindred, Frank tore himself loose from every good influence and association to accept from Bass his offer of \$100 gold per month to be an outlaw and renegade. Jackson was at this time about 21 years old, six feet high, tawny or sun-burned complexion, dark hair and rather blue eyes. He wore a kind of "devil-may-care" expression about his face. His look was either that of an impudent stare or vacant gaze. Very little expression or real soul characterized his features. He was beardless and looked younger than he really was. There was nothing attractive about his appearance, and very little that was positive. No man could read him—none divine from his exterior what lurked beneath. In the first flush of manhood, fearless, reckless and free, panting for adventure, it was not strange that he became identified with Bass and followed him faithfully into "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

ARKANSAW JOHNSON.

Of the private history of this member of Bass's gang but little is known. He was an Irishman and is said to have escaped from jail in Nebraska with Henry Underwood in the spring of 1878, where he had been confined for theft of some lumber. He was a man of heavy build, about five feet, eight inches high, ruddy complexion, blue eyes and light hair. His beard was a sun-burnt brown. His face was rather dished, and pitted with scars of smallpox. He is not known to have operated in Texas prior to his arrival with Underwood, whom he ac-

accompanied to Texas after their escape from prison in the spring of 1878. He was a man of few words, but was true-lent as a Comanche, and entirely repulsive in his general appearance and bearing. From the best information that can be obtained of him he was a veritable brute in all but form, ready for any deed of deviltry that his chosen chief, Sam Bass, might require at his hands. But very little is known of him, as his career in Texas was very brief and pointed.

SEBE BARNS.

Of the antecedents of this member of the Bass banditti comparatively little is known by the writer. He lived for some time in Denton county, having formerly resided in Tarrant county where some of his near relatives now live. He worked awhile at the potter's trade, at A. H. Serrens' pottery about five miles south of Denton. He was of a wandering disposition, however, and, it seems, had no fixed or permanent abode. He was about 25 years of age at the time he met his death at Round Rock, was rather slender of build, light complexion, had a large prominent nose of the Roman "variety," dark hazel eyes overhung by rather a heavy brow. The upper portion of his face was broad, while from his cheek bones downward it receded rapidly, leaving the region of his mouth and chin disproportionately narrow. His neck was unusually long, and his throat marked with a huge Adam's apple. With such a physiognomy his appearance could not fail to be remarkable, and it is said that withal he was not ungainly or unhandsome. He was, however, like all of Bass' confederates, illiterate and rough in his demeanor, and it may be stated here, for the benefit of the rising generation who may be captivated by certain rose-tinted reports as to the personal characteristics and notoriety of Bass and his adherents, that there was not one of them who possessed the first element of a cultivated gentleman in his appearance or bearing—not one who was calculated to attract any but a mind of brutish instincts and coarse impulses.

CHAPTER I.

Beginning of Bass' Career as a Robber
—Horse-Racing Operations With
Joel Collins in Texas and
Mexico—Incidents, Etc.

After Bass left Denton in 1874 he visited San Antonio with his race mare, being now a confirmed "sport" in this line. Here he formed the acquaintance of Joel Collins, who had formerly resided in Dallas county, Texas, where he was respectably connected, and where his aged and broken hearted father still resides. Joel was a man of reckless habits and great shrewdness, and it was not long before he and Bass were boon companions, ready for any adventure that promised a harvest of pelf. They formed a co-partnership in horse-racing and monte-dealing—Sam playing the part of horse trainer and judge of race stock for others whom he would encourage to run their stock against his mare in the hands of Collins, when it would pay the firm to do so, thus victimizing those confiding in his judgment and honesty. Joel manipulated the monte bank and bet on the race mare. In this way they plied their double trade between San Antonio and Mexico, often crossing over the Rio Grande for the purpose of going through the sportive and festive greaser, whom to fleece was not thought a very grave transgression.

One incident which occurred at San Antonio, related by Sam himself to an acquaintance in 1875, will illustrate the modus operandi of the firm: Sam had formed the acquaintance of a rich old Mexican at San Antonio who was fond of the turf, and who had great confidence in Sam's judgment as a horse trainer. Sam stated to his friend that he had a tight grip on this old greaser and that he proposed to "go through" him for all the money he had; that is to say, he was going to play foul with this man's confidence, mislead and victimize him, and in this indirect way rob him of his money. The greaser, however, became suspicious of Sam and suddenly left for Mexico, carrying with him his money, which amounted to \$40,000 currency. Sam, finding himself thwarted in his designs, concluded to have the money

anyway and attempted to follow and rob him outright, but by some mischance he missed the road the Mexican went, and his intended victim escaped. Sam on his return seemed to be out of heart, and said to Joel Collins: "I believe the jig is up in this country, I don't believe we can do anything." Joel replied, "Yes we can; you stick to me and don't get out of heart, and I'll make you some money." From this they set out southwest from San Antonio and purchased some thirty thousand dollars worth of cattle, paying only part down.

The two and Jack Davis, another bird of like feather, in charge of their herd, set out at once for Northwest Kansas, where they sold the cattle at a good advance and went to gambling and sporting until they ran short of money. They then set out for the Black Hills and reached Deadwood with about \$8,000 among them. On their arrival Joel said to Sam, "I believe, Sam, I'll build me a good house here and quit our foolishness. I think I'll go to mining." He accordingly proceeded to build him a dwelling at a cost of some \$3,500, and having furnished it in elegant style, he placed his mistress, a prostitute named Maud, in charge of the premises. Joel then organized a team out of the remnant of his cow ponies, procured a wagon, and started Bass out on a freighting tour between Deadwood City and Cheyenne. On the first trip Bass' expenses exceeded his receipts in the sum of \$60. On his return Joel said to Sam:

"Well, old fellow, that seems rather a losing business; that's going down hill pretty fast I think."

"Yes," said Sam, "It's pretty hard to quit your old trade and go at a business that don't pay any better than this."

Joel then started Jack Davis on a freighting tour, telling Sam he could go on a "bum" around town for awhile. Jack set out with a team of four horses and \$250 in money. In due time he returned with but two horses, and not a cent! Joel then became convinced that there was no money in freighting and told the boys they could turn their attention to something that would pay better. About this time Collins and Bass formed the acquaintance of three desperate characters—kindred spirits

with themselves—named Tom Nixon, Bill Heffrige and Jim Berry, who took boarding at Collins' residence. These six characters formed a plot to mount themselves upon good saddle horses and to organize regularly for the business of stage robbing. Of course it was understood that the horses were to be stolen. They accordingly set out in squads of two to mount themselves. Bass and Jack Davis went into the suburbs and stole two fine horses and rode them through the streets of Deadwood, and struck camp beyond. Next morning they all set out in search of other game. In two or three days afterwards they were encamped in the main road from Deadwood to Cheyenne and while in camp they saw an old man coming down the road, whom Bass recognized as the owner of one of the stolen horses. He told Davis to lead the horses off into the brush. The old man, had, however, caught sight of his horse, and followed them close until he came upon them and demanded the animal. Davis told him that he had swapped for the horse and had given \$20 to boot, and if he did give up the horse he thought the old gentleman ought to pay at least half of his money back. The old man became convinced of the truth of this statement, and Bass stated in relating this incident, that he believed the old man would have given back the money if he had had it. They let him take the horse without resistance. At length, having all mounted themselves, they began the business of stage robbing regularly, under the leadership of Joel Collins. Their first adventure was the robbery of a stage, running between Deadwood and the mines, about ten miles from Deadwood in the summer of 1877. The fruits of this was the sum of eleven dollars!

They then learned that a certain government paymaster was to pass along the road, who was supposed to have a considerable amount of money. They concealed themselves in a ravine and awaited the approach of the prize. In due time the stage approached. As it drew near Bass, Collins, and Heffrige arose from their concealment and presented their winchesters at the driver and ordered him to raise his hands, which he cheerfully did, with the re-

mark: "Boys, I've got nothing for you this time; there's a dozen peaches in the stage that you are welcome to, if acceptable." "We'll see," said Jack Davis, and on examination they found and took the dozen peaches, but found not a cent of money. The paymaster had passed before they took their position, and they got the wrong stage this time. This was harrassing, but they thought there were millions in the business, and they would strike the right vein after awhile. After about a week they again posted themselves on the line of their first robbery. The driver seeing them, exclaimed, "Well, boys, got nothing for you this time—not a cent on the vessel." Jack Davis, who was an active spirit of all these adventures, replied, "We'll see," and proceuring a hatchet, proceeded to demolish the boot of the stage and to search through the vehicle, but they found no money. There were no passengers, and hence this was another sore disappointment. They then kept themselves quite still for a week or so, being nearly convinced that Black Hill stages were poor game. Learning, however, that a stage left Deadwood, on the line of their second robbery, they posted themselves in a secret place in a brushy gulch, and waited the approach of the stage. When it was in position for attack, Bass, Collins, Davis and Heffrige presented themselves in front and on the flanks with drawn winchesters. The stage driver yelled out to the passengers, of whom there were four within, that the b'boys were there and wanted some money and they might as well prepare to "shell out." At the command of Collins the passengers stepped out, one by one; with their hands raised in obedience to command, and Bass and Davis rifled their pockets in detail, while the others guarded their vietims. This proved to be a very poor reward for their trouble; the passengers were either all very poor or very sharp, for out of the number pillaged, the gang obtained about \$30, a sum which any of the gang might have earned by honest labor in half the time they had been preparing for the robbery. The passengers made no resistance, nor did they enter any particular objection to being robbed. Davis said to the passengers: "You are

the darndest set of paupers I ever saw. What are you traveling for if you don't carry any more money than that? Why, darn it, we fellows will starve if you don't get to doing better!" One corpulent gentleman replied:

"Well, it seems you are going to starve us. Why, you've left me without enough money to buy my breakfast. Now, come, lend us a dollar apiece to get our breakfast with. We're hungry now, and what's a fellow to do without his breakfast?"

"Well, boys," said Bass, "this is rather hard on the old cuss; let's give 'em a dollar apiece; they'll pay it back when we see 'em again."

This was acceded to, and the robbers and robbed parted, neither party ever wishing to see the other again under like circumstances. They began to complain that the business did not pay much better than freighting, and contemplated some new field of industry, but Collins cheered them with the assurance that they'd strike a good thing after awhile; they'd run on to some fat paymaster or an unwary bonanza king from the mines, and then they'd get full pay for all their disappointments. "Cheer up, boys;" he said, "keep a stiff upper lip; we'll make it pay yet."

In a few days they made another stand between Deadwood and the mines. The stage came along carrying only one passenger—a young man, well dressed and bearing every appearance of being a gentleman of culture. The driver halted and called to the passenger that the "boys were on hand again," and that he "guessed he'd have to be gone through with." Collins told the driver to open the door and let him out. The young man stepped out, threw up his hands and began to protest that he had no money. "I just had money enough to pay my stage fare, and only \$3 left. You won't take the last cent, will you?" Davis was ordered by Collins to examine into the state of the gentleman's finances. He had on a gold watch chain to which was hung a very fine gold watch. It was elegant and massive.

"Well, you're dressed mighty fine to have no money, pard," said Davis. "Don't understand this. Here, let us look at that yaller souper you've got

on," speaking of his watch. The passenger exclaimed:

"O, boys! For God's sake, don't take that! It was a present from my mother, and all the relie I have of her. I'd almost as soon lose my life as to lose it. Take anything else, but for pity's sake do spare me my watch."

"Ah, don't kick, pard, we'll take it all just the same," said Davis, thrusting the muzzle of his pistol into the young man's face. "We need that in our business." With this he took the watch off, and went through his pockets. He found three dollars in money, one of which he gave back to buy a couple of meals, and told him to get back into the stage and go on his way rejoicing, and that the next time they met him they hoped his finances would be in better condition.

In about a week from this time, which was about the last of July, 1877, they made another attack on the same line, but found only one passenger, who had about \$6, which they appropriated and after some very sarcastic remarks about his being so thriftless as not to have accumulated more money at his age, they let him pass.

The business grew monotonous and was so uniformly dull and unremunerative that even Collins began to grow weary of it and they returned home to Deadwood. The other parties had been suspected of these repeated robberies and were on the skulk. Collins was, however, not suspected up to this time, being a free-holder and a man of apparent means. They habitually, in effecting a robbery, had handkerchiefs tied over their faces, which sufficiently masked their features to prevent identification. Several of them were well acquainted with the drivers of the stages robbed.

About the last of August, 1877, Collins learned of several parties who were coming down out of the mines to Deadwood with about \$150,000 in gold dust and money. He had obtained correct information as to the day the stage would reach Deadwood. He called his pals together and said: "Well, boys, we've been playing out of luck for a month or so, but I've heard of a big bonanza that we can take in, from the

hills. We'll go out and hit that this morning." This was received by the band in great glæ, all of them being on hand. The place of meeting was appointed by Collins, about ten miles from the city, which was a rough ravine overgrown with brush near the road. They all took their positions near the road, their horses being hitched back out of sight. At about the hour of 11 a. m. the stage came rolling along with its precious freight accompanied by four guards inside. Collins was on one side of the road and Heffrige on the other. They were to make the attack. When they arose and ordered a halt the stage driver whipped his horses and they dashed forward with frantic speed. Both Collins and Heffrige fired at him and he fell dead in the front boot. The firing increased the alarm of the horses and they redoubled their speed, going down the road, over hill and gully, rocks and stumps, like a storm. The robbers mounted their horses and pursued at full speed, shooting at the horses to stop them. They pursued in this way, firing at every jump, vainly endeavoring to shoot the horses down and thus stop the stage, for over a mile, but finding that they could not succeed, they gave up the chase. The horses continued in their wild flight, and without guide or driver, ran at full speed with the stage, pell mell, into Deadwood City.

✓ CHAPTER II.

Robbery of the Union Pacific Express at Big Springs, Nebraska.

The killing of the stage driver produced considerable commotion in Deadwood, and suspicion at last settled upon the right parties. Measures were instituted for their apprehension, and they all sought safety by flight. They separated in pairs, as follows: Joel Collins and Heffrige, Nixon and Berry, and Bass and Jack Davis, and by scattering in this way and keeping a sharp lookout, they eluded capture. They, however, kept in constant communication with each other, making Collins' residence their headquarters, where they occasionally met, though clandestinely.

About the first of September, 1877,,

Collins, Heffrige, Berry and Nixon met at Collins' house and were discussing plans for future operations, when Berry suggested that inasmuch as their stage robberies proved a poorly paying business and that they were under a heavy suspicion there, it would be better to change their location and try something else, and mentioned the Union Pacific Express as something that might prove lucrative. It was known by them that large quantities of gold were transported from San Francisco over the U. P. road, and the probabilities were strongly in favor of their running across a banana on this route. Berry said that he had never tackled a train, but he felt within himself the elements of success in such an enterprise. This was heartily seconded by Collins and the others, and a runner was sent out for Bass and Davis, who were camped about twelve miles away, on a stream called Duck Creek. This pair immediately repaired to the appointed place, but on reaching it found no one but Collin's mistress, who was greatly excited on seeing them, and exclaimed, "You fools! You'd better leave here at once. The soldiers are thick around here and they'll get you sure. They've just run Joel and the other boys off."

Bass and Davis at once sneaked off, and on the next day fell in with Collins and the remainder of the crowd. They all set out then for Ogallala Station, Nebraska, with their provisions for the trip on a pack mule. The whole six had at this time only \$40 in money. Ogallala is a station on the Union Pacific railroad, several hundred miles from the scene of their previous operations. Arriving there after a week's hard travel, they camped and spent a few days in reconnoitering and gathering information as to the probabilities of a flush haul on the U. P. They then concluded that Big Springs Station, several miles west of Ogallala, afforded a better position for their undertaking, and they accordingly repaired thither. They rode up to the station and reconnoitered during the day. Having studied the surroundings well, they took their horses back about a half mile and hitched them in a secret place. They then returned to the station and took their positions under the

platform of the depot, where they remained until the arrival of the train. In the meantime their plans were fully matured, each man was assigned his part in the drama, and well impressed with the role. Collins and Heffrige were to arrest the engineer and fireman, and march them out to where Berry and Nixon were to take them into custody and hold them while Bass and Davis were to go through and pillage the express car, with assistance of Collins and Heffrige. The plan was executed exactly. Collins and Heffrige boarded the engine room and arrested the engineer and fireman. Bass and Davis walked up to the express car and Bass gave three raps on the door. The messenger pulled the door a little ajar, and Bass threw his pistol in his face and told him to "throw up his props," meaning his hands. Simultaneously with this Davis sprang past the messenger inside the car, pistol in hand. Bass then followed, keeping his pistol on the messenger. He then searched the messenger and took his pistol and what loose change he had about him. He then ordered the messenger to open the safe. The messenger said he could not do it, that it was a time safe set at San Francisco to be opened at Omaha. Davis thrust the muzzle of his pistol into the messenger's mouth, lacerating his lips terribly, and with profane oaths told him he was a liar and that he had to open it at once. The messenger protested that he would do so if it were possible, but if he had to die or open it he could not do it; he had not the power to do it—that he had the papers to convince them of his inability to open it, and drew them out. Davis took the papers, but could not understand them. Bass then called Collins to come in and look at the papers. Collins came and looked at them. "Pshaw!" said he, "This man can no more open that safe than we can; let him alone." Bass then picked up an ax and attacked the safe, man can no more open that safe than we can; let him alone." Bass then picked up an ax and attacked the safe with it, but it sounded like a solid piece of iron, and he gave it up. The safe according to Sam's report, contained \$200,000. In the back end of the car there was a large stack of silver bullion in \$1,600

bricks. This was too heavy, and its weight saved it from their rapacity.

From this they began to search about for what else was to be found. Bass' attention was presently attracted to six small wooden boxes sitting stacked up by the side of the safe with sealing wax on them, bearing the impress of stars on the wax. Bass said to the messenger, in his usual nasal twang: "What's in here?" The messenger replied that he did not know. Bass then raised one of them and gave it a slam against the floor, when out of it rolled \$20 gold pieces in greater profusion than had ever before greeted Sam's hungry eyes. "Boys, this is good enough for us," said Bass, and immediately they seized the six boxes, containing \$10,000 each in \$20 gold pieces of the San Francisco mintage of 1877, and bore them out of the car. Collins, Heffrige, Nixon and Berry stood guard over the boxes, holding the engineer and fireman with them, while Bass and Davis proceeded to plunder the passengers, from whom they obtained \$400 in money and several gold watches. There were quite a number of passengers aboard, but they were so completely overwhelmed and terror-stricken that they made no show of resistance. So Bass and Davis took them by detail and went through the pockets of each in his turn. Bass, during this tour, came to an elderly man and proceeded to rob him; told him to "throw up his props." The victim threw up one hand. Bass did not notice it, but went into his pocket and drew out his purse, which contained about \$20. Seeing that the man had put one hand up, he stormed out, "Hold up your other prop or I'll blow your brains out." At this the man threw up a stub, and said, "See, I have but one arm." Bass looked at him a moment, and then handed him back his money and said, "Here, I don't want a one-armed man's money."

After this the train was permitted to pass on. They conveyed the boxes of money some two or three miles and buried it in the sand on the bank of the South Platte River. They then returned to Ogallala, where they remained two days. Finding no excitement or suspi-

cion against them, they returned and divided the money each receiving \$10,000, which they placed in ducking sacks prepared for the purpose. They then again returned to Ogallala, where they had their horses shod, and set out in pairs. Bass and Davis and Collins and Heffrige struck for Texas, while Berry and Nixon set out for Missouri. Bass and Davis traveled over the plains in a southward course. It was a dreary, desolate region. At night they camped on the open prairie, and used their bags of gold as anchors for their horses and they proved very effective for this purpose. Arriving in the settlements of Kansas they traded one of their horses for an old buggy and swapped the other for a horse that would work, and in this vehicle, with their bags of gold in the bottom of it, they drove leisurely along through Kansas and the Indian Nation, entering Texas at Red River Station, and reaching Denton county, the former home of Bass, on the first of November, 1877.

While passing through Kansas they encountered a squad of soldiers who were pursuing them. The squad was encamped late in the evening on a small creek. Bass and Davis drove up and halted. The soldiers asked them if they had seen anything of two men on horseback, armed with Winchester rifles and six-shooters, driving a pack-pony. They said they had not; that they were farmers from Western Kansas; that their crops had failed, and they were going to the eastern portion of the state, and probably to Missouri, to hunt employment; that they had seen different persons along the way but paid no attention to them. The chief of the squad said he was after some express robbers named Bass and Davis and furnished them with a description of them, with his address, so that if they should see such men they might communicate with him at once. They promised him to do so, and driving off a few rods, pitched their camp, and borrowed the soldiers' utensils to prepare their supper and breakfast. Next morning, after reassuring the officer that they would keep a sharp lookout for the robbers, they parted the best of friends.

CHAPTER III.

Death of Joel Collins, Bill Heffrige and Jim Berry.

Collins and Heffrige, after the dispersion of the band at Ogallala, set out in a southerly direction, across the plains of Kansas and Nebraska. The following account of their subsequent capture and tragic death, which appeared in the columns of the Denton Monitor, October 12th, 1877, is considered to be a correct statement, and as such we insert it:

"The state authorities of Nebraska and the railroad company by some means known only to themselves learned that the leader of the robbers was named Joel Collins, and large rewards were offered by both the state and the railroad company for the arrest of the robbers, which induced a vigorous hunt to be at once instituted. It was learned that the robbers after leaving the railroad crossed the Platte river, in Nebraska, and were next heard of at Young's ranch on the Republican in Kansas, on the 23rd ultimo. On Monday last, Sheriff Bardsley of Ellis county, Kansas, started from Hays City, on the Kansas Pacific road, with a squad of ten cavalymen and a detective from Denver, and made his headquarters at Buffalo Station, on the Kansas Pacific. This is sixty miles west of Hays City, in the center of a wild, dreary waste. Nearby is a large ravine in which the sheriff and his posse camped. While there about 9 o'clock last Wednesday, the 26th ultimo, Joel Collins, the chief of the train robbers, and a single adherent rode up to the lonely station."

The following account of the capture and subsequent death of Joel Collins and his companions we take from the Kansas City Times of September 28, 1877.

"They rode in from the North, coming in boldly over a high ridge of open prairie. They led between them a pony loaded down with a load of something which, while it was not bulky, seemed to tax the strength of the pony to carry it. The men were dusty and travel stained. They appeared to be and might have been taken for Texas cowboys out on a hunt for cattle or on their

way to join a herd. Had they rode straight across the track and continued their journey without stopping, no suspicion would have been aroused; but they were led instinctively to their death. They rode their jaded horses to the shady side of the principal building of the station and one of the two dismounted, leaving his partner in charge of the horses and the pack pony. The man left in charge of the horses said they were Texas cattlemen on their way home and inquired the way to Fort Larned. The dismounted man walked up to the station agent and inquired the way to Thompson's store. The building was pointed out to him, but as he stood conversing he took out his handkerchief, which revealed a letter in his pocket upon which was plainly visible the superscription, 'Joel Collins.' This was the name of the leader of the Union Pacific train robbers, and the brands on the horses assured the station agent that these were the men wanted by the sheriff and his soldiers encamped a few hundred yards away. Sheriff Bardsley was notified at once and he came to the station, examined the horses and made other observations. He conversed with the robber chief for some time and asked many questions, which were freely answered. They walked together to the station and took a drink, and conversed upon various inconsequential topics. Collins made no effort to conceal his real name. He had no suspicion whatever that the telegraph had given his name and description at that little station in the middle of the buffalo plains. Bardsley then left his prey and started back to the camp of the soldiers, who were under the command of Lieutenant Allen, and ordered them to saddle up and follow him, and he would bring back the Texans.

In the meantime the two horsemen, with their heavily burdened pony, had started out on the open plains southward. Sheriff Bardsley and his party started out in pursuit. When Collins and his companion saw the sheriff and his blue-coated posse of cavalry appear on their trail, they manifested no excitement. They did not even attempt to run. On the contrary, they rode on leisurely on the Texas trail until Sheriff

Bardsley rode up and halted them. Even then they gave no sign of trepidation or excitement. Collins looked at Bardsley with the coolest effrontery and demanded his business. Said Sheriff B. dsley:

"I have a description of some train robbers which answers well to your appearance. I want you and your partner to return with me to the station. You need fear nothing if you are innocent, but if you are the men I want, then I am \$10,000 better off. Please come back to the station gentlemen."

"You are mistaken in your men, gentlemen," replied Collins, laughingly, "but of course there is no use to object. We will go back and have the mistake explained. We are Texas boys going home, that's all."

They then turned their tired horses back toward the station. As they turned they exchanged a few brief words which were undistinguishable even by the nearest trooper. They rode a few hundred yards over the level plain toward the solitary station, when suddenly the leader, Joel Collins, broke the silence. Turning to his companion, he said:

"Pard, if we are to die, we might as well die game."

Then he draw his revolver. His partner followed his example, but before either could fire the troopers had fired a volley into them and they fell from their horses riddled with bullets. The robbers died instantly and were taken to the station for burial, but afterward taken to Ellis Station, where an inquest was held and where the bodies were buried. About \$25,000 in \$20 gold pieces were found upon the pony. The coins were of the minfage of 1877. The wealth weighed nearly 100 pounds, and was tied up in a pair of old trousers with the lower ends tied together and thrown over the pony's back, with blankets spread over all. A small piece of paper was found on Collins' body, upon which was written a poetical effusion by a lady, and dedicated to Joel Collins."

"Collins' companion was a young man named Heffrige, who is supposed to have formerly resided in Texas. We learn today that the brothers of Joel Collins will start from here today to take charge of his remains and probably bring them to Dallas."—Dallas Herald.

It seems that Nixon and Berry separated after they left Ogallala, the former making his way to Florida, and the latter to the neighborhood of Mexico, Anderson county, Missonri, where he had lived. He seems to have been a very unwary character, and doubtless thought himself safe at this great distance from the theater of his crime. He made no secret of his possession of \$10,000 gold, which he claimed to have acquired by making speculations in the Black Hills. This tale was regarded as very doubtful if not unreasonable, by those who had known him for he was notoriously wild, and thrifless, hence it was not long before he began to be suspected strongly as being one of the U. P. express robbers. Shortly after his arrival he exchanged with the Bank of Mexico \$9,000 of his gold for currency. On the same day he ordered at a tailor's an elegant suit of clothing and left town. The officers being informed of these facts kept a sharp lookout for his return for his suit, but instead of coming himself he sent another party for the clothing. This party was followed by the officers to where Berry lived. Part of the forces of the sheriff were posted about his house on the watch for Berry, while the sheriff and some others went around to the back of a field to come up in the rear of the house. While going through the woods they heard the sound of a horse stamping his foot as if pawing the ground. Attracted by the sound they went into a thicket and found a horse tied, with saddle and bridle on, and close beside the animal lay Berry, asleep. They aroused him from his slumber and ordered him to surrender, whereupon the robber drew his six-shooter and fired on the posse. In an instant he fell mortally wounded by the sheriff's posse. He was taken to the house, when, after lingering a day or so, during which time he confessed his participation in the robbery, he died. Thus ended the life of the third participant in the Great Bonanza of the Big Springs robbery, within less than two months from the date of the acquisition of their ill-gotten gains.

(To be Continued.)

Pioneer Men and Women of Texas

By Miss Sarah S. King San Antonio, Texas

Mrs. Hamilton F. Bee is one of the most interesting women of Texas; she is 91 years young, a woman with black hair, shining eyes, and slender figure. Her vitality and vigor is remarkable, but the chief source of delight in meeting Mrs. Bee is her clear incisive conversation. Church work, social welfare, parties, the political situation, the past and the present—to all she gives her interest and a spark of wit and wisdom.

Of pioneer days? The answer is always, "Oh dear, I know nothing of that—pioneer days were over before my time!"

"Just fancy," as the English say. But listen and glean some pioneer facts and stories:

"My husband, Hamilton Prileau Bee, brought his mother to Texas in 1836 to join his father, Bernard E. Bee (my mother-in-law and father-in-law of the future), a month after the battle of San Jacinto. Bernard E. Bee was with the army of Texas under General Rusk. Then General Bee was secretary under President Burnet, and Secretary of War, under Sam Houston. His name was on the bounty warrants of the soldiers of Texas, as he was Secretary of State under Lamar. Bernard E. Bee was one of the personal escorts of General Santa Anna, when President Houston of Texas sent that troublesome gentleman to General Jackson in Washington City. It is recorded that Santa Anna was an agreeable companion and the journey was very pleasant. Santa Anna was sent to Washington City to renew his pledges to General Jackson. These promises Santa Anna had voluntarily made to the Texas government when seeking his release from captivity, promises, as you know, that were forgotten as soon as Santa Anna touched his native soil. Santa Anna was not beloved in Mexico, but he was feared by the masses. For a time Mexico and Santa Anna had the same meaning, for the will of Santa Anna was wide and mighty in that poor and beautiful country of political upheavals.

Texas he was commissioned Minister of Mexico, as all thought that Santa Anna would acknowledge the freedom of Texas. General Bee left and went to Vera Cruz where he took refuge in a French vessel and awaited the will of Santa Anna. After a time, General Victoria invited Bee to be his guest in the City of Vera Cruz, but Bee did not dare go on the streets of the city for obvious and many reasons. At last Santa Anna sent word from Mexico City to General Bee that he would be glad to entertain Bee as a private guest but not as an envoy from Texas, as it was beneath the dignity of the Mexican nation (at this time the will of Santa Anna) to receive any representative from Texas. So General Bee had to return home. All this happened when I was very young, but I am telling you family tradition, as you are interested in pioneer men and women. One could not have existed without the other.

"Mrs. Bernard E. Bee was a woman of education and culture. Imagine her anxiety when General Bee went on his audacious and dangerous mission to Mexico. She did not believe that Santa Anna would keep his promise to Texas. General Jackson, General Sam Houston and General Bee believed that Santa Anna would remember those pledges, and General Bee gave him the opportunity to confirm the pledges so often avowed. You know the result. Mrs. Bee was so glad and happy over her husband's safe return from Mexico that she never said, 'I told you so!'

"My dear, the pioneer women read the Bible, they followed and obeyed their husbands and were very happy in their daily duties. Mrs. Bee never upbraided her family, but literally obeyed the proverb, 'With wisdom get understanding.' Most anyone may get wisdom, but how few get understanding. Mrs. Bee came from South Carolina and an environment of luxury, yet she never spoke of the hardships of Texas—it was a new and beloved land.

"When General Bee was sent to Washington City he met Mr. Webster,

After Bernard E. Bee returned to

Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay, as well as Harrison and Tyler. He was held in high esteem in Washington City, and at that time his son, Bernard E. Bee, aged 16, received the appointment of cadet at West Point, from Texas. The lad was given every privilege except tuition. This General Bee paid until a vacancy occurred from South Carolina. He proved his devotion to South Carolina and Texas with his death on the battlefield of Mamasses, to the United States in the Mexican War 1846, and in Indian warfare.

"My husband Hamilton P. Bee, also served in the South. The Civil War was a bad time for all. The women were sorrowful, but we had no time for tears. We lived our lives as calmly as possible and did not rush around looking for

thrills and excitement and ease. I have faith in the young people of today. They will settle down. Every war brings an upheaval and it takes time to re-arrange life and environments.

"After the Civil War my husband, General H. P. Bee, took us to Mexico. We lived there some years, and at times I was homesick, and the younger children forgot their English, but the Mexican people were very kind to us. The rest of my days were full—now I sit and wait God's will. Some of my children have passed beyond. I had ten. In the old family record was written, "Prepared for Heaven." So be it. Young and old await. How short a time and this generation will be no more—all gone. We await at a closed Gate, to open some day."

The San Gabriel Mission

Written by Phillip Mantor, a Senior in Taylor (Texas) High School

If you go to Rockdale and, from there, nine miles to the northwest along a winding road, you will see an old white house on top of a small knoll, overlooking a small patch of woods. In front of the house and slightly to the left might be seen a pile of stones. Among these stones you might see, if you look well, bones, occasionally an arrowhead or a few teeth, and other such remains. These are some of the remains of the old San Gabriel Mission.

In about 1744, Fray Francisco Mariano de los Dolores y Viana, a missionary at what is now the Alamo in San Antonio, while searching for the Indians, came upon a large encampment near the junction of what were then called San Xavier River and Arroyo de las Animas, now the San Gabriel river and Brushy creek respectively. These tribes of Indians were enemies of the Apaches who camped farther west. Despite the presents and coaxings of Dolores, they would not go into his mission at San Antonio, but promised to visit it. When visiting San Antonio, they said that they would not go into the mission there but they would be greatly pleased if the padres would come and establish a mission for them in their country. After a

favorable report from the captain at San Antonio, the request of the Indians was carried by Father Ortiz to Mexico. When, after much discussion, the permission of building the mission was granted, in February 1748, guard of thirty soldiers was ordered to the place under Lieutenant Galvan. Meanwhile Dolores had established a mission on the San Xavier without permission of the viceroy. By the time Galvan reached the river there was a small settlement there, which was working in the order of a small town. In 1748 the three missions were established. The names of these three were: San Francisco Xavier de Horecasitas, inhabited by the Mayeyes; San Ildefonso, inhabited by the Bidai; and Nuestra Senora de la Candelaria, composed mostly of Cocos from down the Colorado. The founding of the last was delayed by high water. After many Apache raids, a fort was built and fifty soldiers were sent there. This fort was probably the one which tradition assigns to Kolb's Hill, although we have no proof of such a fort. During this time there was a smallpox epidemic and only the good work of the padres saved the inmates. While the epidemic lasted many of the Indians were baptised. This

was the case usually not long before they died.

The padres had trouble with the Indians also when they went on the warpath. Messengers from other tribes persuaded them to go on the warpath against the Apaches. Despite the coaxing by the padres the mission Indians joined them. When they returned some weeks later they settled a few miles from the mission and never re-entered it.

On account of the ill conduct of Rabago, the leading padre of the mission Candelaria, this mission was deserted. On the eleventh day of May, so the story goes, Father Canzabal of Mission San Ildefonso, went to Candelaria to spend the day with his brethren. At dark, as he stood in the door of a tailor by the name of Celvallos, Father Canzabal was killed by a musket shot. Celvallos stepped to his side to aid him and he, in turn was killed by an arrow. Although the murders were never explained, the padres believed that the killings were the work of the soldiers.

Bravely laboring, the padres kept the missions working for three more years. There were now superstitions regarding the place. A ball of fire was seen to rise from the presidio, pass to the mission where the murders had occurred, circle around it, return to the presidio and burst into sparks with a loud report. The river dried up and refused to flow even after rains. So, when another epidemic broke out, the place was deserted.

The missions were all in the vicinity of the Kolb Gin, and the one we visited was on Kolb's point, a small hill overlooking the creek. Mr. J. M. McLeod, who resides there, has dug up a hand, a knife, a chisel, some bones, and other remains of the old mission. The stones of which it was constructed have been used by neighboring farmers as the foundations of their houses. Mr. McLeod says that from what he could see by digging, the building must have been about fifteen by twenty feet. Where the door used to be is now a stump. The lower part of the mission is washed away.

Another legend about the place I have heard from a Taylor man: He says that the Mexicans used to live at the site of the mission on the creek. When

they were ready to move they had to dispose of some gold. Knowing no other way, they sewed it up in a buffalo hide and dumped it into the creek, now Brushy creek. According to tradition, the gold has not been found yet, although some of the Mexicans may have recovered it unknown to the settlers.

Served on the Texas Frontier.

Pottsboro, Mississippi.

Editor Frontier Times:

I have received your magazine and sure enjoy reading it, for it brings me much information about old times on the frontier of Texas. I spent eleven and a half years there as a cowboy, and one year as a Texas Ranger. I belonged to Major Jones' Frontier Battalion, Captain J. B. Maltby, Company E. I was honorably discharged in 1874 in Coleman county. In the fall of 1875 I married a beautiful woman, settled down on a farm and went to work. We have raised eight children, five boys and three girls. I had three boys and twenty-two nephews in the great World War, and all got back alive except two nephews. I have one boy living in Texas, between Houston and Beaumont; one in Florida, and the others in Arkansas and Mississippi. If you have any back numbers of Frontier Times I would be glad to get them. I knew Mr. Brooks and family of Burnet county. I landed in that county, in Backbone Valley, in 1871. I also had some experience trying to arrest John Wesley Hardin. He was a hard customer and a bad man. I am very sorry to learn that Texas politics are getting so bad nowadays, for I helped to elect Richard Coke of Waco to be governor of Texas in 1873. I think a great deal of the Lone Star State, and if I live I will make an effort to meet my old comrades at Ranger next August. I have not met any of them since April, 1875. I am just a kid, only 75 years old passed.

Yours truly,
JOHN A. SHANNON.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Texas Woman Keeps Skull of Indian

Ernest J. Parker, member of the editorial staff of the Sherman Daily and Weekly Democrat, contributes the following interesting pioneer settlement history of Grayson county for publication in the state press. Mr. Parker was reared in McKinney and for several years was connected with the McKinney papers but has been on the Sherman Democrat for a number of years. He is one of the best writers in Texas journalism. His subject treats with the last Indian fight in Garyson county, which was enacted near Bells, eighty-four years ago. It is a thrilling story which will be read with interest by all Texas citizens:

The following account of the last Indian raid in Grayson county was written by Miss Kate Dugan, who was present and took part in the fight, which occurred at the old Durean Homestead near Bells, eighteen miles east of Sherman.

This raid took place eighty-four years ago, and all those who took part in it have long since passed away. Miss Dugan, the writer of the letter, was an aunt of the late Dan Dugan of this city, who served many years in the city council and was a large property owner here. George Dugan, now residing on the old home place near Bells, is a descendant of the Dugan family.

This raid was at the home of the original Daniel Dugan, sometime in the spring of 1841, the exact date has not been preserved. The letter, however, in full, has been preserved by Mrs. Oscar S. Gresham of this city, she having clipped it from an old copy of the Sherman Courier, an early newspaper of Grayson county.

Miss Kate Dugan wrote:

"The first indications of Indians we had noticed was on that Monday evening. The cows could not stand still long enough to be milked, but would sniff the air, hoist their heads and herd together in the upper part of the pen, gazing very intently toward the woods. We felt certain that Indians were in the vicinity, watching our movements, but it was such a common occurrence that we took no extra precaution, depending a good deal on our dogs to keep them at a distance.

Our dogs had been of great service to us and I believe they had many, many times kept the Indians off by barking and extreme fierceness. After supper George and William (Dugan) went to the barn to sleep as usual and the other men went to their room, where they had a good fire burning. Henry Dugan and another boy named William Alfred, who was staying at our house, were out in the yard playing until father went to the door and told them to go to bed. Henry slept with Green and, boylike, wanted to sleep in the front, but when he was ready for bed Green was too sound asleep to get over, so necessarily, Henry had to crawl in behind, and though very unwilling to occupy so undignified a place, it was the means of saving his life. Mother went to bed early and father lay dozing by the kitchen fire, as was his habit, being troubled with rheumatism. Sister Emily and I sat near by, working by the dim light of a single tallow candle dip, I sewing and she carding cotton rolls for the next day's spinning. Everything was quiet, the dogs not even barking as usual. Afterwards we knew they were down behind the smokehouse gnawing bones that Gordon had thrown there.

"Emily and I were talking in whispers about the wedding when we both started and listened to an unusual noise we heard in the men's room. The door pin fell to the floor and someone gave the door a kick. We were about to resume our work and conversation, thinking it was one of the men, when, like a thunderbolt two shots rang out, followed by another, and—then all was confusion. Pandemonium broke loose. In an instant the yard was full of Indians, all yelling and blowing whistles. Emily sprang up and commenced running up and down the room, screaming Indians. I blew out the candle the first thing, then ran for a bucket of water and threw it on the fire. I turned just in time to catch mother, who, half dazed with sleep, was trying to unbar the door and get out. Father was pretty quick, considering his rheumatism, and, grabbing his old flintlock, ran to a port hole and

fired at the noise, as it was too dark to aim. The dogs hearing the noise, came tearing around the house and joined in the row with all their teeth and lungs and the Indians soon left. Emily kept running up and down the room, and if the Indians heard that puncheon floor rattle they must have thought the kitchen full of men. I have no doubt, though, that they had watched us as we sat there at work, for there was a crack between the logs near the door that one could have put his arm through, and it is very likely that they took observations and knew where to find the men first. I don't know what I should have done if I had turned and seen a pair of shining eyes looking at me through that crack.

"After the Indians left and the noise subsided, we could hear cries and groans in the men's room which sent us almost distracted. Father called out through the port hole who was hurt and Gordon answered that Green was killed and Hoover wounded.

"In almost half an hour we heard three shots in the direction of the barn, followed by such terrible groans that we were afraid that one of the boys was hurt, but the whistles and howls and lamentations a cross between a howl of a wolf and the cry of a human, accompanying the groans, gave us a very correct idea that our enemies were getting the worst of the bargain. We did not dare to stir out until morning, as it was best to keep our forces scattered. We all stayed where we were until sunrise. Then the men barricaded their door and kept watch with their room and I took father's gun and remained on guard at that port hole while father slept. I could only look once in awhile to see if Indians were skulking about the house on our side. All night long I could hear their whistles in one place and then in another, sometimes clear and shrill near the house, then a tremulous, quivering note like the plaintive song of a bird would break the silence of the night. It was evident that the Indians were very uneasy about something.

"Toward morning, as it began to grow light, I leaned forward and saw a light in some bushes and trees and thought that day was at last dawning, thankful the tortuous night was coming to an end and

the fearful suspense would soon be over. My searching eyes took in every object within the radius of that porthole, and as I was about to draw back, I was arrested by a sight that made my heart jump right into my throat. Not twenty feet away stood an Indian, by a tree, silent and motionless as a statue. Where he came from and how he got there was more than I could tell. I had seen no motion and heard no sound. My first thought was to shoot, and what a fine chance it was! I had a feeling of hatred and a desire for vengeance against the whole Indian race, since my brother was so cruelly murdered by them, I raised my gun, but in the excitement of the moment, I must have made a noise that gave him the alarm, for when I looked down the shining barrel of the gun he was gone.

"Sunrise came at last, bringing the boys in from the barn, and when, by a few hurried questions, they learned our situation. George mounted our fleetest horse and went to Warren for a doctor and to inform Green of the death of his son.

"For many years after the print of an Indian's hand could be seen where he leaned against the soft mortar and pulled the peg out of the door on that fatal night.

"Two shots were fired toward the beds, one striking Green and killing him instantly. Hoover sprang out of the bed, and sank to the floor with a bad flesh wound in the side, while Gordon, as quick as a flash, jumped over the bed, ran in behind the door and pushed it to with such force that he fairly knocked the Indian out of the door. He fastened it with chairs and tables as best he could, threw water on the fire that was burning brightly in the fireplace and then went to the assistance of the wounded man. Not knowing that Green was shot, Henry sprang out of the bed and tried in vain to arouse him. He threw back the cover, and taking hold of his hand, told him to wake up, the Indians were upon them. But no response came from the lips forever dumb, and they soon discovered the poor boy was wrapped in the slumber that knows no awaking.

"When George and William heard the

firing at the house and Emily screaming they hurried on their clothing to come to our rescue. Then they heard father's gun and the dogs and thought they had better stay where they were. This proved a wise resolve, for the Indians soon turned their attention to the horses.

"The boys made all preparations, seeing that their guns were in order and ammunition handy. They did not have long to wait. As William was on the lookout at the front side of the barn he saw a dark form moving about very strangely among the trees. It would appear from behind a tree, jump up and down, then jump back. After acting this wild way for awhile, it made a dash for the barn door, where it materialized to the watching eyes above as a very stalwart Indian, who had been acting in that way to tempt a shot if anyone was on guard at the barn. Seemingly satisfied that no one was around, and that he had everything to himself, he set his gun down by the door and began to work and pick at the padlock and to use English 'cuss words' where it would not yield to his manipulations. In a few moments he was joined by two more Indians, who had been watching from within a few steps of the proceedings. They walked up to the barn door and talked in a low tone, looked up toward the little window cut in the logs just above the door. Like the Colonel of Revolutionary fame, William waited until he could see the whites of the enemies' eyes and then fired. At the signal George was at his side in a second and motioning to him that it was time to shoot, they rested the muzzles of their guns between the logs and fired. Both Indians mortally wounded, fell, got up and ran some distance. There were five in the party. Four ran to the north and one to the west of the barn. The former, by his groans, attracted friends who came and carried him off. The other was not heard from, and the boys supposed he was taken away, too. They reloaded their guns and took their places to await another attack, for they did not think the Indians would give up the fight without making any effort. Nor were they mistaken. As George was looking out on his side, next to the cow pen, he saw the cows very much disturb-

ed, step aside very suddenly and give a wide berth to an object crawling on the ground.

"At first he thought it was a hog, as it grunted its way toward the barn, but upon closer inspection and knowing that the hogs could not get on that side, he suspected that it was an Indian and raised his gun to give him a reception worthy of his mission. As he was taking aim the muzzle of his gun raked on the bark, making a slight noise. The quick ear of the Indian caught the sound, and partly raised up, but he only made a better target of himself and received a ball and twenty-four buckshot in the breast, cutting in two a rope tied around his waist. He was tracked the next day by his blood on the place where he died, and where the Indians had found him and carried him off, but the continual whistling during the night made us think they had not succeeded in finding all their dead.

"When George came back from Warren he brought back the doctor, several State Rangers and the family of Green. The latter took their boy back to Warren for burial.

"As the men were waiting for dinner, some talking and others, who had been up all night were trying to sleep, a shrill whistle was heard in the woods near the house. This brought every man to his feet and they were off into the woods in no time. A fleeting vision of a red man, clearing the ground by flying leaps two yards apart was all they saw, and they returned and commenced searching for the dead Indians. They found one of the first that was shot—the one that had run west of the barn and fallen dead with a groan.

"The men dragged him to the house and laid him out in state in the yard inviting all to come to the funeral (no flowers). He was dressed in light marching order, a calico shirt and leather leggings, and as Dr. Rowlett came out with the others to take a look at the deceased, he looked at him for a moment and then exclaimed: 'Why, that is Chachatta Bill. He used to work for me, and my wife made that shirt he has on!'"

A short time preceeding the raid of which Miss Dugan writes in the above

story, her brother Daniel Dugan, Jr., was killed by an Indian while at work near the house. The wedding she was talking about with her sister, Emily, was her own, for she was engaged to a young Methodist preacher, the Rev. B. W. Taylor. They afterwards married and later moved to California, where she became known as a church worker and her husband was a prominent minister of the Methodist denomination.

The Dr. Rowlett spoken of in the letter was Dr. D. Rowlett, a prominent practitioner of medicine during the 40's and also a Congressman from the Red River District before Texas was a State. He also had charge of an Indian reservation, having collected a small part of the Cooshattees, and kept them on Red River near Warren.

The late Dan Dugan of Sherman, a great nephew of the father of Dan Dugan who was killed, in speaking of the raid to the writer, said the Indian's head was cut off and the skull remained on the place for many years, and that Mrs. Dugan, mother of the boy who was killed, used it on her spinning wheel as a fixture to mend a broken part.

Trail Drivers, Read This.

Frontier Times would be pleased to receive reminiscence sketches from old trail cooks and trail inspectors, whose arduous duties were performed in cow camp and on the trail in the old days when cattle driving to the northern markets was under way. Descriptive sketches of the life you led on the range and in the great "out-of-doors, how you prepared your "chuek," how you inspected the herds, and how the cattle were branded could be made most interesting reading for the present generation. We are sure our good friend, Samuel Dunn Houston of San Antonio, can give us a splendid article on this subject, as well as hundreds of other old time trail drivers.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Old Fashioned Dances.

Will the old fashioned dances ever come back?

This question which is echoed from every part of the country ever since Henry Ford started to popularize the music and dances of yesterday, finds answer in the Detroit News in the review of an old fashioned dance held as an experiment in a Detroit dance hall frequented by the so-called younger set. Officials of the dance hall had staged the dance for the express benefit of those of another generation who had been literally crowded from the dance floor by modern jazz music. But, they scarcely anticipated "five thousand men and women howling for the right to dance," the waltz, schottische, polka and form dances. And, included in those who participated in this demonstration were all ages from sixteen to sixty.

"The spirit of the quadrille, that began in a lowly way must have blinked its eyes in wonderment," says the Detroit News. "It was born to the swish of hoop skirts and the times when the society reporter gravely reported, 'the brave and the fair were in attendance.' It was born in an era of kerosene lamps, tin-types and fiddlers. Tuesday night it faced high power floor lights, moving pictures and a super-orchestra aided and abetted by Henry Ford's four-piece old fashioned orchestra.

"It faced an audience that literally jammed the vast hall, jammed until police were called and the big front doors locked in the faces of hundreds who tried in vain to jam into the seething crowds. Henry Ford was not there, but a party of Ford executives and their friends were. It was a different crowd from that which usually appears at public dance halls, although the shiek and sheba were not missing. Hundreds of old men and women and thousands of middle-aged couples crowded the floor from the first note and stayed until the last."

If you want to secure a copy of "The Life of John Wesley Hardin," you should send in your order to this office at once. We have only a very few copies left.

Sam Bass

Song Ballad, Sent in by P. C. Baird, Menard, Texas

Sam Bass was born in Indiana, which was
his native home,
And at the age of seventeen young Sam
began to roam,
He first came out to Texas, a cowboy for
to be;
A kinder hearted fellow you hardly ever
see.

Sam used to deal in race stock, one called
the "Denton Mare,"
He matched her in the scrub races and
took her to the fairs;
Sam always coined the money and spent
it mighty free,
He surely drank good liquor wherever
he might be.

Sam had four companions, that were bold
and daring lads,
Murphy, Jackson, Underwood and one
they called "Old Dad,"
Four bold and reckless cowboys as the
Wild West ever knew;
They shunned the Texas Rangers, but
chased the boys in blue.

Sam left the Collins ranch in the merry
month of May,
With a herd of Texas cattle for the black
Hills far away,
But sold out in Dodge City and all got
on a spree,
A tougher set of cowboys you seldom
ever see.

On their way back to Texas they robbed
the U. P. train,
Then they split up into couples and
started out again;
Joel Collins and his partner were over-
taken soon,
With all their hard money they had to
meet their doom.

Sam got back to Texas all "right side up
with care,"
He rode right into Denton, his old pals
met him there;
Sam's life was short in Texas—three
robberies he did do,
He robbed the Longview passenger—the
mail and express too.

Sam had another comrade, called "Ark-
ansaw" for short,
He was killed by a Texas Ranger, who
thought it great sport;
Jim Murphy was arrested, and then
released on bail,
He jumped his bond at Tyler and hit
Sam Bass' trail.

Major Jones had "coppered" Jim, and
this was all a stall,
It was a plan to capture Sam before the
coming fall;
Sam met his fate at Round Rock '78,
July the twenty first,
Rangers filled Sam with bullets, Frank
Jackson got the purse.

Now Sam is a decayed corpse, down in
the Round Rock clay,
While Frank is on the border, made safe
his get-a-way;
Murphy borrowed Sam's hard money
and did not want to pay,
So he played the game to win, and gave
poor Sam away.

He sold Sam and Barnes too, and left
their friends to mourn,
Murphy will a roasting get, when Gabriel
toots his horn;
Some think Jim'll go to heaven, for none
can surely tell,
But if I'm right in my surmise, he's long
gone to h—ll.

Information Wanted.

A reader of Frontier Times wishes to
secure the following information:

A list of Tennessee Colony Members
who settled near Palestine in Anderson
county about 1846-48.

The Kentucky Colony which settled
near Wills Point, Van Zandt county, in
1846.

List of persons serving in the Mexican
War and Civil War from both of the
above named counties.

Any of our readers who can supply
the above information will receive our
sincere thanks.

Incidents of the Frontier

WHILE visiting his sister Mrs. Currie in San Angelo, a few years ago, W. N. Nicholas kindly furnished the following partial sketch of his eventful life on the frontiers of Texas:

I was born in the state of Louisiana in 1838. My father came to Texas when I was two years old and settled at Salado, Bell county. He built the first house ever erected on that site and shortly after his arrival, two other families came and located at that place. The names of these were, Dr. Ogle and a Mr. Williamson. Some ten or twelve years later we moved to what is now Hamilton county, which was then attached to McLennan county for judicial purposes, and when we had to go to Waco, a distance of sixty-two miles. For a long time our nearest neighbor lived fourteen miles away. When Hamilton county was finally organized, I was one of the chain carriers in making the survey and helped run every line and establish every corner of the county. Our place was on the head waters of North Meridian Creek.

When I was sixteen years old, I went to Stephenville, Erath county, and entered a school taught by a Mr. Allard. I had been in school only two weeks, when a runner brought word that the Indians were in the country and had murdered the Woods family and that of Mr. Brumley and had burned their houses. Two of the Brumley girls and the two Woods girls had been carried off by the savages.

At the time of this occurrence all the available men were out in pursuit of another gang of Indians that had raided another settlement, leaving no man to take the trail but the teacher, Mr. Allard. In his school there were sixteen boys from 12 to 17 years of age. He explained the situation to us and said: "Boys, I'm going after those Indians; who'll go with me?" Every boy in school, even to the small boys, lined up and told him to lead out, we'd follow him to the jumping off place. He chose sixteen of us and in less than an hour were mounted and off.

For the benefit of the youth of this degenerate age, it may not be amiss to

state here that the boys and girls on the frontier in those days were taught to ride and shoot from the time they were large enough to sit on a pony or hold a gun and when a little older, boys as well as men carried their guns every where they went, at church, at school, or a frolic. Their horses were always handy and when the word came that Indians were in the country the boys and men were ready to respond to the call for help. That's why the boys of Mr. Allard's school fell in line so quickly; they were minute men and ready.

But in this instance some of the boys had no guns. A Mr. Carter, who owned a hardware store in Stephenville, threw open his store and told Mr. Allard to help himself to all the guns and ammunition we might need.

About 10 a. m. we started, all armed with double-barreled shot-guns and six shooters and after striking the Indians trail we came upon the dead bodies of the Woods girls. We wrapped these bodies in blankets and laid them side by side and stretched between two bushes and over the bodies a white shirt as a fright to keep the buzzards away until they could be removed. This was on the divide between Stephenville and Dublin. Here, I will digress in so far as to say that after being stripped of every thread of clothing the Brumley girls were liberated some time during the night or early that night, and made their way back to Stephenville.

Having cared for the bodies of these poor murdered girls to the best of our limited ability, we pushed on with a firm resolve to avenge their brutal murder if we ever came up with the inhuman butchers. When we reached Leon creek, about twenty miles from Stephenville, the water in the creek was still muddy and we knew by that we were close on their trail. We hurried forward until we reached a slope that led off down to Copperas Creek. Here we came up with the Indians and charged them. There were eighteen of them and seventeen of us but, being armed with sixshooters, we had all advantage. In the fight that ensued Mr.

Allard's horse was shot through the neck with an arrow and fell. Mr. Allard was thrown with great force against the ground, and an Indian rushed upon him to finish him with a lance. Recovering himself almost instantly and seeing his peril, Mr. Allard seized a stone with which he knocked the Indian down and before he could rise the teacher was on him and gave the finishing touch. The action became a running fight for about four miles and only two of the eighteen got away. Six of us were wounded, myself of the number, having stopped two arrows in my thigh. We got all of their horses, about 75 head, which they had stolen. One of the Indians killed had on one of the captured girl's dress, which was riddled with bullets.

On our return we came by where we had found the murdered girls and strapped their bodies on horses and reached Stephenville some time after midnight, very well pleased with our day's work.

I had no further desire to attend school. I decided to go a-ranging, and that two weeks in Mr. Allard's school was all the schooling, in a literary sense, I ever received. I enlisted in Captain George Nelson's company and served about a year. We were required to furnish everything, arms, ammunition, horse, saddle, etc., all of which were appraised and if lost while in the discharge of duty, the State paid for it. Our pay was \$45 per month gold.

While under Nelson, I was engaged in only two fights worthy of mention, one on the south prong of Palo Pinto creek where we killed a few Indians, and a heavy skirmish on Paluxy, in Erath county. When my term of enlistment with Nelson expired I joined Buck Barry's company of Rangers, and that fall, 1859, we got in after a large band of Indians that had made a raid into Parker county. We were 65 or 70 strong and followed the Indians up near the head of Pease river, fell into an ambush and came near being wiped out. The Indians had been reinforced and we estimated their number, after the fight, at about 300 warriors. They were posted in a canyon and before making the attack we detailed two men of my name, Nicholas, to guard our pack mules.

During our fight a bunch of Indians got around in our rear, attacked and killed these two men and got our pack mules, which we recovered before the fight was over. We lost nineteen men in this battle and had a number wounded. I don't know how many of the enemy were killed, as the Indians carried off their dead. We carried our dead back to Willow Springs where we buried them the best we could, side by side, in a long trench. I learn that there is a large cemetery there now and that the grave of these Rangers is properly marked.

In June, 1861, I joined Capt. Salmon's company at Stephenville. Shortly afterward the Indians made a big raid and we were ordered out after them. We overhauled them at Cedar Gap and had a running fight with them to Buffalo Gap. In former raids the Indians had been in the habit of going through Cedar Gap and always kept their spies out on high peaks to give warning in case they were pursued. On this occasion Capt. Salmon changed his tactics. He knew they would go through Cedar Gap and would halt there to rest and refresh themselves if the spies reported no Rangers on their trail, so he took "roundanee" on them. He went considerably out of his way, but by hard riding we got in ahead of the Indians and came upon them from the north side of the gap. On the southeast was a high peak on which was one of their spies watching for our approach from the south. When we came upon them they were cooking meat, but we spoiled their dinner. In this fight one of our men was wounded. I don't remember how many Indians were killed. We followed them into Mulberry Canyon, since known as Horseshoe Canyon, on account of the great number of horse bones that lay on the ground for many years after that battle. Without our knowledge, the Indians had been joined during the night by a large band that was coming down towards the settlements and had taken a stand in the canyon, intending to surprise us, but our spies discovered them in time to prevent the surprise. In an open space in this canyon they held their herd of horses and for better protection they had dismounted and

took stand in the dense thickets which skirted this open space on one side. It was about ten o'clock when this fight began, and it lasted until late in the evening. We charged them six times and were as often repulsed. Our first charge revealed the odds we were up against. To dislodge that large force under concealment in the thickets was a hopeless task, and the next thing to do was to kill their horses and set them afoot. We opened fire on their herd and the lowest estimate placed on the number we killed was three hundred. In every charge we made in this battle the Indians rushed out into the open and met us fair and man to man. At no time did they double up. In some of the desperate charges the fighting was hand to hand and always at close quarters. An Indian seized and wrenched the gun from the hands of one of our men and got off with it. The enemy had few guns; they were armed with bows and lances which they used with deadly effect. Finally it was discovered that our supply of ammunition was about exhausted, as there were less than three percussion caps to the man, and we had to withdraw. We had nine killed and sixteen wounded out of a command of about forty. Some of our men were desperately hurt and as we had no doctor along we had to dress the wounds the best we could, and I am glad to say these wounded men all recovered. Among the killed I remember only the names of John Gillentine, Jim Ragsdale, Lige Cahce, and Woods. Of the wounded, Johnson was shot through with an arrow, and Rhodes was hit over the head with a lance, inflicting a fearful scalp wound. An Indian slipped around under cover and wounded George Gentry, who was in our rear guarding our horses. The savage evidently carefully estimated the distance, and shooting his arrow high in the air watched the effect. The little feathered shaft came down, pierced George's leg near the knee and came out just above the ankle.

We bound the dead bodies of our comrades on pack horses, took them home and buried them in Battle Creek cemetery. Near the spring in Cedar Gap, where this fight began fifty years ago, stands a beautiful church.

The Passing of the Old Texas Rangers.

By Uncle Dick Sullivan, San Saba, Texas

Fifty-two years ago I was a Texas ranger,
I carried good guns and feared no danger;
I had no home and I knew no fear,
For I was a Texas Ranger.

In 1874 I was in Connell's Company after
Indian gore,
We killed two warriors and wounded
some more:
At Brownwood, Texas, and by the way,
Charlie Webb was our lieutenant—Wes
Hardin passed him away.

I slept at night 'neath the starry sky,
Just lulled to sleep by the hoot owl's cry,
And the howl of the wolf and the plain-
tive loon—
For I was a homeless Ranger beneath the
moon.

But alas, how time has passed away!
Now I am old and my hair is gray,
My step is feeble, death will soon knock
at my door,
And I'll follow my comrades who have
gone before.

There were seventy-five in our company
in the days of yore,
Now all have passed away but four.
I think of them often and the tears freely
flow;
Because I'll never see them more, and it
grieves me so.

As I sit at night in my humble door,
The moonlight streams across my floor;
A lone wolf howls so dolefully—
It's the voice of the ranger-life calling
me.

And my heart goes out to my comrade
gray
For he, like me, has had his day.
We are old and haggard, and almost
through—
The time will soon come for our last
adieu.

If you have any old newspaper clip-
pings dealing with Frontier history,
send them to Frontier Times.

Brown County from 1856 to 1870

Leroy Wise, in Brownwood Banner-Bulletin, October 22, 1925

THE PURPOSE of this article is to give a full account of the horrible, the humorous, political, religious, and the social times of the early settlers of Brown county. First, the horrors, as the horrifying murder of pioneer families. Second, the humorous, as the things that happened in spite of their having to defend their homes against the invasion of Indians. Third, the political, as the forming of their dear country into a county and naming it after a brave, daring intelligent soldier, Captain Brown, who had defended the county from many invasions of the Indian; also the secession of the State from the Union and the beginning of the Civil War. The religious, as the camp meetings, and founding of churches. At the campmeetings, everybody came and took part in the services because the preacher preached the Bible and there was no creed to separate them. He was everybody's preacher, a kind, honest, upright man and everyone's friend. Then the social, as the many hours the ladies spent at quilting parties, and the men spent hunting or working together or the combined forces of men and women attending a dance anywhere in a fifty mile radius. This is the character of the pioneer of Brown county in the fifties. Hearty men and women, not afraid of hardships of any kind.

In 1856, David, John, James and R. M. Hanna came to Brown county and settled on the Colorado river, about ten miles below the place where the Frisco railroad crosses it now, in a valley that now bears their name. These men were upright, honest men and fitted to develop the frontier of Texas. David Hanna had a fine personality and was well educated. He took a very active part in the county affairs and assisted in the development of the county. He was one of the first four commissioners elected in Brown county. He also served on the first grand jury in the county. Then when Mr. Hanna found it necessary, he joined the company of Texas Rangers that was commanded by Captain John Williams, who was killed in 1863 at

Babyhead Mountain in Llano county. Mr. Hanna was also the father of the first white child born in Brown county. Miss Josephine Hanna was born in the Hanna valley settlement in 1857. She was married to Albert J. Rice of Athens, Tennessee, September 24th, 1881, at Cherokee in San Saba county.

In 1856, Welcome W. Chandler also came to Brown county and he was one of the wealthiest and most influential men on the frontier.

In the year 1857 the following hardy pioneers came to the frontier of Brown county: J. M. Coggin, S. R. Coggin, Israel Clements, Charles Mullins and his sons, Issac, J. C. and William, Greenleaf Fisk, T. D. Harris, Jesse Harris, G. H. Ennis and Harvey Adams in company with Brooks W. Lee and family, also Marion Potter, J. B. Marshall, M. G. Anderson, L. P., M. W. and David Baugh.

The Coggins were very fine men and did a great deal of good for the county. They were the founders of the Coggin National Bank, and helped to establish Daniel Baker College. Israel Clements was tax assessor and collector in 1858. Greenleaf Fisk became a very prominent man in county affairs. He donated one hundred acres of land for the location of the Brown county court house. The Adams family was a very important factor in the development of Brown county, and have a very interesting history. L. P., W. M. and David Baugh exhibited much heroism in the protection of the frontier against Indian raids and horse thieves. Brooks W. Lee was a noted leader among the early settlers of Brown county. He was a lieutenant in the Brown county company of Texas Rangers, also one of the three men selected for the hazardous undertaking of inviting the tribe of Comanches of West Texas for a Peace Council. On this journey they were captured and would have been killed had it not been for the acquaintance of Mr. Williams (one of the trio) with the Chief of the tribe that captured them.

In 1858 Richard Germany, Henry

Webb, Al Kirkpatrick, Jay Kirkpatrick, D. F. Mosely, Richard Robbins and W. C. Parks came to Brown county. I cannot narrate the deeds of these as I have those that came in 1856 and 1857, but judging from the spirit of the frontier, we can guess they were upright, honest citizens and gentlemen.

One of the most important movements in the development of Brown county was the beginning of agriculture. In the year 1857, Welcome W. Chandler raised the first crop. It consisted of one hundred acres of corn and five acres of wheat. It produced forty bushels of corn and forty bushels of wheat per acre. He raised fifteen crops in succession on the same land without failure. The wheat was cut with a cradle and cycle, and threshed out on the ground with horses.

The first bale of cotton raised in Brown county was produced by W. F. Brown in the year 1868. It was ginned in Comanche by a gin operated by horse power, and the lint was caught in an old tent.

The first cattle were brought to Brown county in 1856 by G. H. Fowler. This was the beginning of the cattle industry in Brown county which has now developed into one of the leading industries of the county.

The first slaves were brought to Brown county in 1856 by Welcome W. Chandler. They were seven in number. This started the slave trade in Brown county. Mr. B. W. Lee bought several of these slaves from Mr. Chandler and Mr. Harvey Adams relates the following anecdote about one of them named John: "The Indians were making raids every light of the moon, stealing horses. For defense the neighbors collected at Mr. Lee's to put their horses in his Indian proof corral. For additional protection, they would station guards at intervals around the corral. Mr. Lee was in charge of the defense. He divided the men in crews for certain watches. John was in one of the crews. Mr. Lee knowing he was very sleepy headed, made a tour of inspection to see if he was asleep; finding him asleep he took his gun. In a little John came running to the house and said, "Massa, Injun slipped up hind me and tuk ma gun." Mr. Lee said,

'Why did you let an Indian take your gun?' The negro studied a minute and said, 'Massa dare was two of em.' This shows the sense of humor the old settlers had even in times of extreme danger.

The first court house was built on the north side of Brownwood near the Swinden Farm. On account of water shortage, they moved it near where the Santa Fe bridge now crosses the Bayou. In 1860 Greenleaf Fisk gave the county one hundred acres of land for a civic center and the court house was moved to its present site.

The first school was taught in the county by Professor J. J. Gallop in the log court house above the Swinden farm. Mr. Gallop came to Brown county to practice law but being unable to make a living at that, he went to teaching school.

The first church organized in Brown county was presided over by Reverends George Vest and William Mayberry, ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was in 1862. The same ministers organized a church in the Hanna valley settlement in 1863.

The first post office was established in the home of Welcome W. Chandler in 1859. Miss Jane Chandler was appointed Postmistress, and the mail was carried a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles from Meridian on horseback by a man named Neil.

The early settlers had a hard time getting supplies and delivering their goods to market. Prior to 1860, Waco and Houston were the nearest markets and supply points. The trips were made under much hardships, taking a month to go to Waco and two months to go to Houston. At that time coffee was one dollar per pound and a beef steer would buy sixteen yards of calico. After the war broke out the pioneers went to Mexico with cattle to trade for supplies. The settlers were not to be driven out of Brown county.

The Indians were at all times visiting Brown county. The first Indian raid of which there was any record, was made in November 1857. On this raid the Indians killed a man by the name of Lewis who lived on Stepps Creek, and took off some stock.

The first Indian fight was in 1858. It

occurred in the Swinden valley. One of Mr. W. W. Chandler's slaves discovered the Indians rounding up Mr. Chandler's horses in the valley, and gave the alarm. J. S. Harris, J. M. Coggin, S. R. Coggin, A. E. Adams, George Issac and two other men all happened to be at the Chandler home at the time. Very indifferently armed, they went out to attack the Indians, but they were too strong for them and forced them to beat a hasty retreat. The Indians took the horses and went in the direction of Delaware Creek and when about seven miles out, ran into Captain Connor, W. L. Williams and a Mr. Holman, all of the Ranger service. The Indians charged them and at the first fire badly wounded Mr. Holman, Mr. Williams dismounted, killed one of the Indians, but succeeded in getting his horse. Holman was taken to the Chandler home where he remained three months before he recovered.

Later in the same year a man by the name of Jackson and his family went out on the Bayou to gather pecans. They were surprised by the Indians and he, his wife, his eighteen year old daughter, and two youngest children were murdered; the other two children were captured and carried off. The Indians went north, but after being hotly pursued, dropped the children about nine miles north of Brownwood on Blanket Creek.

In 1859, the Indians made a raid on the Mosely and Kirkpatrick settlement, taking off all the horses except one belonging to Mr. J. Kirkpatrick, and murdering a stockman by the name of Robbins.

In 1861 the war broke out between the states. The people of the county held an election and ratified the ordinance of secession and a Confederate flag was raised on a one hundred foot pole. The flag was made by Mrs. Welcome W. Chandler and Mrs. Brooks W. Lee, the material being furnished by Mr. Chandler.

In the same year men from Brown county and near-by settlements demanded the surrender of Ft. Camp Colorado, which was surrendered to them without gunfire, and the commander, Kirby Smith, joined the Confederate cause and made a splendid Confederate officer.

In 1862 some experienced Indian fighters came upon a band of Comanches and in a furious, reckless charge forced the Indians to a hand-to-hand conflict. In this fight a man by the name of Lindsey was killed, but the victory was with the whites, for they put the Indians on the run.

In 1858 the county of Brown was organized out of Comanche, Travis and Coleman counties. The officers were elected as follows: Chief Justice, Thomas J. Kusee; County Clerk, M. G. Anderson; Treasurer, Ichabod Adams, and Tax Assessor and Collector, Israel Clements.

Mr. O. Eastland, on board Steamship Santa Elisa, writes: "Through Mr. Fagan, chief wireless operator on this ship, my attention has been drawn to your magazine, *Frontier Times*, with which I am much pleased. It is bringing out some of the worthwhile history of my native state in a most admirable way. It gives one a feeling of being true and authentic and I so much like the idea of bringing out the most humble contributor to the glorious history of the state. Inclosed please find check for \$150 to cover subscription for 1926 to be sent to Dr. O. Eastland, Lock Box 55, Trinity Station New York City. If you have it in mind kindly in form me who of Texas historians used the expression, "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

It was Gail Borden of Texas and James Gordon Bennett of New York, in whose breasts was born the inspiration which moulded that extract from the classics, "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none." An article of how this occurred will soon be published in *Frontier Times*.

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If you fail to receive your copy of *Frontier Times* promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Four Men Rout a Band of Indians

In 1861, J. H. Chrisman, T. B. Saunders, Ambrose Lathen and Pat Gallagher, left Camp Colorado to go to Gatesville for the purpose of getting fire arms repaired. Saunders was their guide, and as he was riding in front of the others, he discovered, on ascending a high hill, a number of Indians driving a caballada of stolen horses. This was between Pecan Bayou and Blanket creek in Brown county. Mr. Chrisman immediately ordered the men to dismount and prepare for the conflict. Having examined their guns and seen that they were loaded the rangers remounted their horses and at once charged upon the Indians, who, by that time, had advanced within one hundred yards of them. The rangers as they charged upon the Indians, kept motioning back with their hands as if they were beckoning to others behind them to come on. The Indians, supposing they were the advance guard of a company, abandoned their stolen horses and took to flight. The rangers pursued them so vigorously they had no time to rally. The chase continued for a mile, and one Indian was killed. The rangers captured thirty-six head of the horses, and it being late in the day, they started with the horses for the house of Jesse Mercer, ten miles away, where they arrived about nine o'clock that night, and penned and guarded their horses until daylight. It was afterwards discovered that the Indians had found out that they had been stampeded by four men, and that they had followed the rangers and would undoubtedly have taken their scalps if they had been a few minutes later in reaching Mercer's house, on Mercer's creek, in Comanche county.

After leaving Mercer's the next day they drove the horses to the town of Hamilton, where they penned and guarded them that night, and the following day drove to Gatesville, in Coryell county, and turned the horses in a pasture. Gallagher, who lived some fifteen miles from Gatesville, was riding a very fine black mare, and being anxious to get home separated from the party before reaching town. The rangers suspicion-

ed they were being followed and subsequent events proved they were correct. The night they pastured their horses near Gatesville, R. B. Wells, who lived within a mile of town, had his horse stolen, and on the same night Gallagher's fine mare was stolen from his home. Three days after this, five Indians were intercepted in Lampasas county by some rangers, who killed one Indian and captured a bunch of horses. About one month later, while another party of rangers, under Lieutenant Chandler, were guarding one of the passes at Santa Anna mountain, in Coleman county, through which the Indians always passed with their stolen horses in going out of Coryell and Lampasas counties, four Indians were discovered with a caballada of horses. The rangers charged the Indians, who at once abandoned all of their horses. Two Indians were killed and the other two severely wounded. The horses stolen from R. B. Wells was captured and also the fine black mare belonging to Gallagher. One of the Indians was riding the latter animal when he was killed.

Mrs. Adele B. Looscan, well known historian and writer, of Houston, Texas, writes us as follows: "You have shown commendable judgment in gathering together and publishing the records of the lives of early settlers; for a few more years delay might make such a collection impossible. As soon as our new Library, which is nearing completion, is opened to the public, I will send bound copies of the two years' Frontier Times for its shelves."

If you want to secure a copy of "The Life of John Wesley Hardin," you should send in your order to this office at once. We have only a very few copies left.

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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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Beginning with this number all articles appearing in Frontier Times will be copyrighted. Those newspapers and writers who have been "purloining" from this little magazine without giving due credit are cautioned to henceforth secure permission before using anything that appears in Frontier Times. We will give permission to use certain articles to writers who make proper application.

Within a short time Frontier Times will establish a branch office in Austin, but publication headquarters will be maintained at Bandera. The new branch is made necessary by the constantly increasing popularity of the little magazine. We are planning a campaign of expansion, and this will be but a step which will put us in position to improve Frontier Times and give our readers a magazine that all will be proud of.

In this number we begin the publication of the "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang," as written by "a Citizen of Denton County," and published in 1878. We have searched high and low for this book, and we were successful in locating a copy of the first and only edition. Another book was published about Sam Bass, the noted outlaw, many years ago, but the book we have is the only authentic history that has ever been given to the public. We are going to print a limited number of copies of this book within the next few weeks, which we will sell for a dollar and a half per copy, but we will accept advance orders at one dollar per copy to be delivered as soon as published. Put in your order now and save a half a dollar.

If you want to secure a copy of "The Life of John Wesley Hardin," you should send in your order to this office at once. We have only a very few copies left.

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On December 5th last, Collier's Weekly published a splendid story about our good friend, Captain J. B. Gillett, under the title of "The Man Trapper." The story was written by Owen P. White, of El Paso, who is contributing some good articles to Collier's, bearing on the history of the border. Collier's Weekly has kindly given us permission to republish "The Man Trapper" in Frontier Times, and we hope to use it in an early number.

Within a short time we will begin the publication of "The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson," to be run serially in Frontier Times. Afterwards we will issue this serial in book form to sell at \$1.50 per copy. We are not accepting advance orders for this book, however, until we begin its publication.

James T. DeShields, of Dallas, Texas, writes us that he will soon publish another book dealing with the early history of Texas. Mr. DeShields has spent several years collecting the data for the forthcoming book, much of it pertaining to the life and experiences of Captain Creed Taylor, a noted frontiersman and Indian fighter. Mr. DeShields is a well known historian and has given the public several books on the history of our great state, among them being "Cynthia Ann Parker," and "Border Wars of Texas." Frontier Times will later announce the date of the publication of Mr. DeShields' new book.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

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The Thermopylae of America

The Pathfinder, December 5, 1925

REMEMBER THE ALAMO!" This was the battle cry of Sam Houston's little army when it overpowered and captured Santa Ana at San Jacinto. How could a Texan of 1836 ever forget the Alamo!

The Alamo was originally built as a mission and a place of safety for the Spanish colonists. The front of the chapel bears the date 1757, but part of the other works are said to have been built in 1744—some say as early as 1718. That part of the Alamo which now stands in the heart of San Antonio is only a small portion of the original structure.

Just how the Alamo received its name is an unsettled question. The word "alamo" is Spanish for poplar or cottonwood, and a common, but probably mistaken, explanation of the name is that it was given to the place because of a growth of poplars which once grew near by. There is more reason to believe that the Alamo got its name from a company of Mexican troops known as the Alamo of Parras who at one time occupied its buildings.

When civil war broke out in Mexico the American settlers in Texas sided with the Liberals who favored the federal constitution of 1824. The Alamo came into possession of the Texans when General Cos was compelled to capitulate at San Antonio in 1835. Lieut.-Col. Neill was left in command at the Alamo but he soon retired because of ill health. Difficulties then arose between William B. Travis and James Bowie because their commands were separate, but the problem solved itself when Bowie became desperately ill of pneumonia, which left Travis in undisputed command of all the troops at the fort. At that time the Alamo covered more than two acres and was defended by 14 cannon.

Santa Anna reached San Antonio with part of his army on February 22, 1836, and immediately began a partial siege of the Alamo. The water supply—an irrigation ditch—was cut off, but fortunately the Texans were successful in digging a well. On February 24, upon the arrival of more troops, Santa Anna began the siege in earnest. It was on this same day that Col. Travis dispatched a courier from the Alamo with one of the most heroic letters ever written by an American. It was dated at the "Commandancy of the Alamo, Bejar, Feb., 24, 1836," and was addressed "to the people of Texas and all Americans in the world." It reads as follows: "Fellow citizens and compatriots—I am besieged, by a thousand or more Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison is to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Then, I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death."

The letter contained this postscript: "The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 or 90 bush-

els and got into the walls 20 or 30 beeves."

There is no sentimental bombast in this; it is grim reality, and it breathes the spirit of a true patriot and soldier. Travis was as good as his word. He harangued his men and made them take an oath that they would resist the foe to the last ditch.

Santa Anna did not at first attempt to take the Alamo by assault; he was too wise for that. His plan was less dangerous. He harrassed the garrison by small sallies and a continual cannonade in order to wear the Texans out by keeping them awake both night and day. Occasionally the Texans sallied out themselves to repulse an attack or to burn houses which might protect the enemy. On March 1 a party of 32 men from the Texan camp at Gonzales made their way through the Mexican lines and increased the little garrison to over 180.

On March 3rd Col. Travis wrote to the provisional government of Texas at Washington on the Brazos: "With 145 men I have held this place against a force variously estimated from 1500 to 6000, and shall continue to hold it till I get relief from my countrymen, or I will perish in the attempt. We have had a shower of bombs and cannon balls continually falling among us the whole time, yet none of us have fallen. We have been miraculously preserved." Apparently in giving the number of his men as 145 Col. Travis did not count the 30 who had just arrived.

At a council of war Santa Anna fixed the early morning of March 6th as the day for the final assault. Before dawn that day the Mexican director took his station with his staff and musicians about 500 yards south of the Alamo. His troops were marshaled in three main divisions for the charge. A blast from a bugle was the signal for the columns to move simultaneously at double quick against the Alamo. It was just before dawn. As the hosts of Mexicans rushed toward the fort the bands struck up the assassin note of the "deguello." The besieged knew only too well what it meant—no quarter would be given.

All accounts of this affair agree that the assault was terrific. Some of the Mexican columns were halted—even in

disorder—but they had the advantage of overpowering numbers. Hundreds of them fell. Conservative writers put the number of Mexican killed at 500; many place it much higher. It was only a question of minutes before the brave defenders of the Alamo were compelled to abandon all the outworks and retire into the buildings. From this time on the battle was a series of assaults against small parties of Texans who took refuge in rooms where often they had no means of communicating with those in other rooms.

The dauntless Americans resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The chapel was the last point taken. Poor Bowie, confined to his bed with illness, was butchered with the others. But tradition says that he slew several of his assailants with his pistols. Travis fell near a cannon with a single bullet in his forehead. David Crockett was also killed, but not until he had beaten down many a Mexican with the butt of his long-barreled Kentucky rifle. Lieut. Dickinson, carrying his little child, was seen to leap from a window in the chapel—both were immediately shot.

It is believed that the entire assault did not last more than 30 minutes. Not one of the Texan soldiers escaped to tell the story. A Negro belonging to Travis, Mrs. Dickison and a few Mexican women and their children were the only inmates of the Alamo at the time who were spared. A few American soldiers found hiding in the buildings were shot without mercy.

The number of Mexican troops who participated in the battle is also a disputed question; it must have been several thousand. A few hours after the action the Mexicans buried their own dead; the bodies of the Americans were put in three piles, mingled with fuel and burned. A year later Gen. Houston ordered the bones and ashes collected and buried with military honors in a peach orchard a few hundred yards from the Alamo where they had fought so gallantly and died so nobly for Texan liberty.

One thing respecting this battle is not understood by the average person; it is not commonly known that these Texans were fighting under the Mexican

federal flag of 1824—not the Lone Star of the Texan republic. They regarded themselves as loyal subjects of Mexico opposing the pretensions of an usurper. They did not know that four days before—at Washington on the Brazos—Texas had declared herself forever independent of Mexico. The brave defenders of

the Alamo died without knowing the existence of the republic which they made possible.

On the capitol grounds at Austin there stands a monument to the heroes of the Alamo. The inscription on it reads: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat: the Alamo had none."

Only Eleven Mexican War Veterans

Death more than cut in half in the last year the few surviving soldiers of the war with Mexico and who have been drawing pensions. There are left only eleven on the pension rolls, as compared with twenty-four a year ago. All the survivors are more than 95 years of age, the oldest being Amasa Clark, a centenarian living in Texas. All save three of the eleven live south of the Mason and Dixon line.

The survivors receiving pensions are:

Thomas B. Ballard, aged 98 years of St. Joseph, Ky.; was private in Company C, 4th Kentucky Infantry.

Williams F. Buckner, 98, of Paris, Mo.; was a private in Company A, Second Missouri Mounted Volunteers.

Amasa Clark, 100, of Bandera, Texas, was private in Company I, Third Infantry.

Owen Thomas Edgar, 95, of 5,000 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; was First Class Apprentice in the navy.

Jacob Fleming, 97, of Mount Pleasant, Texas, was private in Company G, Third Tennessee Volunteers.

Uriah Gasaway, 96, of Reelsville, Ind., was private in Company D, Mounted Riflemen.

Richard A. Howard, 95, of Sterling City, Texas, was private in Battery G, First Artillery.

Samuel Leffler, 97, of St. Paul; was private in Company E, Fifth Indiana Infantry. He also served in Company A, of the Fifty-fourth Indiana Infantry, in the Civil War.

George W B Meadows, 96, of Checotah, Okla., was private in Company K, Third Kentucky Infantry.

Calvin E. Meyers, 96, of Livingstone, Tenn.; was private in Company E, Fourth Tennessee Volunteers.

Uriah Rose, 98, of Thaxton, Va.; was private in First Virginia Infantry.

Until recently the most distinguished of the Mexican war survivors was General Horatio B. Gibson, who was nearly 100 years old when he died in Washington. He was the oldest graduate of West Point and the oldest member of the Azetie Club of 1847, which was organized immediately after the end of the conflict with Mexico.

Times Have Changed.

An old Texan says:

"People nowadays know nothing about hard labor and long working hours. Everything now is done by machinery and nobody has anything to do but dress up and spin around in automobiles on the one hand, or, going it afoot, trying to dodge them on the other. But it does not appear that it is any easier for the individual without means, or with merely limited means, to get by now than it was then, or that the world is on the whole any better or happier since the marvelous progress in science and invention has left human nature precisely where it was."

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

If you want to secure a copy of "The Life of John Wesley Hardin," you should send in your order to this office at once. We have only a very few copies left.

Getting Married in Early Texas

J. B. Masters, in Dallas News, January 17, 1926

C W. Hunt, one of the pioneer settlers of West Texas, who is now engaged in the banking and mercantile interests at Bradshaw and an officer in the Taylor County Old Settlers' Association, was in an animated mood when he was asked to review the life of the pioneers.

"As another Christmas is just fading from memory I am reminded of the first marriage that ever occurred in this section among the white settlers. It was in 1879. Sawdie, an old bachelor, and Frony Hinard, an old maid, had sparked long enough—they wanted to be tied. The cowpunchers had been watching this courting quite awhile and were betting on the day when the parson would stop these old kids' bashful behavior and squirrel-squinting smiles. At length the night arrived and the dust in every cow trail in these quarters was stirred."

Here the speaker was interrupted: "What was the full name of the groom? Sawdie who, or what Sawdie?"

"Young man," Hunt's eyes flickered with fun and his mind rippled over a period of forty years, "we didn't question settlers who came West about their private lives. We called a man by the sound that he gave to himself. Nobody especially rared to rak up kinfolks on the frontier. And not many people bothered us with their biography. The groom was Sawdie—just Sawdie. I guess that if his and Frony's family ever multiplied the young ones were called Little Sawdies unless they had occasion to drift further West.

"Sawdie and Frony were at the two-room log cabin that Christmas night, when John Creager, Sawdie's best man, arrived. Creager's coat wasn't a stylish cutaway garment, but his trousers were short of cloth. He was an exceptionally tall cowpuncher and extra sized breeches couldn't be bought this side of Fort Worth. In fact, he didn't have any Sunday pants, and he borrowed any pair of trousers that the others were not using at the camp, which stopped halfway between the knees and the shoe-

tops. He wore white summer socks, from necessity, you might surmise.

"After all the cowpunchers had arrived they were so tightly crammed between the log walls that, when Sawdie and Frony were asked to join hands for the ceremony, Sawdie was too bashful and scared to ask the boys to widen out so that he could loosen his right arm that was wedged in the jam, and, if I remember right, he was tied to Frony with the left hand clasped.

"A big beef supper awaited the crowd, spiced, of course, with Kentucky sour mash.

"After the ceremony and feast the fiddlers began to tune up the catgut, which was a signal for the gents to arm the ladies to the center of the floor.

"The dance started with the old quadrille and as many as could crowd upon the floor turned about to the tune of the fiddles. And then the old square dance was carried out while the ladies and the gents promenaded and paraded. As the dance continued the sour mash jugs gurgled oftener. At 2 o'clock the next morning John Creager fell, a drunk. But that caused no interruption. Bert Brewer was selected for the new best man in John's stead, and the dancers romped on until daylight peeped in at us across the hills."

Continuing his narrative of the early West, Hunt recounted some interesting human incidents. "We hauled everything from Fort Worth then in ox wagons. A trip required from two to three months. We broke in a yoke of steers by hitching them in between the lead and tongue yokes when the trip began, and sometimes we enjoyed an exciting moment when a pair of old longhorn bulls were first hitched up. From the old Moro community, which was ten miles west of the ground where Bradshaw was to be established, our wagons started. We freighted buffalo bones to Fort Worth and sold them to Fort Worth bone buyers. Groceries and whiskey were hauled back.

"I remember an interesting contract that was entered into by the saloon

keepers and the drivers. The freighters for a long time knocked off a barrel hoop and bored into the barrel where the hoop had pressed against the staves. Enough whiskey was then poured out to last the driver throughout the return trip and an equal amount of water was poured back. The hole was then plugged and the hoop was driven back to its former place, hiding the plugged spot. The saloon keepers, rather than have watered stock, agreed to give the freighters all of the whiskey necessary for the return trip if they would discontinue the practice of tapping the barrels. That agreement was never broken.

"In recounting the early life here, I recall the first school in this section. A shack of logs was stacked up around a dirt floor. The school term extended over three months. Twelve children were enrolled the first year. Prof. Hale was the first teacher and his salary was \$20 per month, paid by private subscription. He had no regular boarding place, but took free lodging at the different children's homes. Each Saturday Prof. Hale went to Buffalo Gap and got drunk, returning on Monday to continue his responsible position as instructor.

"The first court trial in this section was unique. Two men went into the back end of a saloon together. A pistol was discharged. One of the men came out. The other one was found dead. The living man declared that he didn't know what had caused the other's death. A trial was held under the mesquite trees, after which a jury wandered off into the bushes to meditate. Soon a verdict was rendered, "No man is guilty until he's proved guilty. This man denies that he killed the other fellow and nobody swears that he did. We find the gentleman, accepting his own testimony, not guilty."

"Did you ever fight the wild Indians out here?" Mr. Hunt was asked.

"I was most too young to enjoy the skirmishes, but several lively battles occurred within eighteen miles of Bradshaw's present location in which a number of Indians were killed. The last battle with the Indians in this section began within two miles of this town, and it was a running fight. The news spread that the Indians were raiding this terri-

tory and were driving our horses toward the hills. Every man raced with his rifle toward the hill country. Soon a long line of the half naked tan bodies were seen riding with their bodies bent forward, gouging the flanks of the ponies with their heels. Seeing the whites, they scattered and concealed themselves behind rocks and trees. The settlers opened fire and the shots were effective. Groans echoed in response and in several instances low death chants were mumbled. The marauders saw that the whites were fighting for a death finish and they sprang from their places of concealment and fled westwardly. The whites pressed them closely and a crown of eagle feathers would topple headlong from a pony when the whites approached within rifle range. These horse thieves were pursued to Valley Creek, where they disappeared in the thickets never to invade this territory again.

"For years the bones of an old chief lay on the hill and bleached. A superstitious feeling arose about the spot of ground where the body of that Indian had fallen and that was never buried. When night came down, if the boys were in that section, they turned their horses' heads toward camp. I can recall the shivering fear that gripped me when I passed near that old bleached skeleton. The coyotes had left only the uncanny white bones.

"The first mail over this country was delivered by horseback. The first route through here through Lemon Pass to Bell Plains by Baird to Fort Chadbourne. Then came the stage coach and the sensational robberies. Notorious outlaws came in at irregular times and made quick hauls and lusted to mountain caves to divide the spoils.

"We didn't know what was happening in the other parts of the world then. Our interests were centered on the long trail after the wild Longhorn steer. No one then believed that agriculture would ever be practical in this section, or that any other breed of cattle except the native brute would ever be branded on the mesquite range. In 1880 Henry Wylie drove in the first Durham bull that was ever imported to this immediate section, and Capt. Simmons of Bluff

Creek imported the first Jersey animal. My father was one of the first settlers of this section to experiment with corn. Perhaps there was not a hoe in Taylor County then, and the corn patch was thinned by pulling up the stalks. Our only plow was a one horse wooden stock that had been brought by my father when he drove West.

"One of the genuine amusements of the early Western life that has gone with the passing of the frontier was the exciting 'hoss races.' Every cowpuncher in this section gathered at old Mount Moro. After drinking at A. O. Brower's bar, a fellow got keyed up for anything. Judges were selected and the ponies were breasted to the starting line. Then the betting began, and often everything that a cowpuncher had was lost before

the day's races were done. Ponies, saddles, bridles, trousers, boots and everything but the skin often went in the wager. But the boys were real sports. When they lost, the winners treated them to another drink; calmly they rode back to camp, and the loss was forgotten.

"These incidents of the West will never occur again, of course. Civilization has presented us with a new life, with a less exciting but a more progressive living. We would not turn back and exchange our present ways for the old. We would not want our children to suffer the hardships and follow the careers through which circumstances pressed us. Instead we would like to see this vast fertile soil more highly developed and more intensely cultivated."

Tells of Early Days in Dallas Vicinity

W. S. Adair, in Dallas News, December 27, 1925

"I was born three and a half miles southwest of Lancaster, April 10, 1849, three years after Dallas county was organized," said J. G. Durrett of 119 West Ninth street. "I can therefore lay no claim to the honor of having been the first white child born in the county, but the population was sparse and there were not many ahead of me. My father, G. W. Durrett, and my uncle, C. H. Bernard, came from Kentucky to Texas in 1847, each taking a league of land the State was giving away to settlers in those days. They settled on the land.

"For a long time my uncle whose house was only a mile from ours, was our nearest neighbor. The postoffice for the settlers of that region was at Pleasant Run, a mile this side of Lancaster, where I went for our mail. Besides the postoffice, there was a store or two and a blacksmith shop at Pleasant Run, while Lancaster had at least two stores and a blacksmith shop, but no postoffice. Later the postoffice was moved to Lancaster and the business men of Pleasant Run must have followed the postoffice. At all events, Pleasant Run disappeared from the map. I do not remember the names of the merchants at Pleasant Run, but I do recall that Tom Howell con-

ducted one of the stores at Lancaster and that Myron P. Everts, father of Arthur A. Everts of Dallas, was another:

"Even in those days merchants were not without an inkling of advertising. By way of bringing the country people to town on Saturdays the pioneer merchants of Lancaster encouraged quarter-horse races. People within a radius of forty miles gathered to see the races, some arriving the day before and remaining till the day after, camping in the wagonyards. I was too young to know much about such things, but I suspect that the Lancaster meet was the most important turf event in this section of the country. But quarter races, like the old time fiddle tunes, were too soon over to relieve the tension of interest they excited, and the half-mile and mile runs, which were substituted, soon became so popular that quarter races were wholly discontinued.

"By the time I came on the Indians and buffaloes had retired as far as Parker and Palo Pinto Counties, so I never saw a buffalo or a wild Indian while I was growing up. But the children still had a mortal dread of Indians, and were always looking for them. The men still went on buffalo hunts and brought

back buffa'o meat, with the taste of which we were familiar and everybody had buffalo robes, which were cheap or to be had for the asking. Other varieties of game remained in abundance. We could look out of the house at almost any time of day and see deer feeding singly, in twos and threes and often in bunches of twenty to fifty or more. Turkeys were still more numerous, and as for prairie chicken there was no counting them. They came up and roosted on the fences and housetops. The men shot them and knocked them over with sticks and whips and we children caught them in traps. I once caught fourteen of them in a trap at one fall of the trigger. Bears peopled the woods and wolves prowled everywhere. Prairie chicken must have ranged all over the country, for once on a trip to Palestine I must have seen ten thousand of them in the piney woods.

"Spanish horses, wild as wild ranged the prairies in droves. They were hard to catch, and still harder to subdue to saddle or harness. In fact, many of them refused to surrender and died a-bucking. Others would submit for a time and then, on reconsideration, go wild again. The best of them would cut up more or less every time you saddled or harnessed them, as if they still remembered their freedom. Judging from the temper of these horses, it must have taken long ages to domesticate the original equine, for there must have been nothing wilder or prouder in Noah's Ark than the horse, unless it was the hog. Ten-Mile Creek bottom was full of wild hogs, a species of razorback, which were able to hold their own in a foot race with the deer, and which in a fight made the wolves take to their heels and the panthers and Mexican lions seek friendly trees. They tore down fences and destroyed crops and were ready to fight the men who tried to run them out. They were thin in flesh and could eat a whole crib of corn without gaining a pound in weight. We killed and ate the pigs, cooking them whole as we did possums. Most of the settlers had a better breed of hogs, which were more docile than the wild variety and took on fat a little more readily. But the best of them were nothing like the improved

hogs to be seen at the State Fair of Texas. It is hard to believe they belong to the same species.

"Back in the '60s North Texas must have had better seasons than it has since had, for farmers raised big crops of corn and wheat. The corn ears were larger than any grown nowadays, and wheat made forty bushels to the acre. No doubt this was partly due to the fact that the land had not been worn out by cultivation. Farming, however, was on a small scale, since there were no markets. Bacon and hams, country-cured, were worth 3c and 4c a pound. Settlers took their turn about killing beeves. One of them would send word to the rest that he would kill on a certain day and they would be on the spot to get a quarter or a smaller part of the carcass, and when they had consumed the beef another would kill. People got tired of the meat of wild animals as a steady diet and for a change wanted beef, which one can eat with relish every day in the year. No one ever charged a neighbor for fresh beef.

"In my boyhood days country people lived much as their ancestors of the middle ages lived. It was before the advent of labor-saving machinery and everything was done by hand. The cradle, the scythe, the reap hook, the flail, the carding board, the hand loom and the hooks and cranes of the open fireplace in place of cook stoves, were still in use. Everybody was up before daylight, the women getting breakfast and the men feeding the stock, and the working hours in the field were from sun to sun.

"After the men had gone to bed the women usually prolonged their labors some hours into the night, carding and spinning and weaving. In those days we raised no cotton, but got our supply from wagons passing across the State from northeast to southwest. The wagons were drawn, some by mules and some by oxen, with their yokes attached to their horns instead of their necks, after the Mexican fashion. I never knew where this cotton grew nor where the men were taking it. All I know is that we called it Government cotton and that the teamster's gave us all we wanted.

Roped and Tamed An Indian

Dallas Times-Herald, January 25, 1926

S. Y. L. Blackstone, 65, known as the "Cowboy Lawyer" of Dallas, and claiming to be the only living white man who ever roped, threw, chained and tamed a wild Comanche warrior, wants to get back to a "life with thrills in it."

Mr. Blackstone, who has driven cattle over the old Chisholm trail to Kansas, Wyoming and Nebraska in the old days when the "wide open spaces" were truly wide and open; who has fought Indians and lived with them, would go back to the old life if "there were any old life to go back to."

But Mr. Blackstone was only 12 years old when, with his 14-year-old brother, he succeeded in roping his pet Comanche. The two boys had recently moved, along with their father and the rest of the family, to Eastland county, and were rounding up a herd of horses about three miles from their home when they were suddenly attacked by a band of foraging Indians.

The naked fighters, about seven in all, rode about the two white boys, uttering terrific cries and hurling lead at them from every side. Finding cover, however, the youngsters kept their saddles, riding into the brush, and defended themselves so ably that the Indians fell back, two of their number badly wounded.

Noticing one of the braves, unseated by a bullet that killed his horse, running for cover, the Blackstone boy remembered an old saying of his father that "an Indian never runs until his gun is empty." To his worshiping son that was an ironclad axiom. Acting on the thought, the youngster spurred, he said, "after that Comanche, and I roped him just as I was going into the brush. My brother also got his rope over him and together we had him hogtied and fighting on the ground by the time my other brothers, who had heard the scrap and came to help us, arrived."

"Well, sir," resumed the sage, "when we had him well-trussed, we took him home to the ranch and chained him to a tree outside the house. Then we tamed him just like a young panther would

have been, and wouldn't eat cooked food at all, but I used to go out and sit with him, talk to him, and eat with him. He finally came to like me."

"When we had brought him in my father was tickled to death. 'That's just what we need to show these troublesome Indians that they can trust us,' he exclaimed, and that was just what we did. At the end of fifteen days of kind treatment, good grub, and friendly company, though we couldn't talk to each other, we turned him loose. The Indians of that neighborhood never bothered us again."

But that wasn't the last of the incident. Seventeen years later, on a Comanche reservation in Oklahoma, they met again. The young buck, now a matured Redman of prominence in his village, recognized the white friend at once, greeted him with many demonstrations of joy, introduced him to the chief, and made him welcome during his stay.

Mr. Blackstone does not like the cities. He was forced to quit the out-of-doors when, as a carpenter, he was working on a house, fell and crushed his chest. Even though he was forced to leave the open and study the lore of another Blackstone in large legal volumes, he has built his own home here at 5030 Harding avenue, and still "does all the work about the place."

He wanted he said, to join The Times Herald Half Century club, but has only lived in Dallas three years. He spent forty-five years in Brown county. "But I'm going to be with the boys' next fall whether I'm a member or not," he allowed, twisting his mustache in determined fashion.

With all his wild life, he never came very close to death but once. A deck of cards, that old, old story of fighters come true, stopped a bullet meant for his heart, about halfway through, doing nothing more than startling him. He was about 14 then.

And oddly enough, one of fate's little paradoxes, of the seven children of this Zane Grey rider of the lone trails—five turned out to be girls!

Indian Raid on the San Saba in 1866

Mrs. Arminta Ringer who lived in San Angelo, in 1911 furnished the writer the following account of the great raid on the San Saba. This venerable pioneer mother said:

"I was raised on the frontier. I was living at Fort McKavett in 1866 when the Indians raided that section. My husband, John Henry Ringer, had served years as a ranger under Captains Williams, McMillan, and probably others, and was a brave man and a good shot. While my husband was in the Confederate army I and my two little children went to live with my father at McKavett. When my husband came home from the army he built us a picket house in the forks of the river just above the post and about three quarters of a mile below where my father, Mr. John (Jack) Dawson, lived, which was at the head spring of the river. My father was the first to settle at that spring.

"My sister, Mrs. Tom Smith, now living in New Mexico, then lived in Fort McKavett. A day or two before the raid a company of U. S. Cavalry came to the post and the officers made it known that they wished to employ a guide. Mr. Smith, my brother-in-law, engaged with them to serve in that capacity and left with the soldiers. Having no children, my sister decided to move into the house with my father, and with his wagon and a span of horses, my husband drove to her house above the post and with father's help, loaded her household goods and started on the road which led across the river and up the valley on the north side to father's. Mother had come down to assist my sister in packing up her household effects. When my husband started that morning, our eldest child, Jackaline, who is now Mrs. W. A. Harper, of San Angelo, cried to go with him and probably would have gone but for the fact that one of the horses was not well broken in harness and my husband was afraid to take her on that account.

"When Mr. Ringer was ready to start with his load, father, mother and sister said they would walk the distance and that Jackaline,—we always called her Jack—could go along with them and

come back in the wagon with her pa. These all started on afoot, my sister carrying a pet chicken and a saucer in her hands. The wagon traveling much faster, soon left them some distance behind and all at once they found themselves surrounded by Indians. At this moment they heard loud yells and firing ahead and by this they knew that they had attacked Mr. Ringer. My father was armed with a six-shooter. He was a brave, fearless man and had fought Indians on many occasions and was never known to lose his presence of mind. He told mother and sister that their only hope was to get to Toliver Dawson's house, which was only a few hundred yards distant. He told them to keep cool and go straight forward and that he would stay close behind them and protect them. Mother was carrying Jack, who was then five years old, and they did as father had directed. The Indians charged them and one, more daring than the rest, ran up and was in the act of throwing his lance at sister when father killed him. They made a second charge in which father's pistol caused another one of their number to hit the ground—dead, seeing which they kept up their yelling until father and his little party reached the house, my sister still carrying her saucer and chicken. Here in brother's house they remained until the Indians had gone by.

"My husband, as I stated, started on with the wagon and after he had gone some little time I heard shooting and yelling up the river, but I paid little attention to it thinking perhaps it was someone killing beeves. In that day, when a man wanted beef for his family, he went out on the range and shot down a fat steer. The truth of it was, my husband had been attacked by the Indians and was at that moment fighting for his life against overwhelming odds. He had crossed the river and had reached an open place when he found himself surrounded and the attack was made. With furious and startling yells they closed in on him and with shouts of defiance that were heard even in the post, he returned their fire and held them at

bay. Having emptied his six-shooter, and seeing now, that his only hope lay in flight, Mr. Ringer cut the harness, mounted his best horse and dashing through the Indian cordon that had closed around him, made his way to the post. Seeing him mount and dash off, the Indians in great numbers gave chase but Buzz outstripped them and bore his master safely beyond pursuit. This horse was a noted racer and highly prized by my husband, and more so after that date as it was his fleetness that saved my husband's life that day.

"Bobbie Robinson lived in the largest house in the post, a two-story stone building that had been occupied before the war by the post commandant. To this house my husband bent his course and as the Indians were swarming all around and taking all the horses, Mr. Ringer was determined that they should not have Buzz. He dashed to Robinson's, rode up on the gallery and with the aid of Mr. Robinson, Mr. Tetherly and George Robert's tried to force Buzz into the front room, aiming to close the door on him and protect him from the Indians. But a large mirror hung in the room facing the door, and seeing himself in the mirror, Buzz refused to enter and no amount of force or persuasion could get him past the doorway. Finally he was led out and back into the smoke house and the door securely locked.

"When the horse had been secured my husband told those present that he knew his family had been murdered but that he was going to them and then would follow the Indians and die fighting. They tried to dissuade him, but he told them he could make it through safe to our house, as it was his horse not him, the Indians wanted and that he was going to his family or die in the attempt. During this time Mrs. Robinson and others had been preparing ammunition, guns, etc., and stepping forward she said: "Go, Mr. Ringer, go to your family, it is your duty" "I'm going, even if I have to go alone!" said my husband. Mr. Roberts said, "Mr. Ringer, I would gladly go with you, but I have to protect my own family." Mr. Tetherly said, "Well, I have no one but myself to

lock after, I will go with you, Mr. Ringer!"

"Mrs. Robinson furnished them with all the ammunition they needed and they struck out for my house. They came on the run and did not take time to go to the regular crossing but came the nearest way and waded the river where it came nearly to their arm pits.

"During all this time I and my little two year old child were at home, wholly unconscious of impending danger. After the firing ceased, I had removed my shoes and was busy about my household affairs. Stepping out in the yard, I saw a large party of men crossing the river and coming toward the house. I took the party to be Dick Barton's cow outfit. They rode within twenty steps of the house and passed on to the cowpen. I saw the water still dripping from their horses sides and flanks, noticed that nearly all of them had their hair cut square in front and had long plaits that fell over their shoulders, and some carried shields and yet I did not suspect that they were Indians.

"We had twenty mother cows in the pen. It was our custom to keep the cows up until noon in order to give the calves time to graze. When the Indians came to the cowpen, I had occasion to go to the woodpile, in the yard, and while picking up wood, I heard one of them talking in English and using very bad language. This man was of fair complexion, which led me to believe he was an American. He wore a white shirt, a cravat and an American hat. I went back into the house, gave my little child bread and butter, sat down on the side of the bed and began sewing on a garment, still unconscious of danger. A few minutes after those men left the cowpen, Mr. Ringer and Mr. Tetherly ran up and dashed into the house. Their clothes were wet, they having waded—almost swam—the river and Mr. Ringer was pale and greatly agitated. He told me of the Indians and asked about mother and Jackaline. When I told him they had gone on to father's he became almost frantic. "They are murdered!" said he, "they can never reach the house, I must go to them; come let's be off quick!"

"I siezed my baby and was in the act

of being off when Mr. Tetherly said, "Put on your shoes, Mrs. Ringer; put on your shoes, don't start out barefooted!" I hastily drew on my shoes and we struck out through the bottom for father's. As we proceeded, through open spaces in the timber, we could see parties of Indians driving stock, going up the valley. When nearing father's place, we came to where a large tree had fallen, turned up by the roots and leaving a large hole in the ground. This was overgrown with vines and my husband told me to get under this cover and remain concealed while he and Mr. Tetherly went forward to see if there was anyone left alive at the house. To this I objected, but they insisted and I finally consented. I went into that retreat but remained only as long as the two men were in sight. I came out in the open and walked around. I was wild with fear on account of my child, Jackaline and the rest of the family. I was crying and praying and my little two year old babe in my arms realized that I was in great distress and showed its sympathy by caressing my face and uttering its simple baby words of condolence. The men soon came back in a run with the glad news that the Indians had all been whipped off and that all were safe. That evening we all went to the post where we spent the night.

"In the fight around the wagon my husband could not or would not say as to how many he killed. He had been in many close places with the Indians, but he was not given to boasting. He had emptied his pistol at close range and being a good shot and being a good man of cool deliberation and steady nerve, he certainly wasted no ammunition around that wagon. The Indians took everything they could carry away from the wagon. That which they could not take away, they broke to pieces. My brother-in-law had been in the jewelry business before he came to the country, and had given my sister several articles of valuable jewelry. All this, to the amount of \$250 or \$300, was taken, besides all their bedding and wearing apparel.

"I remember the Mexican, Augustino, who volunteered to go that night to the soldiers' camp and ask for help. He said he would go if Mr. Ringer would let him

ride Buzz. It was a very reasonable offer, as Buzz was the only horse left by the Indians anywhere near McKavett. They had made a clean sweep and took everything they could drive away.

"My brother, Toliver Dawson, and his wife had gone up to father's that morning and remained to look after the premises while father and mother came down to assist sister in packing up. After having made the attack upon my husband the Indians as they moved on up the valley, surrounded father's house in great numbers and began the attack, but were soon driven off. Tol and his brave wife were well supplied with guns and ammunition in the house, they were both fine shots and as long as there was an Indian in reach their gun blazed from the loop-holes in that little cabin. It was never known how many they killed, but they saw several fall and saw the Indians carrying them off.

"This Mr. Tetherly, whom I have mentioned, was an Englishman, a school teacher, who lived with "Uncle Bobbie Robinson when this raid was made. He was a brave, generous man and is held in kindly remembrance by those yet living who witnessed that raid. From McKavett, he went to Loyal Valley in Mason county, where he taught school several years. He went from there back to England."

Seeking the Grave of Revolutionary Soldier.

A prize of \$20 has been offered to the school boy or girl of Texas who locates the grave of a veteran of the American Revolution, according to W. P. Webb, professor of history in the University of Texas, who is directing the local history contests in the schools throughout the State. While it is very doubtful if there is a soldier of the Revolutionary War buried in Texas, it is a fact that should be known if there is, Mr. Webb said. The contest will close in May. The donor of the prize desires to remain anonymous.

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Battle With Indians on Devil's River

The following account of the Battle of Devil's River July 19, 1857, is taken from the late General John B. Hood's excellent work "Advance and Retreat:"

"The latter part of the year 1856 I was ordered to Fort Mason, situated near the Llano River, about forty miles distant from Fredericksburg. Col. Albert Sidney Johnston was chief in command until sent to Utah. Although stationed with him but a short time, I became deeply impressed by the exalted character of the extraordinary man. Maj. George H. Thomas succeeded in authority; it was during my service as his acting adjutant that he specially won my high regard by his manliness and dignity.

"After the lapse of several months, and having grown weary of the routine duties of camp life, I determined to change the scene and start on a scouting expedition in search of the red men of the forests. Preparations were accordingly made and I left Fort Mason on the morning of July 5th, 1857, in command of twenty-five men of Company G. Second Cavalry with an Indian guide, compass in hand and supplies for thirty days. I passed out upon the plains by the head of the Llano river, and marched thence to the country bordering on the Concho River. After an absence of ten days and an exploration of these different streams, I discovered an Indian trail, apparently about two or three days old, and indications warranting the belief that fifteen or twenty parties belonged to the party, which was moving in the direction of Mexico, via the headwaters of Devil's River.

"I was young and buoyant in spirit; my men were well mounted and all eager for a chase as well as a fray. It was soon apparent that we would be forced to pass over a portion of the Staked Plains, or desert, lying between the Concho River and Mexico; that in order to overtake the Indians we would most likely have great fatigue and privation to endure, as we could expect to find but little water during the pursuit.

"However, in the conviction that we

could live for a short time wherever Indians could subsist, we began the chase on the morning of the 17th of July, marched about forty miles and camped that night upon the dry plains without water or the sight of game, so plentifully in view the previous day, and without even the chirp of a bird to cheer us on our journey, we knew not exactly whither. At early dawn the following morning the march was resumed; we passed during the day a water hole utterly unfit for use and went into bivouac that night with the same surroundings, fully fifty miles further on the desert. Our canteens were now empty and the outlook was somewhat dismal.

"At daybreak on the 19th "to horse" was sounded and the journey continued. About noon a deer was seen bounding over the prairie, and with the sight went forth a shout of joy from the men, who then felt confident that water was not very far distant. The trail had, moreover, become much more distinct; this encouragement, together with the hope of quenching their thirst, re-inspired the soldiers. A few hours later another pool was reached, but not of that purity which was desirable. The odor of the water was such as to oblige us to hold our breath while we partook of the distasteful but refreshing draught. We filled our canteens and continued in pursuit and at daylight we bivouaced after a forced march of sixty miles. Several of our horses began to show signs by this time, of fatigue and leg-weariness. The next morning the lofty peaks of the mountains near Devil's River could be seen afar off and all possible speed was made as we recognized that the line between the United States and Mexico was not far distant.

About noon we reached another stagnant water hole near the foot of a low range of hills in proximity to the rugged mountainous country about the headwaters of Devil's river along the lower valley of which stream passes the stage line from San Antonio to El Paso. Here we discovered that another party of Indians had joined that of which we were in pursuit. The deserted camp gave

evidence that there were not less than forty warriors in number. The trail from this point was not only much larger, but presented a fresher appearance. The arms of the men were therefore, carefully inspected, every preparation made for action, and the chase quickly resumed. The horses were much fatigued and some of them were scarcely able to keep their places in the line of march; consequently the pursuit was not as rapid as it had been the three days previous. The march over the hills and up the mountains increased, moreover, their leg weariness to such an extent that about three o'clock p. m. I abandoned all hope of overtaking the Indians before they crossed the Rio Grande, which river was then not far distant. The condition of the horses and the thirst of the soldiers led me to the determination to quit the trail and go immediately in search of fresh water.

"We were at this time well up on the high and rough range of mountains bordering on Devil's River, and after leaving the trail a distance of nigh one mile I perceived on a parallel range about two miles off a few Indians waving a large white flag, apparently hoisted from a mound. Orders from Washington had been issued before I left Fort Mason notifying all United States troops that a party of Tonkaways were expected at the reservation near Camp Cooper, and that they would, in the event of meeting a body of our soldiers upon the frontier, raise a white flag, upon which signal they were to be allowed to pass unmolested. I therefore became convinced that the Indians were either the Tonkaways or a hostile body endeavoring by an infamous ruse to throw me off my guard and to entrap and massacre my entire party.

"Notwithstanding the condition of the men and the horses, I determined to pass over upon the ridge occupied by the red men, move toward them and ascertain the meaning of this demonstration. I had at this time but seventeen men for action, the remainder having halted in the rear owing to the inability of their horses to advance further without rest. I moved across the opposite ridge and, as a precautionary measure, formed a line and marched forward in readi-

ness to talk or fight. Every man was armed with an army rifle and a six-shooter; a few of us had sabers and two revolvers. While I was armed with a shotgun loaded with buckshot and two navy six-shooters. As we passed over a mound about 150 or 200 yards distant from the one occupied by friend or foe—we knew not which—the flag, seemingly a sheet, was still waving aloft and a few Indians were lounging about with every appearance of a party desirous of peace.

"The ground in that vicinity was rough and partially covered with a growth of Spanish bayonets, which afforded a secure place of concealment. Feeling that in the event of an attack I had better chances of success mounted than dismounted, for the reason that my fighting force in the latter instance would have been lessened by the number of men required to hold and guard the horses in the rear, and sharing the belief which generally prevailed in my regiment that twenty well armed soldiers should be able to successfully engage four times their number of Indians. I continued to move forward slowly upon the immediate right of my line. When we were within about twenty or thirty paces of the mound occupied by the Indians four or five of them advanced toward us with the flag. Then suddenly they threw it to the ground and fired upon us. Simultaneously from a large heap of dry grass, weeds, and leaves, burst forth in our immediate midst a blaze of fire some thirty feet in height and, with a furious yell, the warriors instantly rose up around us, while others charged down the slope into the midst of us, even seizing some of our horses by the bridle reins. At the same moment a mounted party attacked the left of our line with lances.

"Thus began a most desperate struggle. The warriors were all painted, stripped to the waist, with either horns or wreaths of feathers upon their heads. They bore shields for defense and were armed with rifles, bows and arrows. The quick and sharp report of our rifles, the smoke and cracking noise of the fire, together with the great odds against us, the shouts of the soldiers and the yells of the Indians betokened the deadly peril from which seemingly naught but a

miracle could effect our deliverance. Each man, after discharging his rifle, drew his revolver and used it with terrible effect as the warriors in many instances were within a few feet of the muzzles of our arms. Stubbornly did my brave men hold their ground. Again and again they drove the enemy back to the edge and in the rear of the burning mass of weeds in front, when finally the Indians charged desperately and forced our line back a few paces in the center.

"Having discharged my shotgun, I rode at once with revolver in hand to that point, rallied the soldiers, who again drove them back, while our horses in some instances were beaten over the heads with shields. The contest was at such close quarters that a warrior bore off a rifle which had been used and hung by one of the men upon his saddle, meantime the Indians, as quickly as they discharged their arms, handed them to their squaws, who ran to the rear, reloaded and returned them. At this junction I was pierced in the left hand with an arrow, which passed through the reins and fourth finger, pinning my hand to the bridle. I instantly broke the spearhead and threw it aside. Unmindful of the fact that the feathers could not pass through the wound, I pulled the arrow in the direction in which it had been shot and was compelled finally in order to free myself of it to seize the feathers in lieu of the barbed end.

"Thus raged this hand to hand conflict until all our shots were expended and it was found that, owing to restiveness of the horses, we could not reload while mounted. We then fell back about fifty yards and dismounted for that purpose. Soon afterwards arose from beyond the burning heap one continuous mourning howl such as can alone come forth from the heart of the red man in deep distress. These sounds of sorrow revealed to me that we were in little danger of a renewal of the assault, and I was, I may in truth say, thankful for the truce thus proclaimed. Two of our men had been killed and four besides myself severely wounded. We had also one horse killed and several disabled. Had the combat been renewed I would have, after leaving a guard with the

horses, but five or six men to fight on foot.

"Nightfall was approaching. The Indians gathered up their dead and wounded and moved off toward the Rio Grande. Our thirst, which was great in the beginning of the conflict, was now intense from excitement and loss of blood. I therefore moved at once to Devil's River, where we bivouacked about 10 o'clock p. m. and sent a messenger to Camp Hudson for supplies and medical aid.

"Thus closed this terrible scene, and often since have I felt most grateful that our horses were so broken down as, but for our condition, they would doubtless, when beaten over the head, with shields, have become totally unmanageable and caused the massacre of my entire command. I attribute our escape also to the fact that the Indians did not have the self-possession to cut our bridle reins, which act would have proved fatal to us. We were nigh meeting a similar fate to that of the gallant Custer and his noble band.

"I learned after the fight through other Indians, as well as through my guide, that the party which attacked us were Comanches and Lipans. The exact number of their killed we were unable to ascertain owing chiefly to the cover afforded by the Spanish bayonets, but we were confident at the hour that it amounted to not less than nine or ten. We were equally certain that four to one were engaged against us.

Lieutenant Fink came up the following day with a detachment of infantry. Our troops returned to the scene of action and buried the dead, as I had neither pick nor shovel at the time of the encounter. Moreover, I could not have delayed there for any purpose on account of the extreme suffering of the men for want of water.

"After a respite of a few days I marched to Fort Clark and there made a brief report of the affair, which is now, I presume, on file in Washington. Gen. David F. Twigg, commanding the department shortly afterward published the following order:

"Headquarters Department of Texas, San Antonio, August 15, 1857.—Sir: Lieutenant Hood's report was transmitt-

ed last mail. From subsequent information (not official) I think Lieutenant Hood's estimate of the Indian party was much too small. The same party, it appears, attacked the California mail guard five days after and near the place where Lieutenant Hood had the fight, and they estimated the Indians to be over 100. These affairs were in the vicinity of Camp Hudson, where Lieutenant Fink of the Eighth Infantry is stationed with a company of infantry. If this company had been furnished with some fifteen or twenty horses the second attack would probably not have been made. Lieutenant Hood's affair was a most gallant one and much credit is due to both the officer and men.

"I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant."

D. E. TWIGG,

"Brevet Major General, U. S. A.,
Commanding Department."

"To Lieut. Col. L. Thomas, Assistant
Adjutant General, Headquarters of the
Army, West Point, N. Y.:"

"I also afterward learned through the Indian agency that the Indians at the reservation stated that my command had killed nineteen warriors during the fight and that General Twigg's estimate was correct in regard to numbers. The comparatively small loss we sustained is strong evidence that our shots proved most destructive and that the Indians labored under an intense excitement which caused them generally to miss their mark. The fact that we were mounted and above their level seems to have rendered their aim very imperfect, as shown by the circumstance that one of my wounded men, whose horse had been killed, was pierced in the back with three additional arrows (one of which passed through his lungs) as he was making his way to the rear of the line.

"Early in August I returned to Fort Mason, where not long afterwards I was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant, assigned to Company K and placed on duty at Camp Colorado, on the upper waters of the river of that name. In 1858 I re-established Camp Wood on the Nueces river, about forty miles distant from its source, and at this post my com-

pany continued in the performance of the ordinary duties of soldiers upon the frontier till the declaration of war in 1861."

This Magazine.

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Frontier Times is endorsed by leading schools, colleges, universities, libraries, historians everywhere. It contains no fiction or puny love stories, but is a true record of the deeds of heroism, trials, dangers and hardships of our pioneer settlers. The student of Texas history will find it of invaluable assistance, the writer of historical fiction and fact will find plenty of material in its pages for his use. The old people like Frontier Times because it brings to their memory events which happened during their youth and of which they have full knowledge. The young people want to read it because it tells them of the early days.

The publisher of Frontier Times has been collecting data bearing on frontier history for more than twenty-five years. He compiled and edited "The Trail Drivers' of Texas," two volumes of 500 pages each, recounting the experiences of the early cowmen of Texas; he is the author of the "Pioneer History of Bandera county," and other historical contributions. He is a member of the Texas State Historical Society, of the Panhandle Plains Historical Association, of the Texas Pioneers Association, Texas Landmarks Association, Texas Folk-Lore Society, Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, and other historical organizations, and keeps in direct touch with the activities of these bodies, which qualifies him to gather and compile fragments of history which would otherwise be overlooked.

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Husking Bees of Long Ago.

The fall of 1925 has seen more corn husking contests, it is said than ever before have been held in the Middle West. Some remarkable records have been established, to be eclipsed, possibly, next fall. At many of them farmers gathered by the score to witness the battles and cheer as the ripened corn thumped like hail against the high "batterboards" of the wagons. These were the modern husking battles, but did they create the real enjoyment of the husking contests held each winter 50 odd years ago? It is doubtful.

Fifty years ago the better corn raising was in its infancy in the Middle West. Most of the corn was cut, and shocked, later hauled to the farm lot, or left in the fields to be carried in as needed. Farms having large "husking bees," as they were then known. Each husking bee was largely attended by both sexes. The corn was thrown on the floor and the huskers with old fashioned peg, whittled from hickory, shorn of coat and vest, bare-headed, reached for an ear as the starter cried "go."

How those shucks did disappear, and how the piles of corn grew and the stalks made mountains, only those who have been privileged to witness an old-time husking bee in action may realize. There was always a keen watch kept for the first red ear, for the lucky shucker who first unsheathed one was acclaimed a victor, not of the evening's contest, but victor of the "red ear," and given the place at the head of the midnight luncheon table, where pumpkin pies, cider and food inexhaustible was set before the guests.

Great events were those early husking bees, but they will come no more. They have gone their way, as have most men who witnessed them—fifty odd years ago.—Omaha World-Herald.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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When Rain Fell.

Rhyming reminder of the "good old days" when rain brought good cheer to West Texas is contained in the "Twenty-Five Years Ago" column mined out of the files of the Bryan Daily Eagle by Mrs. Lee J. Rountree, managing editor. The outburst is credited to a Western Texas editor of that day. It follows:

"A short time since the cow was sad, she scarce would raise her head, begad; her hoofs were sore, her tail was limp; her mane and bangs had lost their crimp; and miles she tugged from grass to drink, with scarcely strength enough to wink. The owner, too, looked blue and glum and cursed the cattle business some; but since the rain the grass is tall, the cow can raise her head and bawl; her side is slick, no bones protrude; she prances like a city dude. Her tail is straight, her eyes are bright, she snorts and dares the crowd to fight. Her owner, too, digs up the chink, and asks the boys to have a drink. God bless the rain, it makes a man feel young again. He feels like tossing up his hat and howling like a democrat."

Sam Bass and His Gang.

Frontier Times is now publishing serially the "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang." There has been such a demand for the copies of our February issue containing the first installment of this story that our supply is now totally exhausted. However, we expect to have the book off the press and ready for distribution within a very short time, and those desiring a copy should order at once while the price is \$1.00 per copy.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times. We have only certain issues which we can furnish to those desiring back numbers. All subscriptions are entered to begin with the current issue.

History of Sam Bass and His Gang

(Continued from Last Month.)

CHAPTER IV.

Bass and Davis Separate—Underwood and Jackson Join Bass—To San Antonio and Back to Denton—Capture and Escape of Underwood.

Bass and Davis passed through Denton county, and went directly to Fort Worth, where they separated, Davis going to New Orleans, while Bass returned to Cooke county. Here he camped on Cove Hollow, near Bob Murphy's cow ranch, not far from Rosston. Shortly after his return he visited the city of Denton, after night, and sought an interview with Frank Jackson, who was then working at the tinner's trade with his brother-in-law, Key. He began at once to cajole Jackson, and persuade him to go with him. He had one thousand dollars gold in his belt which he emptied out into his hat, remarking to him; "Now just lay down them tinner's tools and go with me and I'll insure that you get plenty of this." Frank was slow to consent and Bass grabbed up a handful of twenty-dollar gold pieces and said, "Here, I'll give you this. I've got plenty of it, and if you will go with me I'll insure you get one hundred dollars per month. We may have a little racket now and then, but I've never had any trouble yet, and there is not much danger." Jackson still resisted, and it was not until his third interview that Jackson yielded. Bass made his visits after night and was very clandestine in his movements when about the city, though it was not generally known that he was a participant in the Big Springs robbery at that time. He circulated openly among his old acquaintances in the country. He told Jim Murphy that he was in funds, that he had been to the Black Hills, where he had located some mines, and struck several rich leads which he had sold out for "big money," that he had also been very successful in his racing adventures. He purchased two horses from Murphy about the middle of November, and was immediately joined by Henry Underwood and Frank Jackson, and the trio set out for San Antonio together. Everhart, sheriff of

Grayson county, and Tom Gerren, deputy sheriff of Denton county, pursued them to San Antonio, they having been apprised of the rewards offered for Bass, by the express company. These officers disagreed and each accused the other of all the crimes in the catalogue. Bass stated afterward that he and his crowd were on a general carousal in San Antonio, having a good time generally—that he did not know that Gerren and Everhart were after them—that he never saw either of them, but that Jackson had met Gerren on the street one day, and that they did not leave on account of the officers. It has been stated by Gerren that while there he saw Bass passing along the streets of San Antonio, and raised his gun to shoot him, but that Everhart prevented him, and that the party got wind of their presence and decamped. Bass and his gang finding that they were being pursued began to be on the qui vive, and whipped back into the edge of Cooke county, and camped at Cove Hollow, a canyon of Clear Creek, overgrown with brush and almost impenetrable. Everhart pursued them back, and with his posse invested Underwood's house, it being alleged that Underwood was Tom Nixon, and Pinkerton's detective being employed to apprehend him as Nixon.

On the night of the 24th of December 1877, Underwood went to see his family, and remained there during the night. Next morning Everhart closed in about the house and called on Underwood to surrender, that he was authorized to arrest him as Tom Nixon. Underwood protested that his name was not Nixon, and he did not propose to surrender. Everhart told him that there was a man in his posse that would swear that he was Nixon, one of the Big Springs train robbers, and Underwood finding that there was no escape, surrendered, and was conveyed to Kearney, Nebraska, and there lodged in jail as Tom Nixon. It is said the reward for Nixon (\$500) was received on the arrest of Underwood. It may be proper here to remark that at the date of the Big

Springs robbery, September 18, 1877, Underwood was in Denton county, Texas, and had never been suspected of any robberies. He could have established an alibi by any number of good citizens. Therefore, his arrest and conveyance to Nebraska, as Nixon, was a great wrong; for though he was a bad man, he should not have been punished in this way without a chance to establish his entire innocence of the charge. He was kept in close confinement, in the Kearney jail, until April 18, 1878, when he made his escape. While in jail he had made the acquaintance of "Arkansaw" Johnson, whose real name was Huckston, through the aid of whose wife they had been furnished with a supply of steel saws conveyed to them in a bucket of butter. The bucket had a false bottom under which the saws were placed, and butter placed on this bottom. He also got possession of an old shoe that had been thrown in the passway around the cell, and kicked near the cell by persons passing. Out of the sole of this he obtained a steel spring, or shank, which he converted into a saw. He also procured from a fellow-prisoner who had been confined a few days for some petty offense, an additional supply of saws and a bottle of nitric acid, with the aid of which he softened the steel bars of his cage. It took him about three weeks, steady work, to cut his way out. His manner of operating was as follows: There was a paper containing the rules of the jail tacked on the plastered wall, which he raised, and cut into the plaster a hole as repository for his tools while not at work, and into this placed them, tacking the paper back over them, thus concealing them from view. In cutting the bars he used the saw and acid, and when he ceased work he filled the cuts with a dark colored soap, which completely hid them. Having effected a breach, he escaped through in the night. Surrounding the jail was a barbed wire fence. Encountering this, Underwood placed his foot upon one wire and pulled up the next with his hands, forming an opening. Arkansaw escaped between his legs through the opening, and then opened the way in a similar manner for Underwood. They then repaired to the premises of a Judge, residing in the sub-

urbs, who owned a stable of fine horses, Arkansaw being familiar with the facts, and stole two of the best animals, with equipments, and set out for Texas. It was a cold, dreary, dismal night, about the hour of two o'clock, when they started. They were scantily clothed, and had only fifty cents between them, but liberty is sweet, and though the price to be paid for it be dear, yet it is man's nature to risk health, life, comfort, all, for that dearest of boons. On they pushed, only stimulated and saved from freezing death by the excitement of the hour, and the hope that burned within them. They made the trip through to Denton county, Texas, in seventeen days, and according to Henry Underwood's statement, from which this account is taken, neither they nor the horses missed a meal on the way. They, on one occasion, invaded an old lady's larder, in Kansas, and purloined a dressed, well cooked turkey gobbler, which lasted them several days. Of course they stole and begged their way through, as their fifty cents went for whiskey at the first cross-roads grocery that fell in their way.

CHAPTER V.

Bass' First Robberies in Texas.

On his return from San Antonio to Cove Hollow, on or about the 20th of December, 1877, Sam Bass and his gang conceived the plan of robbing the stage running from Fort Worth to Cleburne, Texas. They took their positions on the roadside, about ten miles from Fort Worth, and awaited the approach of the stage, which reached that point late in the evening, bearing two passengers. They threw their guns on the driver and ordered him to throw up his "props," which he did promptly. They then called to the passengers to come forth and hold up their hands, while Bass examined their finances. The others held their guns on the victims, while Sam proceeded very coolly through their pockets. The results of his search was only eleven dollars. After some complaint about the meagre state of the purses, and giving it as their opinion that there ought to be a law to prohibit

such poor trash from traveling on the highway, the hack was permitted to pass on. From here the robbers went on to Fort Worth, and passed the night there, and from thence went to Cove Hollow, where Underwood was captured on the 24th. After the capture of Underwood, Bass and Jackson left for the cross-timbers below Denton, in the neighborhood of Green Hills, a densely wooded region, near the breaks of Hickory Creek, where they could, with a little difficulty, elude pursuit, and where they had acquaintances who could and would harbor them in case of imminent danger. As a rule, while perambulating the woods, in this region, they made no effort to conceal themselves from the country people, whom they treated with great civility. It was by this time generally rumored that Bass was a participant in the U. P. robbery; but the people had no better evidence of this than report, and as there were no papers against him in the hands of the local authorities, it is not strange that the citizens failed to use any active measures for his apprehension. They were frequently seen by persons passing the Denton and Dallas road in the neighborhood of Beal's shop, and it is stated that they occasionally made visits to Denton, late at night, and were at times seen at saloons, but this was not generally known by even the citizens of Denton. After remaining about six weeks they returned to Cove Hollow and stayed one night, and then retraced their steps to the breaks of Hickory Creek, below Denton. On their way they stopped in the city of Denton at about 11 o'clock at night and dismounted in front of Wheeler's saloon and called on Wheeler for a bottle of whiskey. Wheeler furnished the "need-fuls" and took occasion to remind Bass that he held a balance of three dollars against him for drinks imbibed some four years prior. Bass said he had plenty of money, and promptly settled the account. As they rode out of town they felt rather exuberant from their libations and concluded to wake up the inhabitants. So they drew their six-shooters and giving vent to a savage yell, began firing at random. Deputy Sheriff Gerren hearing the firing hastened to the spot, and saw them riding down

the street leisurely, ordered them to halt. They replied with a volley. Gerren returned the fire, and a lively skirmish followed until Gerren's ammunition was exhausted. They hastened their pace, and escaped from the city unhurt. They remained about two weeks among the breaks of Hickory Creek.

They began to grow weary of this tame sort of existence, and concluded to try another stage robbery. They started for Fort Worth about the middle of February, for the purpose of tapping the stage running between Fort Worth and Weatherford. Passing the former place, they proceeded to look for a suitable spot for their operations, which they found at a gulch near Mary's Creek, about midway between Marysville and Fort Worth. They tied their horses, and masking themselves, they laid in wait by the roadside. In due time the stage came up, having on board three passengers. They presented their guns on the driver, saying that they wanted some money. Bass called for the passengers to step out, which was promptly obeyed. No resistance was offered, and Bass went through them as usual, getting about \$70 in money and three watches.

This gave Bass considerable encouragement. He remarked, with evident satisfaction, "Well, this is the best haul I ever made out of a stage, and I've tapped nine of 'em so far. There's mighty poor pay in stages, generally, though." From this robbery they returned to Denton county, where they tarried awhile, and then proceeded back to Cooke, camping at their old ground in Cove Hollow. Encouraged by their last success, Bass and Jackson concluded to try their hands upon the stage running from Sherman to Gainesville. Accordingly, they went to Sherman and from thence along the road to Gainesville, selecting a stand in the cross-timbers between Callisburg and Whitesboro; but after reflecting over the situation, their courage failed them. To use Sam's phrase, "The dung got up in my neck, and I didn't strike it." They retired into the timber some distance from the road, and rested themselves and horses for a few days, and

while here they were joined by Sebe Barnes. At this place the plot and plans were matured for the robbery of the express train at Allen station, on the Texas Central railroad.

CHAPTER VI

Robbery of the Express Train at Allen Station.

Being of an aspiring nature, Bass could not long content himself with the meagre returns of stage robberies, and his past experience fully satisfied him that a big bonanzas could only be struck along the railroads. In casting about as to the point that promised the greatest accessibility and the best avenues of escape his attention was directed to Allen Station. Tom Spotswood was familiar with the ground and surrounding country. The gang fully expected a rich return from this enterprise. To fail in going through any train or stage never entered into their calculations. So having received Spotswood into his counsels, Bass, at the head of his gang, approached the neighborhood of Allen on the evening before the arrival of the train, and sent Spotswood to the station to learn the precise hour that the train would arrive. Approaching the station after dark they hitched their horses and tarried around until the train was heard approaching. The night was very dark and damp and was very favorable for concealing their movements. When the train stopped Frank Jackson and Sebe Barnes leaped into the engine car with drawn pistols and held the engineer and fireman in custody, while Bass and Spotswood boarded the express car. The following account of the robbery, which appeared in the Galveston News of the 23rd of February, 1878, gives one version of the robbery:

"Train No. 4 of the Texas Central road left Denison one hour late yesterday evening, reaching Allen Station, in Collin county, eight miles south of McKinney, where it was stopped, and pistol shots were heard from the direction of the car assigned to and used by the Texas Express Company, which on investigation was found to be surrounded by six armed and masked men, who,

finding the express messenger, James Thomas had fastened the door from the inside, cut the ear loose from the train and moved it, or made the engineer move it, several ear lengths from the rest of the train, and then threatened if the messenger did not open the door they would burn it with its contents, himself included. This threat caused Thomas to open the door, when the robbers entered and took all the money and left, without disturbing or molesting any other portion of the train.

"It is believed that the robbers intended to catch the Central pay train, but missing it, grabbed the express ear. The pay train had passed more than nine hours ahead of it. Strenuous efforts are being made to capture them.

"Thomas, the express messenger, when told to hold up his hands, fired on the robbers and retreated into the ear, intrenching himself behind some boxes, covering with his pistol the door, which he could not shut without exposing himself. One of the two shots heard was fired by the messenger, the other by a robber. Occasionally a robber more bold than the others jumped into the car door, only to become a target for the messenger, who fired three shots at them. It is supposed that Thomas' first shot took effect, as one of the robbers casually remarked, "One of our party is killed." Thomas asked if that was so, "No, no; but he is hurt." Thomas said he would not have surrendered if he could have reached his cartridge box, which, unfortunately, was in direct range and view of the robbers, and he had but one loaded cartridge left. Reports as to the amount of money taken by the robbers place the sum all the way from \$1,500 to \$2,000."

The foregoing account does not fully agree with that given by the robbers themselves, who state that they only received \$1,280, which was divided equally between them. According to their account, Spotswood held Thomas, the messenger, in duress while Bass pillaged the car. There were only four of the Bass gang present and they all escaped unhurt. As they divided their booty, one of them remarked to Bass, "Well, this is pretty good, old Honest Eph; what'll we do next?" Honest Eph, which was the

robbers' sobriquet for Bass, replied, "Well, I'll have to get a fresh horse before I make another strike and take a little rest on it." So Bass, Jackson and Barnes returned to their retreat on the banks of Hickory, where they remained several days waiting to see if any suspicion pointed to them. Spotswood returned home in the cross-timbers in the eastern portion of Denton county, about fifteen miles from the scene of the robbery. Bass and his gang, finding that they were not pursued, and very little if any suspicion attached to them, left in a few days for Cooke county and camped at their favorite stand near Cove Hollow. Here Bass traded his horse to Jim Murphy for another, paying \$20 difference between them. Remaining here a short time he again drifted back to his rendezvous on Hickory. On his way back he heard of the arrest of Spotswood, which was effected by Deputy Sheriff George Drennan at Pilot Point, the following account of which appeared in the Denton Monitor of March 8, 1878:

"On Wednesday of last week George Drennan, the gallant deputy sheriff of Denton county, located at Pilot Point, received information that Thomas Spotswood of this county, was the leader of the train robbery at Allen, and he immediately started to the livery stable for a horse. On the way, however, he saw Spotswood enter the town in a wagon, accompanied by his little boy. He covered him with a six-shooter and ordered him to throw up his hands. This done, he soon found that Spotswood was unarmed, and had upon his person but about ten or twelve dollars. Spotswood protested his innocence; but the proof against him was such as to warrant Mr. Drennan in conveying him to McKinney, where he was identified by the express agent, who said Spotswood was the man who stood guard while the rest of the robbers pillaged the express car of two thousand and five hundred dollars. Spotswood was put under bond of \$2,500 in default of which he was placed in jail."

On hearing of the arrest, Bass was surprised and remarked to his pals: "Well, that is nearly h--l! but no more than I expected. No matter for him. Any man that will rob a train in fifteen miles of home and then return home and

try to play o'd solid, he ought to be captured. But as he is a good one, if they have him in jail at McKinney after we get a stake, we'll try and get him out. But the next man that goes home after this and gets captured, he may go to h--l!" These are Bass' very words as reported by an ear witness. Spotswood lived in Denton county, and so far as the writer knows he had been an orderly citizen prior to the time. He was a man of very peculiar appearance, having a defect about his eyes that was very marked. Of his antecedents, the Sedalia, Missouri, Democrat, in an issue about the date of the robbery contained the following, which is inserted for what it is worth:

"Tom Spotswood was well known in Sedalia, where he made his home just after the war. He was a drunken, carousing character, and generally regarded as a dangerous fellow, ever ready to use the knife, pistol or bludgeon. On the night of the 30th of August, 187-, on which occasion Howe's circus performed in this city, Spotswood got into a difficulty with an old man by the name of John J. Jones, a carpenter by trade, over which should escort a prostitute home. The old man seemed to be the favored one, and was walking away with the woman, when Spotswood stealthily approached him from behind and dealt him a terrible blow with a huge boulder wrapped in his handkerchief, which he used slung shot fashion. The old man fell dead at his feet, and Spotswood fled from the scene and took refuge in Eph. Davis' stable loft, where he was found some hours afterward hidden away in the hay. He was arrested and locked up in the old log calaboose, then also used as a county prison.

"When the time for his trial rolled around he applied for a change of venue, which was awarded to Saline county. Just before the time for his trial there, and while Spotswood was still confined in the old tumble down affair dignified by the name of a prison, a man apparently very drunk was picked up and thrust into the calaboose to keep Spotswood company. That night Spotswood made his escape, and it afterward transpired that the man simulated drunkenness, and carried secreted in his boots

the files and saws with which Spotswood secured his freedom. It is generally supposed that he proceeded from here to Calhoun, near which place his relatives lived, and there he made arrangements to leave Missouri forever. Before leaving he had an account to settle with a popular merchant of Calhoun, named Edmonson, who had gained his ill will at a party some years before. He knew the habits of young Edmonson, and one night very late, just as he was in the act of entering his store where he slept, Spotswood fired on him from a hollow where he was secreted in easy range, and had the satisfaction of seeing his victim fall to the ground a corpse.

"Spotswood was then ready to leave the country, which he did at once on horseback, going direct to Texas, where he settled in the vicinity of McKinney. In 1871 he was implicated in killing two negroes in the neighborhood of McKinney. In 1873 or 1874 he was arrested on a requisition made by the governor of this state, and he was brought back for trial. He was taken to Saline county, and when the case was called all the important witnesses for the State were absent. The result was he was acquitted. He lost no time in getting away, as Mr. Edmonson, the father of the young man murdered at Calhoun, was preparing to take out papers for his re-arrest."

Spotswood was subsequently tried and convicted at McKinney, and punishment assessed at ten years in the penitentiary. He, however, obtained a new trial, which he is now awaiting in jail at McKinney. The foregoing account is not intended to prejudice his case. He protests his innocence. Bass and his pals reported the facts stated herein to a party which is reliable, and the paper extracts are given for what they are worth.

CHAPTER VII.

Bass and His Gang Rob the Express Car on the Texas Central.

Bass and his gang consisting now of "Blockey," Jackson's robber sobriquet, and "Nubbins Colt," the nickname for Barnes, remained in their retreat in Hickory Roughs for some time after the Allen robbery, keeping very quiet, and

watching for whomsoever might pursue them. They kept themselves posted through the Dallas daily papers and the Galveston News, which they procured regularly through their friends, who did the reading for them, none of them being able to read except Jackson, and he very poorly. There was no movement by the officers, civil or military, no suspicion aroused as to the perpetrators of the robberies that gained any degree of publicity that they were not fully apprised from these sources immediately. Having rested themselves and horses, and seeing that there were no active measures to pursue them, they began to sigh for another bonanza. It was late one evening while they were lounging around their camp that Bass, speaking to Jackson, said, "Well, Blockey, we must strike something else. This won't do. They say an idle brain is the devil's work shop. There's too many good things lying around loose. Them railroad fellers ain't looking for us any more. They think we have skinned out for Nebraska or some other scaport." Blockey was ready to second his chief, so he consented with the stereotyped "All right." Barnes was sick, and Drennan had captured Spotswood, leaving only the two "regulars," as they called themselves, ready for duty. The contemplation of the numerical weakness of their forces somewhat puzzled them, but success had so flushed them with daring and audacity that they felt equal to almost any emergency. "Well, there's only us two as can do any work just now," said Bass, "but then let's go down on the road and interview them fellers tomorrow. We can look around and see how the land lies, and if we think we can tackle one of them express cars, us two, we'll do it; but if we think we can't we'll just have to wait till 'Nubbins Colt' gits up and ready for work." "All right," replied Jackson, "We'll go and interview 'em."

That night the two set out, following a path known only to themselves, which led from their retreat in Hickory bottom out through Elm bottom, thence out into Collins and Dallas counties, without passing near a house. Having struck the Central road they followed it down to Hutchins Station in Dallas county. After taking a full survey of the situa-

tion they became satisfied that it would not be safe to undertake the robbing without another man so they turned to their retreat on Hickory and found Barnes ready for service, and with him hastened back to the neighborhood of Hutchins Station, which is situated on the Houston & Texas Central road about ten miles south of Dallas. The newspapers of the state gave the following version of the outrage, on the next day, which we insert:

"The robbers understood their business well, had evidently planned the assault deliberately, and the manner of its execution was prompt and effective. They first took into their possession the railroad agent at Hutchins, and a negro, then the engineer and fireman of the train. They also captured two tramp printers from Dallas, who were stealing a ride on the front of the locomotive, and added them to the crowd. This squad they marched in front of them to the express car door, so that should the messenger on board the car fire, the discharge would take effect not on the robbers but on the innocent agent, negro, fireman and engineer, or puncture the valuable epidermis of the newspaper fraternity. The messenger barred the doors and extinguished the lights, but the robbers soon burst asunder the door. The messenger then fired into the mob, with what effect is not known, but the fire was returned and the messenger wounded in the face. One of the printers also received a wound in one of his limbs, which at present operates a serious set-back to his preambulatory tendencies. Messenger Thomas being wounded and seeing the futility of attempting any further resistance, surrendered to the mob. The safe was rifled of its contents, and the mail car was ransacked of whatever plunder the robbers saw fit to appropriate. In regard to the amount of money obtained in the express car there are several rumors. One is that they obtained a small amount, the express messenger having secreted the bulk of money and valuables in the stove while the lights were out. Another rumor is to the effect that they obtained several thousand dollars. Messenger Thomas continued on his route to Corsicana, where he stopped off on account of his

wound. Mr. Thomas is a brother of the agent who was in charge of the car that was robbed some time ago at Allen Station.

"Word of the robbery was dispatched in all directions, but up to noon today no trace of the daring scoundrels had been obtained.

"The passengers on board the train were not molested. The robbers, it is said, after finishing their business, took off toward Trinity bottom, but efforts to trace them in any direction for any distance failed. Later reports confirm the statement that the train robbers secured but a small amount of money, not over \$300."

It will be seen that this report does not coincide precisely with that given by the robbers, who stated that there were only three of their number present at the robbery. They state that Frank Jackson leaped upon the tender box while the cars were yet running, and presented his cocked revolver at the engineer and fireman and ordered them to stop the train and "throw up their props," which they obeyed with all possible promptitude. On inquiry by one of them as to what was wanted, Jackson replied, "We want money—that's all—and there's no use kicking." To which they replied, "All right go ahead, it's no skin off our backs!" Bass and Barnes boarded the express car and captured \$400. They stated that they could also have taken a lot of jewelry but did not wish to be encumbered with it. Having thus added one more nefarious outrage to the calendar of their crimes, this trio of villains escaped under cover of the darkness to their retreat among the breaks and jungles of Hickory Creek.

It having become currently reported by this time that Sam Bass was one of the perpetrators of the Big Springs robbery, and there being heavy rewards offered for him, W. F. Egan, sheriff of Denton county, began to devise plans to apprehend him. No one in Denton county suspected that he was engaged in the repeated robberies in Texas that had so recently shocked and startled the country. They executed their plans with such rapidity and withal so adroitly that it did not seem possible that these men who appeared to be carelessly per-

ambulating the cross-timbers, and who were seen frequently, nay, almost daily, by different persons passing the Denton and Dallas road, could be the perpetrators. Nevertheless, Sheriff Egan, as before stated, being satisfied that they meant no good to society, engaged Wm. Miner as a spy, and sent him into their camp to ferret out their designs, and thus ensnare them. Knowing, as he did, that they were all desperate men, heavily armed, well provided with money, and that it was the height of folly to hunt them vi et armis in their fastness, every trail of which they knew better than the cows and swine that made them. By a secret undertaking between Egan, his deputies, and U. S. Commissioner Alex Robertson, Miner was to frequent the camp of Bass, gain their confidence, and either lead them into a trap, or enable Egan to get such an advantage over them as would insure their capture. Accordingly Miner cultivated intimate relations with Scott Mayes, a young man of varied fortunes and mysterious antecedents, who was at that time the captain of a one-horse saloon in Denton, to which was attached one of those delectable adjuncts yeleft a ten-pin alley—one of those places of iniquity in whose atmosphere crime sprouts and grows and ripens like toadstools amid the vapors of a dungeon.

Miner found in Scott just the kind of "hair-pin," he wanted. Scott knew the true inwardness of all of Bass' operations. They were fast friends and he was let into their secrets. I will here state that Scott claims that he was working for the same purpose that Miner was, though under different employment. He was "after the rewards." Be that as it may, it does not seem that Scott understood Miner, or that Miner understood Scott. Miner and Scott frequently visited the camp of Bass, and through Scott, Miner learned several very interesting points concerning Captain Bass and his freebooters, all of which he reported regularly to Egan.

In the month of April, 1878, just before the Eagle Ford robbery, the gang learned through Scott that Paul Agus, a Polander living in Denton, had in his possession some \$2,500, which he kept in a trunk over his grocery store. This

was a tempting morsel to such a financier as Bass, and was regarded as nearly equal to an express car. The plan was devised for Bass and his crowd to appear at a certain hour after night and make their way to Paul's room. Scott was to be there on some pretended business with Paul, with whom he was on intimate terms. They were to bring their arms down on Paul, and his companion and if necessary gag Paul until they could get away with the money. Of course Scott was to be terrified and overwhelmed, and give the alarm at the proper time. This was fully understood by Egan and his deputies, and their plan was laid to bag the whole gang in the act. On the evening prior to the time of the anticipated adventure, some rangers and detectives appeared in Denton and the gang hearing of it, abandoned the robbery.

Through the mediation of this same Scott, the gang was informed that Henry Hill, a merchant of Little Elm, in Denton county, had possession of a large amount of money belonging to himself, Sam Davis and Tom Sublett, citizens of the neighborhood. Scott was to go over with a \$50 and a \$100 bill and offer the former for change. If Hill could change it without going to the safe he was then to offer the \$100 bill, which it was thought would send Hill to his safe, and thus afford the pal a view of the condition of his finances within. The gang, furnished with the proper information, was to make a raid on Hill and go through him, the time to be set afterwards. But this plan was also thwarted by the appearance of Capt. Peak's company of Rangers, which caused the robbers to abandon the enterprise. Another plan the gang had laid was for the robbery of the sheriff's safe of the tax money supposed to be deposited therein. They were to call Egan out of his house after night under the pretense of depositing a prisoner in jail, and once in possession of him, were to march him over to the court house and force him to unlock and discharge. Egan had his plans all arranged to bag them this time, but they failed from some reason to make the attempt.

This report of Scott Mayes' apparent complicity in the crimes of Bass and his gang is given on the authority of persons who declare their readiness to establish

their assertions. As said before, Scott claims he was working to entrap them for the rewards. It is not the writer's purpose to injure Scott or do him injustice. He has his explanation of his conduct, the truth or falsity whereof it is not the writer's province to judge. Miner states that he accompanied Scott to the suburbs north of Denton, where they met Bass, Jackson and Billy Collins, and that Bass paid both Collins and Mayes gold—\$500 to Scott, and a "pile" to Collins; that they returned together, late at night, to Scott's saloon, and that he there saw the money.

Hence we see that Sheriff Egan was silently pursuing the only real prudent course for the apprehension of Bass and his gang, and would have captured the last man of them if his plans had not been thwarted by the appearance of rangers and detectives, whose advent into Denton was known to everybody as soon as they reached the city, and of course Bass and his gang knew it. Sheriff Egan and the citizens of Denton county were maligned by certain newspapers beyond all justice and reason for their failure to apprehend Bass. This faithful officer, to the writer's own knowledge, used every effort in his power to capture these desperadoes, yet he was so situated that he had to tamely submit to the vilest slanders without one word of remonstrance, or else dissipate all the well laid plans he had conceived and set in operation to catch them. Up to this date there had never been a paper in his hands for their arrest, excepting for Underwood, who was indicted for theft of cattle. Yet, week after week did he abandon all other branches of his business and devote his energies to the end of ridding Denton county of this band of outlaws. His deputies, Thos. E. Gerren and W. R. Wetsel, both of whom have had to writhe under similar assaults, were in his counsels and were devotedly working to the same end. There is no more honorable man than W. F. Egan—no nobler, truer man, and the writer makes this digression from the thread of his story to vindicate him against the vile calumnies that have been hurled at him by men who knew not what they were saying when they villified him, and perhaps cared not. The

whole desire seemed to be to shift upon the shoulders of Denton county, her officers and her people, the atrocious deeds of Bass and his gang—load the fair name of Denton and her people with shame, and thus make them the scape-goats for sins that others helped perpetrate, and the odium of which others should have shared, as we shall see anon.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Robbers in Camp—Underwood and Arkansasaw Johnson Join Them—Spies in Camp—A Game of Poker with the Robbers.

Some time after the Hutchins robbery, in the latter part of March, W. R. Wetsel, deputy sheriff of Denton county, conceived the plan of making his way to the camp of the gang with the view of ascertaining precisely who comprised the forces of Bass at that time, it having been reported that he had received some important accessions. This was fully understood by the sheriff and U. S. Commissioner. Accordingly he set out for Bollivar with the ostensible purpose of serving some civil process from the district court. Having passed through Bollivar, he went to Jim Murphy and told him he wanted to see Sam Bass, and if he knew of his whereabouts to show him to him. Jim knew where they were, and after night piloted Wetsel to the camp, which was in Clear Creek bottom in a thicket at the back of Murphy's field. When the parties rode up they found Bass, Jackson and Barnes sleeping on the same blanket with another blanket for covering. They did not get up, but lay still in their beds, and talked to the visitors. Presently Barnes bantered Wetsel for a game of poker, and a game was at once agreed on, Wetsel being an accomplished hand at "Schneck's Favorite." After some desultory remarks, Wetsel and Murphy returned to Murphy's residence. Next morning Wetsel repaired to the camp according to appointment, and found them all ready for a trial of their skill. They began the game at once and played the whole day. That night they repaired to Bollivar, where they kept "Schnecking" the old greasy deck until the "wee sma'

hours" next morning. The gang seemed to all have plenty of money, which they bet with the recklessness of drunken Indians. Bass and Jackson were very poor players and Wetsel had little trouble with them; but Barnes made it warm for him and worried him considerably. But for Barnes, Wetsel would doubtless have imposed the necessity of another train robbery on Bass & Co., for he would have drained them of every cent. As it was, however, his final receipts were only \$10 to \$15. During the game Wetsel endeavored to draw them out of their adventures and enterprises, but they were on the alert. They did not have confidence in him, and knew how to keep their own counsel. While they were playing two strangers rode into Bass' camp and were received by the gang with a cordial welcome. These strangers were Billy Scott and Billy Collins, of Dallas county. During the following day Jim Murphy rode into camp and called Bass aside. After a brief parley Bass returned in great glee, and announced with jovial oath, "Henry's come, (meaning Underwood) and he has sent me word to send him an outfit, and I'm going after him." Bass mounted his horse and rode off, but in a while returned, saying he could not find Henry. On next day the gamblers repaired to Bob Murphy's barn lot for another game. At about 9 o'clock Underwood and Arkansaw Johnson came in, and were greeted with the hilarity that characterizes the meeting of old, dear and long parted friends. Wetsel had in his pocket a *capias* for Underwood for theft of cattle which he read to him and called on him to fill a bond., Underwood at first refused, but agreed after awhile to fill it, giving Bob and Jim Murphey as surities. Bass, at this juncture, called Underwood aside and dissuaded him from taking the steps. Sam was averse to showing any deference whatever to the jurisdiction of the courts. He was a veritable outlaw in spirit and in truth, and hated the law and all government as a mad bull hates a red flag. Underwood returned to Wetsel and told him he believed he would not fill it now, but would in a week or so. Bass and Underwood then rode away together. It is

said that Scott visited the camp of Bass as a spy under employment of Major Jones, which of course was not known to Wetsel, nor was Wetsel's mission known to him, hence it was doubtless by reason of this fact that Wetsel was afterward indicted in the Federal Court and incarcerated for a period at Tyler, as an accessory of Bass, as we shall see hereafter. Soon after this the gang returned to their old fastness on Hickory Creek. While camped here a small incident occurred which illustrates the mode of thought and the means by which they employed their time while wearing out the dull tedium of camp life. The incident is related by Green Hill who was on a visit to their camp at the time.

Bass and Jackson were alone. Jackson had constructed a cage out of sumac twigs which he represented at the Denton jail. In the cage he had a woodpecker, which he denominated "Old Honest Eph," (Bass' camp name). Jackson himself personated the Denton jailor, Uncle Hub Bates. He would step around the cage and goad the woodpecker with a sharp stick, whereupon the bird would become enraged and show remarkable combativeness, uttering his peculiar slogan of war, "Quack! quack!" "This," said Jackson, "is the way Old Hub will do Old Eph. when he gets him in jail. Stand around there, you blasted train robber!"

"The h—l!" observed Bass, lazily reclining on his elbow and speaking in his usual nasal drawl, "You'll be in thar a darned sight before I will, yet."

After the Hutchins robbery Jackson had begun to grow tired of the life of an outlaw. It was continually throwing him into the jaws of peril which, while he had the courage to brook without flinching when excited in the battle for pelf, yet, while in his moments of calm reflection, could foresee plainly that he was drifting deeper and deeper into ruin every step he took. Besides, he had some relatives at Denton who constantly importuned him to desert Bass and abandon the desperate life he was leading. It is said that Jackson would weep with his brothers and sisters, and pledge them that he would desert the band of outlaws. The better part of him would gain the ascendancy in these interviews,

and he was as thoroughly penitent as ever was a returning prodigal; but the influence of Bass over him, like an iron chain, bound him to his fate. He was utterly powerless to make other than a wicked resolve when in the presence of his chief, Bass prized Jackson above all others of his companions, and he never lost an opportunity to apply the pruning knife to every outcrop of his virtues. On one occasion Jackson ventured to complain to his master, and declared his intention to quit the business.

"Hold on," said Bass, "that won't do, now. They'll hang you. You can't get protection elsewhere than with me. See, Arkansaw and Underwood are with us now—we'll have a livelier time and better trade. We know Henry, he's all O. K., but we must try Arkansaw and see if he's got any business in him." Bass then made known his intention to try another strike soon. He had thought Eagle Ford on the T. & P. R. R. afforded an eligible point and the plan was laid for the adventure. Jackson said he did not want to go this time. Underwood had but recently returned and wanted to be with his family. Barnes was sick. It was agreed that Jackson, Underwood and Barnes might remain in Denton county, and that the gang would thus ward off suspicion as to their doing the robberies. Bass said he knew two "good ones" in Dallas who wanted mighty bad to learn the way it was done, and he would go down there and drum up enough recruits to rob the express at Eagle Ford. So Bass and Arkansaw set out for Dallas county, to "hit" another ear.

CHAPTER IX.

Robbing of the Express at Eagle Ford.

According to the plan of Bass, he, in company with Arkansaw Johnson and two citizens, approached the neighborhood of Eagle Ford on the day previous to the robbery, and quietly reconnoitered the situation. By this time there was an all-pervading excitement throughout North Texas regarding the recent robberies, and there were detectives and rangers to be seen scattered about in every direction, armed cap-a-pie looking out for train robbers, and as Bass and his gang were also well armed and

mounted, it was easy enough for him to claim to be a ranger on the same business and thus disarm suspicion. The Eagle Ford robbery occurred on the 6th of April, just before 12 o'clock at night. Bass and his party having concealed themselves under the depot platform early in the night, awaited the approach of the west-bound train on the T. & P. R. R. Hearing its approach, they masked their faces with handkerchiefs and just as the train came to a halt Bass, followed by his gang, left his hiding place and with pistol in hand led the way toward the express car. He first encountered the depot agent for the express company, whom he arrested and held until Arkansaw and one of the others mounted the car and captured the fireman and engineer, whom they marched back to the corner of the depot where the agent was held. The fourth man stood guard near the passenger coach. The captives were placed near the express door, held in duress by Arkansaw and one of the citizen bandits with cocked revolvers, while Bass commanded the agent to order the express company's door opened. The messenger not obeying, Bass seized a piece of timber and broke the door down. The messenger and another man were inside the express car, both armed, but supposing resistance futile they surrendered at discretion. The messenger opened the safe at the command of Bass, which was rifled of its contents by that rapacious scoundrel as coolly as though he was at home with his own, obtaining, it is thought, not exceeding \$50 in money and a package of registered letters, the contents of which are not known. This was as easy a job as a robber's heart could desire. Not a gun was fired, not a man hurt, and everything went lovely. Having scoured their booty the robbers decamped and left the iron horse to speed on its way. Notwithstanding the facility with which Bass accomplished this outrage against civilization, his two raw recruits became sick of the business and expressed their determination to abandon that mode of life—which they did after receiving their share of the booty. They have never, as yet, been discovered, so far as the writer is informed. Bass and Arkansaw tarried for some time in Dallas coun-

ty where, through the instrumentality of some old friends, they became acquainted with several new ones. They then returned to the cross-timbers.

Public excitement and indignation had reached a high point. The Governor was called on by the press to take some active measures for the suppression of these shocking outrages and the apprehension of the perpetrators. The country began to swarm with detectives and state forces. Bass and his gang were apprized of these facts, and kept a sharp lookout.

On the Saturday preceding the Mesquite robbery, mentioned hereafter, certain parties from Eagle Ford, as they started, ran across Henry Underwood and Frank Jackson in the woods some distance below Denton. We give below an extract from a letter from Denton to one of the Dallas papers, containing one version of this encounter:

"The parties mentioned above as meeting the desperadoes in the woods, were private detectives from Dallas. The history of the adventures of this squad, in Denton county, is as follows:

"The next morning after the Eagle Ford robbery, Samuel Fenley, June Peak, James Curry and one other from Dallas, struck a hot trail leading northward from the railroad and followed it to the cross-timbers in Denton county. They continued through the timbers toward Denton, and when within about three miles of that place, near the farm of Capt. R. H. Hopkins, they suddenly came upon two men asleep in the woods. They had ridden past them when some one discovered the men and their horses which were picketed near by. The men immediately sprang to their feet and fired at the approaching party. The fire was returned by James Curry, but no one was hurt on either side. A parley then ensued. The detectives did not feel sure of their men and were afraid to shoot for fear of killing innocent parties. While they were maneuvering around with a view of ascertaining who the men were, the two saddled their horses, sprang upon them, raised a whoop and dashed through the woods. The Dallas party, supposing that the remainder of the gang were near, did not pursue them, but sent for more force."

Jackson and Underwood gave a different version of this meeting. They say that no shots were fired; that the parties came upon them while asleep. They waked and seized their arms, and the detectives inquired who they were. Jackson told them after some hesitation that his name was Jones, whereupon the parties told him they did not want them, asking the robbers not to shoot as they rode off. This same correspondent goes on to say:

"Continuing on to Denton they stopped at the Lacy House on Saturday afternoon (once the home of Bass), and while there the notorious Sam Bass and a number of his associates appeared on the outskirts, and according to one statement rode into the city. They had heard that the Dallas party were looking for outlaws, and were anxious to know if they were the men whom they sought; if so, they would like to have them come out and try to take them. Messengers galloped back and forth between the excited and defiant crowd and their friends in the city. Finally, later in the evening, Bass and company sent a messenger to the Dallas men to inform them that they would remain in sight of them for two hours and a half, and challenged them to come out and fight. They stood near the residence of John L. Lovejoy, Jr., in the suburbs of the city, plain to the view of the public square. More than a hundred saw them."

A good part of this statement is imaginary. There were no messengers galloping back and forth between the robbers and their friends in the city. Neither were they in plain view of the public square. They were said to be down about Lovejoy's, but the writer was present in Denton at the time, and he has never seen any man yet who saw them from that point, unless it was when they galloped away. Neither has he ever seen the messenger that bore the dispatches; and Bass was not in the city. The sheriff and a number of citizens armed with shot guns went down to where the parties were supposed to be but did not find them. The Dallas squad refused to go, or let the sheriff have their guns, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, no doubt. But the report

that was circulated to the injury of Denton, that her officers and citizens were unwilling to aid in the apprehension of Bass, is absolutely false. The robbers doubtless had sympathizers, but, the great body of people and the county officials, all, earnestly desired a riddance from these outlaws and were ever willing and anxious to do all they could, nay, risk their very lives for this purpose, as the sequel will show. Sheriff Egan knew well that loud demonstration after Bass was not calculated to effect his capture. He had his plans laid, which were repeatedly thwarted—plans which he had to keep to himself.

On the following Sunday Gerren, by an understanding with Egan, concluded to visit the camp of the robbers on a tour of observation. Egan dissuaded Gerren from the undertaking, stating that they would kill him. Gerren, however, went and took the chances. He found Bass and Jackson near the Denton and Dallas road, a few miles south of Denton. They made no effort to molest him, but talked with him rather reservedly. After they had been talking for some time Gerren looked aside and saw a burly ruffian, squatted by a tree, with a cocked Winchester leveled at him. This was Arkansas Johnson who was ready to dispatch him if he made any effort to arrest Bass or Jackson. Gerren asked who that fellow was. Bass replied, "Oh, he's a feller that stays around here." Gerren saw this was no place for him, and soon took his leave. And the writer will here state, in justice to Gerren, that whatever may have been said regarding his part in the Bass trouble in the excitement of the hour, he is now fully satisfied that he was working covertly, yet earnestly, for their arrest throughout.

CHAPTER X.

The Robbery at Mesquite—Brave Defense by the Railroad Employees—Wounding of Two of the Bandits, and Killing of Arkansas—Incidents.

On Saturday night following the demonstrations of the robbers near Denton, related in the last chapter, Bill Miner, Sheriff Egan's spy, accompanied by Scott Mayes, set out to find their camp.

Having traveled several miles south, they came to Green Hill's where they met Billy Collins, who was introduced to them. They could find no definite trace of Bass and had started back to Denton when they met Bass and Jackson, and with them went to the robbers' camp on the breaks of Hickory. Here Miner and Mayes remained for a considerable time and then returned to Denton, leaving Billy Collins in their camp. On Sunday the time was employed in devising plans for another robbery, when it was agreed that they would try the T. & P. again, this time at Mesquite. On Monday the banditti went to Dallas county and camped in Whiterock Bottom, near the residence of Billy Collins. Here Bass met a number of his new acquaintances, several of whom were chafing for adventure. Of the regulars, as Bass styled his old adherents, there were Bass, Barnes, Jackson and Underwood, accompanied by nine citizens of Dallas county, according to the account of Bass himself given to Jim Murphy, from whom the writer obtained it. Among the citizens were Sam Pipes, Albert Herndon, Wm. Collins and Wm. Scott, and five others whose names are unknown. On Tuesday Bass dispatched Billy Collins to Mesquite to view and report "how the land lay." Billy on his return regarded everything favorable, so a little after dark the gang stole their way to the neighborhood of the station, but found that the train had passed, and they returned to their camp where they remained until Wednesday night, when they returned to the depot, reaching it in time to catch the west-bound train. One account leaves Collins and Scott out of active participation in this robbery. According to Murphy's report, as obtained from the gang, where was no exception, therefore it is probable that Scott and Collins were on the ground at the time. Arriving at the station they hitched their horses a convenient distance away, and having masked their faces by tying their handkerchiefs across them, they took their stations, according to the direction of Bass, behind the depot and silently awaited the approach of the train. As the train reached the depot and before it had fairly stopped, Bass gave the word, "On to her, boys!" The first break

was for the fireman and engineer, and "Hold up your hands!" was shouted out lustily by Frank Jackson. About this time Captain Alvord, the conductor, appeared on the platform of the passenger car and seeing the bandits, opened fire on them. The following account, by an eye-witness, is taken from the Denton Monitor of April 16, 1878:

"As the train stopped, Mr. Zurn, stepped out of the depot and was in the act of handing a paper on board when he was saluted with the order: "Hold up your hands!" The truth that this emanated from robbers flashed across his mind at once and he obeyed, knowing that resistance was useless. About this time Mr. Healey came off the train to speak to Mr. Zurn. He was ordered to stop and throw up his arms. He instantly turned to run and they fired on him. He then turned to come back to them, they still calling on him to throw up his arms, and disregarding the order they hit him several times over the head with pistols. He at last effected his escape, losing his hat which was found this morning with a bullet hole through it. In the meantime the engineer had been secured. The fireman escaped and hid under some trestle work. Mrs. Zurn was on the platform. At the first intimation of danger she started to go in, but was arrested by one of the ruffians and told to hold up her hands, but she showed the greatest presence of mind and contempt of danger truly admirable, paid no attention to him; but went in, closed the door, whereupon they fired a volley at the door, which had no effect but to make a noise and wake up the town. They commenced the effort to get in the express car. That was really their only object. But to all their commands and threats the messenger, who was quite cool all of the time, steadily refused to respond. Then began a regular fusillade and enough of shots were exchanged to have killed every man there. During the fire Finellen, one of the guards, shot several times and it is supposed hit one of the fellows. They then made the engineer give them oil and they poured it over the steps of the express car and set fire to it. After repeating this they at last got out the express messenger, his guard, the bag-

gage master, mail agent, and brakeman, who were all in the same car, whom they proceeded to go through, getting from all between one hundred and one hundred and fifty dollars. They got seventy-five cents from the brakeman, but when he told them that was his last "red cent," they gave it back to him. They then made Mr. Towers io in with them and give them the registered packages. They said "Uncle Billy is getting old," but told him to "step up" nevertheless.

"The robbers threatened to turn the convicts loose, and for that reason the guards here could render no assistance.

"Mr. Gross, the enterprising merchant here, hearing the firing, got his gun and started to the scene of action. He saw the fireman hiding under the bridge and taking him for one of the band, made him throw up his hands. He then approached as far as prudent and after waiting awhile he heard the agent here laugh. The laugh was caused by a remark of the express messenger, who asked the robbers after they went through him "If they were not going to give him a receipt." Thinking then that the danger was over, he went up to them. They no sooner saw him, however, than they drew their guns on him and made him surrender.

"After they got all they could they marched them out on the prairie, told them to 'bout face, and to go back double quick. They then took their departure, and peace again reigned in Mesquite."

And also the following letter from the correspondence of another eye witness which is clipped from the Monitor of the same date:

"W. D. Lacy, a leading dry goods merchant of Ozark, Ark., is in the city, having arrived Saturday evening last. He is the son of Mrs. S. E. Lacy of this city, and is well known to all of our old citizens. He was on the train that was robbed by fifteen armed men at Mesquite at 10 p. m. of the night of the 11th inst. He did not know any of the robbers, but believed by the remarks made by some of them that they were from Dallas. For instance, when the peanut vender on the train appeared with a pistol in his hand

one of the robbers cried out, "We don't want any peanuts—you get back." This indicated that the robbers were not rank strangers to the employes of the train. He says the peanut boy, the messenger and the conductor displayed a great deal of pluck. Conductor Alvord emptied his pistol and during the time was the recipient of a running spit-spat denunciation from the robber that was firing at him. Said the robber: "You are a brave dog, but you are my meat." The conductor made no reply, but appeared to be in as good humor as were the robbers. The messenger saved fifteen hundred dollars by putting it in his boots. He held out to the last minute and the passengers thought he would be hung by the robbers, on account of having killed one of them with a shot gun. But he was not hurt. Mr. Lacy says the whole affair was conducted by the robbers in a quiet manner. The chief of the gang gave his orders in a low tone and they were executed with promptness and dispatch. At times there was lusty laughter among them from remarks by employes. One man asked for a receipt, which occasioned considerable mirth. The robbery was begun, conducted and ended with a hilarity more peculiar to a dancing party than a robbery. Nevertheless there were about fifty shots fired. Mr. Lacy raised the shade of one of the windows of the car occupied by himself, wife and daughter, and a shot was at once fired at the window by a robber who doubtless thought some one was about to shoot therefrom.

"Mr. L. says the passengers, as well as the people of Dallas and those all along the line seemed to think the robbers were residents of Dallas and vicinity. That is also the opinion of the people generally throughout this section of the state; the Dallas papers to the contrary notwithstanding. One thing is certain, no robberies have been committed in Denton county. No robbery occurred at Lewisville as reported by the Herald. Denton county is quiet and orderly, and the Dallas papers are doing us a great injustice. If Denton county were full of robbers, as reported by the Dallas papers, certainly robberies would occur here. But no man has been robbed.

No man has been molested. There has been no excitement here except that occasioned by the Dallas papers, and the advent of the Dallas armed force, which later declared that they "jumped up the wrong men," and then returned home with a "cock and bull story" about Denton."

When they attacked the express car in charge of Mr. Curley, the messenger, they found the door closed. Bass called out to him to open it, which he refused to do. They then told him that they had oiled the car and that they would give him until they could count fifty, and if he did not open it they would burn the car and kill him. They had counted to somewhere in forty, when Curley told them he believed he would open it. Having opened the car the robbers entered and made a search through it, obtaining only about \$150. Several of the railroad employes, particularly Curley and Alvord, made a brave and gallant fight, and not without effect. During the melee one large fellow among the robbers who seemed to be taking a leading part, was heard to say in reply to some inaudible report given by one of his comrades, "Well, I can't help it, such things will happen. We've stayed here now entirely too long." This was evidently in reply to the report that one of the party was shot. The robbers having accomplished their villainous task, mounted their horses and rode away. In the fight Barnes received four shots, three in the right leg and one in the left thigh, all flesh wounds. Jackson received a shot from one of those small tommy, vest pocket revolvers, in his right shoulder, the ball barely going through his clothing and striking the flesh lodged and fell down his coat sleeve to be caught in his hand. One of the "irregulars," a citizen of Dallas county, received a mortal wound and died soon afterward. Bass stated that he was a fine looking young man, and that he was sorry for it, but that he had warned them all that it was dangerous business, that they had better stay at home, but they wanted to learn the game of making money easy, as times were getting hard and crops short, and persisted in going. Thus closed the "railroad career" of Sam Bass. He had robbed his last train.

This culminating outrage awakened every right thinking man throughout the country to a sense of duty. A very ground-swell of popular indignation followed. It was evident that these bold brigands must succumb, and that speedily, or our government and laws would prove miserable failures to protect from the despoiler's hand the rights and property of the citizens.

CHAPTER XI.

The Bass War—Denton County in An Uproar—The Country Swarming with Armed Men—Pursuit of and Skirmishing with the Brigands.

After the robbery at Mesquite, the citizens of Dallas county who had volunteered with Bass, having received their allotted shares of the meagre fruits of that adventure, dispersed to their respective homes, glad enough to hide their guilt under the specious mantle of peaceful pursuits, while Bass, the outlaw, with his regular brigands made haste to return to his favorite haunts about Cove Hollow in Coke county. The robbery at Mesquite was characterized by such reckless defiance of law and disregard of danger that its very audacity, together with the evident strength of the outlaws, became a matter of primary importance to the whole commonwealth. The railroad officials called upon the governor to furnish troops for the pursuit of the robbers, and employed a swarm of detectives to ferret out the guilty parties. On the 13th of April, Genl. W. P. Lane, U. S. Deputy Marshal, visited Denton and made affidavit before U. S. Commissioner Alex Robertson, charging Sam Bass, Henry Underwood, Sebe Barnes and Frank Jackson with the robbery at Mesquite. The commissioner issued a capias which was placed in the hands of Sheriff W. F. Egan, for the arrest of the parties. This was the first official paper Egan or any other Denton county official had ever received for their arrest and it was the first tangible charge that had been made against them. From this time, Egan redoubled his energies and worked with a zeal and untiring energy that the outside world

knew nothing of. It was not long before the county began to swarm with armed rangers. A company under command of June Peak had been organized at Dallas and occupied the cross-timbers below Denton. Sheriff Everheart of Grayson county entered the northern portion of the county with a squad of Captain Lee Hall's rangers, while Sheriff Egan and his deputies were on the alert with plans set to entrap the gang on some night when they entered the city of Denton, which they occasionally did clandestinely. The robbers were also on the alert and their movements were planned and executed with superior tact and generalship. So adroitly, in fact, did they elude pursuit and cover their movements that it was not until the 29 of April that any collision occurred between them and their pursuers. On Sunday, the 29th, Bass and his gang were at Jim Murphy's and they discovered Sheriff Everheart and his squad beyond Cove Hollow, which as stated before, is a canyon about fifteen miles northwest of Denton, covered with dense timber, through which runs a branch of Clear Creek, with prairie on either side for miles. The canyon is deep and its sides are marked with abrupt and impassable steps. Seeing the squad approach the opposite side Bass and his band approached the Bluff, meeting them for a fight. Having reached it Bass yelled at them to stand up and fight like men and not be dodging around, and fired on the party. With this a sharp fusilade opened between the parties. The width of the canyon at that point being about five hundred yards, Sergt. Parrot of Hall's company proved himself an expert marksman, having a most excellent piece at a long range. At one fire he shot the cartridges out of Bass' belt, and the next struck the breech of his gun. "They've hit me at last, boys," said Bass, "Let's get away from here." And they rode off. The rangers could not cross the canyon there, so the gang distanced them. Passing by Henry Underwood's they left Mrs. U. \$100, and having gone a short distance they doubled on their trail and stopped at Underwood's and quietly watched the movements of Everheart, with Bass' spy glass.

(Continued next month)

The Fight at Green Lake Water Hole

P. C. Baird, Menard, Texas

By special order of Governor John Ireland, through Adjutant General W. H. King, to Captain L. P. Sicker, commanding Co. "D" Frontier Battalion, I as scouting sergeant with a detachment of three men, namely, O. D. Baker, W. W. Baker and W. A. Mitchell, was ordered to proceed under forced march to the G. B. and W. J. Greer ranch in Edwards county, located on the main draw of the South prong of the Llano river, seven miles above Paint Springs at Green Lake Water Hole, to investigate outlawry, fence cutting, etc. which had been reported to Governor Ireland from that section of country.

We left company headquarters, Camp Leona in Uvalde county, on the Leona river four miles south of Uvalde, on the evening of July 27th, 1884, arriving at Greer Bros.' ranch on the 28th, at 12 o'clock at night, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, crossing the divide from the Nueces river in the late evening and early night to avoid detection or being seen by any one. We also made it a point to avoid all roads and trails and to select rough rocky country over which to travel, leaving no sign of shod horse tracks. In those days when large shod horse tracks were discovered on the Rio Grande border, the cry went out, "Rangers in the country," the news being dispatched "by pony telegraph" to every fugitive and outlaw far and near, and by relay if necessary.

Arriving at Greer Bros.' ranch under cover of the night, and being advised of the conditions and existing troubles, we hastily took in the situation and location of the surrounding country as best we could be by night, outlining the work in our minds that inevitably had to be done from all indications.

As the country was comparatively open, to avoid detection of our presence in the country, it was necessary to send them to a cedar-brake some two miles distant from the ranch, which we did, placing them in charge of one of Greer Bros. ranch hands with instructions to secrete and hold them under guard, only bringing them to the ranch for water

during the night when he would be advised all was quiet and safe to do so.

After our horses were disposed of we proceeded to stack our saddles, bridles and wet blankets, together with our cooking utensils, consisting of a fry-pan, oven, and coffee pot, (a tin can) having been removed from the back of our faithful pack mule, Tony, into a small log cabin, north and some two hundred yards from the upper or west end of the lake, also ourselves and "artillery" where we remained the latter part of the night, taking a few hours of much needed rest.

At the break of day the next morning we surveyed the situation and decided to remain in our little cabin, as the location was on high ground, giving us a good view where we could overlook and see all that passed or repassed about the lake and other points we wished to observe.

On investigation it developed that a small bunch of outlaws, (cow and horse rustlers) had established a camp south and some two hundred and fifty yards from the lower, or east end of the lake, on Greer Bros.' land without their consent; in fact over their protest. It being a very dry season, and water getting scarce the Greers had fenced the lake, the only supply of water, for protection against drifting cattle and roving herds of sheep.

The rustlers would cut and tear down the fence, water their stock, disregarding the rights and ownership of the Greers.

On the morning of the 29th we instructed the Greers to rebuild their fence, which was soon done; after the fence had been rebuilt, about ten o'clock in the morning, four of the rustlers appeared from the west with about fifty head of cattle and some horses. The fence being rebuilt, and a gate being near by, they proceeded to open the gate, instead of taking time to tear down the fence. One of Greer ranch hands stepped into the gateway in protest when one of the rustlers (Mark Hemphill) drew his pistol, commanding him at once to get out of the gate or he would shoot him out, to which order he complied without

hesitation or further protest and stepped aside, for which I did not blame him or condemn his judgment.

The gate was located about one hundred yards from our place of concealment in the little log hut. At this juncture it took quite an effort on my part to hold the boys down, as they were "rearing to go" and anxious to open the ball; but in my judgment the time was not ripe for such action, owing to our position being at a disadvantage at this particular stage of the game. I could see that the "plum was ripening" fast, and when the opportune time came to be plucked, business would pick up, and get much warmer than it was on this already hot day.

In addition to playing for position to "open the ball" we wanted them to commit a more serious offense by cutting and tearing down the fence, or some other crime in our presence, which we were quite sure they would do from their actions. The offense of cutting or tearing down a fence had just been made a felony by act of a special legislature, known as the "Fence Cutting Act." Our judgment proved to be good on this point later in the day.

At about 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon the same parties appeared from the south with another herd of stock, reaching the lake at a point opposite their camp, and near the lower, or east end of the lake, proceeded to cut and tear down the fence at a point where a wire and skeleton rock fence joined, driving the stock into the lake. While they were all down under the bank out of sight we moved ourselves for position to call for a halt and surrender at the proper time and place.

The boys as well as myself, on moving for position, could see there was a chance for a nice little scrap, and began making an invoice of their available supply of ammunition and found their magazines and belts much depleted by reason of rattlesnake shooting being good the evening before crossing the divide. I being the only man having a good supply, hastily divided with the boys; in fact divided until I was short on cartridges myself, having none to spare for decoy or idle shots.

Making a hasty survey of the

ground for position preparatory for the attack, owing to the surroundings, we found it necessary to occupy two strategic points to prevent their complete fortification afforded them by a stone fence; hence we made the decision to split the little force, taking one position myself, and the other boys to a designated point under cover of a small clump of liveoak trees. On our steal for position, arriving at the west end of the lake, I took the north side, while the boys made a run for their point on the south. Simultaneous on arrival at my objective point directly north of the outlaws, they emerged from under the bank of the lake, discovering me, quickly dismounted and taking position beheld the skeleton rock fence as we planned they would do.

I called to them demanding their surrender, to which they made the very positive reply, with an emphasis that meant that the matter was not open for argument—for me "to go to h—l" at the same time firing a shot which was very suggestive of their reply. I had my gun to my shoulder in shooting position and a ball cut me slightly under the right arm.

This opened the ball: We answered them shot for shot, when we could get a shot at their heads over the skeleton rock fence or wall. This rock wall served them as a complete fortification, in that it also served them with port holes through which to train their guns on me; I could see the smoke boil from the port holes, and hear the b-z-z-ziz and feel the wind of their bullets "with much satisfaction" as they were missing me. I dropped to the ground in a sitting position, which was my favorite position in making a long range shot, taking a rest off my right knee, when a bullet hit in front and close to my right knee, plowing up the ground and filling my eyes with dirt, putting me out of the game until I could rub the dirt from my eyes and see to shoot again, when I had them "playing didapper" as I would take a crack when a head appeared above the rocks at a range of one hundred and twenty yards.

This fortification against me didn't last long, as the other boys reached their position with a flank from the south-

west, greeting them with a fusillade of bullets, which was of great relief to me as their target north of the lake. We then had them on a cross-fire.

Unfortunately among the first shots exchanged between the boys and outlaws one of the boys, W. W. Baker, received a wound putting him out of commission. About the same time O. D. Baker, by mistake in loading his magazine, had placed a forty-five Colt's pistol cartridge in his forty-four winchester, which resulted in a hang-up, putting him out of the play until he could retreat behind a small, liveoak sapling and do the finishing act of extracting the pistol cartridge from his gun. In the meantime I spoke a few words to Mitchell to encourage him and steady his nerves, directing him as to his movements for position and he still making music as the ball progressed.

On Baker's return to the scene of action the rustlers were soon rustling for cooler and safer quarters, making a dash for their horses near by, which exposed them to my fire at a distance of some one hundred and thirty yards. Three made their escape, while one fell at his horse with a bullet in his breast, and one through his head, supplemented by three holes in his hat.

Had I been supplied with ammunition I would have killed their horses, placing them on an equal with us as to mounts, but as I thought it best to save what I had for men in case of continued trouble, instead of killing horses.

Considering the battle over I made a run around the west end of the lake to join the boys for investigation and found W. W. Baker wounded. He was carried from the battle ground to the ranch home by the Greers, who had been witnessing the engagement at close range.

Proceeding toward the body of the fallen man, and within some two hundred and fifty yards, emerging from some mesquite brush, I discovered one of the outlaws had returned and was near the body in an attempt to secure the gun and pistol and belt of cartridges of their comrade, as they too appeared to be short on ammunition. We hailed him to halt, when he turned, making a run for his horse which was in hiding in the underbrush only a few yards away. He

was saluted with a couple of shots, striking the ground at his feet, raising a fog of dust. At this juncture the man, six feet three to four inches tall, went straight up in the air and was making a desperate effort to run long before he got back to mother earth. Even though under such serious conditions, this was a real comical movie to me, as it was the first time I ever saw a man running up in the air. We proceeded to the body, capturing the winchester, pistol and belt of cartridges, and adding this capture to our much depleted stock of ammunition, I felt much relieved. The gun showed to contain thirteen forty-four caliber cartridges, the pistol being loaded to its capacity, with some twenty-five to thirty cartridges in the belt. This was quite an item of capture under such conditions, and at this particular time.

As we were on foot, having no mounts on which to pursue the fleeing fugitives, I then turned my attention to our wounded man, who was at Greer's ranch house being taken there by the Greers as before stated. On arrival at the house we found the boy lying on the bed with the blood flowing from a wound in the left side. The proposition up to us at this time was to give first aid, best care under existing conditions, and get a doctor to him as quickly as possible; in the meantime sending a runner to the cedar-brake to bring in our horses from their place of concealment. With a few hasty preliminaries necessary to the trip, and the arrival of our horses, Joe Greer volunteered as courier, and was dispatched to Junction, a distance of some thirty-five miles for a doctor, to notify the proper officials that an inquest was necessary, and to get five hundred cartridges with which to replenish our magazines and belts.

Joe bade us adios and left the ranch for Junction, mounted on my saddle horse "Pinto Grande," just before old Sol hid himself behind the distant hills in the west, on his lonesome ride and errand alone. Late in the evening, and before Joe left the ranch for his Junction ride, a Mr. Gaines and Mr. Turner appeared at the ranch, reporting that they had seen the outlaws six miles up the draw at Gaines ranch where they halted long enough to get a drink of water, in-

forming them of their troubles with the Rangers at the Greer Bros.' ranch and had one of their men killed. They further stated that they were headed for the North Llano river, where they intended to recruit their force to twenty or twenty-five men, and return by daylight of before the next morning to make a clean-up on the Rangers.

With this information we at once began laying plans of fortification, and the taking care of our wounded man during the night; Mr. G. B. Greer and good wife readily volunteered their services as nurses to care for the boy. Returning to the dead body we placed a wagon sheet over it. Mr. Turner went on guard for the night.

We again turned our attention to preparing for the care and comfort of our wounded boy as much as possible under surrounding conditions, as no other water was available except from the lake, and it very warm, we gathered up some tin oil cans and all the buckets at hand, filling them with water and wrapping them with wet salt sacks, rags, old quilts, saddle blankets, in fact everything we could get, placing them in the open air, hanging them up to cool for the purpose of supplying a bucket suspended over the wound with a nail hole in it and kept a small stream of water on the wound to keep down inflammation, pending the arrival of the doctor.

With these arrangements complete and in the hands of our trusty nurses, we then turned our attention to a defense against the threatened attack of which we had been forewarned. Some sixty feet from the ranch house were several large cedar posts that we utilized in the construction of a very handsome little fortification in which we took up our quarters with guns and all available ammunition, including our capture of a few hours before, together with canteens filled with water from the lake to cool a possible "hot-box," during the night. Here we spent the night very comfortably stretched out on the ground at full length, as flat as a "crazy quail in the mountains of New Mexico." Here we three, did agree, entering into a solemn compact, in case of an attack, to each die behind his gun at the port hole, of win the fight.

The boys behaved nicely during the night, but would steal an occasional doze, as they knew I was like an owl on such occasions never taking any chances on napping, no, none for me. At the coming of day I felt very much relieved, if not refreshed, as the night had passed quietly and without incident, except for the occasional barking of two shepherd pups, that I would hiss out as a scout to guard against the approach of the enemy unawares. They were very watchful, and on the alert.

As old Sol showed his bright face the next morning, Pinto Grande nosed into the ranch on his return with Joe on deck, and mi amigo viejo, Dr. Burt, as a close trailer, which I assure you was a great relief to all, especially to the faithful nurse, Mrs. Greer who had been at her post of duty all night, working in the dark, I having used the "no light order" in case of the threatened attack.

Our wounded boy rested easy under the care of his loyal nurse during the night; Joe having returned with an ample supply of ammunition, and a doctor to attend our wounded, and not yet been attacked by the outlaws and their co-pals from the North Llano. I felt greatly relieved and more independent.

On Dr. Burt's examination, probe and dressing of the boy's wounds, he declared them to be healthy and in good condition, that we had done all that could have been done, after which he "dubbed me Dock" of which title, I of course, was very proud. The doctor's statement proved to be correct, in that the boy was able to be in the saddle and on duty again in twenty days.

As the morning passed waiting the arrival of the proper officers who had been notified and requested to hold an inquest over the body as required by law in such cases, a grave was being prepared by ranchmen who had heard of the trouble and had gathered in to render assistance; among them were Messrs. M. N. Bradford, Lum Henderson, Eph. Drago, J. D. Gaines, Jack Turner, Frank Haggerman, and others who I do not now remember.

No officers arriving to hold an inquest by 2:30 o'clock p. m. we were compelled to perform the last rites as best we could under existing conditions, by plac-

ing the body in a grave by the side of one, William Tillery, who had been killed by William Turner, (son of Jack Turner then present and assisting) on June 29th, 1883, just thirteen months to a day before, which occurred on the same identical spot of ground. In preparing the body for burial everything was taken from the body, including a few dollars in money, watch, pocket knife, together with his spurs, gun and pistol, scabbard and belt, which we turned over to Ira L. Wheat, then Sheriff of Edwards county. The matter being given publicity through the newspapers, two of his brothers-in-law, came from Coryell County to see Sheriff Wheat regarding the affair, and to be sure of the identity of the victim. The names of these two gentlemen I do not remember. They identified all of the victims belongings, including his horse, bridle and saddle, except the hat, which the boys had taken to company headquarters as a souvenir of this memorable event.

While the victim was going under the name of John Mason, on investigation it developed his real name was John Bailey, and that he was an escaped convict, having been sent to the penitentiary from Lampasas county for murder several years before. He formerly lived on Cow House Creek, in Coryell county.

Strange to relate, but a fact, William Tillery, heretofore mentioned being killed at Green Lake, and Bailey being buried by his side was also from Coryell county and from the same neighborhood.

I afterwards learned the return of the outlaws from the North Llano as threatened was prevented by a Dr. Coleman, whom I formerly knew when a small boy in Travis county, and who was then ranching in the North Llano country and who was a relative of one of the gang. Dr. Coleman advised and insisted that they match no more trouble with the Rangers, but to "Vamoos' el chaparral," which advice they heeded. I also learned the other outlaws' names were one Brunson, and Bunton—Brunson being the tall "hombre" heretofore referred to who went straight up, and made a desperate effort to run before he descended to where he could get a foothold. He was considered a "bad actor"

and general rustler over the country, and dreaded by all who chanced to know or came in contact with him—except the rangers with whom, at an informal meeting he had received a casual, but memorable introduction.

The Baker's were no kin. W. W. has long since departed this life, passing to the reward to all good Rangers.' While O. D. is a member of the State Legislature. Mitchell is a resident of San Antonio, Texas.

Encouragement from North Dakota.

Mr. A. F. Gamber, of the department of history of the State Teachers' College, Valley City, North Dakota, writes us a very encouraging letter, in which he says:

"It sure was a lucky day for me when you scribbled my name on a wrapper and mailed me a copy of the Frontier Times! Why haven't I been told about this magazine before? Man, this is just the very thing! I suppose you saw my name and address in a recent issue of The Frontier, which is quite a pretentious magazine. But it should be, with the millions of the Doubleday Page Company back of it. You refer to your magazine as a homely thing. Handsome is as handsome does! I say you are doing a handsome and mighty valuable service in publishing these frontier fragments. For example, the Sam Bass book, the Hardin book, etc. Until you published them, they were inaccessible to all of us; only the millionaire book collectors could afford them. But now we can get them for a measly dollar! I'm going to be subscriber to The Times in the future, and I'm going to buy your reprints as they come out. I enclose my check for \$5, for which put me down for a year of enjoyment of The Times and Gillett's "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," as per your special offer of \$3 for both. For the other \$2 send me one copy each of the Bass book and the Hardin book. I look for these reprints of yours in such limited editions to bring some real money within the next few years, with Americana relating to the West soaring as it is at present."

Every old frontiersman will find Frontier Times a real treat.

An Indian Shows His Gratitude

O. T. Word was raised on Caddo Creek, in Hunt county, and when he grew up to manhood, visited his kinsman, Capt. Buck Barry, one of the most noted Indian fighters of his time and whose home was in Bosque county. At the time of this visit Buck Barry commanded a company of rangers and shortly after his arrival the Tonkaways brought in an Indian which they had captured on the headwaters of the San Saba. This Indian was kept under guard by Barry's men several weeks and became an elephant on "Uncle" Buck's hands. He was a quiet, innocent looking sort of cuss, gave the boys no trouble, ate voraciously and seemed always on the alert. His bead-like black eyes took in everything. Every movement, every happening was closely observed and every man's face was studied by the savage as if he were making a mental photograph of his features. At length, Uncle Buck said to O. T.: "Orville, I don't know what to do with that cussed Indian. I hate to kill him; that would look like murder to shoot a prisoner, and I can't afford to turn him loose. Should I set him at liberty he would kill and scalp some woman or child before he crossed the border, steal a horse and get away. If we keep him here, we will have to hold him under guard and feed him and if we give him all he wants in the way of grub he will eat us out of house and camp. So I have decided to turn him over to you. I know that you have no scruples as to shooting an Indian. You take him out on the prairie, say three or four miles and leave him. You can report to me when you get back and say he got away. They never get away on horseback."

Mr. Word took the Indian as directed, but he had no notion of following Uncle Buck's suggestions. He did not have the heart to kill a poor unarmed captive that had never harmed him. The Indian was on foot while O. T. was well mounted. When they had reached a point about five miles from camp he made the Indian promise to be good on condition that he set him free. The savage had picked up enough English to make himself

understood and after making all fair promises he seemed to distrust something and when O. T. drew his pistol and told him to hit the turf a runnin', the Indian hesitated. Evidently he was afraid the white man's gun would go off too soon. Looking O. T. squarely in the eye and without a tremor he pointed upward and said, "Shoot heap up; no shoot me; me run mighty heap." "All right," said O. T., "hit the breeze" and as the Indian bounded away like a scared mustang Word opened fire—in the air.

On his return to the camp O. T. made a true report to the Captain. He told him the Indian had "got away."

Some fifteen or twenty years later Mr. Word was in the territory not far from Fort Sill with cattle. A large number of Indians had gathered around his camp and among these an old breech-clouted Indian who came up, took him by the hand and wanted to hug him. It was the Indian that "got away." His greeting was of the genuine savage cordiality. He told the other Indians that here was the man who saved his life. He told O. T. that he was poor and had no ponies to give him, but he had a nice fat dog that would make a fine mess for his entire outfit. This offer was declined with thanks. O. T. had never cultivated a taste for roast dog. The Indian told him he would do better than that. He would give him a present that he would admire and accept. He hurried off and in a few hours he returned with an outfit that would give an ordinary man a nightmare to look at. The Indian had brogught his harem of six wives and insisted that O. T. take his choice, and if one was not sufficient he might pick out any two of the best looking. One of the wives had found a terrapin while being brought in and while her lord was trying to reward his former benefactor by the gift of a wife, this woman threw the terrapin into the camp fire, covered it with live coals and after a brief time, drew it forth, broke its shell with a rock and ate the half cocked thing with wolfish relish. Mr. Word said that after a brief inspection of the gifts offered he

was compelled to decline the generous proposition, whereupon his whilom friend, the Indian, seized a pair of rawhide hobbles and whipped the wife that had eaten the terrapin. He was wroth because she had not given it to her dusky husband.

But the Indian didn't seem to understand why his former rescuer refused to accept such a noble gift. Turning to his women the old savage said something in the Indian dialect that Mr. Wood didn't understand, but he knew it was something concerning himself. When the Indian had spoken every one of the six squaws made a dash for him and tried to hug him. Mr. Word tore around for awhile and at last they chased him up on the mess wagon where he seized a blacksnake whip and laid about him with such force and effect that he soon put them to flight. The bucks, with the grateful husband, roared with shouts of laughter during the unique performance.

Mr. Word was convinced that the Indian has many faults, but he has the virtue of gratitude and never forgets a favor.

Recalls Camel Corps Days.

Uncle Sam's aspirations to develop his arid lands by imported camel caravans, back in 1856, lie buried from popular American history today, but the escape of a circus elephant fifty miles west of San Antonio a few weeks ago, and his heady efforts to get back to nature recalls the camel project to the National Geographic Society, which described the colony in a bulletin received here.

In the early days of 1856 and 1857, according to the bulletin, two shiploads of camels were imported for use in "the great American desert," believed in those days to be a sort of Sahara of the Western Hemisphere. There were then no transcontinental railways or highways, and hundreds of thousands of square miles of the West were totally unknown. The few trails across the continent were difficult and the lives of those using them were in constant danger because of hostile Indians.

If camels could be employed to carry heavier loads than mules and horses, and go longer without water, it was believed communication could be greatly facili-

tated. The most enthusiastic supporters of the scheme visualized a full-fledged "Camel Corps, U S Army"—a devastating cavalry of the desert that would sweep over the barren regions of the West and keep the Indians in subjection.

Jefferson Davis, then secretary of war, was the most ardent advocate for the project, which was in charge of his department. Seventy-five camels were landed at Indianola, about mid-way of the coast of Texas, and marched westward overland. Sixty miles west of San Antonio at Camp Verde, the government's camel station was established, and for some years the test marches of the camels gave the countryside the appearance of Asia or Africa.

Uncle Sam's camel experiment was a failure not because the beasts could not live in America, but chiefly because the army muleteers detailed to the camel station declared a feud against them from the start. After the first year, when the sicklier animals died off, certain breeds became acclimated and increased in numbers. But these hardy survivors found sympathy only in the few Greek and Turkish camel drivers brought from Syria. The ranchmen and other residents of the country shared the feelings of the muleteers, out of sympathy with their horses and mules, which bolted with terror whenever a camel appeared.

Tests showed that camels were well fitted to work in the Southwest. On one expedition they crossed Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to the Colorado river, and their successful performance was commended highly by the army officer in charge. Even the prejudices of their attendants were somewhat softened, and the desert ponies might have taken an important place in the Southwest; but the Civil War put an end to the experiment. Some of the animals were sold to circuses, some to individuals, and some were turned loose in the rough, uninhabited country in Arizona.—San Antonio Evening News.

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Perilous Times in Uvalde County

In 1863, George Swanser owned a little home on Spring Creek, then within the borders of Uvalde county, where he cultivated a small farm and garden. He also had a small flock of sheep which, while engaged in his farm duties, was herded by Mrs. Swanser and one of their small children. On a certain day in the afore-mentioned year Mrs. Swanser, accompanied by her little son, Albert, a mere child six or eight years old, went with the flock as usual and some time during the day found herself and child surrounded by a large party of Indians, said to have been Kickapoos. These savages showed no disposition to commit murder, but seized the little boy and made off. With all love and instincts of a mother, Mrs. Swanser refused to give up her child without a desperate struggle. Unarmed, save with such weapons as Nature had furnished her and with only sticks and rocks, she rushed upon the captors of her child with demoniac fury, attacking every Indian within her reach in her efforts to rescue her offspring. The Indians began their retreat immediately after the capture of the boy and showed no disposition to do the lady bodily violence further than to repel her furious onslaughts. For six miles over a rough country the unequal contest was kept up by this brave pioneer mother, and it seems that after having reached the summit of a mountain, her persistency provoked the Indians to that degree of savage fury that they murdered her and left her body where it had fallen.

Failing to return with the flock that evening, the husband made search for the missing wife and child and discovering the Indian trail and the mute evidences of a desperate struggle, he soon realized that the hand of misfortune rested heavily upon him. The alarm was given and the few settlers, Wm. Carter being one of the number, promptly responded to the call of distress. The trail was followed three or four miles and lost where the Indians had reached a section of country where their footprints left no impression on the stony ground. Diligent search was made in every direction

for the bodies of Mrs. Swanser and child but at last the quest was abandoned under the belief that both had been borne away into captivity.

News of the outrage was carried to Capt. Wadkins, who commanded a small company of minute men. Mr. Swanser and others of his neighbors fell in with this company and pursued the Indians to the Horse Head Crossing on the Pecos. It seems that the Indians had been watching them all that day and just after dark while the pursuers were gathered around their campfire preparing supper, the savages attacked them. At the first fire a musket ball struck a U. S. belt buckle worn by Mr. Swanser, knocking him down but inflicting no injury. Bill Hill with rare presence of mind put out the fire, while others seized their guns and forced the Indians to withdraw. A parley followed, in which the Indians declared that they had no prisoners and that they had killed Mrs. Swanser and her boy. For some cause the party gave up the chase and returned to their homes. Three years later a Mr. Burges purchased the boy, Albert Swanser, from a band of Indians he met at Presidio del Notre, the ransom being \$500. Mr. Burges for many years owned a large wagon train which operated between San Antonio and points on the Rio Grande. Mr. Burges took the boy to Piedras Negras where he was delivered to his father, George Swanser. On reaching home the lad related the heroism displayed by his mother in her efforts to rescue him from the Indians and of her murder by the inhuman savages. He still remembered the spot where his mother was slain and under his guidance the father and a party of neighbors went to the place and found the remains, which were clearly identified. These were tenderly removed and given Christian burial. Albert Swanser grew to manhood in Uvalde county, married Miss Amy Cox, and several years ago was still residing on the old homestead from whose doorway his mother, in the prime of a vigorous young motherhood, went forth, long years ago, to die in the defense of her child.

Origin of the Famous Alamo Phrase

It is a peculiar circumstance that two New Yorkers, both editors of newspapers, one in New York City and the other in Texas, should have been engaged at the task of telling the world at the same moment in 1836 of the Alamo massacre. The Texas editor, however, through circumstances over which he had no control, did not succeed as did the New York editor. One was Gail Borden, or Gail Borden Jr., as he was known then, of Texas, and the other was James Gordon Bennett of New York. The date was April 14, 1836, just one week before the battle of San Jacinto. Mr. Borden, who later on perfected condensed milk, was a native of Norwich, N. Y., where he was born in 1801. He came to Texas in 1829, and for a time engaged in farming and stock raising, but his eminent qualifications for the work, together with his energy, sagacity and love of Liberty and deeds of heroism during the formation period of the Texas Republic caused Stephen F. Austin, the great Texas colonizer, to appoint him to superintend the official surveys and he was placed in charge of the Land Office at San Felipe de Austin, which office he held until the invasion of Santa Ana's army in 1836. Mr. Borden and others interested with him began the publication of the Telegraph and Texas Register at San Felipe in 1835, and it was issued as a weekly regularly until March, 1836. When the Mexican general pressed on from his murderous work at the Alamo in San Antonio, Mr. Borden moved his office to Harrisburg, on Buffalo Bayou, and an effort was made to resume publication. On the 14th day of April, 1836, remember the date, the forms went to press, and as the sixth copy of the Telegraph and Texas Register came off the press, Santa Ana, who was pushing his way on to an ignominious defeat at the hands of Gen. Sam Houston at San Jacinto, swooped down upon the office. Mr. Borden escaped with the six copies of the paper, but the printers were taken prisoners and the print shop was unceremoniously dumped into the bayou. On this self-same day Mr. Bennett, editor of the New York Herald, was producing

a replica of the sentiments of Gail Borden, as no doubt reflected by the paper which had been so summarily suppressed. No extract from the Register of that date has been preserved so far as our observation has extended, but in the breasts of these great New Yorkers two hearts beat as one and here was given the inspiration which molded that extract from the classics, "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none." Texans, whether by birth or adoption, will have an opportunity for the first time after a lapse of ninety years, to read the words that patriotic editor wrote when the news of the heavy toll Mexico was exacting from Texas heroes reached him, for news traveled slow in those days. The copy of the New York Herald, which calls to action every patriot who loves liberty, was owned by John M. Bennett, San Antonio, and is a curiosity in that it would not do credit to the present Texas town of 2,000 inhabitants. It is four pages and much below the regulation size of the four-page daily paper of today. The copy was presented to Mr. Bennett while he was in New York in 1910 by a friend who delved into old papers and documents of his grandfather, who had preserved it on account of its leading editorial on "Texas." Mr. Bennett himself was a native Texan and was in a position to appreciate it.

The editorial follows:

"TEXAS.

About 480 years before the Christian era a man palsied with fear crossed the Erotas and entered breathlessly the ancient city of Sparta. He soon collected around him a group of old men, women and children. Spartan taciturnity was unbroken—their looks of surprise put the question: "I am from Thermopylae, your King Leonidas is slain. I am the only survivor—300 Spartans held at bay the whole Persian army for ten days—they fell to a man, covered with wounds, defending the liberty of Greece. I only am left to tell. Look at that wound! Rouse, Spartans, rouse!" The news of that disastrous day flew

like lightning from Mount Athos to the remotest shores of Peloponessus. Thebes, Athens, Corinth, all were in consternation. But what of it? Did they despair? Did they despond? The barbarous massacre of Leonidas only roused the deeper vengeance and higher daring the whole people of Greece. Athenians, Thebans, Corinthians, Spartans, Achians and all forgot their local feuds—cast to the winds their private quarrels and united to a man in resisting the military tyranny of Persia, the countless hosts of Xerxes—the myriads of ignorant barbarians who dared to invade the classic soil of Hellas. They assembled at Plataea, they fought, they conquered, they drove the invader back to his jungles and his forests. Greece was triumphant, liberty secure and civilization unscathed.

Such is a brief view of the crisis through which Greece—beautiful, enchanting Greece—passed and for the first time established the principle that courage guarantees freedom, and the blood of the patriot only waters more freely the tree of liberty.

What Thermopylae was to ancient Greece, what Bunker Hill has been to the United States, so will Bexar be to Texas.

The bloody, brutal massacre of the gallant little garrison of Bexar or San Antonio will rouse a spirit of noble vengeance throughout the United States, only to be paralleled by the sensation produced in ancient Greece on the fall of Leonidas being known throughout her smiling land. Alas, poor Davie Crockett! Where be thy sarcasms now, thy shrewd remarks, thy pointed absurdities, thy cunning stories, whose very vanity made thee a delightful study to the philosopher? All gone, all chop-fallen, all lost but in the recollection of those who knew thee.

It is impossible at this distance from the scene of action to realize the horrors of the bloody massacre perpetrated by the Mexicans at San Antonio against bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

The sensation realized at New Orleans, at Mobile, at every town on our western and southwestern frontier, is without a parallel in the history of human excitement since the fatal day of

Bunker Hill, when the blood of free men flowed freely for a similar cause. It is idle, utterly so; futile, completely so, to enter into an examination of miserable technical points in the affairs between Mexico and Texas. Under the form of a legitimate war, Santa Ana has perpetrated deeds more atrocious than those of the pirate on the high seas—of the wandering, houseless Arab of the desert. Not content with overwhelming the gallant little band of 187 patriots, commanded by Colonel Travis, by forty-nine times their number, their very remains are mutilated, their hallowed ashes are scattered to the four winds by those fiends actuated by the spirit of demons and spirited on by the vengeance of hell itself. Is it possible to hold terms at all with such a race of miscreants as these Mexicans have proved themselves to be? No, never! The period of vengeance has arrived, the cup of wickedness is running over. Let the people of the United States rouse as one man, let them demand of their state government the instant recognition of the independence of Texas, let the Mexican embassy be drummed out of the country. They only represent a band of savages worse than the Seminoles. Not a moment is to be lost. The blood of our murdered brethren in the Alamo cries to high heaven for instant and immediate vengeance. The inhuman monster, Santa Ana, has thrown his last cast. The government in Mexico is toppling to its foundation. He cannot conquer Texas. He may restore its peace, its property, its independence, but he never can reduce that beautiful land of the brave and the free, if the people of the United States still retain the slightest throb resembling that which animated the hearts of their glorious ancestors.

Let a meeting be instantly called in the largest hall in New York. The commissioners of Texas are now among us. Let us hear what they have to say. Let us sympathize, let us act."

Was an appeal for the relief to Texas ever more patriotic, and Mr. Bennett little dreamed that on the seventh day of his appeal Texans had vanquished the Mexican general and that Gen. Sam Houston had him at his mercy, but spared his life.

The Old Spanish Trail

The Texas borderland with her sweeping canyons and lofty peaks was first traversed by Cabeza de Vaca in 1535. In his Neufragious or report to King Charles the Fifth he speaks of the Pecos River as "a mighty river running from the North." Raht, in his history of the Big Bend, gives Cabeza's crossing of the Pecos as near the mouth of the Live Oak Creek for that is the only place where the Pecos "flows from the North." This was the crossing of the old Indian trail that De Vaca was following on that long weary journey afoot from the coast of the present Galveston to the West coast of Mexico. He was the first Spanish traveler over this trail of the red man, the trail that throughout time has stood out like a cameo among trails, destined as the great trunkline of the South—The Old Spanish Trail, De Vaca also was the first white man to cross the continent for he landed at Tampa Bay in 1528 and through those years of ambition, struggle and disaster he was at many of the notable spots on the Old Spanish Trail of today.

Next came De Espejo in 1553. He gave the Pecos the name of "Rio de Vacas" on account of the many buffaloes

Mendoza traversed the Trans-Pecos country in 1683. He named the Pecos River the "Rio Salado" or Salt River. He tells in his record of the trip of killing three buffalo bulls near Comanche Springs, the present site of Fort Stockton. De Vaca too was at these springs. They are so notable any crossing of the Trans-Pecos country would include them. Fort Stockton is building into an important Western city through irrigation from these great springs. Auto travelers of the Old Spanish Trail today camp by these springs that through the ages have been the watering and camping place of men and beasts.

Three hundred years ago this trail was followed by daring Spanish adventurers seeking their Eldorado, their dream cities of gold. Side by side with them came the brave Franciscan Fathers risking death and privations, daring to save the savage soul as they bore the banner of the cross.

Following in their wake came the pioneers and adventurers and then the soldiers. The trail became a connecting length between lonely outlying posts scattered through the southwestern borderland. It became the old government road followed by the emigrant trains marching into the sunset of their dreams on the California coast. Over it the heroic drivers speeded the Butterfield stage coaches with mounted guards for protection. Bigfoot Wallace was one of the early drivers pioneering the perilous way across the Southwest.

An advertisement in the Texas Almanac of 1859 of the San Antonio and San Diego Mail Line mentions Fort Lancaster and Fort Davis of this section. The ruins of old Fort Lancaster are now one of the sights on the Old Spanish Trail of today at Live Oak and this ancient crossing of the Pecos River. The town of Sheffield is near by. The next stop of this coach line was the Comanche Springs, now Fort Stockton, then Fort Davis where the old government post is still a respectable ruin.

When the Davis Mountains become a state park travelers over the Old Spanish Trail will follow trails that are baptised with the blood of Indians, Spanish Conquistadores and Padres, and finally of the Anglo-Saxon as he finally conquered the land. This Trans-Pecos country breathes of 400 years of history and was also one of the last stands of Indians and of outlaws as they fought the march of law and order. It too was often traveled by the Spaniard as he sought paths between Mexico and Santa Fe, the second oldest city in the United States.

It today is a southern highway stretching from ocean on the right to ocean on the left and marked through this ranch country by ruins of old forts, by lonely rock-covered groves, by stretches of the old road blasted out of solid rock and that in the olden years were worn down by stage coach and wagon wheels.

On the highest peaks looking down on it are rock mounds marking the last resting place of war chiefs waiting that last call back to these scenes—their own Happy Hunting Ground.

An Old Time Cattle Inspector

In the November 12, 1925, issue of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, there was an article on brand inspection on the National Stock Yards, Ill. (East St. Louis) as conducted by the Texas and Southwestern Cattle Raisers' Association through its inspector, F. L. Campbell. The article, which is herewith reproduced, was written by Ira D. Mullinax, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Campbell is regarded by live stock shippers to that market as one of the best authorities on brands of cattle. He has been in brand inspection work almost continuously since 1898. In that year he went to Kansas City as a representative for the Oklahoma and Panhandle Associations, with headquarters at Woodward, Oklahoma, resigning in 1900. He was stationed at Dalhart in 1905 and 1906 as inspector for the Panhandle Association, resigned, and went back to work with that association in 1912 at Kansas City. In 1916 he resigned to accept a similar position with the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas at Kansas City. He was transferred to the National Stock Yards in 1919.

"Hundreds of miles from their native ranges, it seems as if strayed or stolen steers at the National Stock Yards here would be forever lost to their distant owners. Thousands of branded cattle from the Southwest pass through the yards each year, but each goes before the keen eye of an inspector, whose long training on the range has made every brand as easy to read as a newspaper headline. Strays that have been unintentionally loaded out in another man's shipment are carefully checked up and payment made to the rightful owner.

"It is all carried on in a co-operative way, purely for the cattleman's protection, and, like many other co-operative enterprises, it came about solely through the producers' desperate necessities.

"Cattle inspection by representatives of the big southwestern cattlemen began back in the seventies", said F. L. Campbell, brand inspector at the yards here. "Following the Civil War Texas was

overpopulated with cattle, there were no railroads, and the only way to market was over the long trails to Dodge City and Abeline, Kansas, and other western markets from which cattle were shipped. Strangers who were very careless about the little matter of ownership came into the country, and started to driving all the cattle they could find to the north, and selling them. In other words, the cattle rustler was a busy and prosperous man.

"In order to fight these rustlers and put an end to the big losses, the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association was organized in 1877. When a man's cattle strayed off the home range, often that was the last ever heard of them. At first the Association put trail cutters or inspectors out along the trails. These men knew all the brands and when they found a member's cattle in a strange herd they cut them out and turned them back home or made some settlement with the drover in whose herd they were found.

"These trail inspectors had to be men of nerve, but, of course, they were backed up by all the cattlemen. The association dealt effectively with rustling as it was conducted in those early days. Some cattle stealing still goes on, but our field men or range inspectors are always on the job out in the open country. They know all the brands and keep close tab on every member's cattle."

"Since railroads and big central markets have changed all the old conditions of the range business, some cattle still stray from one herd to another and in various ways get into shipments where they do not belong. In order to protect the producer, the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association has brand inspectors at all the big markets, as far east as Chicago. These men must have wide experience on the range, must know how to read cattle brands and understand their meaning.

"Campbell has several books in which are recorded perhaps 6,000 brands with the name and address of each owner. Almost every conceivable design is used as a brand. There are all sorts of letters and numbers, to say nothing of such

things as hearts, spades, hats, hammers, almost everything that can be branded on the hide of an animal.

"Campbell went from Mississippi to Texas with his parents in the early seventies when Texas was still a frontier country, with Indians and cattle rustlers on every hand. He drove cattle up the old Chisolm trail and other prairie routes to market, he learned to read a brand almost before he learned to read a book. Any brand from Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona or New Mexico is as familiar to him as the face of an old friend.

"Now when range cattle arrive at the yards Campbell looks over all the brands to make sure that they belong to the man who shipped them. If any do not, the stray cattle are sold along with the others, but are weighed separately and the money held till sale or other proof of lawful possession, he must release the strange cattle. The brand inspector then collects payment in the name of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association and sends it to the secretary, E. B. Spiller, at Fort Worth.

"Sometimes it is necessary to rope the cattle and 'pick' the brand, and Campbell still retains his old-time dexterity with the rope. When the cattle come through the winter they are often thin

and longhaired in the spring, so that it is impossible to see the brand. When thousands of cattle are rounded up and shipped it is impossible to pick or cut the brand, so some cattle not the property of the shipper come to the market. There are now about fifty inspectors stationed at the various markets.

"Just to show how the plan works I found three strange cattle in shipments today," said Campbell, picking up his reports and displaying his brand books. "One shipper was pasturing stuff for other men and when his cattle got here it was found he had three strange cows, one head belonging to each of the other three men. An inspection of the brands quickly showed who owned them. Of course confusion is unavoidable where cattle got mixed up, as they often do where large numbers are handled. This protection is particularly important to the man who runs more than one brand. For example, the Stockyards National Bank here has owned cattle under as many as 104 brands—cattle acquired through mortgages and other transactions.

"Under our system of inspection and checking up, the rustler and the crook have a hard time putting things over the way they did in the old range and trail days."

An Incident of the Lost Valley Fight

SOME YEARS AGO one Jim McIntyre, an ex-Texas Ranger, wrote an interesting volume on "Early Days in Texas," and the following account of the Lost Valley fight appeared therein:

"From Fort Jackson I went to Fort Griffin, and sold my buffalo hunting outfit. From there I went to Loving's ranch in the Big Lost Valley, where I learned a big company of Texas Rangers, under Captain Hamilton was camped. Ranger life looked pretty good to me, there was \$40 per month in it, and plenty of plunder. So I applied to Captain Hamilton for admission into his company, and, as I was a large, stout, able-bodied man, with a good gun and a better horse, he was glad to accept me. The

Rangers were camped in the valley near the ranch, and were scouring the country for Indians.

"There was always something doing with the Rangers and we kept the Indians busy keeping out of our way. One day we started out for a scouting trip up the Wichita, and struck a fresh trail. The band numbered thirty-five, and they had evidently just come in from the Reservation. We took up the trail and followed it all day. At dark we stopped to rest our horses and eat a lunch. After a short rest we saddled up and took the trail again. The grass was tall and damp, and we could follow the trail as well at night as by day. We were in the saddle all night, and by twelve o'clock the next day reached the Cox

Mountains, where a great massacre had occurred about eighteen months before. A government supply train on the way to Fort Griffin, in charge of a detachment of soldiers, was attacked by Indians, and only one man escaped, the rest being massacred and the wagons burned.

"The trail led up the side of the mountains and we began the ascent. When we were about half way up, we saw two Indians looming toward us. They wore red blankets, and acted as if they hadn't seen us until they came within 300 yards of our party. Then they suddenly looked up, and turned quickly and ran for a big gap in the mountains, which narrowed down to a cow trail just wide enough for one cow to pass. The Indians played their part well, and though we supposed it was a ruse to lead us into a trap, we knew there were only thirty-five in the band we were following, and did not fear that number, so we gave chase. There were twenty-nine in our party, including Adj. Gen. Jones of Texas, and Tom Wilson, sheriff of Palo Pinto county. We pulled right in after the two Indians, following the trail until we came to a big washout which had formed a basin. In this basin was concealed two hundred Indians, under the leadership of Big Tree and Satanta, where we expected to find only thirty-five. We rode up to within 150 yards of them before we discovered that the original band had joined another and larger bunch. We had just discovered their presence, when they opened fire and eleven of our horses went down and three men were wounded. One had his left arm shot away, another wounded in the leg, while the third received a shot in the back. We charged the Indians and succeeded in stampeding them, much to the consternation of the two big chiefs, who ran in front of them waving their blankets in an endeavor to stop the band. When they got about five hundred yards away, Big Tree and Satanta, who had taken in the situation at a glance and knew they had a tremendous advantage over us with eleven of our horses gone, stopped the stampede. We fully realized the trouble we had gotten into when Satanta and Big Tree had their men lined up again; so we

sought cover in a deep ditch, formed by washouts, which ran through a grove of big oak trees. We tied our horses and brought Billy Glass, who was wounded in the back, and the fellow who was wounded in the leg, whose name I have forgotten, into the ravine with us, to keep them from being scalped. By this time the Indians were coming for us at full gallop. John Cone, whose arm was badly shot up, ran to a creek and dived into a water-pool to hide. Tom Wilson was also cut off from joining us, and took a position behind a big oak tree. Another one of the boys, who had emptied his gun into the advancing Indians, was cut off too, and he started down the creek with two Indians after him. He snapped his gun at them time after time in an effort to check their pursuit, but they followed right after him with drawn lances, until he came to the water-hole where Cone was hiding, when he threw his gun at the Indians and leaping into the pool. Cone, thinking he was an Indian, took a shot at him, but missed, and the Indians gave up the fight and joined the main band.

"The Indians rode pell-mell right up to the ditch, and jumped their horses over our heads. This was our opportunity, and we made the best of it, shooting them as fast as we could fire while they were jumping the ditch. After they had all crossed, we had thirty or forty of the number down. Some were in the ditch, and some fell just after they crossed. It taught them a lesson in regard to charging us, so they withdrew to a small rocky peak about three hundred yards distant, from the top of which they could pick off every one in the ditch at the point where we were located. We moved farther down, to a more protected location, and they kept up a steady fire from the top of the peak, in a vain effort to dislodge us. Sheriff Wilson, who still held his position behind the oak tree, tried several times to join us, but every time he would stick his head out a bullet from an Indian rifle would clip bark too close for comfort.

"In order to keep the Indians busy we would push our hats up on the bank, and they would shoot them off instantly.

"Billy Glass soon began to suffer for

water, and, as he was mortally wounded, Dave Bailey and Knox Glass, a brother of the wounded man, volunteered to go to the creek and get it. It was all a man's life was worth to show his head, let alone go after water, but, as they rode racing horses, they stood a better show than the rest of the boys. The nearest point in the stream where they had to go for water was about three hundred yards distant, and the peak where the Indians had taken up their position was about the same distance, only a little farther up. Bailey and Knox Glass took their canteens, and made a run for the trees where we had our horses tied. They mounted their fleet-footed racers and reached the creek in double-quick time. The Indians, seeing their move, started to cut off their retreat, and we kept up a steady fire on the leaders to hold them back. Bailey was down by the water's edge and succeeded in filling two canteens before the Indians got a good start. Glass, seeing that they would have to hurry to keep from being cut off, said: 'Come on, Dave; they are coming and will cut us off.' 'No, I will fill this one, if they catch me,' was Bailey's reply. He did fill it, and mounted his horse. Glass was off like a flash, and made the ditch where we were entrenched easily, but Bailey failed to take advantage of his horse's fleetness; and was the victim of the most horrible butchery I ever witnessed.

'Instead of letting his horse out, as Glass did, Bailey seemed confused and held him in. His horse was exceptionally fast, and, with the bad start, he had a chance to make it; but he did not head straight for the ditch, and in a few seconds the Indians had him cut off. They closed in on him, driving him around in a circle, all the time shooting arrows into him and yelling with fiendish glee. We were powerless to come to his rescue, as the only way we could cope with such a large body of Indians was by fighting them from cover. Our ammunition was running low, and only eighty rounds of cartridges remained, when the adjutant-general ordered us to cease firing. He saw that saving Bailey was out of the question, and it was absolutely necessary that we reserve our ammunition, in the event of a charge from the main body of

Indians, which was likely to take place at any time.

'After shooting seventeen arrows into Bailey's back, they rode up and pulled him from his horse. Then we were compelled to witness the most revolting sight of our lives. They held Bailey up in full view, and cut him up, and ate him alive. They started by cutting off his nose and ears, then hands and arms. As fast as a piece was cut off they would grab it and eat it ravenously as the most voracious wild beast.

'We were hardened to rough life, and daily witnessed scenes that would make a 'tenderfoot's' blood run cold; but to see Dave Bailey die by inches and eaten piece-meal by the blood-thirsty Comanches and Kiowas made our hearts quail. We could see the blood running from their mouths as they munched the still quivering flesh. They would bat their eyes and lick their mouths after every mouthful. The effect of these disgusting movements on us was but to increase our desire for revenge, and we often had it later on. After eating all the fleshy parts of our brave comrade, they left him lying where they had captured him and returned to the peak. The Indians remained on the peak or behind it until dark, and we spent the rest of the afternoon in the ditch, but keeping a good lookout. We had ceased firing as Adj. Gen. Jones's orders were not to fire until they were within fifty yards of us, so we could secure the ammunition of the dead or wounded Indians. However, none came near; but there were plenty of dead ones on all sides, that we had killed before our ammunition ran low.

'Along in the evening Billy Glass died, the Indian bullet having penetrated his stomach and lungs. About 8 o'clock we took the remains of Glass and struck out for Fort Jackson, twenty miles away, to get reinforcements from the soldiers quartered there. As soon as we were well on the road, and felt safe from pursuit, we dug a grave and buried Glass.'

Frontier Times has on hand at this time fourteen copies of the old Blue Back Spelling Book. We will sell these at 30c per copy, as long as the supply lasts. Order today as a keepsake.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times. We have only certain issues which we can furnish to those desiring back numbers. All subscriptions are entered to begin with the current issue.

Miss Muriel Straithmore, nationally known writer and novelist sends us this cheering message: "I think the February issue of Frontier Times is the most interesting I have ever had. It is packed with delightful articles."

Hon. J. P. Byrne, of the Texas Supreme Court, Austin, sends in his subscription to Frontier Times, with the following message: "The purpose of your magazine, and the subject matter dealt with has always an intense interest for me, and I would be pleased to have a complete file of your publication."

Capt. D. K. Taylor of Austin, who is at present a State Game Warden, will soon issue a book giving his experiences on the frontier of Texas. The book is now being written for him by J. Marvin Hunter, editor of Frontier Times, Captain Taylor has spent more than fifty years on the Texas border, as an Indian fighter, Texas ranger, and peace officer, and his book will recount many thrilling experiences.

Watch for the expiration slip and renewal blank which will be found in your Frontier Times when your subscription expires. As soon as you receive it fill it out without delay and send back to us. If you lay it aside with the intention to send it later, you may overlook the matter, and thus fail to receive your magazine for an issue or two. We cannot promise to supply missing numbers as the demand for Frontier Times is steadily increasing and keeps our supply exhausted.

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Mrs. Kathleen Randle, aged 82, who was born at Washington-on-the-Brazos, the first capital of Texas, died at Dallas, Texas, January 7th.

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While Gen. Houston's army was retreating from Gonzales, some of his men camped near a widow's home and made fires of her fence rails. The brave woman gave the culprits a piece of her mind, and just then Gen. Houston rode up and tried to pacify her by saying that as soon as he whipped Santa Anna, he would return and compel his men to make rails for her until she was satisfied. "You'll never come back," she screamed "You cowardly old rascal, you'll keep a-runnin' as long as long as your lazy legs will carry you. You look like whuppin' Santa Anna, you a-runnin' like hell an' a-go'in' so fast your men can't keep up with you, jest stoppin' long enough to burn a poor woman's rails!" Gen. Houston rode away smiling, and when he became president of Texas he sent her a fine clock as a gift, and saw that she was paid for her rails.

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A Drive from Texas to North Dakota

Written for Frontier Times by Samuel Dunn Houston, San Antonio Texas

I will write of a trip that I made up the old cow trail to the far Northwest in 1876, just fifty years ago, with Mack Stewart as foreman.

On the 10th of March, 1876, all of the men who were to go with the Ellison & Dewees cattle up the trail were at the Ellison ranch the day before we were to start. There were eight outfits, with eleven men to each wagon. The foremen were Mack Stewart, Monroe Harde- man, Tom Osborn, Giles Fenner, Little Jim Ellison, Coleman James, Bill Green and Bellport. Each man had six horses to his mount, and there were two yoke of oxen to the wagon. On the 10th we headed southwest to receive our herds, going by way of Seguin and Floresville, crossing the San Antonio river just above Floresville at the Lodi Crossing, and headed for the Tom Dewees pasture, fifteen miles below on the south side of the river. We reached this pasture on the 16th of March and remained there in camp for two days waiting for R. G. (Dick) Head. When he arrived he sent Coleman James and Bellport on to the old Randow Ranch to get two herds down there. The other six outfits got their herds out of the Dewees pasture. On the 19th we made our first round-up. We made a sweepstake drive and gathered five thousand steers. I thought they were the biggest steers I ever saw in my life. They had the longest horns I ever saw on cattle. After rounding up and when the cattle became quiet, we strung them out up the fence and Mack Stewart and Dick Head counted off twenty-five hundred head, then threw the others back. Dick said to Mack: "This is your herd; tear down the fence and let them outside." The balance of the round-up was held inside by the other outfits. After putting the herd through the fence we had to hold them all night, and

they were quiet. Mack Stewart had a good bunch of cowboys in his outfit. Captain Smith and Mat Coates were Seguin boys, Tull Roebuck, George and Edgar Adams were from Luling, while I was from Lockhart. The next morning Dick Head came to our camp and counted our herd ever to see if we had our number. The count was right, twenty-five hundred head, and we were ready to move west. That was on March 21st. Mr. Head told Mack Stewart that Little Jim Ellison's herd would follow him up and we were to take the Devil's River route. We then headed for San Antonio. Nothing of interest happened from there to San Antonio, only Little Jim was delayed in getting started from the pasture. We had a very brushy drive, and arrived at San Antonio on March 27th, and camped near Mitchell's Lake several miles south of town, and nooned on the 28th on the river just below town, near where the old fair grounds were once located. We grazed the herd up the Alazan Creek while Mack took the chuck wagon through town to get our supplies for the trip. There wasn't a house to be seen on the Alazan Creek. We camped that night on Prospect Hill, about three miles from town. The steers were very thin and we had had no trouble with them up to that time. That night Mack doubled the guards and let half of the boys go to town to have a good time. The other half were allowed to go to town the next morning.

We grazed the herd out that morning, the 29th, to where the Lady of the Lake is now located, where we nooned. The boys returned to camp from town just at noon, and when they rode up they began "showing off" and Joe Smith, of Lockhart was bruised up considerably when his horse fell with him. He had

to ride in the mess wagon for a couple of days.

We took the old Spanish Trail and moved on. Our next water was at Leon Springs, and from there to the head of the Guadalupe river we had a rough country. We passed Charlie Schreiner's log cabin on the 6th of April, and bought all of the tobacco he had in his little store. That was the size of Kerrville then. We still had a lot of rough country ahead of us from there until we crossed the Divide. On April 13th it began to rain, and as our cattle were becoming very sore-footed, we headed for Little Devil's River, almost due west. There was water everywhere. We grazed the herd almost two days and reached Little Devil's River on the 17th, then we felt better, but we did not go into the river for two or three days as the river was on a rise and we could get plenty of water in the breaks. On the 21st we fell in on the river for water. That was some job, getting in and out of that river. When we got back out, Mack Stewart said: "Dick Head was never in this country I know. If he had been here he never would have sent us this route." We watered five times on that stream, and it would take us a half day to get in and out. The boss said one morning, "Boys we will head due north and strike the South Coneho." So we strung the herd off the bed ground and made a good day's drive. On the 27th of April we reached the South Coneho and lay over on the 28th, while Mack rode all day and picked out our route. From that time on we had it easy. Our next water was the North Coneho, and by the time we reached there our cattle were mending right along. We passed Fort Coneho, and that night we camped twenty miles above the fort. That night the Indians got between our wagon and our horses and ran them off, leaving only the horses we had on the stake. Mack Stewart sent Joe Smith and myself back to Fort Coneho for help. We got back to camp with the soldiers about sunrise the next morning. Mack Stewart, Mat Coates, Cap Smith and Joe Smith went with the soldiers to follow the Indians, leaving the rest of us with the herd. On the eighth day they returned with the stolen horses, having overtaken the redskins on

the Canadian river, killed three of them and recaptured the horses. While they were absent we who had stayed with the herd had to lead our horses and herd about so we could ride around the herd at night.

Mack Stewart had picked out the route for the herd as he was coming back, so we had nothing to fear and only to guard, against the Indians. After they returned with the horses we made a day's drive, found plenty of grass, and had to lay over one more day because the boss was dissatisfied with the route and thought we were going too far west. Next morning Mack left camp at daylight to make another run for water and grass. He rode all day and returned to camp at 10 o'clock p. m., reporting that he had found an old trail that he believed went out by Mobeetie. So that was our route. We left Mobeetie to our left, and had plenty of grass and water. We passed Mobeetie on the 12th day of May, still on a plain trail, and when we reached the Canadian river it was on a big rise. We made a raft of logs, took the chuck wagon over, then threw the herd in and went right across. Our next river was old Red River, which we crossed without much trouble. From there we went up Sweetwater, through the old Ikard range, passed Ikard's ranch, and there hired two half-breed Indians as guides to go as far as Dodge City with us. We then had plenty of help until we reached Dodge City. On the Fourth of July, when we had just crossed the Arkansas River, we met John T. Lytle, R. G. Head and D. R. Fant. They were sitting in a hack on the north side of the river waiting to see the old Texas herd. I was left-hand pointer, and I rode up to the hack and shook hands with the big bosses, and Dick Head said: "Sam, the old steers look fine, don't they? They are almost ready for market now. How is your loss?" I said, "I don't know, but I don't think we are out many cattle. We had a fine trip and plenty of grass and water." About that time my bedmate, Tull Roebuck rode up and shook hands with them and Dick said to him: "Kid, you need a shave." Then the bosses began to pass out cigars and candy to us, and Mr. Lytle said to me, "Sam, your cattle are better than mine." That made

us boys feel good, and we were mighty proud of the old herd then. Mack Stewart came up and told Tull and I to drift the lead cattle over towards Duck Creek, and we went off puffing our cigars. Tull Roebuck was the best trail hand I was ever on the trail with. He and his partner went on guard at 12 o'clock at night. I and my partner went on guard at 10 o'clock and came off at 12. It was my duty to wake the third guard, and I must say I never had to awaken Tull Roebuck. When I came in to camp and got off my horse, Tull was always up and pulling on his boots or out ready to mount his horse. I think he must have slept with one eye open all of the time. And he was always the first one to the herd in time of danger or stampede, was always quick in his actions, and never said, "I can't go."

There were only three herds in sight of Dodge City when we reached there. Our herd was the first to cross the Arkansas River at Dodge in 1876. The other herds were all on this side of the river. One herd belonged to John T. Lytle, one to D. R. Fant, and the other herd belonged to C. C. Slaughter of near Fort Worth. It was Slaughter's trail which we found above Mobeetie. We filled our grub wagon and that evening struck camp on Duck Creek. The next morning Dick Head and Capt. Lytle came out to our camp and took dinner with us. They brought more candy and cigars, and after dinner Mr. Head gave Mack Stewart his orders where to go with the old steers. He said: "Mack, you will have to blaze the trail from here to Ogalalla, Nebraska. It is only three hundred miles—just over the hill—fifty miles above Platte City, and about northwest from here." Dick knew Mack was a good old scout, and that he would take those steers through all right. We stayed in camp that evening, and early the next morning Mack got on his best horse and gave us orders, saying: "Now boys, don't let the herd graze. String them off the bed ground, and follow me," and and went off in a lope. Joe Smith and I pointed the herd in the direction we saw him go. About 9 o'clock the cattle wanted to graze, so we held up the lead cattle, and by 10 o'clock we looked ahead and saw Mack ahead of us on a high hill

waving his hat. The herd was then about four miles long. He signaled us to hold them up, and we rode in front of the leaders and everything went to grazing as they came up. We made from twenty-five to thirty miles a day from Dodge City, Kansas, to Ogalalla, Nebraska, with fine grass and plenty of water all the way. Mack Stewart could make better time with a herd of cattle than any man I was ever with. He always had everything in the saddle and strung his herd from the bed ground. That was how he made such good time.

On the 6th of July we started our herd from the bed ground at daylight headed for the South Platte, and we came up on top of the hill overlooking Ogalalla on the morning of July 17th. We grazed down to the river and struck camp, and Mack crossed the river to learn if that town was Ogalalla. He did not see anyone there that he knew, and came back and said, "Yes, that's our town, Ogalalla, but Dick Head is not there, so we will rest up until he comes." We had it fine for a couple of days, and on the 19th Mr. Head came down to the river and waved his white flag. Mack went over to the city and when he returned to camp he said, "Boys, we are just half way. We are going to take this herd to Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota."

The next morning we made preparations to put the herd across the South Platte river. It was almost a mile wide, and was the widest stream I had ever pointed a herd across, although it was not swimming, just about belly-deep. We went through town and headed for the North Platte river, ten miles further on. That was another sea of water. We camped that night in the valley on the North river. Now, I won't detail much of this trip from Ogalalla to the Standing Rock Agency. We did not cross the North Platte until we reached Fort Laramie. We had a fine drive until we crossed the river. On the whole trip from Texas all of the way we had only two or three stampedes, which is remarkable. I have never gone on the trail that we did not have a run every few nights, and sometimes every night, and I have made twenty-five or thirty

trips up the trail. But this was an exceptional drive.

On July 28th we camped near the Court House Rock. Tull Roebuck rode up to me and said, "Sam, there is no end to this trail. I guess we are headed for the North Pole." We reached Laramie Crossing on the 10th of August, and from there on we had a hard drive, a crooked trail, deep canyons and long drives for water until we struck the Missouri River. We reached the river on August 21st, and had to raft our wagon over. Then we had to make a forty mile drive to the next bend of the river for water. After that we had water every day from there to the Agency, where we arrived on September 13th. That was a long drive. On the 14th we counted the Texas steers over to C. D. Woolworth and his boss.

They got the chuck wagon and what grub we had. We remained there two days, washing our duds, shaving up and getting ready to start back to Texas. The ranch boss sent us to the U P depot headed back to Ogalalla. On the 21st we arrived on the South Platte, got our pay checks, and hit the railroad for Texas. We reached Lockhart, our starting point, on October 16th, and when we arrived there Tull Roebuck said, "Sam, we are once more on our old bed-ground."

That has been fifty years ago. I am now the only man living who made that trip. Even our old negro cook is dead. This was copied from one of the diaries I kept on my trips in those days of long ago.

Interesting Bits of History

By Calhoun McCutcheon, Student in Taylor (Texas) High School

On the sixteenth of December the American History classes of Taylor High School headed by Miss Emmons, our teacher, started on a tour of Williamson county. The object of this trip was to visit all the historical places in the county.

We left Taylor at eight-thirty o'clock and headed for our first destination, Rockdale. About six miles north of there is the site of the old Kolb's Gin. Here near the junction of Brushy Creek and the San Gabriel River is where the Sau Xavier group of missions were founded. The missions were founded in 1746 and at first met with unusual success. All went well until some of the mission Indians went on a warpath and never entered the missions again. Then a plague of small pox broke out and diminished the ranks of the neophytes to nearly one half their former number.

About this time the garrison was strengthened by soldiers from Mexico. Immediately the priests and soldiers clashed. One evening, as a man was standing in the door of a mission, he was shot down by an arrow. A priest sprang forward to him and in turn was fatally injured. The soldiers were sus-

pected of the crime but nothing could be proved. As a crowning misfortune the river dried, the odor of the decomposing fish became unbearable and nearly all the remaining mission Indians departed. In despair the priests abandoned the missions without waiting for permission and returned to Mexico.

The next point in our itinerary was Laneport. To reach this we passed through the village of San Gabriel. Here a man that was digging a well uncovered so many bones and skulls that he had to abandon work.

From Laneport on the way to Cireleville, where an Indian trading post used to stand, we passed the old Hoxie Ranch house. It consists of thirty-two rooms, and has a number of large cellars, in one of which used to be a butcher shop. The old ranch contained many acres but is now divided into farms.

At Georgetown, our next stop, we ate dinner and then went out to the swimming pool. Here an ancient Indian village stood. Its exact location had not been known but in making excavations for the swimming pool, the workmen found many arrow heads, Indian pottery and other relics, establishing definitely the site of the village.

From Georgetown we went to Leander, where we were joined by Ex-Senator Faubion. He accompanied us to the scene of the Webster massacre where he related to us the outstanding events. Webster was born in West Virginia, later falling heir to a large plantation of slaves. He heard about the many opportunities to acquire land in Texas and decided to try his luck. Accordingly he took his family and with a party of white men, boarded a ship for Galveston. The Websters landed in Texas on March 25, 1836. As war was raging between the newly established republic and Mexico, Captain Webster volunteered his services. He and his party fought in the battle of San Jacinto, after which they settled at Hornsby's Bend on the Colorado River. From there he bought land in several different counties. It transpired that he had obtained a very fertile strip of land in Burnet county and he decided to go there and build a fort. So in the early part of 1839, Webster with his family and 14 men, and six ox-wagons filled with supplies, set out on the long trip. The caravan had not gone very far when two of the wagons broke down and had to be abandoned. After an arduous journey, the party reached their destination, finding about 1,000 Comanches there. Webster hastily turned back, thinking to escape, but he was delayed all night when crossing the San Gabriel. They were overtaken by the Indians on the banks of a stream near the present town of Leander. The men formed the wagons into a corral, and prepared to receive the attack of the Indians. The fight began at sunrise and lasted until half past one when the last white man was killed. The Indians captured Mrs. Webster and her children and withdrew to a camp on Devil's River. After one futile attempt Mrs. Webster finally effected her escape and set out towards San Antonio. She and her children were scantily clothed and lived on berries and anything else they could digest. The escaped captives were nearly exhausted when they sighted a wagon train, which they hailed. They were brought into San Antonio and cared for, and witnessed the "Council House Fight" in San Antonio.

Mrs. Webster with her daughter decided to return to Virginia but the boy refused to leave Texas. He was left in the care of General Sam Houston. He was later killed in the Mexican War. The daughter married a Mr. Stribling but afterwards married Mr. Simmons and is now living in California.

Another point of interest near Leander is the site of an old blockhouse. We were shown a tree where a look-out for Indians was kept. From here we went to Round Rock and visited the place where Kenney's Fort used to stand. It was founded by Dr. Kenney in 1839. Here was where the "Archives War" took place. The fort was raided in 1841 by Indians but was uninjured.

Certain Back Numbers.

We have a limited number of certain back numbers of Frontier Times which we offer at 25c per copy while they last. Or we will send a set of fifteen of these numbers, including the two pamphlets, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," and "Adventures of a Mier Prisoner," for only \$3.50, cash with order. These numbers are made up of issues of May, June, July, August, October, November and December 1924; February, March, April, May, June, July, August and September, 1925. Issues not mentioned in this list cannot be supplied. If you want one of these sets order early, for the quantity is very limited. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Hy. J. Bowles, 305 Houston Building, San Antonio, writes: "I am sending my check for \$1.50 for renewal subscription to Frontier Times. I enjoyed reading the "Green Lake Water Hole Fight," between Texas Rangers and the fence-cutters. I know all the ranger boys mentioned, and also know Mark Hemphill on the opposite side. I have heard O. D. Baker and Hemphill go over this fight in a friendly way, one saying, "I would have got you if you had not got behind the rock fence," and the other would say, "I would have gotten you but you were behind a tree," etc. I acted as guide for Sergt. P. C. Baird in 1884, raiding some cattle thieves in Uvalde and Edwards counties."

Beef Gathering in '71 Was Thrilling

Captain James B. Gillett, in the Cattleman

In the spring of 1871 I was working with Robert Trogdon's cow outfit. Mr. Trogdon lived in Brown county, Texas, and was considered one of the big cattlemen of his time. He contracted to gather and deliver 2,000 big steers to be driven up the trail. At that time (1871) all of Western Texas was an open frontier—there was not a pasture of any size in that part of the State. Barbed wire had not been invented.

The woods and prairies were full of wild cattle. Mr. Trogdon decided to go south of the Colorado river and into what is now McCulloch County. We began work at the Hall pens on Big Brady creek near where the fine town of Brady now stands.

We had no mess wagon but we carried our provisions and bedding on pack horses. Our supplies were flour, coffee and salt. We were not burdened with can goods, potatoes and "lick" like the big outfits had in the later years. We had no special cook—everybody cooked and it was wonderful to see how quick twelve or fifteen hungry men could cook a meal, especially when they had only bread to bake, meat to cook and coffee to boil.

We killed a beef almost every day—anybody's beef just so it was fat. It was not considered stealing. Other cow outfits did the same thing so this evened up matters. I ate my neighbor's beef and he ate mine. Besides a calf or yearling was not worth much then.

Every cowboy of that day and time carried either a six-shooter or a Winchester. While these weapons were bundlesome and in the way, they had to be carried for self-protection as Indians hung on the flanks of all cow outfits in that western county just watching for a chance to steal horses or kill a cowboy.

We found cattle had drifted in on the Bradys from everywhere, especially from the northern part of the State. I have seen big old Texas steers on the head waters of the Nueces river in Uvalde county, that were owned in Palo Pinto county, nearly 300 miles to the north. When the cold northers blew

they just drifted south. There was no one to turn them back on their range. Those were the cattle conditions in Western Texas not long after the Civil War. It was not an uncommon thing for a prominent cowman to own 150 to 200 brands. He would buy out the small cowman's brand range delivery. Sometimes there would not be a dozen head of cattle in one brand but it all counted up in the end.

On this particular work we gathered 100 to 150 steers each day. None but the most choice beeves were selected. Regardless of whose brands they were—that was the custom then. We soon had more cattle than the pens would hold and had to herd out. Bringing in fresh cattle every day made the herd restless and uneasy. Mr. Trogdon divided his cowboys into two guards. The first guard watched until midnight and the second or last guard held the herd until morning.

On our way home we crossed the Colorado river near the old Beasley settlement. The approach to the river on the south side was a smooth prairie country, dotted here and there with mesquite brush. On the north side of the river it was quite hilly and rough.

As we approached the river the cattle were strung out about five or six hundred yards traveling beautifully. It was just high noon and a pretty April day. Mr. Trogdon, riding in the lead of the herd, watered his horse, crossed the river and took a position on some high hills two hundred yards to the north where he could have a good view of the entire herd. The lead cattle watered, crossed the shallow ford and began grazing on the hillsides. Probably half the cattle were over the river and in some way loosened some big rocks that went bounding down the mountain side right into the river where hundreds of cattle were standing in the water drinking.

They were badly frightened and there began one of the wildest stampedes a person ever saw. The cattle ran back the way we had come, and like a band of sheep the cattle on the north side of

the river followed and fairly knocked the water out of the river as they crossed over in their mad flight. I then a boy of fifteen years of age, was bringing up the tail cattle. There were no drags, every animal was big and fat and as wild as they make them. I was riding a half-broke mustang pony we had captured on the Bradys. I saw the on-rush of the cattle coming. They were spread out probably one hundred yards wide and coming like lightning. I saw that I could not turn to the right or to the left and get by.

I turned my colt quickly around, sat down on him and plying quirt and spurs, I gave him a ride that would do justice to the best jockey that ever lived. But it was no use—I was soon right in the middle of this flying herd. I could easily have reached out with either hand and patted a big old steer on the back. Soon they had all passed on.

These cattle ran back about six miles before the boys could hold them up and get them quieted down. Three steers were killed where they crossed the river. Some eighteen or twenty head had horns knocked off, hips knocked down and legs broken.

More than one hundred head escaped into the brush. Two of our cowboys left back on the Brady's to hunt some ponies we had lost said they met some of those old steers fifty miles south of where the stampede had occurred the day before and they said they knew how to pay with the herd.

These cattle could never be trusted again. They would become frightened at the flight of a quail or the running of a rabbit. The very day we turned them over to the trail outfit an old buffalo bull walked out of a thicket near where the steers were grazing which threw them into a bad mill and it was some fifteen or twenty minutes before we could get them straightened out.

When we reached home with our steers Mr. Trogdon sent to Brownwood, the county seat, for the inspector. This inspector, stationed at some convenient place with book and pencil in hand, would set down the brand and mark of each steer that was cut out by Mr. Trogdon or his assistant. The inspector never asked any questions as to whom the

steers belonged. When the herd was shaped up the inspector went back to town, put these brands in a record book that was kept for that purpose and signed by the man that had used the cattle.

I remember an amusing thing that happened. While inspecting this herd Mr. Trogdon cut out a fine steer, called out to the inspector, "Branded with a busted spider marked under slope of each ear."

The inspector asked what he called that brand and Mr. Trogdon repeated:

"A busted spider." The inspector said: "Well, I wish to see that brand and see how it is made." He got on his horse, rode out to the herd and found the steer had some kind of a blotched brand that looked as much like a busted spider as anything else.

In those days at the end of the year frequently cattlemen would meet at the county seats and examine the brands. If Mr. Trogdon had used 100 head of Lev Baw's steers during the year and Lev Baw had used 125 head of Mr. Trogdon's steers, Mr. Baw paid Mr. Trogdon for twenty-five beeves. Of course steers that we gathered a long way from home were never paid for because their owners were too far away to examine the records. This was a loose way to do business but they did it just the same. Surely there are plenty of cowmen still living in Texas who will remember these circumstances as I have related them and who have had more experience and can tell the story better than I have told it. Let's hear from them?

I still continued to be a cowboy during those exciting and interesting times. In 1874 the legislature passed a law requiring each cowman that was operating in the State of Texas to secure a power of attorney from the owner before using one's cattle. This put many little cowmen out of the cow business as the big cattlemen refused to exchange power of attorneys with them, which was perfectly natural.

And it is said by many that this was the beginning of cow stealing in Texas, and caused the cattlemen of Texas to organize the Cattle Raisers' Association some fifty years ago. It is the biggest and the best institution of its kind in the wide, wide world.

A VISIT BY TWO INDIANS

By Frank P. Banta, Voca, Texas.

At the close of the Civil War, 1865, we lived thirteem miles west of the town of Burnet, near the Colorado river in what was known as Banta's Bend. My father, D. R. Banta, my uncles, John Banta and Jim Stokes, were living at our house, and one day some of the family noticed an unusual rattle of the horses bell and on looking in the direction of the sound, about a quarter of a mile away, discovered the cause of the disturbance among the horses. Two Indians had them rounded up and were trying to drive them away. The horses were in an opening near a liveoak thicket, and as some of them were hobbled they were slow to drive. On seeing the Indians the men at the house grabbed their guns and took after the horses. In a very little while they could tell from the sound of the bell that the horses had turned back toward home. My father and Uncle Jim Stokes took a near cut to meet the horses, while uncle John Banta took a straight course. As an Indian came out into an open space Uncle John dropped down on one knee, took deliberate aim, but his gun would not fire, as the trigger would not throw the hammer. He tried several times with the same result. When the Indian saw that the gun would not shoot, he turned on his horse, shook his bow at him and rode off. When father and Uncle Jim reached the place where they knew the horses would come out, the Indians saw them and evidently decided it would be unhealthy to come closer, so they turned and ran toward Long Mountain, about two miles away. Most of the rifles at that time were equipped with set or double triggers, and the wood of the stock bound the hammer in a way that the trigger would not throw it.

After they got the horses back to the house, and everything had quieted down, Uncle John decided to examine his gun and find the cause of its failing to fire. He pulled the trigger and bang! it went, the bullet missing me by a small margin, and found lodgement in a log of the house. We could not figure out why that gun refused to fire at an Indian, but worked so easily when he tried it at the house. We had some consolation though

in the fact that we had prevented the Indians from driving our horses off. I have heard it said that when an Indian was killed the others in passing through that section would go out of their way in order to get a chance to kill some one at that place, so it may have been for the best that Uncle John's gun failed to fire. I was only a small boy then, but I felt as large as any of the men on the place.

Curley Hatcher of Myrtle Point, Oregon, in sending in his renewal subscription to Frontier Times, says: "Please find enclosed my check for \$1.50 for which set my subscription up one year, and send me a copy of the old Blue Back Spelling Book. I expect to travel this summer in Canada with my running horses, but want to have the magazine to read when I get home next fall. If I was a good scribe I could write some interesting experiences of my life on the Texas frontier. The skeleton mentioned in Mr. C. W. Hunt's narrative in the March number of Frontier Times was evidently that of the chief I killed in 1874, and for whose scalp Captain Maltby paid me fifty dollars, as the location mentioned is near where I killed that Indian. I believe, however, that Mr. Hunt is mistaken about the dates of the blooded cattle, for Clay Mann shipped in a carload of registered Hereford bulls and brought them to Camp Colorado in Coleman county in 1876. In 1876 the stages ran from Fort Worth, Texas, to Fort Yuma, Arizona, by Coleman, Fort Concho, and crossed the Colorado at Guess' Ranch, sixteen miles below Fort Chadbourne."

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Sherrard's Cave in Burnet County

By Mary Johnson Posey

Why not know Texas first? Almost within the shadow of the capitol we have a Cave in many ways equal to the Carlsbad Cave of which so much has been said through the press. It seems to me Texas should know what they have at home before going into Mexico to see something, whose equal they have left behind in their own state.

In Burnet County lies Sherrard's Cave, a place well worth visiting. Beautiful in its interior as a fairy castle, it was once the stage whereon both romance and history were staged in days gone by, and the stellar roles were played by some of Texas' most famous sons.

This cave is eight miles from the town of Burnet, upon a splendid road that winds through the magnificent hill country, whose scenic effects are unequaled anywhere. Easily accessible, it should be put upon the map as one of Texas' wonders, and brought to the attention of sight seeing parties, who yearly hunt something worth while to see upon vacation trips.

The entrance to the cave is one great chamber whose walls are pink quartz indescribably beautiful. From this grand chamber others branch off also of this lovely delicately colored, sparkling stone. There is a spring of water which bubbles up ice cold, apparently from solid rock. There is a lake of water, the walls about it festooned with magnificent stalagmites of exquisite colorings. In this lake are blind fish.

There is a giant shoe upon one wall which looks like some giant of old might have left the imprint of his foot there. One wall has an enormous figure three in its rocks. There is a devil's passage where one has to leave a light in order to find their way back, and this leads to grottoes and rooms as rich and rare as any that Alladdin ever visited. It is thought that this cave is some fifteen miles in length but it has never been thoroughly explored.

Years and years ago, when Texas was indeed the wild and woolly west, when countless herds of buffalo restlessly roamed her prairies, when numerous

Indian villages were hidden in the fastnesses of her purple hills, Sherrard's Cave was the refuge of Father Francisco, a Catholic priest, who was a zealous missionary bent upon christianizing the Indians who at that time far outnumbered the white settlers of Texas. He made his home in this cave, and by degrees won the confidence of the Indians, who in time came to love and honor him above all else. The good father, realizing what power was his, and that he might use it for the good of his own race and stop the red marauders from murder and pillage, became the chief of a band of savages whom he ruled absolutely. Had death not intervened, it is probable that a different story of the Indian warfare might have been written.

Years after the death of Father Francisco, Sherrard's Cave again was the setting for a thrilling exploit in which one Logan Van Devere, hero of San Jacinto's battlefield, was to play the stellar role.

San Antonio was, at this period of history, but an over grown village. Indians often depredated upon it, but even so its inhabitants enjoyed social life. Among the younger set was a beautiful girl, Mariel King, who was much sought after and quite a belle of her time. Chief Yellow Wolf had once seen this beautiful girl, and then and there marked her for his own.

Daily he led attacks upon the settlement, growing bolder and bolder, harassing the settlers and killing and capturing all he could. Finally one moonlight night he led his band in an attack upon the village, and succeeded in capturing thirteen prisoners. He became a savage in every sense of the word when he found that Mariel King was not among the captives. He swore a terrible oath that he would get her in spite of everything.

The commissioners of San Antonio decided that something must be done to rescue the thirteen captives. Realizing that force would only endanger the lives of their comrades, they sent a messenger

to bid the Indians come and smoke a peace pipe with them.

Twelve husky chiefs responded and squatted in a circle in the council chamber. Captain Howard and his rangers waited by the door fearing trouble with the redskins. The long stemmed pipe of peace was passed ceremoniously around the circle of Indians, then passed to the Commissioners. When everyone had had a pull at the pipe, the spokesman for the Commissioners said:

"We have asked you here to smoke the peace pipe in our council chamber. We want to be friends with our red brothers, but we can only do so when they return the thirteen captives they took from San Antonio."

A tall, powerfully built chief, arrayed in all the gaudy trappings of his race, arose with stately dignity, and replied in the fluent oratory of his tribe.

"When the full moon appears in the east soon after the sun sets, we will return our captives, my brother. Red Fox has spoken."

When the full moon rose that evening, the same twelve chiefs filed into the council chamber bringing only one captive, a woman.

"We told you that you must return all thirteen of the palefaces," the Commissioner said sternly.

"This is the only one we have," answered the chief. "The others have flown to other lodges and other tribes."

"Oh, do not believe him," cried the woman captive. "They mean to bring in one at a time in order to extort more ransom money."

As the woman spoke, the chief sprang forward, sinking his knife into the side of the door guard. This was the signal the Rangers had been waiting for, and now mixed it with the savages. Captain Howard was wounded severely, but in the desperate hand to hand fight the Indians had little chance of escape.

Outside the council chamber, astride a mettlesome black charger, sat Logan Van Deveer, looking in at the window and listening to the proceedings. Imagine his surprise when Red Fox sprang out the window upon his horse behind him, and throwing his powerful arms about Van Deveer pinioned his arms to his sides while he kicked the black horse's sides

viciously, sending him into a wild run. Van Deveer could not disengage himself from the powerful arms strive as he would, but somehow he managed to guide the horse round and round in a circle, thus preventing the savage from heading into the open country as he strove to do. The Indians in the council chamber had all been killed now by the rangers, and they rushed out to see the great black horse charging around the circle with his double burden. In the crowd was a Mr. Putman who held the record for the best rifle shot in the state. As the horse raced by him, Logan shouted, "Kill this damned red skin quick."

Mr. Putman took careful aim, and as his rifle spoke, the Indian crumpled up and fell lifeless from the horse. The crowd went wild with joy now, and congratulated Mr. Putman upon his wonderful shot and Logan upon his deliverance from the Indian.

As Van Deveer later left the city, he came upon a wagon where the Indians had murdered a man and woman. As he rode on he found tiny bits of lace here and there, and a handkerchief that convinced him that the savages had carried off a woman prisoner from that wagon.

He followed the trail carefully, alone and undaunted. The way led on down through Travis county, into Williamson county and into Burnet county where Marble Falls now stands. Here Van Deveer met two of his pals and joining forces they continued to follow the trail which eventually led to Sherrard's Cave close to Burnet. The three frontiersmen decided to make their attack upon the savage stronghold after night, so they hid themselves in the cedar brake close at hand and waited.

There was never a braver man upon the Texas plains than Logan Van Deveer, nor one who fought more bravely for the Lone Star State. When the cry "Remember the Alamo," swept across the fields of San Jacinto, Van Deveer was in the foremost ranks that struck the Mexican forces. Firing his old muzzle loader at the nearest foe, he then brandished it as a club, becoming a veritable war god, seemingly appalled in invulnerable armor, slaying all who came within reach of his powerful arm. His brilliant work here was rewarded by

the State of Texas by a grant of land which composed the section upon which the city of Austin now stands. The records are still intact at the Land Office.

There were no three men of whom the Indians were more afraid than the three who now watched above the mouth of the cave. Van Deveer, Billy McGill and Captain Neil Helm. Their fearless and prowess had won the respect and awe of the red men.

"Heap big brave Van Deveer," Yellow Wolf called the dark-eyed Kentucky giant.

Night came with no moon. Clouds obscured the heavens. The Indians, feeling doubly secured in the fastness of the cave, built a fire in the front chamber and busily roasted buffalo hump. Van Deveer led his comrades cautiously to where they could look down upon the savages as they squatted about the fire. Yellow Wolf sat apart in proud dignity, resplendent in elaborate beaded hip moccasins, a head dress of a buffalo's head, and his clan emblems painted in brilliant scarlet upon his breast.

Beyond him in the circle of firelight, sat the girl captive. Yellow Wolf's eyes were fixed upon her, glowing with smouldering desire. Van Deveer caught his breath as he gazed upon the beautiful face of the girl. It was none other than San Antonio's belle, Mariel King. He swore savagely beneath his cave's opening. With a wild whoop he jumped down into the breath as he crept to the edge of the cave, landing upon Yellow Wolf's back. Magill and Helm followed. Then a wild melee of struggling bodies, curses, blows, the smell of fresh blood as a hunting knife went home, and the stifling smoke from the burning meat forgotten in the camp fire. Back and forth surged Yellow Wolf and Logan. Round and round, equally matched in every way, both determined to win. Yellow Wolf had long hoped to pay off old scores, and to see Logan coming between him and this beautiful white girl made him a fiend incarnate. At last by some super-human twist of things, Yellow Wolf tore himself from Van Deveer's hold, and deciding that life was more precious than anything else after all,

vanished into the dark recesses of the cave.

As Van Deveer swung around seeking a new foe, he saw a young buck with tomahawk raised to brain Miss King. With a bound he was at the Indian's side, his fingers grasping his arm as in a vice. The Indian dropped his weapon as he saw Van Deveer's black eyes fairly blazing into his, and seemed for the moment incapable of resistance. Van Deveer grabbed him by the throat, and with his hunting knife literally carved his scalp from his head.

"Heap big Van Deveer," he muttered as the same knife found his heart.

With their chief gone, the savages soon gave up and stood not on the order of their going, but fled into the dark corners of the cave.

The young lady was now released from her bonds and carried into Burnet where she was tenderly cared for.

It was the story of this fight which caused the United States government to send soldiers for protection against the Indians, and caused the building of Old Fort Croghan at Burnet where General Robert E. Lee commanded for a time, followed later by Kirby Smith, Earl Van Dorn, Adam R. Johnson, Chalmers, George B. McClellan and others.

Logan Van Deveer's name should be blazoned upon the pages of Texas history as one of her greatest sons, and the one time owner of the city of Austin, should rest in the State cemetery.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground."

This story was given me by one of Burnet's old settlers, a man of highest honor and integrity, and while it is not recorded in history I am sure that it is true, as these men were his personal friends in the early days.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Scouting on the Texas Frontier

Written by Captain John M. Elkins

In 1873 William Williams settled on a piece of land on Sand Creek, in Brown county. His family consisted of a wife, one son about grown, a little girl seven years old, and an infant a few months old. They were living in a camp and preparing to build a house. One morning Williams and his son went into the woods for timber to build the house. The son came in in the evening before his father, and found his mother in the bed dying. She said the Indians shot her, and expired. The baby was lying on the ground near where they had a fire to cook by. The signs showed they had shoveled out coals of fire and poured on it, from appearances. The mother had poured water on the child after the Indians left. They had carried off the little girl. The supposition is that she was in the cow-pen milking, when the Indians came, as her milk pail was setting there with about a half gallon of milk in it. Miss Nannie Cross (now Mrs. Perry of Brownwood) was the first woman to reach the scene. She took charge of the burned infant and took it to the house of her father, Mr. Riley Cross. Everything possible was done for the little sufferer. It was tenderly cared for, but in two weeks went to join its mother. News was sent to Brownwood and the Brown County Minute Company joined by several citizens, went in pursuit. They were joined in the west part of Coleman county by part of my company, commanded by Sam Gholson. I was absent at the time. They pursued the Indians for some distance but could not overtake them. Some time after this we saw in a Houston paper a letter written by Mr. Convers of Houston in which he stated he found the body of a child hanging to a tree near Double Mountain on the forks of the Brazos. The Indians had split the girth of a side saddle. It was the mother's saddle that they took when they captured the child. The Indians had put her head through the split and hung it to a tree. They scalped her alive, as her hand was on top of her head, held and stuck there by the blood.

Mr. Convers took her down and buried her, and described the place by a china tree near by. Mr. Convers was locating land certificates for the T. P. road. Mr. Williams joined my company soon after the murder of his family; he was anxious to go out and look for his child's grave. I set the day for the starting and wrote to the Brown and Comanche county companies asking them to join me. When the time arrived the two minute companies failed to come. Captain Cuney, commanding United States troops camped on Hord's Creek, went with me, also Lieut. Cusick and Lieut. Stedman from Fort Concho, with about twenty men each. We reached the place, described by Mr. Convers, in about six days. We found the china tree, and made a dilligent search but could not find the grave. We then traveled west for two days, hoping to meet a band of Indians coming down into the settlements. We had suffered some for water. Captain Cuney became uneasy about water and proposed that we turn back. I was becoming dissatisfied myself, as he persisted in keeping up his military custom of blowing his bugle several times a day. We then undertook to agree on a route back. I wanted to come back on the divide between the Colorado and Brazos rivers, the route the Indians generally came down to the settlements from Fort Sill. Captain Cuney said he was afraid we would find no water on the divide. I told him we could find water wherever the Indians could. The captain decided to cross over the divide and come down the Colorado river. I told the captain that I would follow the divide. He said that I did not have men enough, as I only had seventeen. We separated one morning, he crossing over to the Colorado and I started back on the divide. On the second day of our return journey we were hunting for a spring which two of my men had seen on a former scout. They said the signs showed that the Indians frequently rested there on their return from raids. Failing to find the spring, we found

water in a little creek and plenty of mesquite beans, which our horses stood greatly in need of. There we camped for the night. After picketing our horses out that night I noticed a turkey roosting on a hackberry tree right on the guard line. I had a man named Dripps who would shoot at anything of the kind, so I asked the sergeant what guard Dripps came on and he said the last guard. I told him when he posted Dripps to wake me for he would shoot at that turkey, if I was not there. After posting Dripps in the morning he woke me, and just as I was pulling my boots on, Dripps shot at the turkey. While I was reprimanding him, I heard a shot up the creek, about two miles off. I knew it was Indians. It was just getting daylight. I ordered the men to saddle and mount, which was quickly done. We then started in the direction from which we heard the shot, and I sent Sam Brookshire a short distance ahead to spy out from high places. We went about a mile, when he motioned for me to come up.

When I went to him, he pointed to some live oak trees at the foot of a hill and said, "Right by those trees is the spring we have been looking for." I divided my men and made a run on the spring from two different directions. On reaching the spring we found that the Indians had been there, but had gone. I was afraid they had heard Dripp's gun and taken flight or had failed to get a buffalo there and had gone on to the next water where they would probably stop if they got a buffalo. I told my men I thought our horses could make about a two hour's run. We left our pack mules without unpacking them and took the trail. When we reached high ground we saw buffalo running, which were very plentiful. Seeing the buffalo widen out on each side made it easy to pursue the Indians. We had run about twelve miles and the buffalo ahead of us became quiet, when one of my men said he saw a white object go down into the hollows about two and a half miles ahead. I took my spy glass and looked. The glass was so badly covered with dust that I could see nothing. I told my men we would circle to the right of

where the white object had been seen, to a high point on the mountain where we could look down and ascertain whether or not it was an Indian; and if they were gone on, we could see the buffalo running. They had discovered us and mounted the best horses they had and made for the same point to spy us out. I was about twenty steps in advance of my company, pressing my horse as fast as he could go. On reaching the top of the mountain, I met the chief. We were in thirty steps of each other before either one of us saw the other. He was resplendent in a full suit of red flannel and presented a dazzling appearance. Both of us fired, and missed. I hallowed to the men: "Here they are boys." The Indians turned down the mountain, back the way they had come, while we were in close pursuit and firing on them. When we reached the level ground I noticed one of the Indians was riding a horse belonging to my brother, G. K. Elkins, known as "Old Spanish." I hallowed to the men, "Kill Old Spanish, for if he gets to running, the devil himself can't catch him." One of the men jumped off from his horse and fired with a needle gun, and the horse fell, catching the Indian's leg under him. Two or three of the men dismounted and rushed onto him. The Indian shot at them with a Spencer rifle. While trying to make a second shot, a shell hung in his gun, and while trying to remove it, Ben Kirken-dall killed him. If the shell had not hung in his gun, he certainly would have killed or wounded some one. We undertook to flank them on the right and left. When we came to a hollow running down through a prairie, with high banks, the Indians crossed over the hollow at a trail they knew about. We had to turn back and cross the hollow at the same place the Indians crossed. That gave them several hundred yards the start of us and they commenced scattering and got into a pretty rough country. We were satisfied we had hit some of them but did not knock them from their horses. Two Indians turned to the left and were pursued by William Lawrence and James Paulk, who wounded one of them. He escaped by getting to the hills. Those two were

riding two fine horses belonging to G. K. Elkins.

The Indians had scattered and the most of them had made their escape when I noticed an Indian who had been running a long way in the lead, making a circle around us. Sergeant Best gave chase, while I cut across and ran in between them, dismounted and took a shot at the Indian. When Best came by me I tried to stop him. I told him that Indian was riding Jim Jackson's race horse, "Old Brownie," and was only trying to draw us off from the others. It was Sergeant Best's first scout and he was very much excited and paid no attention to me. After he had run a couple of miles and gone out of sight over a ridge I said to two men "Let's follow him. That Indian may lead him into another bunch of Indians."

After going two or three miles we saw him on a level plain, still following the Indian and gaining. I took my spy glass and looked and once in awhile could see the smoke of his gun and see that he was still gaining. I saw the Indian's horse throw his head down and give it up. I saw Best ride up to the Indian and turn and both came riding back side by side. We did not know what to think of such a proceeding. When he got near me he called out, "Captain, it's a squaw." He had shot his last cartridge and if she had anything to shoot with, would have killed him. At the beginning of the fight she had a revolver and a spear, and after emptying her revolver, had thrown both away. As we came back, we met nearly all of the boys.

We went on then to where we had seen the white object go down into the creek bed, and found their camp. There were between thirty-five and forty head of horses that had been stolen from G. K. Elkins' ranch, two or three nights before. They were the best fixed bunch of Indians I ever saw. They had two United States tents and a considerable number of United States blankets, almost new; also two Lancaster guns. There was an apron there with some pecans tied up in it, which Bill Williams recognized as his murdered wife's apron. When the pecans were picked up the squaw motioned to

give them to her and she then went to eating them and did not seem to be at all nervous or excited. A man named Ray, who came as a substitute for another man, and was a stranger in the country, claiming to be from Kansas, drew his gun and said that he intended to kill that d—n squaw. I held my gun on him and told him if he shot the squaw I would shoot him. Sergeant Best wanted to bring her down into the settlements, and as he had run her down and captured her, I intended he should do as he pleased with her.

Williams began crying and said it was hard for any one that had had their family murdered to have to help guard an Indian that had helped murder them. I told him if he wanted to kill the squaw to fire away and no one would try to prevent him; but he would not shoot her.

This man Ray conversed with the squaw in the Indian language. It was generally believed that he was combined with the Indians and was afraid if the squaw was sent back to the reservation, she would tell about seeing him. We started back to the spring where we had left our pack animals, about fourteen miles. When within four miles of the spring a man that was riding at the head of the horses we were driving, said he saw shod horse tracks running in the direction of the spring, and we would be attacked there and the squaw would make her escape. We had seen two signal smokes just before that. I rode on to the head of the horses. On riding off, I told them that if any of them wanted to kill that squaw, it was all right, and Williams and Ray stopped with the squaw. I heard the report of a gun, and knew they killed her. Williams was to have shot her but his heart failed him, and Ray killed her. She was still riding the same horse she was riding when captured.

They brought up her horse and rig; she had a fine silver mounted saddle and bridle of Mexican make. The bridle alone had sixteen dollars' worth of silver on it. No doubt the Indians had captured this in some of their raids in Mexico. Ray said she told him that she and the first Indian killed were brother and sister, son and daughter of a prominent

chief on the reservation and gave the chief's name, but I have forgotten it. When we got to the spring our pack animals had not been molested. The two Indians whose tracks had been seen had watered their horses and gone on in an easterly direction, and it was now almost night. We could not make anything of an accurate estimate of how many Indians were killed as it was a running fight. We knew we had wounded several, and we were about equally numbered. We camped at the spring—we thought, for the night—but later on decided to move on as soon as it was dark, for I feared an attack the next morning, as the country was open and I did not think I had a sufficient number of men to fight a large band of Indians in an open field and from the sign we saw we had reasons to believe there were a great many Indians in the country, and they might try to recapture the horses. It was about forty miles to the mountains on the south fork of Clear Fork of Brazos. Just before dark, after eating a supper of broiled meat, I went out to a high place and took a star to be guided by, I took the lead and the men driving the horses were greatly fagged and drove very slow, and I could hear the men complaining frequently that I was going wrong. Once, in the night, one of the men rode up to me and asked me if I was not going too far south. I told him I thought I would take them through all right and to get back and keep the horses up.

When daylight came the mountains on Clear Fork loomed up about a mile ahead. We crossed the creek and went into a canyon, where there was plenty of water, with rocks, trees and ravines to protect us and we felt we could fight the whole combined tribe if they should come upon us there. We decided to spend the day and rest. We killed a buffalo and had plenty of meat, but had been without bread for two or three days.

Under an act providing for minute men, all horses captured from the Indians were returned to the owners, but other property belonging to the Indians could be sold and divided among the men, share and share alike, so I decided that I would then sell the property to

the men as there was no property there but that some of the men wanted; then each man could take care of and carry his own property. The things amounted to one hundred and twelve dollars. We remained in that camp during the day and that night. The next day we started on and came within twenty miles of Buffalo Gap and camped for the night. A great many of our horses were given out. Game was hard to get and we were becoming very hungry. That night we decided to send two men, Wm. Lawrence and Ben Cooper, ahead of us to Clay Mann's ranch and we would go on the next day to Buffalo Gap, where they would meet us with bread. On reaching Buffalo Gap that night we were so extremely hungry that we decided to travel on and take the chances of meeting the boys. Our horses were given out—we left one or two. We decided to turn down a branch of Jim Ned Creek and remain until next morning, as the night was very dark. On the branch we found pecans in abundance. We built up a fire to have light to pick them up by and ate pecans until daylight. Then we started on. Soon we saw the two boys coming to meet us with sacks of biscuits in front of them. Ben Cooper had untied his sack and handed the first man he came to a biscuit. He continued to hand them out until they were nearly all gone. I can tell you we were bread hungry. When near G. K. Elkins' ranch, we met him with a number of bottles tied to his saddle. It was some kind of medicine—he did not tell us the name of it, but I think it was what Colonel Pool calls "stump-water." We all took a good dose and felt better, and soon forgot our troubles.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

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Adventure and Romance Near Home

W. P. Webb, Department of History, University of Texas

People often feel that the interesting events always occur in the far country, and that, in order to find adventure and romance, one must wander to other lands. The history of every community in Texas, of every town, bears a hidden charm, a romance that only awaits investigation. There has been published recently a book containing some twenty home town histories written by high school boys and girls all over the State. If one wanted proof of interest of such accounts, he could find it in this booklet.

Thomas L. Bryan tells the story of Camp Ford, a stockade near Tyler, where some 3,000 or 4,000 Federal soldiers were imprisoned during the Civil War. Elanor Attebury gives the story of Issac Van Zandt, the man who founded the town of Marshall, named Upsher County and Gilmer, the county seat, helped to make the Texas homestead law, and had named for him the county of Van Zandt, famed during the Civil War as the "Free State of Van Zandt."

Alice Lee Perkins of Nacogdoches gives a pen picture of the first District Court in Texas. She tells the legend of the origin of the name.

"Once upon a time an Indian chief called his two sons and bade each of them walk a certain length of time, one to the east and one to the west, and there found two new tribes. One son called his village Natchitoches, the other Nacogdoches, the former now in Louisiana, the latter in Texas. The names are identical in meaning, 'Chinquapiu Eater.'"

This essay gives an itemized merchandise account of 1839 which presents a good idea of prices in Texas eighty years ago:

250 cigars.....	\$1.00
1 bottle Ketchup.....	1.00
Powder and shot.....	.50
1 bar soap.....	.50
1 pound candies.....	.25
1 pound pork.....	.20

There is a story of what may have been the first Texas pardon. A woman was convicted of murdering her husband

and was sentenced to be "erected by the neck until dead, dead, dead." Sam Houston was President of the Republic and pardoned the woman with the chivalrous statement that "when all the men in Texas that needed hanging were hanged, then it would be time enough to start inflicting that punishment on the women."

Josephine Ranney, down on the Texas border, writes of a raid made by Texans into Mexico. Besides there are histories of Anderson, San Marcos, Wichita Falls and Sherman, all written by Texas high school boys and girls.

These home town histories are made possible by the generosity of a Texas man who is giving each year nearly \$300 to be distributed in prizes for the best histories. There is also a prize for the students who will locate graves of American revolutionary soldiers in Texas. Then there are prizes amounting to \$150 for history teachers who will write county histories.

Twenty of these home town histories have been published in book form, together with rules of the contest. A copy will be sent to any Texas history teacher, newspaper editor or pupil upon request. Inquiries should be sent to W. P. Webb, University of Texas, Austin.

Thos. Swift, of Floresville, Texas, writes: "Enclosed find check for \$1.50 to pay for another year's subscription to Frontier Times. I would hate to miss one issue for I enjoy reading it more than any paper in Texas. It brings back my early days, from 1861 to 1881. I have been in Texas sixty-four years. I am now seventy-three years old, and came from Missouri to Texas in 1861. For three years we lived in Erath county when the Indians were at their worst. I am familiar with many things you publish. We lived four miles from Barnard's Mill on the Poluxy in Erath county near the Blue Knobs. My father's name was Thomas Swift, and I may write something of his experiences later."

History of Sam Bass and His Gang

(Continued from Last Month).

On that evening Deputy Sheriff Riley Wetsel, and A. R. McGintie, constable, were passing the road north of Bolivar, about thirteen miles from Denton and seeing a squad of men, started toward them. The party fled, taking an easterly direction. Wetsel and McGintie pursued them until nearly night, when they gave them the dodge. Next morning in company with Capt. Whitehead they pursued the trail on foot to the back of Capt. Whitehead's field in Clear Creek bottom, coming in sight of the camp of the party just as they were moving off. They followed them on foot to Clear Creek, when Whitehead returned. Wetsel continued after them through the jungles of Clear Creek swamps, keeping now and then in sight of them until they reached the prairie beyond. He was then joined by McGintie, Whitehead, the farmer, was crippled and unable to walk. They now had no doubt of this party being Bass and Gang. They kept on a hot trail until about 8 o'clock a. m. when they discovered that the robbers had gone into camp at Hard Carter's, about four miles northeast of Denton, and were feeding their horses and eating their breakfast. A courier was dispatched to Egan at once to come with his forces, that the robbers were "treed." Egan summoned at once Tom Yates, Jack Yates, Alex Cockrel, Charley Hart and Dode Fain, who, with such arms as they could gather, hastened to the spot. The forces were deployed under cover of the timber in such a way as to insure their capture it was thought.

Wetsel set out to reconnoitre the position of the brigands, whom he found eating their breakfast about one hundred and fifty yards in front of Hard Carter's house. Approaching Carter's he found Carter at his house, and while in conversation about them, was discovered by Bass and his gang who saddled their horses immediately and struck off in a full run on the way they had come, Bass exclaiming: "To Clear Creek bottom boys!" Wetsel fired a signal shot, and taking a stand near their path dis-

mounted and opened fire on them. Capt. Whitehead, Jack Yates, and Finley Grissom dismounted and opened fire on them as they ran. The forces of Egan closed in and a rapid running fight ensued for the distance of a quarter of a mile, in which all of Egan's men who could get in gunshot range took part, the robbers yelling and firing back as they went. Sheriff Egan, Alex Cockrell, Tom Yates, McGintie, Hart and Dode Fain pressed them closely until they entered the woods near Etter's, when the robbers dodged them and made a detour around, falling in on the south of their pursuers and pressing south-eastward toward the swamps of Elm. The result of the fight was several blankets, overcoats and trinkets dropped by the robbers on their retreat. No one was hurt on either side. Egan for some time lost their trail, but soon struck it again and pursued them with the utmost speed. The news flew like lightning over the country that Egan was fighting them, and the city of Denton and surrounding country were all agog with excitement. Parties from the city, armed with shot guns and such other firearms as could be had on the moment, mounted and set out to reinforce Egan, and by night at least fifty armed citizens were on the trail of the bandits and scouring the country. Egan followed the trail until nearly night, pursuing them into Elm swamp, where he lost it. Leaving twelve men on the trail, he returned to Denton that night to direct the movements of the rapidly accumulating recruits. During the night the squad divided and watched two different houses; one squad under Tom Yates ran into the robbers in the dark, but did not know them until they had dispersed. Next morning early this squad formed a junction with Peak and together they pursued the trail afoot through the jungles of Elm, until the robbers scattered, when the trail was lost. Early Tuesday morning every man who could procure a horse and arms was mounted and ready. The streets of Denton presented the appearance of a military camp. Men

of all classes, occupations and professions were reporting for duty to the sheriff. The posse comitatus was indeed on the war-path, determined to arrest the brigands or drive them from the country. It was evident that they were concealed somewhere between Elm river and Hickory Creek, each of which possessed large swamps overgrown with impenetrable jungles of briars and heavy timber, while the delta between the confluence of the two streams was a heavily timbered region, sparsely settled, many of the settlers being either indifferent to the result of the chase or in active sympathy with the bandits. Capt. June Peak with his rangers was camped about seven miles below Denton on the Dallas road, in the very direction that the robbers were going, and but for the fact of their superior knowledge of the country and the excellent cover the woods and swamps afforded it, it seems that they were in a fair way to be captured. Egan having divided his forces into squads, gave direction that in case of any discoveries Old Alton, the former county seat of Denton, on Hickory Creek, was to be the point of communication. A squad under charge of the writer was sent toward Alton to watch the crossing on Hickory, while Egan and the other forces set out in the direction the robbers were supposed to have gone. Capt. Peak was out with his men scouring the country between Elm and Hickory. By the hour of 10 o'clock the whole country was alive with armed men, there being by this time not less than one hundred and fifty citizens of Denton county, besides Peak's and Everheart's forces, the latter being on the northern portion of the county. The track of the brigands was now lost, and the great desideratum was to find it. The writer with his detachment, consisting of I. D. Ferguson, Robt. McIlhenny, A. E. McMath, Wm. Davis, Drake and Bryant, on their way to Alton, met a man named Thomas at Robertson's Mill, who reported that he had seen early in the morning some shod horse tracks making into the swamps of Hickory Creek, back of Star's field below the Alton Crossing, that the tracks were so fresh that the dew had been knocked from the grass where they went. He piloted the squad at once to

the place. The track was found leading into a jungle overgrown with briars and underbrush, checkered with ravines and roughs peculiar to the swamps of Hickory. The horse tracks were plain and fresh, but the horses had evidently been led, as it was impossible to ride on horseback into that terrible retreat. A. E. McMath and Wm. Davis were placed in charge of the horses, and the remainder of the squad set out afoot to penetrate the swamps. They followed the trail about one mile and a half, when they reached Hickory and its attendant ravines, which afforded the best stronghold for the bandits that the writer has ever seen. Crossing the creek they came up within sixty yards of a man, who was only seen by one or two of the party for a moment, when he jumped into the jungle of briars and brush and was out of sight. This man was supposed to be Underwood. A rush was made by the party toward where the man was seen. A steep ravine intervened into which the party went, and up to the brink on the other side. Ferguson here caught a glimpse of a horse and was about to shoot but the animal was gone out of sight in an instant. There were at this time seven of the bandits together, and it was not thought prudent to rush into their ambushade with only five poorly armed men. Sheriff Egan was at once notified and with about thirty men deployed in line, afoot, the jungles were driven. The robbers' camp, bedding, cooking utensils and provisions were captured, and two of their horses with their equipage. The writer came into possession of a fine brown charger belonging to Jackson, while I. D. Ferguson took charge of a horse belonging to Bass. After the swamp was driven for miles around as thoroughly as it was possible to drive such an impenetrable wilderness, Peak and his rangers coming in from below near the crossing of the Dallas road, while Egan and his men from the Alton crossing, but without success. It was thought that they had escaped. Alvin Owsley, Ed Wilson and others captured a shawl hanging on a limb at the head of a hollow near Warner Jackson's, a brother to Frank Jackson. The shawl enclosed a bucket, and the bucket contained a bountiful supply

of palatable viands just such as Bass' gold was well calculated to procure. Several collisions took place during the day between the different detachments of the rangers and citizens scouring the timbers. In one of these W. S. Kirksey, Tom Gerren and John Work charged some of Peak's men and Work fired on them. This came near being a serious encounter, as the rangers were just about to give them a volley when the mistake was discovered.

About this time a raid was made all along the line on such parties as were either supposed to be principals or accessories to Bass in any of his robberies. In this raid the innocent and guilty alike fell victims of the rapacity of the United States marshals and the frenzy of an outraged people. Pipes and Herndon were arrested in Dallas county as principals. John Scaggs, a negro, was handcuffed at Denton and hurried off to Tyler. Scott Mayes of Denton was nabbed at Dallas where he had gone, it is said, to buy arms and munitions for Bass. Bob Murphy and Green Hill were arrested on the night of the first of May, Jim Murphy and Monroe Hill on the second. Henderson Murphy, father to Jim and Bob, one of the most quiet and respected citizens of Denton county, a man who had lived here for thirty-five years, a man against whom there had never been a reproach, was jerked up and lodged in jail at Sherman. The county swarmed with U. S. deputy marshals with subpoenas and attachments from the federal court then in session at Tyler, Texas, and busy at work grinding out indictments by wholesale against the people, many of whom had as little to do with Bass as Judge Duval or District Attorney Evans. Men were taken off under attachment as witnesses to find on their arrival indictments and informations pending against them. Riley Wetsel, deputy sheriff, who had risked his life to capture Bass, was taken from his trail and lodged in a dungeon at Tyler. P. J. Mullen, a lawyer at Denton, who happened to be distantly related to the Collins family by marriage, and who was as innocent as an unborn babe of complicity or sympathy with Bass or his gang or Collins, was indicted and carried to Tyler. Scores of the

best citizens were dragged from their homes as witnesses who knew nothing mere about Bass and his gang than the man in the moon, and kept from their business and families, at Tyler, for weeks. It was, in truth, an evil day for Denton and she paid dearly in every way for the presence of these bandits. Bass and his gang were concealed all this time. They could not be found. They were supposed to be gone entirely. No clue could be had of them after the capture of their camp in Hickory bottom.

The attention of the county was then engrossed by the Federal court as it ground like "the mills of the gods" at Tyler. The search was, however, kept up for Bass by the rangers and Egan and his posse, who pursued a trail that they supposed to be that of Bass as far as Jack county, being absent nearly two weeks. It was the impression of many that Bass had fled the country and made good his escape either to the Indian nation or to Mexico, while the fact is the whole party were lying still among the ravines and underbrush of Hickory Swamp until the 7th of May, over a week, in the very neighborhood where they were last seen, notwithstanding that it would seem that the whole territory had been dragged as with a net for them. This fact seems to illustrate the superior advantage the robbers had over their pursuers. On one occasion, while penetrating those jungles, both Sheriff Egan and the writer came near falling before the aim of the ambushed robbers, who stated afterward that they were concealed within forty yards of them, and had their guns cocked and leveled—Bass at Egan and Jackson at the writer—but not wishing to kill anyone they held their fire and let us pass, for which courtesy the writer takes this occasion to return his most sincere regards to them, and congratulates them for their very gracious consideration. On the 7th of May the gang, finding the excitement cooled and the pursuit over, escaped from their cover in Hickory bottom and set out for Stephens county. The first news that was heard of them afterwards was the following telegram from Fort Griffin:

"Sam Bass, with five of his men are surrounded on Big Caddo Creek, by

Berry Meadows, sheriff of Stephens county. Meadows was reinforced by ten men from Palo Pinto last night at 2 o'clock. He expected to make an attack at daylight next morning. Some fighting was done yesterday and the day before. No damage on our side. It is not known whether the outlaws were hurt."

For a narrative of their further proceedings in Stephens county, the following is taken from the Fort Worth Democrat:

"Deputy Sheriff Freeman was informed last week by a woman of the neighborhood, near Caddo Creek, that parties answering to the description of the train robbers were there. He, with one ranger, and Messrs. Amis and Paschall of this town, went into that section to ascertain something more definite and learned that Bass, Underwood, Jackson, Barnes and two others, supposed to be Welch and Collins, (Henry Collins had joined the band some time previous to this) had been camped in the mountains for upward of two weeks. A brother-in-law of Jackson and several other kin and friends are living near Caddo Creek and had furnished them with supplies. They are reported to be flush with twenty dollar gold pieces, and from events developed more recently they are found to have many friends in this vicinity. Having gathered the desired information, the ranger reported to his camp in Shackelford county, and the balance reported to Breckenridge, where Sheriff Meadows and Deputy Freeman and Hood selected several picked men, and on Sunday started for the scene of action. At midnight they sent back for reinforcements, and twenty old shot guns were collected together and the same number of volunteers. Before all of these new recruits arrived the sheriff's posse came upon the gang near the store, thirteen miles east of here on the Palo Pinto road, and an engagement ensued in which about forty shots were fired by each party, and at one time three of the party dismounted and fought from behind trees. It is thought one of their horses was wounded. They afterwards chased the robbers about two miles into the mountains. As the gang was so much better armed than the sheriff's

party and were acquainted with the locality of the mountain defiles they then had little to fear. On Monday night they camped among the trees and thickets near Taylor's store, and the sheriff's party on the prairie one-half mile distant.

"Tuesday morning, May 26th, the sheriff and his posse were g'addened by the arrival of the gallant rangers from Shackelford county, nineteen in number, armed to the teeth, and their force had also been increased by Deputy Sheriff Owen and eight picked men from Palo Pinto town. The rangers were under command of Lieutenant Campbell and Sergeant Jack Smith, and the Breckenridge party under Deputy Sheriff Freeman. Sergeant Smith of the rangers stated that if they could find them they would capture the robbers dead or alive if they lost half of their men in the attempt. On Tuesday they followed their trail through mountain gaps and defiles and among the hills and valleys in their winding course, but up to twelve o'clock last night had not overtaken them, though the gang had come back to near the starting point. At McClasen's store, four miles further east, they purchased eight dollars worth of provisions and left word for the pursuers that they would stand their ground and give them a desperate fight, and that they did not propose to be bull-dozed, all of which is supposed to be a blind and that they in reality were preparing to strike out for parts unknown. It was ascertained that they had been trying to swap off one of their horses. They are said to be well mounted and each armed with a winchester rifle and a pair of six-shooters. Before the arrival of the rangers the sheriff had summoned four or five citizens in that neighborhood to secure arms and join his posse.

"The Bass gang passed the same party soon after, before they had obtained arms, marched them down to the store and treated them to bottled beer. It is said that parties in that vicinity have carried the Bass gang baskets of provisions and kept them informed of the movements of their pursuers. One of them remarked to some person at the store that they were no petty thieves, that they interfered with no private

citizen, but, holding out a handful of twenty dollar gold pieces, remarked, 'that is what the sheriff and his posse want!'

"They are said to have \$5,000 with them and to have buried the balance. In getting volunteers from Breckenridge it is quite manifest that a greater portion of citizens considered it their duty to join the home guard and gallantly parade the streets to find Bass whom they proposed to demolish forthwith.

"The rangers from Coleman county are expected to cross the country to intercept them in case of a retreat in that direction. Additional parties from Griffin passed here last night to join the forces and aid in the capture."

Notwithstanding all of these demonstrations, this loud clang of arms and martial parade, the wily Bass and his brigands eluded the grip of the law as he had done so often before, and was left alone in his glory among the cedar brakes and roughs. A spicy little episode in the history of Bass occurred during the pursuit of the gang in Stephens county. Four gallant souls, armed with shot guns and pistols, were on the war-path after the brigands and were going to take Bass and party in volens volens. They were like a great many other heroes who gobble up their enemies by biting the air and fighting the wind. They did not want any larger force. Each wanted one-fourth of the rewards and one-fourth of the glory. As they bravely pranced up the road toward Breckenridge a few miles from Taylor's store, they met seven men whom they took to be rangers from the manner of their dress and equipments. They halted and a colloquy ensued, in which they were very anxious to know where they would be most likely to find Bass. They proposed to take that gang in, they said. It made no difference where they met them, they'd have 'em, they would. They were "wild and wooly, they were." Their surprise may be imagined when, in a twinkling, each of the heroes found his startled gaze facing the muzzle of a cocked six-shooter and the command given, "Hands up!" Their lips and their guns dropped simultaneously, while their hands went up like springs. Bass and b'hoys disarmed the gentlemen and

taking them to Taylor's store, called for the drinks, and it was but a few minutes before the whole four of the heroes were so drunk that they were ready to go to bed on the ground and cover with a plank. Bass gave them back their guns and told them to go home, and that if they ever caught them hunting Bass again they would shoot them. The heroes, it is supposed, were satisfied to take warning and retire to the shades of private life again.

CHAPTER XII.

The Bass War—The Most Daring Feat of All—The Robbers Suddenly Dash Into the City of Denton and Recapture Their Horses—Hot Pursuit and Escape of the Bandits.

During the lull of the hostilities in Denton county, consequent upon the escape of the robbers to Stephens county, the citizens were congratulating themselves on the final riddance from their midst of Bass and his gang. It was hardly thought by any that they would return after their late experience in the county. The news had just reached the people of their being surrounded in Stephens county and all thought they would be captured there or make their escape westward. Nevertheless, on the 5th of May they suddenly made their appearance about twelve miles west of Denton. They appealed to Stephen Christal, who was a relation by affinity to Henry Collins, who was with the gang, for provisions but they were told that he would give them no aid or comfort. The citizeness immediately dispatched a courier to Elizabethtown to P. C. Withers, deputy sheriff, who repaired with a posse at once to the scene, arriving there after night. No notice had been sent to Denton and Capt. Withers dispatched A. E. Allen to Denton to inform Egan of their presence. Allen lost his way in the darkness and did not reach Denton until 9 o'clock next morning. About sunrise on the morning of the 6th before many of the city had begun to stir, the gang dashed into the heart of the city, halting in front of Work's livery stable where the two

horses mentioned in the last chapter were kept, and Bass and Jackson dismounted and ordered the stable-keeper Chas. McDonald, to saddle up those horses quick. McDonald hesitated, and Jackson struck him over the head with his six-shooter. Bass interfered and stopped this violence, and ordered two of his men to bring out the horses, which they did, taking the first saddles they came to, remounted and rode away in a gallop to the north. During the recapture, Underwood, Johnson and Collins remained at the door and kept watch. Underwood's hilarious laugh rang out on the morning air, and as they rode out of town he was heard to exclaim, "D—n 'em, we'll show 'em they can't steel anything from us that we can't get back!" John Work and another man were sleeping in the stable loft, but the dash was so sudden and unexpected that the robbers were gone before they had time to recover from the shock, even if they had been apprised of what was going on, which they were not.

The news spread like wild fire over the little city, and in half an hour Sheriff Egan, with a posse of ten men, was after them. The trail was lost on the prairie. Young, Egan, McGintie and Shelton came in sight of them about three miles north of Denton, where they had stopped, but they made their escape into Clear Creek bottom before Egan could make his arrangements to capture them. Shortly after this they were joined by Charlie Carter, a young man of the neighborhood, against whom there was pending some criminal charge in the district court. It is said that Carter went with them as the best chance to escape arrest. The chase now began in earnest again, but the robbers gave their pursurers the dodge, and were seen no more until the morning of the 7th, when they made their appearance near Pilot Knob, about six miles southwest from Denton, where they purchased some provisions—having stolen a horse near town during the night. Then there was a "hurrying to and fro" among the citizens. Every man who could command a gun or horse was called at once into service, and the liveliest chase in the annals of the state began. T. M. Yates

and P. C. Withers, Jack Yates and F. M. Murphy had been dispatched by Egan, early in the morning, to hunt the trail of the robbers, before the news arrived. This squad struck their trail two miles west of Denton and trailed them to Pilot Knob, where they encountered them and a fight ensued. The robbers soon fell back, having first shot Marshal Smith in the upper portion of the thigh, inflicting a flesh wound. Couriers were dispatched to Denton and Elizabethtown for reinforcements and soon the ranks of the pursurers began to swell until in a few hours no less than fifty men under command of Sheriff Egan were in hot pursuit. The courier, Martin, who was dispatched to Elizabethtown, was intercepted by the gang and his bridle reins cut and his saddle appropriated by the gang, his mule was turned loose on the prairie and he was left afoot. After being robbed of his pocket change he was enjoined to "cut dirt." This was done almost in the face of the armed men who pursued them. After this they repaired to the timber and concealed themselves. While here, P. C. Withers, who was in advance of his posse trailing them, came suddenly upon them in ambush when they discharged some twenty-five shots at him and retreated. Sheriff Egan's posse hurried to the scene and joined in the pursuit. Taking their trail he followed it about a mile, when the robbers dodged to one side and again concealed themselves. The sheriff's posse had entered a small prairie and most of them had passed the point of ambuscade. Jess Chinn and Gillis Hammett, who were riding in the rear, discovered the robbers in concealment and Chinn called to Egan that there they were. At that the robbers discharged a volley at Chinn and Hammett and ran back the way they had come, crossing their trail and taking an easterly direction toward Bullard's Mill. A lively chase ensued for about two miles and a half, when they were overtaken in a small prairie about four hundred yards in width. Some fifteen or twenty of the pursurers dashed after them and a rapid fire and running fight took place for about one and a half miles. Wetsel and Withers ran for some distance within forty yards

of the hindermost ones, firing as they went, but no one was hurt. The robbers now found matters growing serious, and set out in good earnest to escape. They were better mounted and armed than the citizens, but there had been an excess of rain and their horses' tracks were visible wherever they went. On they went, over rocks and ridge, briars, brush and breaks, through the crossttimbers, and on went their pursuers, hot and heavy, through the tangled woods, their horses foaming with sweat and panting with fatigue, the thermometer standing at 95 in the shade, all the day long, without halting to rest or to eat. It is supposed that this chase covered at least seventy-five miles from the hour it began before the parties halted to rest or eat.

During the evening Tom Gerren and W. R. Wetsel got separated from the remainder of the pursuers and coming in collision, they took the others for Bass & Co., and opened fire upon Egan's party. A fight ensued, in which bullets whistled wildly about the ears of the combatants. In this encounter Riley Wetsel, deputy sheriff, received a painful wound through the calf of the leg.

The gang was trailed through Denton Creek swamp to the prairie beyond, passing through the small town of Davenport's Mills, when a little episode occurred worthy of note. Bass went into the store of Hardy Troope to get some provisions. Troope was waiting on some ladies. Bass called for what he wanted. Troope being too polite to leave his lady customers, told Bass "In a moment." "Look here," said Bass, with an oath, "I'm in a hurry, and I want you to wait on ME. I am Sam Bass!" "Certainly, sir, certainly" said Troope. "Excuse me, ladies," and the brigand received the courteous attention of the merchant and resumed his way. The pursuers pressed them back across Denton Creek and camped on their trail, at 10 o'clock at night.

Next morning early the posse resumed the trail and having gone about a mile found where the robbers had stopped and partook of some canned fruit. About a mile beyond they scattered. The sheriff had with him two trailers from near Elizabethtown, named Stein and

Medlin, whose skill was marvelous. They led the crowd in full gallop, seldom going astray or getting confused. Taking the trail of one party it was followed for about a mile further when the tracks of all seven of the robbers came together again. On went the pursuers in full gallop through the woods, over hills, hollows and roughs, never halting except to change a brokdown horse for a fresh one. The trail was very fresh. When the posse had gone about five miles they struck the roughs and breaks of Hickory Creek at a point south of the robbers' old camp. Passing down a rough branch at the back of Warner Jackson's field (Warner is a brother of Frank) they ran upon the robbers just as they were finishing breakfast. The pursuing party charged up to within sixty yards of the ambushed bandits before they had any notice of their presence, when a volley from their winchesters and six-shooters announced the fact that they were on hand. Two horses were killed upon the spot, belonging to Work brothers, ridden respectively by Alex Cockrell and John Work. A heavy fire was returned by Egan's men and a brisk fight ensued, continuing several minutes. The robbers were concealed in the underbrush and had all the advantage. Availing themselves of the sudden confusion thrown into the ranks of their pursuers by this unexpected volley, they fled precipitately down the bottom, every trail of which they so well knew. The posse crowded them so closely that they captured Underwood's horse, their camp baggage and provisions, and the saddle they had taken from Martin, the courier the day before. Underwood rode away behind one of the others. Passing by Reuben Bandy's, about one-fourth mile from the battle ground, they saw a horse tied to the fence, belonging to John Hyatt, a boy who lived in Denton. Underwood leaped from his seat behind his comrade and rode John's pony away, saying to John as he left that he wanted to borrow the pony awhile.

Passing back of the Hicks' field, they suddenly diverged to the left and crossed Hickory Creek, and continued in a northerly direction, passing about five miles east of Denton, making for Clear

Creek. The sheriff and his posse lost the trail back of Hicks' field, having been misled by the tracks of some other scouting party of citizens and it was not until some three hours that they struck the trail again. The news was constantly arriving in Denton by persons whose horses had given out from fatigue and heat, and the course of the bandits was defined. All was excitement and it looked like the times of yore when war shook its gory front on the hundred battlefields of the South. Everyone who could mount and arm himself went in full tilt toward the mouth of Clear Creek to try to intercept them. About fifty men were soon scouring the country for miles around, in advance of Egan's party.

Capt. Grady and Ed Willson, with a number of citizens, entered Elm bottom near the Fishtrap Crossing and penetrated the jungles up Elm and Clear Creek to the Pilot Point road, but no further trace could be found. They made a charge on a man who had a wagon near the Elm Crossing, and Willson ran up to him and was almost in the act of shooting him, when he discovered his mistake. Egan and posse having struck the McKinney road, soon lost the trail. Here his force separated into squads to hunt provisions for themselves and horses, neither man nor horse have eaten a morsel during that long, hot day of excitement. Many of the men had eaten only one meal in two days. After the dispersion, John Carroll, deputy sheriff, Jim Courtwright, city marshal of Fort Worth Bill Woody and Jack Yates accidentally ran across the robbers, about sun-down, and chased them into Elm Swamp, where they disappeared. They were seen no more until next morning at the town of Bolivar about daylight. The wily Bass had remounted his gang during the night and rode out of the trap his pursuers had laid for him. At Bolivar they laid in some \$50 in supplies and five hundred rounds of ammunition. The news came to Egan and his forces who repaired at once to Bolivar to find the gang gone. Everheart, sheriff of Grayson county, Parish, deputy sheriff of Cooke county, and Deputy U. S. Marshal Walter Johnson, with a posse of ten or twelve, dis-

covered them on Pond Creek, in Cooke county, near the line, about 12 o'clock on Monday. The robbers were in camp and just preparing to satiate their hunger with the supplies they had purchased in Bolivar. They had just got sugar in their coffee when they discovered Everheart dashing on them at full speed. Up they sprang, leaving everything behind but guns and horses, and in a wild stampede dashed across the prairie toward Clear Creek. Everheart and his men pursued in full run, shooting every jump. It was a pull for dear life with Bass and his wearied and hungry freebooters across that dreadful stretch of twelve miles, but they reached the bluffs of Clear Creek at last at a point where nothing but a mountain goat or terrified train robber running for dear life would think of descending. They had no time to look out a convenient place, it was "old business" with him now, as Bass would say. Everheart, Parish and Johnson were right on them, and down they dashed over the precipice, and escaped into the swamps of Clear Creek. Everheart and posse arrived on the point where they went over, but their lives not being at stake and not caring to stake them in a wild leap down a precipice after Bass they sought a better point of crossing, during which delay Bass escaped and pushed across to the prairie beyond.

John Carroll, one of Egan's deputies, Stoker, deputy sheriff of Tarrant county, and W. P. Withers, having become separated from the sheriff's posse, struck the trail of the bandits west of Clear Creek and pursued it westward into Wise county, where they overtook Capt. Peak and his rangers on the trail ahead of them. Sheriff Stephens of Wise county, with a posse of citizens, joined them in the pursuit. On the 12th of June, about 2 o'clock p. m., the pursuers overtook them in camp on Salt Creek, near Cottdale in Wise county. The robbers were resting quietly under the delusion that they had eluded pursuit. Their horses were lariatd on the grass near the bank of the creek. Neither party was apprised of the presence of the other until the rangers and citizens were within fifty or sixty yards of the camp. The pursuers immediately open-

ed fire upon the bandits, who were so startled that after firing one round they all fled, save Arkansaw Johnson and Henry Underwood, the latter telling the former to hold them in check until he could get their horses out of the way. The following account of this affair which appeared in the Denton Monitor on the 21st of June, was given by an eye-witness:

"On Tuesday last, on Salt Creek in the southwestern border of Wise county, about six miles from a small hamlet-called Cottondale, Bass & Co. were attacked by W. P. Withers of Denton, John Carroll, one of our deputy sheriffs, John Stoker, deputy sheriff of Tarrant county, Capt. Stephens, sheriff of Wise county, and a ranger called Buffalo Bill. The robbers were in camp, and some twenty-five or thirty shots were fired into them by these men. Six or seven shots were returned by the robbers, who became panic-stricken and beat a hasty retreat, leaving Arkansaw Johnson, one of their most desperate men, dead upon the field. He was shot through the heart by Deputy Sheriff John Carroll of Pilot Point, as is supposed. His horse stood hitched to a tree. The saddle and blanket were close by, and Johnson had been shot as he stooped to pick up the blanket. Henry Underwood escaped with all the horses except the one tied to the tree, to a point about one half mile from the battleground. Here he tied the horses and rode back upon his trail to relieve his friend, Johnson, but was ran upon and fired at by Jume Peak, Withers, Stoker and two rangers, who were following the trail of Underwood. Carroll, Stephens & Co. were also following the same trail from Johnson's dead body, and also fired on Underwood. Underwood ran back to his horses but did not stop to secure them. He passed them as fast as his horse could run. Peak and his men seeing these horses and supposing men were mounted upon them, fired and killed two of them. This was done by order of Peak. The three remaining horses were captured and conveyed to the battlefield, where lay the body of Johnson. The rest of the robbers were close by in a thicket, all afoot. Jume Peak ordered his men to go into camp. Withers, Stoker, Buffalo Bill and others

insisted that the thicket be surrounded and the robbers could be captured without the firing of a gun. Peak replied that "he thought it not best to surround the thicket and go in, as there was danger of getting some of his men killed." The above information we obtain from an eye witness. It is remarkable that the robbers so situated should have been permitted to escape. It looks that the white feather was shown at the most critical moment of the affair. Mr. Withers says that the reason the citizens present did not go in the thicket alone was that Stephens had gone in quest of a coroner, and that all present had submitted themselves to the command of Peak. The robbers stole fresh horses that night and made good their escape. After the inquest Johnson was buried on the spot."

"In justice to Capt. Jume Peak it is proper to state that he denies giving orders not to surround the thicket after the fight. He also states that Sergt. Floyd killed Johnson. John Carroll and Stoker both claim to have sent the deadly missive at the life of that unouth outlaw. It is probable that no one knows definitely who fired the fatal shot, as there were several shooting at him.

"After this engagement the robbers for a time disappeared. Underwood was never with the gang again, having fled to parts unknown. Henry Collins deserted them, and Charley Carter returned to his father's house, wearied, torn, sore and bleeding, without a whole garment on his person, a wiser, if not better boy from his eight days' terrible experience with Bass and his pals. He concealed himself in the neighborhood of his father's, waiting for the storm to blow over, earnestly protesting to his father that if he could escape this time he would never again depart into "ways that were dark, and tricks that were vain."

CHAPTER XIII.

Jim Murphy with the Robbers—A Peep Into the Inside Life of Bass and His Brigands—Observations

We shall give in this chapter the recitals of Murphy, in his own language,

subject only to such corrections in orthography and syntax as we deem necessary for perspicuity. He says:

"On the 1st of May, 1878, I was arrested and carried to Tyler. After staying there a few days I jumped my bond in order to have a little fun; but I had some trouble as I went along. I left Tyler on the 22nd of May, reaching Denton that night, when I hired a horse from Work Bros. and started home. When I had gone about three miles from Denton my horse ran into a barbed wire fence and threw me, nearly breaking my neck; the horse ran off, kicking and pitching furiously. I was hurt so badly that I had to lay there until daylight next morning, when I got up and started for home afoot. Meeting with a good friend on the way, I got into her buggy and went to my father's house on the head of Hickory Creek. Here I mounted myself on a good horse and went up to Wise county where my family was, and after staying there two days returned to Denton county, and stayed two weeks below Denton in the timber between Hickory Creek and Elm, waiting for Bass and his gang to come in from Stephens county. Hearing of Bass fighting out there, and not knowing when he would come in, I left Hickory Bottom and went home, leaving word for Bass to come to my house when he returned, but Bass stopped at the town of Denton to re-capture some horses that Sheriff Egan's men had captured from him before. Bass got to my house, but started West, and had a fight with June Peak's rangers and some citizens on Salt Creek, where he lost a man called Arkansaw Johnson, but whose real name was Harleston; also losing his horses. Bass then turned back and came by Fort Worth, and thence to Dallas, where the gang bought some pistols and came directly to my house on Cove Hollow, on the 15th of June, 1878. There was some company at my house and they did not stop, but rode by and made a sign by a lift of their hats so that I would come to them. As soon as I could excuse myself I went to Bass and Jackson on the branch and met them. They shook hands with me and took on over me terribly. Bass said to me, "Well, old fellow how do

you like to play checkers with your nose?" "Not at all," said I. "That's nearly h—l, ain't it Jim?" said Bass. "Well, old fellow, you had better come with me, and you won't have to play checkers with your nose. We have lots of fun and plenty of money in our camp." "Well," I replied, "I had thought of going with you boys but I have about given it out and thought I would go back and stand my trial and come clear." "Yes, Jim, that's very nice, but you don't have any show with the United States, and with the prejudice there is against you. There is no showing for you boys, because they think you are friends of mine, and I tell you the best thing you can do is to go with me and make some money, and we will send the money back to pay the bond off as soon as we can make a strike." I said: "Well, Sam, if you will wait till I thresh my wheat tomorrow, maybe I'll go." "All right," said Sam, "if you will go we will wait. We need you in our business." So Sam gave me a \$50 bill and told me to go up to Rosston and get some change for him, which I did. They laid over until Monday, and I started with them. On Tuesday morning we went to Bolivar and got some ammunition and some bread baked. From here we went to Hickory Creek, near Lone Elm, where we camped and stayed all night. Next morning we rose early. Bass said, "Boys, we must get out from here to get breakfast." So we saddled up and rode down the divide between the two Hickories, and wound into North Hickory back of Bob Carruth's field, and got our breakfast in the bottom. We saw Carruth's hands plowing in the field. Sam said: "If old Bob knew we were here wouldn't he raise h—l? But blast him, he don't know it." Breakfast over, we started to find Billy Jackson's camp, for Frank wanted to trade horses with him. We went down Hickory Creek below the fork, and then went to Bush Knob, as it was the highest point in this country. Bass said, "We'll stay here awhile and keep a look out for the herd." While here Sam said to me, "How are you on the shoot?" "Not much," I replied. "Well, you had better practice, for I tell you that if

Old Dad (slang name for Sheriff Egan) gets after us, you will have to shoot, for we mean business now, so let's practice a little right here." Sam pointed out an object three or four hundred yards off and said, "Now boys, watch me hit that place. If that was old Judge Hogg how easy could I bust his leather. I would make him wish that he had never straddled old Coly, the blamed old rascal. He ain't able to buy him a good horse, so he must step around and pick up my boys' horses. I took my gun down off of him once and wouldn't shoot him, but I will never do that any more." We shot several times at different objects and Sam said I did very well. He then told me to always keep my arms in good fix for there was no telling when Dad Egan might "put up" and that "that blasted Clay Withers is some hell too, as you go along, but all we've got to do is to kill a few horses, then retreat, and they'll kind o' go slow and won't crowd us much more. Well, boys, it's after 12 o'clock, and we had better go back to the bottom and get dinner."

After dinner Sam sent me to the C 2 ranch to see if Billy Jackson was camped down there. I went and found Billy and told him that Frank wanted to see him, and returned to Bass' camp back of Carruth's field. We then all rode out on the ridge and stayed there all the evening. While we were there Gus Egan and Alonzo Carruth, two boys, came to us. Sam was mighty glad to see those two little boys and said, "Well, boys, I am looking out for a sheep ranch, and if these old grangers will let me alone I will move in here, be a neighbor to you, and go to raising sheep." That tickled the boys and they rode off laughing. As they rode off Sam remarked: "What would I give to be in their place! I would give all the gold I ever saw, and more too, if I had it. But it's too late now to think of that. I ought to have taken my father's advice when I was a little boy, and skunned bad company; but h—l, there's no use thinking about it now. It all goes in a lifetime, anyhow. I will make some old banker pay for my troubles; money will sweeten anything!" By this time it was nearly sunset. We went to Billy Jackson's camp and got supper. Frank Jackson said, "Billy, I

want Old Ben." Billy said that he did not want to give him up, "I am afraid it will get me into trouble," said he. "Can't help it," said Frank, "I am bound to have him. Here's another in his place," and he took the horse. Frank said, "Jim, you had better get you another horse." I went then and took my brother John's Murphy's horse, and hold him that he could take my horse back. John kicked a little, and so did Billy. Sam said: "Boys, it's no use to kick, for we must have good horses in our business." We then mounted and went off laughing about how the boys kicked about a little thing. Sam said if they had ten thousand dollars he would pull them just to hear them squeal. We came on the Decatur road to Medlin's Point, about one mile and a half from Denton, where we rested until 12 o'clock, it being our intention to steal in the night a fine saddle horse belonging to W. H. Mounts in the suburbs of Denton. While here the boys told many fine stories about their adventures. Bass at length said, "Well, boys, what do you reckon old Mounts will say? I would like to be hid somewhere near, though I know what he will say as well as if I were there. The old rascal will walk out in the morning and find his horse and saddle gone. He will go back in the house with his lips hung down and his face as long as hell. Well, old lady, my fine horse and saddle are gone. I just know that Sam Bass has got them. I wish I had never got that long range gun. He said he would make it cost me \$10 every time I shot it. What shall I do my horse is gone. Wonder how Bass learned I had such good horses? I'll bet Jim Murphy told him about it. Jim, they'll give you hell over this thing, but that don't make any difference, for you have turned loose anyhow." I replied, "That's all right; we'll just rob them all alike whenever we strike them." "That's the idea, Jim. That is what I have argued all the time. We had just as well rob one as another, for they are all after us anyhow."

By this time it was about 12 o'clock. "Let's be going, boys," said Bass. We will pull Bill Mounts' horse." So we mounted and rode to Mounts' house, stopping in front of his gate. I was

left to guard while Sam went in and got a horse which he supposed to be Mounts', but it belonged to a traveler; he got Mounts' saddle. We then went east, passing through Denton, to Elm Bottom, where we arrived just before sun-up. We were tired and stopped and slept about fifteen minutes. We then rode across Big Elm and stopped for breakfast, when we rested two or three hours. Seeing several men pass on the road, Sam said, "Boys, we'd better get away from here. Old Dad Egan might be on our trail, and if he is he will give us h—l, for they are mad as h—l. I guess we'll ride." So we started east and came to the bottom just above Lum Dickson's, then passed along the edge of the timber until we got below Hill Town, when we stopped and got dinner. As we rode out that afternoon we were talking about the rangers and grangers Bass said: "Now boys, we'll quit this way of running. We are shut of Henry Underwood, and I hope we will stay shut of him, for he can't stand the racket, and I don't want any man with me that can't stand the racket. If I had never run from anybody they never would have been so hot after me as they have been." We then turned for Dallas county, passing through a large pasture in a southeastern course. It was a drizzly, dark evening and we lost our way, and went to a farmer's house to stay all night. Sam said: "Jim, tell him we are hunting a pair of stolen mules and a big, fine horse; that we are Peak's rangers, and that you live in Wise county near Polley, and that your name is Paine; that you met up with Capt. Peak and got two of his rangers to go with you to help arrest the thieves." I told the old man the story the best I could. After supper Bass and the old farmer struck up a conversation about Bass. The farmer seemed to sympathize with Bass. He said that he heard that the railroads had beat Bass out of a large pile of money. Bass said he did not know anything about him. All he knew was that his captain, June Peak, had him out on several raids after him. It seemed that Bass must have had some good traits about him for he had lots of friends. The old man replied that he thought a heap of Bass himself, although

he never saw him that he knew of. This tickled Bass mightily, and when we went upstairs to go to bed Bass said: "Well, it wouldn't take much to make this old man solid with me—he is old business!"

Next morning we went east, passing the village of Frankfort, in Dallas county. Here we got a horse shod, and Sam bought a lot of candy. While we were eating the candy in came a poor farmer boy who had worked hard all the year and made nothing. He said he had a good notion to go and hunt Bass and get with him and rob railroads and get some money, for he could not make any farming. This created quite a laugh in the little store. He then stepped up to Sam and said to him, "Stranger, if you will give me some candy I will give you some peaches." "All right," said Sam, and they traded.

We made particular inquiry here about my fine mules, but did not hear of them. After we started away Sam said: "What do you reckon that fool would have said if I had told him that I was Bass, and have showed him a few twenties? I'll bet I could have broken his eyes off with a board! I'll bet he hasn't had twenty dollars this year. That is the way of most of these old farmers. They never have any money. I had rather rob a train and have plenty of money. I never expect to work any more, unless it is before a shot gun or something like that." We stopped about two miles east of Frankfort to get dinner. While there old man Oby's mules and horses came around us playing. In the bunch was a mighty fine horse. Sam said, "Old horse, you are a good one. Some of these times I will come around and pull you! Boys, don't you reckon old man Oby would kick if I did?"

"Yes, and I wouldn't blame him either," said Jackson. "It's too bad to take these old farmers' horses; it bothers them so bad!"

"H—l, h—l, h—l!" exclaimed Bass. "What need I to care for their botheration? No skin off my back. That dried old rascal is able to loose a good horse now and then. Let them kick, it don't amount to anything." Sam then said we had better be riding, and we saddled and went on our way rejoicing.

When we had gone a short distance Bass said, "Boys, you go ahead. I will turn off here and meet you again about two miles from here." He rode off, and after awhile he overtook us with Henry Collins and two men I did not know. As they rode up I heard one of the two strangers say, "Blast that Murphy! Sam you ought to go and kill him right now." I did not hear any reply from Bass. I remarked to Jackson, "Frank, do you hear that?" Jackson replied, "Yes, Jim, h—l is up! just be easy; I won't let them hurt you." By this time they had reached us. They all seemed to be in a deep study, but said little. Bass said, "Well, get up on your horses and we'll go over and get Sebe Barnes." One of the new-comers said to Sam, "They say they are looking for June Peak out here." "Yes, I feel like we are going to have h—l," said Sam, in shrill, angry tones.

When we started one of the strangers said, "Goodbye, boys. Keep your eyes open and watch one another. I am afraid when I hear from you all again you will have h—l shot out of you." He then rode away. Henry Collins and the other party went with us to where Sebe Barnes was. On the way there I saw that there was something wrong, and I said to Jackson, "What is the matter with all the boys?" He replied that he did not hardly know but guessed I'd find out after awhile. That scared me up, but I did not let on. Presently we came to a church in the edge of a bottom. I heard someone whistle, and asked what it was, and they said it was Sebe. Bass whistled then and Sebe replied, and we all rode up to where he was. Barnes came out and shook hands with all but me, and asked the news. Bass said he had none, only that he had Bill Mounts' horse. Barnes replied that he had been very uneasy about them, since their time was out. "Why?" said Bass. "Well," said Barnes, "the news came down here that one of the Murphy boys was going to give you away, and I knew you placed a deal of confidence in them." Bass replied that he did not reckon it was so. "They will not give us away, for Jim is here with us." "I tell yo," said Barnes, "this news came too straight to be false. I have no con-

fidence in Jim. I believe we ought to kill him, and right here, for the marshal telegraphed to Fort Worth that Jim was going to lead us into Fort Worth to rob a bank and then lay the plan to catch us. That was the reason he left Tyler, was to catch us." Bass then replied, "Well boys, if that is the case, we will kill him right here!" I then spoke, "Well, boys, now I will tell you just how this is: I know that I agreed to do this with Major Jones, but I had no notion of doing it. You know that you boys got me into this trouble, and I fell on that plan to beat the United States and give Major Jones the grand slip, and I think if you will take everything into consideration that you will not kill me." Frank Jackson then spoke, "No, Jim would have done the same thing myself." Barnes exclaimed, "That sounds too plagued thin to me, how does it to you, Eph?" Bass replied. "I do not know how to fix that up under my hair. What do you say, Blackey?" "I have known Jim," said Jackson (Blackey), "for a long time. I know he won't give me away, nor you either." Barnes said, "I think he will, and we had better kill him." Bass said, "All right, she goes!" Jackson said, "Well, she don't go; we never eat her. I tell you, you can't kill Jim without killing me, for we have persuaded him off from his home, and he said the other day he was afraid if anything happened that we would lay it to him. I told him no, that accidents would crawl upon us now and then anyhow, and that we would not blame him with them any more than anybody else. So, boys, you must not shoot Jim unless you want h—l to pop, for I will die fighting for him." Barnes pulled out his pistol and said he would not trust his brother any more. Frank replied that Jim was a good friend to all of them. Bass replied, "H—l, h—l! Blast the friends! I don't need any friends. They are just friends for my money. Look at Bill Collins, he has gone back on me and I have gone back on everybody. But as Frank is all right, and says that Jim is, I guess we had better let him alone." So they dropped the subject and we rode on. We passed through a dark bottom and I felt alarmed, but Frank and I rode close together.

all the time. Frank remarked, "Jim this is nearly hell, isn't it?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, I will never let them hurt you, for I know you are all right with me. If you ever lay a plan to catch anybody you will have some place for me to get out I know." "Yes," said I, "that is so, Frank; but I don't want to catch any of them if they will treat me right."

We wound around in the dismal swamp until 12 o'clock that night. We then stopped in an open place and stayed till morning, but it was little rest I got that night. I wished that I was at home several times before I got home. Next morning, after breakfast, Henry Collins and his partner said they were going to a better country than this. Sam spoke to Henry's partner, calling him Jake, and said, "Jake you had better come and go with me. I will get you some money. Henry is no thoroughbred; he can't get any money." Collins replied, "I know I am no robber, but I expect to make plenty of money without robbing." Bass replied, "Yes, you will play h—l." Bass insisted on Jake staying with him, but it did no good; he would not go with us. Henry and Jake then left us.

After their departure Sam remarked: "What in the h—l do you reckon they aim to do?" Barnes said, "They think they've got a soft snap somewhere, but I'll bet they slip up on it." Bass said, "Yes, the fools will just about step into some old jail, that is what will become of them. Let them go; we will run our boat and they can run theirs. So, boys, we'll go down the country and cash these old white pistols of ours and get a pretty good roll of green baeks. Barnes, how much do you think your old white pistol will draw?" "I don't know," said Barnes, "about ten thousand, I guess." "H—l! I want at least twenty thousand for mine." Jackson remarked, "Well, boys, if you scrubs can get that much I think Jim and I can draw at least fifty thousand, for we are the best looking. The old banker won't be afraid to trust us." "Trust h—l!" said Bass. "He wouldn't trust any of us if he could help himself. Well, what do you reckon the old banker will say, boys, when we tell him we want to cash

these old white pistols?" "Don't know, Sam; what do you think he will say?" "Well, I think," continued Bass, "when I drop mine up to his ear he will throw his old top to one side and wall his eyes like a dying calf and say, 'Here are the boys! they want a little money. The cussed old express company can't furnish enough for the boys, and I guess we will have to let them have some money. This must be Col. Bass. I have heard a heap of talk of him, but I never saw him before.'"

We camped on the edge of East Fork bottom the next night. The mosquitos were so bad here that Jackson made up a small fire close to his head and went to sleep. Next morning his hat was burned up and the tail of his coat gone. Bass enjoyed a hearty laugh over this mishap in which Frank participated. Mounting his horse he rode, bare-headed, up to a house nearby and bought a hat from a little boy. When he came back he said they were clever folks up there, and suggested to Bass that they stop and locate there. "O, no," said Bass, "the mosquitos are too big for me here. Let's ride, if your new hat suits you." "Ah, yes, it's just a fit," said Jackson. "What kind of a jim crow story did you tell those folks up there?" inquired Bass. "O, I told them we were going east to buy cattle," said Jackson. "You fool! that is a dead give away. You are too hard a looking case to pass for a cowman. We had better leave here now, for they will know something is wrong after getting such a gag as that," said Bass. So we rode out, laughing at Frank's little hat, in the direction of Rockwall.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jim Murphy's Narrative Continued.

When we struck East Fork it was all over the bottom. There was a bridge across the river, but the water was half side deep to the horses over it. Sam took the lead and we all followed. Every now and then he would look back and say, "H—l, boys, come on. I will get you out of here, and get you some money."

About four o'clock that evening we

landed near Rockwall and camped. Barnes was sent up town to buy some canned fruit, eggs and salmon. "Buy everything that is good to eat; that is half my living, is eating," said Bass. About this time Bass espied a gallows about fifty yards from camp, and exclaimed, "H—l! Look yonder, boys. If I had seen that before we stopped we would not have stopped here. Jim, you and Frank get supper, and I will go and look at that blasted thing up yonder." So he went and took a good look at the gallows. When he came back he looked very serious and said, "Boys, that makes me feel bad. That is the first one of them things I ever saw, and I hope it will be the last."

Barnes soon returned with the provisions, and as soon as we could eat we left camp and went up through Rockwall. As we passed we stopped at a store and purchased some yeast powders and a sack of table salt. We then went about two miles east from town and camped for the night. The night was very dark and we could not see precisely where we were camping. Bass arose by daybreak next morning and yelled out, "Boys, get up; look here, we are right at a house! Let's get away from here."

We started for Terrell, where we landed about 4 p. m. that day. We camped south of town about one mile. I stopped under two small black jack trees and being weary, I soon fell asleep. By some reason Bass and Barnes were still dissatisfied with me and renewed the discussion about me being a spy. Barnes said, "This is a bad break boys. I believe there is some wrong. I believe we ought to kill him." Bass agreed with him, and they drew their pistols and cocked them to blow out my brains while I slept, but Jackson again interposed and saved me. "You must not do that," he said. "Hold up! It will not do. You must not kill him. Kill me first." This caused them to desist. I knew nothing of this at the time, of course, but I learned afterwards from them. Bass and Jackson then went up town and purchased them some clothing, crackers and canned peaches. While they were there they took a look at the banks, but could not tell much about them. Next

morning they went back to interview them right. While they were there they saw Billy Reed (an old acquaintance and very desperate character), who walked right between them, but did not know them. They both recognized him and came very near speaking to him, but they were afraid he would blow them. Returning to camp they said they thought they had better hunt better picking. So we left for Kauffman. Arriving at Kauffman we camped near, and Bass sent Barnes and I up to town to look for a bank and get some fruit. We found no bank in town. So after getting a new suit of clothes and a shave, we returned to camp. Next morning Bass, Jackson and I went up to town. Bass and Jackson got shaved and we had our horses shod and put them in a stable and had them fed. While our horses were eating we knocked around town and finally we dropped into the best store in town. It was located on the east side of town. Bass espied a big safe in the back room, and said, "Boys, I will test that safe and see if it is any account." So he threw down a \$20 bill to get it broke. The merchant had to go into his safe to get change. Bass looked over his shoulder into the safe. When he went out he said, "This place is not worth a fig. There was not hardly money enough to change that bill. H—l! Blast such a country as this. Let's go back to camp." We spent a pleasant evening eating peaches and Bass telling of his troubles and adventures. During the conversation the Dallas & Wichita was mentioned. "Oh, the h—l!" said Bass. "Now give us a rest! The Dallas and which-a-way! Now ain't that a bonanza? Well, I would have pulled it, but the poor thing was bogged up in Elm Bottom, and I'd as soon hit a woman as to tap it; besides if I had I'd had to rob the sick thing on a credit, and that won't do in our business." Bass said to me: "Jim, what do you think of Tom Gerren?" "Oh, I always thought Tom was a very good man," said I. "Yes, I did too," said Bass, "but what do you think of him a-catching me?" "Don't know," I replied, "I hardly think he would. I believe he is a good friend." "Yes, so do I," said Bass, "but he thinks too

much of his office not to catch me. Now, I will tell you what I think about it. I think he was a-working to get a down-hill pull on me, and me by the heels, and I think he would have pulled me into Uncle Hub Bates' Hotel. Oh, blast his soul, I'll always keep a skinned eye on him, you bet, for I know he is nearly h—l when he gets the drop on a man. And there's that cussed old Judge Hogg. Jim, if I had met him, the old rascal, when he was driving old Coly in his buggy, I would have got up into that buggy. I guess I'd have been boss then. What do you reckon he would have said then? Don't you reckon he would have kicked then? Yes, he would kick, but I would drive off the buggy all the same." After a pause Bass sprang to his feet and said: "Now, if that old tree was some old banker, I'll show you how I'd serve him all right. I'd jerk out my pistol and slip up to him, this way, and job it into his countenance (going through the evolution of robbing a bank), Throw up your props, Cap! The old fellow would jump back and say, 'Here are the boys I guess you want some money.'" Bass would then approach the tree, with his sack in one hand and pistol in the other and shout, "Hurry up, old man, we are in a hurry." This performance produced much merriment among the audience.

Next morning we set out for Ennis and camped that night between Chambers Creek and East Fork. The following morning we came to Trinidad Crossing and found the river was up and the cable of the ferry boat broke. We staked out our horses, and Bass and Barnes crossed in a skiff, while Jackson and I put the horses in to swim, but they would not cross—only swam part of the way and turned down the river and came back. Bass and Barnes returned and we went to a farmer's house nearby and spent the 4th of July eating watermelons. Next morning we returned to the crossing and helped them stretch the rope. The ferryman charged us only half fare. We left late in the evening and went to the edge of the bottom and spent the night with a very clever farmer. Bass and he had quite a talk about Bass' gang. We told him that we lived in Wise county, and were

wanting to buy some cattle. He said he was looking for Bass to make another strike in that country. He said that it would not surprise him at any time to hear of it, but that he "didn't care how often Bass robbed the railroads, so he let the citizens alone." Bass said yes, he didn't care much, himself, that what he had heard of Bass he did not believe that Bass would rob anybody except express companies. Bass made a great many inquiries of him about cattle. Next morning we continued our journey toward Ennis. We met up with a school teacher on the way and he was very talkative, and we came near not getting rid of him at all. We stopped and bought some watermelons, and the school teacher commenced to count up the cost of them to see how much was his part. Bass told him that was all right, that he would pay for the whole crowd, that he had plenty of money and didn't care for expenses. Before we got to Ennis we turned off the road to get shut of the teacher. Bass remarked, "If he knew he had been traveling with Bass what would he say?" Jackson said he would tell those old bankers to lookout, that Bass and Jackson were in and wanted money, and the next thing they would have June Peak down there whooping us up like h—l, that we didn't want any racket until we could draw and cash our old white pistols. We stopped about a mile from Ennis. Jackson and Barnes were left in camp while Bass and I went to town and put our horses up in a livery stable and got our dinner. We then took a view of the bank but found it bannistered so high that there was no use to try it. Bass here bought and made me a present of a fine cartridge belt, also bought himself a nice pair of small saddle pockets, the housing being of Cashmere goat skin. Seeing that there was nothing here in our line of an inviting character, we set out for Waco. We stopped within one mile of Waco for dinner. Bass sent Jackson and myself into the city to look at the bank. We went, and having provided dinner for ourselves and horses and got shaved at the barbershop, we struck out to look around town. As we were knocking around, Frank said: "Jim, this is put-

ting on a heap of style for highwaymen, ain't it?" I replied that it was kinder gettin' up a little. Presently we came to the Savings Bank and went in and got a \$5 bill changed. While we were in there we saw a large quantity of gold and greenbacks. Frank said, "If we mean business here is the place to commence, Jim." "Yes," said I, "but here we must see how we are to get away from here." "That's so," he replied, "but I don't think there will be any trouble about that."

At this we returned to camp and reported. I told Sam that I thought Frank was rather excited over what we saw up there, and that he had better go up and take a look at it himself. So that evening about dark we moved on through town and camped just a mile south of town. Next morning Sam and Frank went back to town and looked at the bank again and returned. Sam said: "Boys, I think we have struck oil, if we will work it right. We will move on five or six miles west of town and rest up our horses." So we got out in the western suburbs of town. Sam sent me and Frank back to get some coffee and bread, enough to last until we got ready to hit the bank." I suggested to Jackson that we look out a way for retreat when we struck the bank. While we were doing so I began to point out to Frank where the danger was. Frank said, "Jim, we'll take that just as easy as to take a drink of water. We will scare those town folks so bad that they won't know what is up until we have the money and be gone." When we returned to camp I began to tell where the danger of escape was. Bass said, "H—I, Jim! we can take that bank just as easy as falling off a log. H—I! Don't get scared. I will get you some money in a few days, as soon as Old Mounts rests up enough to make a run." So I thought there was no use talking any more, for they were determined to rob a bank anyhow. So I became very serious and studied a great deal. Bass would say every now and then, "H—I, Jim! Hold up your head. Keep in good spirits. I will get you some money after awhile." Next morning, at breakfast, Bass said, "Well, Jim, you think there is too much danger

at Waco. We will not hit it. We will go wherever you say." "All right, boys," I replied, "That is the eddy. I feel better. I was afraid you all would be hard-headed and run yourselves into danger and get killed. So we will go down to Round Rock and pull the Williamson County Bank." So after dinner we saddled up and rode back to Waco. Jackson and Barnes went to our old camp, south of the city, while Bass and I stopped at the Ranch Saloon and got some beer. Sam got his last \$20 gold piece (the fruits of the U. P. robbery) changed there. As we started off Sam remarked, "Jim, there goes the last piece of '77 gold I had. It hasn't done me the least bit of good, but that is all right. I will get some more in a few days. So let it gush! It all goes in a lifetime." We went to camp and stayed there part of the night and left. Barnes went back to Waco and stole himself a fine bay mare and overtook us. He said, "Boys, I have got a thoroughbred that is all right." Barnes went on, and the rest of us stopped for the night. Barnes left his old pony with us and told me to sell her at Belton for what we could get. When we reached Belton I sold her for \$25. We then bought some canned fruit and jelly, and went south of Belton on a high hill, and ate dinner. We could see all over the town. Sam said, "Boys, if the old sheriff knew where we are he would give us fits, you bet! I would hate for them Belton fellows to get after us for they are bad medicine." Jackson added, "H—I, Eph, they ain't any worse than old Dad Egan, and we gave him the grand slip." "Yes, but we don't know that country," replied Bass, "like we do Denton." "I don't give a cuss for that," said Jackson. "We know our old winchesters just as well as we ever did, and I tell you Eph, whenever we throw red-hot balls at them old Belton fellers, you will see them pull on the bridle reins until their horses can't get out of a walk. Just look at Everheart, he is a brag fighter, and I tell you when we began to throw red hot lead at him you could see his old horse's mouth fly open and stop. That is the way with all these brag fighters. They blow like h—I, but

when they have to face the music they pull up on the bridle and swear their horse is given out." "That is all so, Blackey," said Sam, "but I think these Bell county fellows are different material. I can take a wooden gun and stand Everheart off. He hasn't got as much nerve as Clay Withers, and he hasn't got as much as the law allows him; for when we killed them horses there by Hank's and retreated, if Clay had crowded us right then, he would have caught every one of us, for we were scared, but after we killed the horses Clay's men did not know but what we might kill some of them next time, and they went kind o' slow. After that it was no trouble to get off. Well, let's be riding. I want to get to Round Rock."

At Belton I wrote a letter to Johnson and Everheart, telling them for God's sake to come at once, that we were bound for Round Rock to rob the bank there. I slipped this letter in the post office.

After we had traveled some distance Sam spoke to me: "Jim, what do you think of Riley Wetsel for a poker player?" "Oh, I don't know," said I. "I guess he is pretty good." "H—l!" said Sam, "Frank and I met him last spring and pulled him for all the tax money he had with him at that time. I reckon it was tax money. He said he was out on that kind of business—that he was deputy sheriff. I said, Well, I guess you would like to collect Bass' wouldn't you? He said that he didn't have any papers for us boys, but I just believe my part of that. You bet I kept a skinned eye on him all the time, for I looked on him just like I did on Gerren. I think all Riley wanted was a down hill pull and running go on my crowd, and I think he would have taken me in just like tax money. But might have gambled me off before he got to Uncle Hub's hotel, I don't know; though, he might have thought more of me than he did greenbacks, as I am valuable property, Jim. I would be like one of these 640 gold interest bearing bonds. If a man could take me alive he would make a thunder-mug full of money out, but that is the point. I never expect to give up to any man alive, for I know it is death anyhow. So I will die a fighting."

We rode into Georgetown and camping near, rested one day. While here we saw Sheriff Tucker. Sam said: "Darn his old long-legged soul, wouldn't like to know who we are? I expect he'd give us a little fight, but it would not do him any good, for he looks too much like some of the crowd that's been after us. He looks like some blow-hard or other and more of the blow than hard."

While we were at Georgetown I wrote to Major Jones that we were on our way to Round rock to rob a bank or the railroad, and for God's sake to be on hand and prevent it.

From Georgetown we went to Round Rock. Frank and Sam first went into town, and came back, saying, "Jim, you were right about coming to this place, for we can take that bank too easy to talk about." I agreed with them. We pitched our camp on the San Saba road and went down to old man Mays' & Blacks' store, and got some horse feed. Next morning Barnes and I went up to Round Rock to look at the bank and to get shaved. Barnes was well pleased with the town and said, "I wish you boys all had fresh horses, we would rob it this evening." "Yes," said I, "I do, too; but Sebe, if we go to stealing horses they will get onto us before we get mounted, and the best thing we can do is to stay here four or five days and let our horses rest, and pretend that we want to buy cattle." Barnes said, "Yes, Jim, that is the idea." After we got back to camp Barnes said, "Boys, I am satisfied that Jim is all right. I am glad Frank kept us from killing him; he is the man that we need, but blast him, I could not fix him alright before; but I am glad he is with us now! I think if we keep low we will get seven or eight thousand dollars."

"Well, now boys, 'she goes,' said Sam, "about half-past 3 o'clock Saturday evening. Now we will talk over our plans and understand what ever fellow has got to do." "All right, Sam," was the reply, "You lay out the plans and we will work to them, as you understand the business better than anybody else."

"All right," said Sam. "Now I will tell you how we will do. Bass and Barnes will walk in first. Barnes will throw down a \$3 bill and tell the banker

he wants silver for it, and while he is getting the change I, Bass, will walk in and throw my pistol down on him and tell him to throw up his props. Barnes will jump over the counter, and Jim and Frank will stand in the door, and if anybody else comes to deposit, they can arrest them and take their money and give them a certificate of deposit, and tell them to stand there until their partner comes out, for they think that Eph has got some relations and he told us if we saw you to have you be sure to wait for him, he has some business to talk about with you. Tell them there's no use kicking, for that I am bound to see them. Say to him, 'Just stand still, young man, your Uncle Eph will be here directly.' But as good luck was with the citizens, Sam did not get to carry out his plans. We stayed there until Friday evening, when we all concluded to go up to town to get some tobacco. I told them I would stop in Old Round Rock. They went up to the New Town. As they got off their horses Sam's coat blew up and exposed his pistol. Frank and Sebe had theirs in their saddle pockets, and if Sam had left his in his saddlepockets he might have been living yet. The sheriff saw Sam's pistol and followed in after him, and while in the store the sheriff thought he would take the pistol away, and it resulted in the death of the sheriff. When the sheriff was killed by them, Sam and Frank got on their horses and came back through Old Round Rock, and passed right close to me, and I thought they looked at me, but Frank says they did not see me. I was sitting in old man Mays' store when they passed. I saw that Sam was wounded in the hand, and he looked like he was sick, and Frank was holding him on his horse, the last I saw of them."

Thus ends the narrative of Jim Murphy.

CHAPTER XV.

Jim Murphy Bargains to Bag Bass for the Consideration of the Release of Himself and Father from the Tyler Jail.

As before stated Jim Murphy, together

with his father, Henderson Murphy, and a number of other citizens were lodged in jail at Tyler, under indictments and informations in the Federal District Court, charging them as accessories in the crimes of Bass. Henderson Murphy was an old man against whose honor and integrity no man could bring a just imputation. Jim felt that he also was innocent of any guilty complicity with the robbers, for though he had perhaps fed them, it was nothing more than a majority of men situated as he was would have done. These bandits were, some of them, old acquaintances of his, and he knew of no process against them. He did not feel like driving them from his door when they came for shelter or bread, or refusing to make a good trade with them because they were suspicious.

He now saw his aged father languishing in a fetid dungeon and broken-hearted. Bass and his gang had caused all of this, and Jim felt that he would be doing no crime against honor or morals to adopt any plan that would give Bass and his pals for his own liberty or that of his father. This much is said in vindication of Murphy and in explanation of his conduct in betraying the gang.

Accordingly he negotiated with Major Jones and others for his and his father's release. The following is his own statement:

"I, J. W. Murphy, was arrested May 1st, 1878, by Sheriff Everheart, of Grayson county, for harboring Sam Bass. I was innocent of the charge and told Everheart so. I asked him why he did not tell me long ago that he wanted Sam Bass. He gave me no answer of any satisfaction but pushed me off from my family and put me in jail at Sherman. Walter Johnson took me from the Sherman jail and put me in jail at Tyler. On the way to the jail at Tyler I hinted the plan of capturing Sam Bass to Taylor, and he said he would send Johnson to see me soon. Johnson came to see me after I had given bond. I told him I could plan a job to capture Bass if I was foot loose. Johnson told me he would see me again soon. So he went off and came back with June Peak, and we talked the matter over. June says, 'I will go and see Major Jones.'

The Major came and talked with me about the plan for the capture of Bass. At this time I made a contract with Major Jones as to what he would do for me and my father if I would catch Sam Bass. He said if I would lay the plan for the capture of Sam Bass that he would have my case and my father's dismissed, and he would see that I should have my part of the reward and his part too. He said that he did not want any of the reward, and that I should have what was right. I worked this plan under three men, Jones, Peak and Johnson. Nobody else was to know anything about it. They were the men I relied on. After a short time Sheriff Everheart worked into the secret through Johnson. The first time that Everheart came to me I gave him no satisfaction. The second time he came a man by the name of Taylor was with him. Taylor told me that whatever Everheart told me would be alright with Johnson, and I let him into the secret against my own will."

The proposition was imparted to Hon. A. J. Evans, U. S. District Attorney, who agreed to the plan and gave the following written assurance of his sincerity:

"Whereas, James Murphy stands indicted as an accessory in robbing the United States mails, in several cases now pending in the United States District Court at Tyler, and whereas, I believe public justice will be best subserved, hereby, I, Andrew J. Evans, United States Attorney for the Western District of Texas, bind the United States as follows:

"1st. If said Murphy should leave Tyler I will protect him and his bondsmen at this term of the court.

"2nd. If the said Murphy shall be instrumental in securing the arrest and delivery to the United States Marshal of the Western District of Texas, of all or any of the following principals, in their order (Bass, Jackson, Underwood, Barnes and Johnson) in said indictments, then all prosecutions are to be dismissed as to said Murphy, growing out of his acts as accessory to the said principals; to be done upon certificate of Major John B. Jones.

"3rd. In case the said Murphy shall

use all reasonable and possible means in his power to capture the said Bass and his above named associates, and if Major B. Jones will certify to such facts to the United States District Attorney, then the said Murphy is to have the relief named in section 2 above, although he may be unsuccessful.

(Signed) A. J. EVANS,
U. S. Attorney."

May 21st, 1878.

The matter having been thus arranged the case against Henderson Murphy was dismissed; and Jim being now on bail was permitted to simulate an escape and forfeiture of his bond. It was understood that he was to keep Major Jones, Captain Peak and Marshal Johnson advised as to the movements of Bass—as far as practicable—until their capture was accomplished. His bondsman, C. C. Cannon, not being into the secret was much exercised, and telegraphed from Tyler to Dallas for the authorities to arrest Jim Murphy. Jim, however, stopped at Mineola and had his mustache shaved off, which so altered his appearance that his nearest friends would scarcely have recognized him, and he walked through a swarm of marshals and police at Dallas, who waited at the depot to grab him on his arrival, making his way through to Denton in one day.

CHAPTER XIV.

Death of Bass and Barnes.

Major Jones received Murphy's letter from Belton and at once repaired to Round Rock in company with Maurice Moore, deputy sheriff of Travis county, to meet the robbers. Lieut. Reynolds was ordered to Round Rock with a detachment of his rangers. Maj. Jones notified the banker of the plan of the bandits and of the measures he had on foot to arrest them. The arrangements of Major as was seen in the last chapter, did not mature, but a collision was precipitated by the mistake of Deputy Sheriff Maurice Moore of Travis, and Grimes of Williamson county, the particulars of which, as detailed by Moore, who was severely wounded in the left lung, are here given. He says:

"About 4 p. m., I was standing in front of Smith's livery stable, and three

men passed up the street. Smith remarked to me, 'There go three strangers.' I noticed them carefully and thought one of them had a six-shooter under his coat. The others were carrying saddle bags. They looked at me rather hard and went across the street into a store. I walked up the street to where Grimes, the deputy sheriff of Williamson county, was standing, and remarked to him, 'I think one of those men has a six-shooter on.' Grimes remarked that he would go and see. We walked across the street and went into the store. Not wishing to let them know I was watching them, I stood up inside the store door with my hands in my pockets, whistling. Grimes approached them carelessly and asked one if he had not a six-shooter. They all three replied, yes, and at the same time two of them shot Grimes and one shot me.

After I had fired my first shot I could not see the men on account of the smoke. They continued shooting and so did I, until I fired five shots; as they passed out I saw one man bleeding from the arm and side; I then leaned against the store door, feeling faint and sick, and recovering myself, I started out and fired the remaining shot at one of them.

"Having lent one of my pistols to another man the day before, I stopped and reloaded my pistol, went into the stable and got my winchester and started in pursuit of them, and was stopped by Dr. Morris, who said, 'Hold on; don't go any further, for if you get overheated your wound may kill you. I stopped and gave my winchester to another man. Grimes did not have time to pull out his pistol; six bullet holes were put through his body.'"

The rangers hearing the firing came upon the scene and fired upon the robbers as they retreated. Major Jones reached the place in time to engage in the fusillade. The whole village was thrown into a tumult of excitement, and the citizens who could procure arms joined in the affray, the robbers taking cover behind houses and fences, and firing back at every opportunity, retreated down an alley toward their horses. Early in the engagement Bass had received a shot through the hand, and as they retreated down the alley a ranger,

George Harrall, shot him in the back, inflicting a mortal wound. He, however, reached and mounted his horse. Barnes was shot by George Ware, a ranger, through the head, just as he mounted his horse, and fell dead on the spot. Jackson and Bass rode off together. Major Jones, Ware and Tubbs fired at them as they left, F. L. Jordan and Albert Highsmith, citizens of Round Rock, joined in the fight and did their best to lift the robbers out of their saddles. Major Jones, Capt. Lee Hall and three rangers gave chase on horseback, but the bandits had the start on them too far, and they lost the trail and returned to town. That evening Lieut. Reynolds with ten rangers from San Saba, and Lieut. Armstrong from Austin with a squad, arrived at Round Rock. After Bass and Jackson had gone several miles from the scene Bass' wounds began to grow so sore that he found he would have to stop. Jackson wanted to stop and remain with him, but Bass told him no, that he was seriously wounded and must stop, and that Frank must take care of himself. He gave Jackson all the money he had, his horse, arms and ammunition, and enjoined him to leave him. Jackson took his departure from Bass and left him there alone. After Jackson left Bass went to a house to get some water. He was bloody and looked very feeble; this attracted the attention of the lady of the house who gave him water. After he got the water he left afoot and the lady saw the direction he went. Next morning she informed his pursuers of the incident and by this means he was found. We give below an extract from a letter from Travis county, written to the Galveston News and clipped from the Denton Monitor of August 2nd, as follows:

"Later in the evening Lieut. Armstrong's party from Austin arrived. Next morning Sergt. Neville of Lieut. Reynolds' company with eight men and Deputy Sheriff Tucker of this county, took the trail of Bass and Jackson where it had been lost the evening before, but soon found that the two had separated.

After hunting around awhile they found Bass lying under a large tree in the edge of the prairie. As the sergeant approached, he held up his hand and

said, "Don't shoot; I am unarmed and helpless; I am the man you are looking for; I am Sam Bass."

He had lain in the brush all night, but crawled out to the tree in the prairie about daylight, and hailed a negro who passed him, and tried to bribe him to haul him off and secrete him. Information of the capture was brought to Major Jones, who went out accompanied by Dr. Cochran, and brought the prisoner in.

Of the seven men who were engaged in the train robbery at Mesquite, on the Texas & Pacific railroad on the 10th of April last, some of whom were in all the robberies which took place on the Texas Central and T. P. railroads previous to that time, five have been disposed of. Sam Pipes and Albert Herndon, arrested by Major Jones and Capt. Peak in Dallas county soon after the robbery occurred, have just been convicted in the federal court at Austin. Johnson, called "Arkansaw," was killed by Sergeant Floyd of Capt. Peak's company, in the fight with the robbers on Salt Creek in Wise county, on the 12th of June. Sam Bass and Seaborn Barnes were killed by R. C. Ware and Henry Harrell, (as per verdict coroner's jury) of Lieut. Reynolds' company at Round Rock on the 10th of July, 1878. Two of the band are still at large, Frank Jackson, who made his escape at Round Rock, and Henry Underwood, who left the band at the time of the Salt Creek fight, and has not been with them since and of whom nothing is certainly known since that time.

Every endeavor was made by Major Jones to secure Bass' confession. Some one was nearly always near him with pencil and paper to take down what he had to say. In his moments of wakefulness he talked guardedly to Dr. Cochran, his nurse, Jim Chapman, Major Jones and some of his rangers. His utterances, though not really of great moment, are yet valuable and interesting; are disjointed and tempered with a reserve that is tantalizing. A book was kept to jot down his sayings in. From this book we copy verbatim:

"Joel Collins, Bill Heffrige, Tom Nixon, Jack Davis, Jim Berry and me were in the Union Pacific robbery. Tom Nixon is in Canada; haven't seen him

since that robbery. Jack Davis was in New Orleans from the time of the Union Pacific robbery till he went to Denton to get me to go in with him and buy hides. This was the last of April, 1878. Grimes asked me if I had a pistol. Said I had, and then all three of us drew and shot him. If I killed him he was the first man I ever killed. Am 25 years old, and have two brothers, John and Linton; have four sisters. They all live at Mitchel, Ind. Have not seen Henry Underwood since the Salt Creek fight. Saw the two Collinses at Old Man Collins' since I left Denton. Gardner, living in Atascosa county, is my friend. Was at his house last fall. First time I saw Billy Scott was at Bob Murphy's; last time was at Green Hill's. Saw him at William Collins' but do not know the date; do not pay any attention to dates. Never saw him but three times. I will not tell who was in the Eagle Ford robberies besides myself and Jackson, because it is against my profession. Think I will go to hell anyhow, and believe a man should die with what he knows in him. I do not know. (Question as to whereabouts of certain confederates—Rep.) They were with us about six months. Henry was with me in the last Salt Creek fight four or five weeks ago. Arkansaw Johnson was killed in that fight. Do not know whether Underwood was wounded in the Salt Creek fight or not. Sebe Barnes, Frank Jackson and Charley Carter were there. We were all set afoot in that fight, but stole horses enough to remount ourselves in three hours, or as soon as dark came, after which we went back to Denton, where we stayed till we came to Round Rock."

Question—"Where is Jackson now?"

Answer—"I do not know."

Q—"How did you usually get together after being scattered?"

A—"Generally told by friends." (Declined to tell whose these friends were.)

Q.—How came you to commence this kind of life?

A.—Started out on sporting horses.

Q.—Why did you get worse than horse-racing?

A.—Because they robbed me of my first \$300.

Q—After they robbed you what did you do next?

A—Went to robbing stages in Black Hills—robbed seven. Got little money. Jack Davis, Nixon and myself were all that were in the Black Hills stage robberies.

Speaking of Bass' caution in not compromising himself or his friends, Maj. Jones, who had him in charge, says: "I tried every conceivable plan to obtain some information from him, but to no purpose. About noon on Sunday, he began to suffer greatly and sent for me to know if I could not give him some relief. I did everything I could for him. Thinking this an excellent opportunity, I said to him 'Bass, you have done much wrong in this world, you now have an opportunity to do some good before you die by giving some information which will lead to the vindication of that justice which you have so often defied and the law which you have constantly violated.' He replied, 'No, I won't tell.' 'Why won't you,' said I. 'Because it is agin my profession to blow on my pals. If a man knows anything he ought to die with it in him.' He positively refused to converse on religion, and in reply to some remark made, he said, 'I am going to hell anyhow.' I made a particular effort to obtain some information from him in regard to William Collins. I asked him if he was ever at Collins' house? He said no. I then put the question in a different form, saying, 'Where did you first see Will Scott?' He replied at Bob Murphy's. I then said, 'You saw him at Green Hill's too, didn't you?' He replied yes. These answers were not of any consequence, but I then said, 'When did you see him at William Collins'. He said, 'I don't remember, as I never paid attention to dates, being always on the scout, I only saw him these three times.' This answer was important, as it fixed the fact that Bass was at Collins' house. But this was the only statement of any importance which he made. All his other statements were of facts well-known or concerning individuals beyond the reach of future justice."

Bass clung to the hope of life to the last extremity. While suffering the most excruciating anguish from his

wounds he hugged the delusion of recovery. At last when his physician told him that death was fast approaching, and that he would soon be gone to eternity he said "Let me go!" Then closing his eyes for a few moments, he opened them and exclaimed to his nurse, as if startled, "The world is bobbing around me!"

These were the last words of Sam Bass—an ignorant, vicious ruffian, who did more harm and less good, caused more sorrow and less happiness, ruined more young men and benefitted fewer than any one character who has ever disgraced the State of Texas. The word 'Hell' was the favorite expletive with Bass while living, and it stuck to his lips in the dark valley of the shadow of death. When eternity was before and a mis-spent life behind—when most men are calm, or callous, Sam declared, "I am going to hell!"

Whatever doubts some may entertain as to that place of woe—whether it is taken in a literal or figurative sense—whether it be a seething, yawning lake of liquid fire, or a dark, dismal abode of the damned, afar from the presence of God, where the scorpion-lash of conscience whips the guilty soul through an eternity—whatever it may be, the world has the testimony of Sam Bass that there was a place prepared for him, and that was—HELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

Reflections.

In the outset we said that a review of the lives and characters of Sam Bass and His Gang would demonstrate the brevity of that old, old proverb, "The way of the transgressor is hard." Let us recapitulate: Sam Bass began his career by horse racing. He went from that to cheating, thence to robbing stages, thence to robbing express companies, thence to murder and paid the penalty for his crimes with his own life, all before he was 27 years old. He acquired his thousands of ill gotten gold. By his own confession they did him no good. He lived a life of waking, watching and unrest. He brought in the meantime sorrow and sore distress to many a home,

He brought ruin to his friends, and fell by means of one he had himself brought to grief.

Joel Collins, Heffrige and Berry lost their lives in less than six months from the U. P. robbery. Nixon and Jack Davis, the only two now living, are renegades from justice, and will yet pay the penalty for that monstrous outrage. Arkansaw Johnson was killed by his pursuers at Salt Creek. Sebe Barnes fell at Round Rock. Henry Collins was recently shot and captured in Grayson county, and has died of his wound in the last few days. Charley Carter who had less to do with Bass than any one of his pals, is now in jail at Austin, under indictment. Pipes and Herndon are convicts for life within the walls of the penitentiary. Spotswood, who was charged with being with Bass at Allen, was convicted at McKinney, and his punishment fixed at ten years' confinement in the penitentiary; but has been granted a new trial. Billy Collins, Henry Underwood and Frank Jackson are the only ones of Bass' Texas gang left alive and unfettered, and they are renegades and outlaws, who will doubt-

less be pursued wherever they go, and be at last overtaken by the officers of the law.

Besides these, who principally owe their troubles to the intrigues and influence of Bass, scores of good people have had to suffer innocently. The whole county of Denton has had to drain the cup of calamity to its dregs. Officers and citizens have had to bear untold wrongs, dangers and privations, because this vile bandit and his gang made the timbered swamps and ravines of that county his hiding places.

That the officers and citizens of Denton county did all they could to apprehend him, and put a quietus to his wild career of crime there is no doubt, yet they were belied on all hands and accused of complicity with robbers. All this has been wrought by Bass, the ignorant, illiterate vagabond, and for these reasons, he and his gang should be held up to the gaze of an outraged state and nation, that all may see and that the young may learn early that "The way of the Transgressor is hard; the wages of Sin is Death."

THE END.

Use Canes Presented by Lincoln

In 1863 President Lincoln gave silver mounted canes to each of thirteen governors of pueblos among the Pueblo and Zuni Indians in New Mexico, on the occasion of their visit to Washington. Today these canes represent the emblem of authority in the pueblos. They have been handed down from governor to governor.

Lincoln's memory, through the canes, still stands as the symbol of authority—the recognition of the Great White Father for his redskin children of New Mexico.

Accounts of the visit of the Pueblo governors to Washington indicate that the President intended the canes only as a personal gift. But the Indian chieftains took them as confirmation of their authority to rule the pueblos. Thus

they became scepters of power, and now they are known as "ceremonial canes" and are carried by the governors while performing important duties of office.

A quarter of a century ago a ceremonial cane figured in a controversy between Pueblo Indians of Espanola, N. M., and an Indian service official that nearly led to serious trouble. The white official took away the cane from the pueblo's governor and gave it to the man whom he desired to elevate to the office. The wrath of the Indians was aroused and the Government mollified their grievance only by trying the official and giving him a suspended sentence.

The governor of a pueblo is elected at certain periods by the cacique or council of the elders.

When Birchfield Cussed and Roared

Captain William Carter, who lived in San Angelo, a few years ago, furnished the following account of a battle with Indians in which he was a participant and which took place in Uvalde county 60 years ago. He says:

In September, 1866, a band of about 30 Indians made a raid on Turkey Creek, Uvalde county, and among others drove off all our horses from Wood's ranch. Early next morning the settlers rallied and took their trail. The pursuing party was composed of Steve Birchfield, Jesse Cox, Irve Cox, Henry Cox, Jim Spears, Billy King and myself; seven in all. We took the trail and I, being the trailer for the party, kept the boys riding at a lively gait until about an hour by sun when we came upon the savages in camp. They had killed a hog, quartered it, and were roasting the quarters over a brisk fire.

A mile or so back, one of our men had broken his stirrup leather and he and two others stopped to mend it while the other four of us, Birchfield, Spears, Henry Cox and myself pushed on, expecting them to overtake us in a short distance. However, before they came up, we discovered the Indians. We were about 100 yards from them when we first saw them, and without waiting for the boys or counting the odds, we raised the yell and charged right in among them shooting right and left. The Indians taken by surprise, broke and ran into the timber near their camp which was about 100 yards from the Nueces river. When we saw the Indians take to the brush, and knowing their superior numbers against us four, we knew that they would not give up the fight but would rally and return. Henry Cox and I, dismounted and tied our horses to a small tree and insisted on the others dismounting but they refused. Steve Birchfield was a large fleshy man and had served in the Confederate army during the war. While campaigning in Arkansas, one of his big feet got in the path of a Yankee bullet with the result that when the war was over Steve came back home with a game foot, part of which was left in Arkansas, and is over there somewhere yet.

When called on to dismount so that we would be in better position to repulse the expected charge of the Indians, Steve began to cuss. He swore that he couldn't and he wouldn't try to fight on foot since he had but one serviceable foot to stand on, and that all the rest of us could dismount if we so desired but he was going to stay in his saddle as long as old "Gunboat," his favorite horse, could carry him. About this time, the other three men came up and as they joined us, the Indians raised the yell and charged us. They were ahead, we having got in between them and their horses—about 40 head, and they had something to fight for. They were armed with guns, pistols, bows and arrows and a few carried lances. The fight waxed warm and owing to their superiority in numbers, we were gradually forced back to a small skirt of timber where we held our ground. In this charge and during the mix-up a shot from an Indian's gun struck Jim Spear's horse in the forehead cutting the browband asunder and knocking the horse down. We thought the animal was killed, but he was only "breached" and was soon on his feet again.

Irve Cox was shot, square in the breast but the ball was deflected by the breast bone, ran around and came out under his left arm. Believing that he had received his death wound he retired from the field. He later recovered. We held our ground until dark, after which Cox and I remounted and we all fell back to the Billy Cox Ranch, 9 miles from Uvalde. During this battle, in which seven of us had to stand against more than 4 to 1, it was simply appalling to hear Steve Birchfield cuss and rear. He cussed and fit from "who laid the chunk," and how he escaped with an unbroken hide has always been a mystery. As before stated, Steve was a large, portly man, and he had a voice, when in battle, like that of the Bulls of Bashan. He was armed with a Sharp's rifle and a big 45 six-shooter and it seemed as if he tried to make old Gunboat run down every Indian in reach. He cussed those Indians as if they under-

stood every word he said; he cussed them for everything that was mean and low down, and every time his gun barked, an Indian hit the ground. Jim Spears who was afterwards Sheriff of Tom Green county, told me afterwards that if all the rest of us had had the gift of cussin' like Steve Birchfield and would have used that endowment as Steve did that evening, we would have whipped and scared those Indians so bad that they never would have stopped running. He sure cussed and fit.

How many we killed in this fight we had no means to ascertain, but we knew that at least ten were made to bite the

dust. They recaptured their stolen horses and lit out.

That night I went to Uvalde and rallied the boys for the chase. In this party, I remember the names of the following; every one of them a hero: three of the Cook boys; John, Tom, and Dave; the three Bafes boys, Felix, Finis, and Barliss; John Kenedy, Henry Patterson, Johnnie Boles, and Bob McKinney.

Early next morning we went to the late battle ground and took the trail and followed it with all possible speed until we reached the Rio Grande just in time to see the thieving gang emerge from the river on the other side and disappear over the hills in Mexico.

The Hopi Snake Dance

Literary Digest for March 6, 1926

The great Arizona mesa was crowded with gasoline tourists from all quarters of the country, "New York being almost as prominent as California among the many-hued number plates." Some of these travelers had been camping among the chaparral for days, waiting for the big chiefs of the Indian village half a mile away to announce when the festivities would culminate. The village itself, writes John Anson Ford in *Motor Life*, was worth the long trip which many of these thrillseeking motorists had made. He himself had ridden 600 miles across the desert, from Los Angeles to Chino-povy, Arizona, which he thus describes:

It was composed of a multitude of characteristic cubicles of adobe, varying in size with the wealth and ambition of the owner, and piled one on the other at various points to effect two-story construction. It was among these primitive dwellings that the dance was to be held—in a sort of courtyard surrounded by houses on all four sides.

At length the gaudily decked red men of the village sent word that the great event for which all were waiting would occur on the following Monday at the sunset hour. The stir on Monday resembled nothing that the motorist has experienced in any tourist camp. This was a "mass movement" with a common objective—the courtyard

already referred to. Long before the hour set for the climactic ceremonial (the preceding features of which held but little interest for the white man, whose presence was not wanted, anyway) one could see the curious whites walking in eager groups down the dusty trail which led by devious turns from the Indians.

No seats were provided but the visitors were made welcome to the bare ground at the edge of the courtyard and to the housetops. Those who shunned too intimate contact with snakes picked the roofs, and subsequent events proved the wisdom of their choice. The sun was slowly sinking like a great ball of fire toward the jagged sky-line off to the west. A hush almost ominous in character spread over the mesa and one by one the strangers grew silent. It was a colorful picture which this company presented, covering the irregular roofs and forming a fringe about the courtyard. The setting sun lighted up the many hued scarfs of the white women and the brilliantly colored adornments of the natives, who mingled with their "uninvited guests" quite unobtrusively.

And now we read of a stir at one of the corners of the courtyard nearest the crude shelter of brush and grasses which had been erected there:

The visitors craned their necks to see what was taking place just outside the central open space, and folks asked curiously about the clump of grass and brush.

"The brush?" a sunburned woman in motorist's kaki repeated. "Oh, that is the shelter over the snake-pit. Yes," she went on, showing that she had motored out to this ceremonial in previous years, "that is where the dancers get their snakes."

The well "tinted," immaculately manicured lady with whom she was talking shuddered visibly and shrank back. "Snakes right over there?" and she pointed a jeweled hand to the opposite end of the enclosure. On being assured that such was the case, she exclaimed, "Lordy, it's me for the roof," and disappeared to appear a moment later, her face sandwiched between those of two red-men spectators on top of a weather-beaten adobe wall. Curiosity makes strange benchfellows.

Presently the crowd parted to form an opening at one end of the courtyard, and in filed six braves, clad in terrifying fashion. Kiltlike skirts hung to within six inches of their knees. Their straight, black hair dropt to their shoulders and all but covered their faces, which were fearfully painted in contrasting colors. Their bodies from the waist up were bare and smeared with slate-colored paint and strange, angular lines which somehow suggested snakes, altho not resembling them. Several ounces of beads and bracelets added a primitive garishness to their attire, while their feet were clad in clumsy, ankle-high, beaded moccasins, made especially for this occasion. Fox furs hung from their waists and trailed on the ground behind them—objects of audible admiration from the feminine section of the tense audience.

In their hands these six men, whom we will designate as chanters, held queer musical instruments made of dried gourds, which were rattled continuously as an accompaniment to a slow, weird chant whose cadences rose and fell, adding tremendously to the spell of the scene. These chanters formed into line in front of the brush-covered snake-pit, their backs toward the latter.

While this stage of the ceremony was nearing completion additional braves appeared in pairs, one man behind the other. One, two, three, four pairs appeared in rapid succession, and each two men joined in a single file circular dance.

These men were clad much as the chanters. The second of each pair was "armed" with a sort of slender feather-duster, whose purpose, as was to appear presently, was to brush the noses and yawning, fang-laden mouths of the snakes, thus keeping the reptiles occupied—more or less.

The spectators had remained comparatively silent and motionless up to this point, their curiosity, if anything, causing them to push farther and farther into the open area. Now, suddenly, in the fringe of onlookers about the courtyard there was a violent recoil. Some who had seated themselves comfortably on the hard, smooth clay sprang up, or instinctively drew back—all because one of the eight snake priests, in his trot past the snake-pit, had paused just long enough to snatch a good-sized rattle-snake and, seizing it in his teeth, continued on his way. Very wisely the Indian had located his dental hold on the reptile just back of the latter's head so that he was unable to turn and strike. But what the head lacked in movement the tail and rest of the body made up for with lashing and writhing. Sometimes the dancer's neck was encircled, and sometimes one or the other of his upper arms. In the meantime the second one of this pair of priests passed his feathery scepter again and again across the face of the snake. Whether confusion or increased anger was the result, it was difficult to tell.

In less time than it takes to tell it the dance was on in full force, each of the leaders in the four pairs of snake priests having snatched a writing form from what one spectator called "the vestibule of hell" there under the bower of bushes. Each seized his prey in his mouth and continued on his way. In the meantime the wail of the chanters increased in volume. Women screamed or gasped horrified at the spectacle which, a few moments before, they had regarded as a bit of crude comedy.

(Continued on Page 47.)

Days of Peril on the Clear Fork

Written by J. J. Bragg in 1912

My father settled on Elm Creek in Young county about ten miles west of Fort Belknap, in the spring of 1860. My Uncle George Bragg lived two miles from us and one evening father sent me to his house directing me to remain over night and to bring home the next morning one of our cows that was running with uncle's stock. I did as directed and early next morning I was on my way home, driving the cow. I was well mounted and carried at my belt two good six-shooters. After having covered about half the distance and as I crossed a small creek and rose upon the bank I saw three Indians, afoot running across my road some 300 yards distant. They were going in a southerly direction and discovered me about the same time I saw them. I raised the shout: "Here they are. Come on boys!" as if I had a large company with me, and took after them. They did some tall running being in the open prairie; until I began to crowd them when they suddenly turned and began to string their bows. I was still advancing on them, shouting in Spanish, "Come on boys." I used the Spanish because I knew most Indians understood that language, but the attempted bluff failed to work. The three savages stood their ground and seemed anxious for a scrap, seeing they were three to one. They took their stand about 10 steps apart so that they could tell which of the three I shot at and when the object of my aim discovered that he was my target, he would jump around so fast and handle his shield so deftly that I couldn't hit him, and while all this caper was going on, the other two kept a string of arrows flying at me. This action was kept up until I had emptied every chamber of my pistols and then I concluded that it was my time to run. They gave chase and for about fifty yards kept the air full of arrows all coming in my direction. I don't think I hit an Indian but I certainly did cause them to do some mighty tall side-stepping.

Leaving the Indians I hastened home and notified the neighbors. A small

party was soon organized and with arms and a pack of dogs we hurried to the place where I had left the Indians. We expected that the dogs would take the trail and enable us to run down the red scoundrels, but the dogs refused and we had to give up the chase.

Harry Williams, one of our neighbors owned an old horse that he had turned out on the range to "mend up." On their route south, my three Indians came across this old horse, threw a lasso over his head and got off with him.

Some ten or twelve miles below, there lived a man by the name of Alex Clark, a cattleman who tried to keep a bunch of cow horses for use in his business. It was customary in those days for the settler to take his horses, after nightfall, to good grass, usually a mile or more from the ranch, and leave them until just before day when the owner would return and drive them in to the ranch. During warm weather and when the nights were pleasant it was not uncommon for the settler to take his blanket and spend the night with or near his grazing horses.

Mr. Clark had two sons; Hol Clark age about 18; and James, a few years younger. Late that evening—the day in which I had run upon the three Indians—Mr. Clark sent these two boys out with his bunch of horses. It was after nightfall and when about a mile from the ranch, James decided that they were being watched by an Indian. In truth, there could be no mistake, he saw him. Hol carried a large double-barrel shotgun, heavily charged with buck-shot, and was riding in front while James brought up the rear. After crossing a small creek that emptied into the Clear Fork of the Brazos, James rode alongside his brother and told him there was a mounted Indian skulking along on their left about twenty-five yards distant, and even went so far as to point him out through the darkness. Hol immediately slid off his horse, on the side furthest from the Indian, the latter dismounting at the same moment. Hol dropped to his knees under his horse's neck and

turned loose both barrels in the direction of the skulker. Both the horse and the Indian fell and rolled over, the Indian setting up a terrible uproar of groans, yells, and howlings. At the same instant when Hol fired, the Indian let drive with an arrow, it passing through his clothes under his arm. For some time the Indian kept up his bellowing, but the boys were too shrewd to venture near him.

When Hol fired at the Indian, his horse jerked loose and joined the herd and the Indians got the entire bunch, except the horse James was riding. Leaving their wounded Indian, the boys hastened back to the ranch and reported. The father, Alex Clark, and two other men went to the place designated. The Indian was still howling with pain but the men feared a trap and instead of going up and appropriating his top-knot they went back home.

The next morning the men returned to the scene of the shooting, but the Indian had disappeared, leaving sufficient "sign" to convince any frontiersman that he did not get away without help. The horse only remained, and he was dead. He proved to be Harry Williams' old horse that had been turned out to "mend up."

About a year after this occurrence, the skeleton and accoutrements of an Indian were found under a large boulder, on the mountainside not a great distance from where the Clark boy brought down a horse and an Indian at one discharge of his double barrel artillery. Supposed to have been the same Indian that Clark killed.

Fort Griffin, situated on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, in the Shackelford county, was established, if my memory is not at fault, in 1866. Near this post was camped the friendly tribe of Tonkawa Indians. Years before this, the Tonks had been kept with other tribes on the Reservation in Young county, until their removal to Fort Cobb, north of Red Rver. Here the Tonks remained with the other tribes until the withdrawal of the U. S. troops at the outbreak of the Civil War. At this time the Tonkaway tribe numbered about 1500. After the departure of the soldiers, leaving the frontier without protection, the Comanche and Kiowa Chiefs called a

grand council to which the Tonks were invited. When this council convened it was proposed that all the tribes unite and make common cause against the people of Texas. They proposed to murder the people along the border, burn their homes and drive off their herds. The Tonkaways refused to enter into the bloody combine. They had always been friendly to the white man who in turn, had been their friend, and they would engage in no conspiracy against their old friends and allies. This decision exasperated the Kiowas and Comanches to such a high degree, that the destruction of the tribe of Tonkawas was decided upon. Overwhelming numbers of painted warriors surrounded their encampment and the slaughter began. Three hundred of the overpowered Tonkawas escaped, many of them covered with wounds, and after untold hardships, made their way back to Texas, and found asylum among the white settlers.

When Fort Griffin was established, the commanding officer was told the story of the Tonkawas, their loyalty to the white man, and their misfortunes as a result of their fealty to the people of the frontier. He sent for them, located them near the post, provided them with food, and enlisted thirty of their young braves as scouts and trailers, and these came up to every expectation and proved of great service.

In the spring of 1872, I was living on Clear Fork, less than a mile from Fort Griffin. Two miles below was the permanent encampment of the Tonkawa tribe. Early one morning, wife and I were startled by the fierce alarm of savage warfare. Loud shouts, piercing yells, accompanied by the rattle of small arms, broke the stillness of the morning air and told too plainly that red men were engaged in deadly warfare somewhere down the valley.

The evening before this occurrence, a Tonk had been out hunting. About a mile from their encampment, and while stalking through the woods, he killed a large deer. It being late, and the deer being too heavy for one man to carry, the huntsman hung it in a tree and proceeded to the encampment. Early next morning he mounted his pony and hastened to bring in his game. He was

armed with a six-shooter but unfortunately, only one chamber was loaded. However, apprehending no danger, with this one cartridge in his gun, he set forth, and when he reached the tree where he had left his venison, he discovered a large party of Comanches close at hand, driving a herd of stolen horses. The Comanches discovering him at the same time, raised the yell and bore down upon him. Finding himself surrounded with no hope of escape, the brave Tonk decided to sell out as dearly as possible. With his one shot he brought down the nearest of his foes. At this, the Comanches seemed to have realized his helpless condition and drew back. One of the Comanche braves, probably a relative to the one the now dismounted Tonk had killed, wishing to distinguish himself in the eyes of his chief and comrades, drew his knife and advanced to single combat with the Tonk who, likewise was armed with a long knife. With demoniac fury these hereditary enemies rushed to the equal combat and both fell in deadly clasp.

Meantime, the sounds of battle had aroused the Tonks in camp and told unmistakably the peril of a comrade. Mounting their fleet horses they sped away as on the wings of the wind and burst upon the Comanches just as the two duelists went down in death. So sudden and unexpected was the attack that the Comanches were thrown into confusion and completely routed, leaving their dead comrade where he fell.

After a chase of several miles, the Tonks returned to where their comrade lay, rounded up the stolen horses, which were later restored to their owners, tenderly lifted their fallen tribesman, placed the body on a horse and bore it to their encampment. At the same time, a rope was placed about the neck of the dead Comanche, the other end secured to the horn of a saddle, and the cadaver dragged on the ground brought up the procession that led to the encampment.

Within a few hours after this affair, I learned of the tragedy, and knowing the customs of the Tonks under like circumstances, my wife and I went to their encampment to witness their proceedings. Before reaching the encampment, we

met a mounted Tonk who carried suspended on one side of his saddle the severed head, already scalped, of the fallen Comanche, and on the opposite side was suspended his heart. On questioning the Tonk, he informed me that he was taking these gruesome trophies to the big "Medicine Man" (the Sergeant) at Fort Griffin. When we reached the encampment we found "Campo," the aged and infirm chief of the Tonks, engaged in dressing the Comanche's scalp. I examined this scalp closely and found that the hair was between four and five feet in length, and nicely plaited, the plaits being profusely set with silver ornaments. When standing erect, these plaits must have reached the moccasined feet of the wearer.

I asked old Campo what he was going to do with that scalp and his reply in broken English, accompanied by vehement gestures, was like this: "Keep um ten day. Heap big war dance. Tonkawa heap sick now. Cry heap. Comanche kill brave Tonkawa. All sick here, (laying his hand over his heart). By'm by, all get well; then heap big war dance."

Turning from the presence of the venerable white haired chief, we next visited the center of the encampment where the remains of the dead Comanche were being burned. The head, arms and legs had been cut off, the trunk had been placed on the bare ground and over it a slow fire was kept burning. There were no men present, but a large group of women sat in a circle, and replenished the fire with fuel as occasion demanded. It was a gruesome sight, long to be remembered.

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THE HOPI SNAKE DANCE.

(Continued from Page 43).

Even the men felt chills run up and down their spines, if their set, blanched faces may be taken as an indication.

But there was more excitement to come. For while the spectators looked on, fascinated, first one and then another and another of the priests hurled his snake to the ground in the center of the dance circle, and then:

No sooner did the creatures strike the ground than they started for the edge of the enclosure. Most of them were rattlers and blue racers, and it is no wonder that the onlookers were alarmed. But before any of the snakes could reach the ring of encircling visitors one or two additional participants in the dance, whom I will call "catchers," had leaped after the fleeing reptiles and, with a swing of his arm for all the world like that of a third baseman catching a grounder, had seized the snake in his hand.

Then, lest the creature might turn and strike him, the catcher began whirling the snake about his head as David is supposed to have swung his sling. The centrifugal force of this swift and skilful performance was so great that no captured snake was able to do any damage. Perhaps that was the reason the Indian was so unconcerned when the flying head or tail of a reptile came within an inch or two of some spectator's face.

It must be borne in mind that the steadily moving circle of dancers was constantly adding to the squirming, writhing mass of snakes on the ground in the center of the ring, and that these creatures lost no time in "getting on their way," which meant heading directly for a spectator's feet. At the same time the catchers were busy as cats on a tin roof leaping from one side of the enclosure to the other, stooping down as they ran and siezing the reptiles that had traveled farthest. As fast as they picked up the snakes they transferred them from the right hand to the left. Their method was to thrust the first snake between the index finger and the thumb of the left hand. The second snake was held between the first and

second finger and so until five or more were twisting and lashing in the hand of the extremely agile catcher.

Suddenly the dancers changed their step, and the next moment four men who had dexterously gathered up all the snakes, each holding about a fourth of the total, turned their backs on their associates and headed for the four points of the compass. In their hands were the twisting, writhing reptiles. The crowd instinctively parted at the four corners of the inclosure. Like the fleet runners that these chosen men were, they started at top speed for the desert—one to the east, another to the west, another to the north. While the throng turned, breathless, and watched these messengers to the Great Spirit their dark forms grew smaller and smaller, until finally they became faint specks on the mesa.

This from Ramon F. Adams, 5426 Alton Street, Dallas, Texas: "Your splendid magazine received, and I must say that it is bound to fill a long felt want in preserving the history and struggles of this great state. I have long been a collector of literature on this subject and find the contents of your magazine intensely interesting. Enclosed find money order for \$1.00 for which send me a copy of "Sam Bass" as soon as it is off the press. Please let me know if you have any back numbers of your magazine on hand and how many and I will immediately send for them as I desire everything on this subject that I can secure. I regret that I did not know of the existence of Frontier Times before."

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Credit Given.

In the February number of Frontier Times there appeared a most excellent story entitled, "Old Fort Croghan," which through an oversight on our part, did not bear the writer's name. This sketch was written by Mrs Samuel Posey of Austin, and we clipped it from the San Antonio Express in 1916, filing it among our collection of historical data. In its reproduction in Frontier Times due credit should have been given the gifted writer, but we inadvertently failed to give it, and we are taking this means to correct our blunder, with all apologies offered to Mrs Posey. Frontier Times appreciates the work our historians are doing to preserve the history of our state and it is our aim and desire to give all credit wherever credit is due. Mrs. Posey contributes a splendid story for this issue of Frontier Times, under the title of "The Sherrard Cave in Burnet County."

Mr. H Cody Blake, 21 Greenpoint Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, sends us this encouraging message: "Someone kindly mailed me a copy of your February issue. It is quoted at \$1.50 per year. Enclosed please find money order for this amount. I receive a number of current magazines regularly every month. If you ever look at Adventure, Frontier, Hunter-Trader-Trapper, etc., doubtless you have seen my name. I wish you the continued success with Frontier Times which it is enjoying. Particularly do I notice the absence of any trash or fiction. * * * Your little modest appearing issue hasn't a wasted line; it is of interest from the first page to the last. I am an old timer, Westerner, sure, and I shall subscribe for Frontier Times just so long as I find it anything like this sample copy. Stick to your present policy of authentic history and true facts. The North it too full of rotten fiction."

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Early Day Tribes in Central Texas

Frank E. Simmons in *McGregor Mirror*

THE COLONIZATION and settlement of the new country by a strong race of people has always been marked by a series, or one continuation, of aggressions. The development of enmities, hatreds between the races occupying the contested territory. Disregarding of the rights of the weak by the strong, and finally wars and dispossession or extermination of the weak by the strong. Primal possession, long periods of established homes and governments, and cultural institutions have seldom been considered by the aggressor. There is not a powerful race extant that is not guilty of part, or all, of the offenses. The settlement of McLennan and Coryell counties was no exception to the rule. When the white settlers began to encroach on these two counties there were several nations of people established here, notably the Waco Indians, with their capitol village at Waco spring, occupied the adjacent territory west of the Brazos River and a small part of the lower Bosque valleys. The Tonkawas occupied the larger part of Coryell county and a

small part of Bosque county.

The Wacos were gifted with diplomatic ability, for at the time they first appear in history they had formed an alliance with the Tonkawas, the Tehuacanas, and the lesser tribes, the Anadarkos, Toweashas, Ionas and Bedias.

In the 20's of the last century they were engaged in an exhaustive struggle with the Cherokees. Ten years later the whites began to press them from the south, so that in the 30's they deserted their home land and never re-established their homes there again.

The Wacos had begun to develop agriculture, for Capt. Erath says that in 1837 he found corn stalks where they had

their fields, and peach trees were growing where Waco now stands.

They had a superstitious veneration for the waters of the Brazos River, and believed that as long as they drank the water of their spring they would be a prosperous people. They also had a legend that their woods would never be destroyed by tornadoes. They built forts in the form of circular earthworks. The Tonkawas had

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their home on the Leon River and its tributaries, and also occupied a large part of Bosque county. They were peaceable and consorted with the whites for protection against the Kiowas and Comanche Indians, whom they feared.

They numbered from 400 to 500 warriors. It was the Tonkawa's boast that no white scalp was ever raised by a member of their nation, although they were made to suffer for mischief done by the relentless Comanches and Kiowas.

The old Tonkawa trail which ran a north and south course about four miles east of Gatesville is now known as the McCulloch trail. This people was also

agricultural in a small way. There are many sand fields along the Leon whose archaeological remains suggest that they were cultivated by the Indians.

The remains found in the caves of the Leon and Bosque may have been deposited by this race.

It is said that a strain of the blood of the Wacos and Tonkawas courses the veins of the Bible negroes, who have a large settlement on Middle Bosque above Crawford.

The Tonkawas remained in the country until the early '50's, when they were removed further northwest.

Adventures on the Cattle Trail

A. Collett Sanders, Littlefield, Texas, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News.

I will give a short sketch of my life as trail boss from the '70's up to the end of the trail driving from Texas to the Northern markets.

The first herd I drove was for J. H. Stephens, well known as "Uncle Henry." He had fourteen nephews driving for him one year, and they all called him Uncle Henry, so we did, too. While driving one of his herds I had quite an experience with the Indians. When we got as far as Smoky Hill River in Nebraska we found it out of its banks. As grass was plentiful and time no object, we decided to wait for the river to run down. Before long there were eight or nine herds waiting on the south bank for the river to get low enough to cross. A few miles east of our camp was a small settlement with a little schoolhouse near by. A young lady, one of the settler's daughters, was teaching the school. While we were waiting there, about eighty-five or ninety Indians came along on a hunt, stopped at the schoolhouse and killed and scalped the teacher and two of the children. The Indians did not try to get away, as they knew the Government would do nothing with them, only carry them back to the reservation.

Some of the settlers came out to our camp and told us what had happened. They were greatly distressed over the matter, especially the young lady's father, and wanted to know if we could

aid them in any way. Our men talked the situation over and we decided to go after the Indians. We elected a man by the name of Moore, from Nueces County, as our captain. He sent two men with one of the settlers to follow the Indians and locate their camps. They found them four miles west of the foot of a big sand hill, on the south side of the hill. Moore took four men from each trail camp, making thirty-two cowboys, in all, and also a few of the settlers.

We were well armed—the trail men always were—and we were ready to fight to the utmost, for we were all very much wrought up over the crime which the Indians had just committed. After locating their camps we waited till about 3 o'clock in the morning, then went to the foot of the hill, dismounted and left our horses in care of two of the settlers. We walked to the top of the hill and did not have to wait long before the Indians began to get up and stretch themselves. When they were all sitting up on their beds we turned a volley from our Winchester on them, and before they had time to recover from their astonishment we fired on them again. They began to run, but we got two more shots at them before they were out of gun reach. Every cowboy had sent a death message, for when the smoke had cleared away we found seventy-five dead and dying

Indians. I do not think I killed any, however, for I was so scared I think I overshot.

Only about fifteen ever showed up at the reservation. The majority never returned. The soldiers were sent out to bury them.

On another trip while working for Uncle Henry Stephens we boys got hungry for fresh meat. As we were going through the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, the second day after we had crossed Red River we saw a herd of buffalo. Two of my men cut out a 2-year-old heifer, one roped her by the head, the other by the heels and strung her out, while a third man cut her throat. I do not believe the modern cowboy could pull off a stunt like that.

In 1885 I went to Oldham County in the Panhandle and drove for the L. S. Cattle Company from Tascosa to Montana. On my last drive for these people the ranch foreman, J. E. McAllister, sent with me a young man from Illinois who had come to Texas to learn trail work. We reached Cimarron River in No Man's Land and camped in the valley. Just after we had finished our supper and saddled the night horses it began to rain and we all had to go to the herd and stay through the night, but my new recruit did not show up. The next morning I asked him why he did not go with us. He said he could not find one of his socks, so he crawled in the mess wagon with the cock to wait till daylight to find it. After that we all called him "Socks."

When we reached the Arkansas River it was up but we put the cattle in and they were swimming fine until my right hand pointer stopped to make a cigarette and they got to milling on a sand bar in the middle of the river. I had already crossed to the north side, but seeing them milling, I swam back and roped a cow and dragged her out by the horn of the saddle. Then all the cattle followed her to the north bank. About the time I landed and turned my cow loose I heard some one crying for help. I looked and saw it was Socks. He had in some way got loose from his horse and was about to drown. I threw him a rope. He grabbed at it but missed it. I threw him the rope again and he caught

it and held on until I pulled him out. We rolled him on the grass till we got the water out of him. Always after that, when we came to a swollen stream, we had to make a raft to carry him over.

I worked one year for Tom Moore of Llano County and one year for George W. Littlefield of Conzales County. From 1887 to the end of the trail driving I drove for the Worsham Cattle Company, known as the R-2 outfit. I drove five herds for them. All the cattlemen for whom I ever worked are now dead and many of the foremen.

I was born in Lavaca County, Texas, and reared in Gonzales County. My father, J. L. Sanders, settled in Lavaca County in 1848, after he came out of the Mexican War. I have passed my three score and ten milestone and am still hale and hearty. Sometimes I sigh for the old cattle trail days.

Two Good Books.

Frontier Times acknowledges with thanks receipt of two books, "A Trooper With Custer," and "Fighting Red Cloud's Warriors," both written in pleasing style by that well known and popular historian, E. A. Brininstool, of Los Angeles, California. These books were recently published by Hunter-Trader-Trapper of Columbus, Ohio, and sell for only \$1.00 per volume. We have read a number of versions of Custer's engagement with the Sioux, in which his troop was massacred to a man, but Mr. Brininstool gives clearer facts, obtained from most authentic sources, and tells of it in the most thrilling style we have yet encountered. In "Fighting Red Cloud's Warriors" he is equally as well versed as to facts and describes in minute detail the wily maneuvers of that noted chieftain. We think so much of these two books that we are going to give our readers an opportunity to secure either or both of them in a clubbing offer with Frontier Times. Just send in your subscription to this magazine, accompanied by a check for \$2.25, and we will send you either volume and send you Frontier Times for a year. Or if you want both "Fighting Red Cloud's Warriors," and "A Trooper With Custer," with Frontier Times for a year, send us \$3.00. We will send either book alone for one dollar.

Fort Concho in 1870

*As Described by Assistant Surgeon W. M. Notson, of the United States Army.
Written While He Was Stationed There.*

Ft. Concho is the center of a line of posts extending from El Paso on the Rio Grande, to the northeastern border of Texas on the Red River. Beginning from the west, the garrisoned positions are Fort Bliss, Quitman, Davis, Stockton, Concho, Griffin, and Richardson. It also geographically, but without as direct a road connection as with the one just named, forms one of the southern chain to the mouth of the Rio Grande.

Fort Concho is situated at the junction of the North Concho and Main Concho Rivers, immediately west of their point of confluence, the North Concho flowing nearly a southeasterly direction, and the Main Concho very nearly east, continuing that course until its junction with the Colorado River. Brief as has been its existence, the foundation of the first building having been laid in January 1868, and between that date and its abandonment in 1888, it almost lost its identity on account of its multiplicity of names. Originally called Camp Hatch by the first garrison of five companies of the Fourth Cavalry, it was changed by request of the distinguished officer by that name of that regiment, to Camp Kelly in honor of another officer of the same regiment. The Quartermaster's Department called it Fort Griffin until an order came from District Headquarters fixed its final appellation of Fort Concho.

On March 1st, 1870, the buildings of the post were, in order of their construction, a commissary and quartermaster store-house, hospital, five officers' quarters, a magazine and two barracks, all built of light colored sandstone.

The commissary and quartermaster's store-houses were built upon the same plan, and are of the same dimensions, about 100 feet in length, 30 feet in width, and about the same to the peak of the roof, each building forming one large room with a little closet about 10 feet square walled off for office purposes. The flooring is of large irregular slabs of stone, cemented with ordinary mortar. The wood-work-

rafters, beams, etc. as in all other buildings, is of pecan, a peculiarly intractable variety of our northern hickory, which by its twisting, curling, and shrinking hardly promises a permanence of the symmetry of the buildings in which it is used.

The hospital, built upon the plans issued by the Surgeon General of the Army is by far the handsomest and best finished building in the post. It is plastered throughout and all the partition walls are made of stone. There are two wards with a capacity of twenty-four beds. During the summer of 1869 the Fifteenth and Thirty-fifth regiments of Infantry consolidated near this post, and although their combined numbers would not have exceeded the probable full garrison contemplated for Fort Concho, it was found necessary by the post surgeon to pitch a number of hospital tents. A belvedere has been placed on the main building affording a distant, if not diverse, view of the prairie in every direction. Fire buckets and axes are kept in the several halls of the building, with printed directions for their use in emergency. The surgery is tastefully and conveniently fitted up. Cases requiring isolation and not contagious are taken care of in the upper rooms, but from the narrow and winding stairway communicating with the upper floor, the rooms are scarcely available for that purpose, and the middle upper room not at all so for the uses laid down in the plan. The wards are heated by stoves, all other rooms by open fires. Ventilation and light, thanks to shrinking windows and doors, are abundantly supplied. Soft water was supplied later by cisterns.

The officers' quarters, last in the program of construction, have not been completed at this date, (1870). There are five cottage buildings of stone; four erected for captains' quarters and one for major or lieutenant-colonel. The quarters are built with two rooms facing the parade, separated by a broad hall; in the rear of the west room a

kitchen. The rooms are commodious, about 15 feet square, well lighted. The larger quarters are built upon the same plan, with one additional room in the L, and is about four feet higher. All of the buildings have attics and are heated by open fires. Each kitchen is provided with a pantry.

The men's quarters last in the program of construction, are as yet incomplete. The one facing the left of the parade is composed of three stone buildings; the two upon the front intended to be used as company rooms and dormitories are each about 120 feet long and 25 in width; the third building stands at right angles in rear of the center of these, and was proposed for a mess-room, kitchen and store room. These buildings are all joined under one roof, and called a set of quarters for one company, although at present occupied by two. A wide portico surrounds the two main buildings, but has not yet been floored. An experiment was made to floor the set of quarters with concrete, but it proved a failure. The other set of quarters was started upon the same plan, and except that the wood-work—i. e., fitting in of doors and window sashes—is not so far advanced, and that it has no rear building, is similar to the one described. No permanent outbuildings of any kind are attached to the men's quarters. The Company's stables are merely frames covered with canvas. A new guard-house has just been constructed of heavy pecan plank; it promises to be suitable for the purpose designed. It contains two rooms, one for the guard and one for the confinement of general prisoners, and also three secure cells for the security of the more refractory. A stone corral 200 feet wide by 250 deep, is being enclosed with the intention of accommodating both the stables of the quartermaster and those of the companies.

The original plan of the post was a parallelogram running due east and west, but this plan has been so modified that it now forms nearly three sides. On the north side of the parade ground, and facing the south, are the men's quarters; facing the west the commissary, quartermaster's buildings, and the hospital; facing the north the officer's quarters.

The general appearance of the country in the vicinity of the post is a flat, treeless, dreary prairie. The edges of the two streams are scantily fringed with the pecan and wild plum; straggling growths of mesquite sprinkle the plain. The open nature of the country greatly affects the climate to the comfort or discomfort of the residents. The glare from the scorched and yellow grass during the summer usually produces inflammation of the eye, while the unchecked sweep of the north wind in winter (the well known Texas norther) is felt more keenly by the northern sojourner than the severer winters of his home. During but a small proportion of the winter is it necessary to wear more clothing than ordinarily would be required in November in the latitude of Washington, but the severity of the "norther" is only equaled by the suddenness of its appearance. A fall of more than 30 degrees F. in the thermometer within an hour has happened more than once during the last year. The irregularity and uncertainty of the season precludes any agricultural calculations, for while the annual rainfall may equal that of the most fertile States, the gathering of all the rain into one or two months of the year either drowns or scorches out the crops. After these rains the narrow streams swell to impassibility and the luckless gardener who has trusted to his better chances upon some river-side flat has his labor and investment swept away in an hour. For these reasons no post garden has yet been successful, although an effort is being made about seven miles southwest of the post by a farming company, to cultivate some bottom lands by irrigation. This is to be done by damming one of the tributaries of the Main Concho and bringing the water through a ditch about three-fourths of a mile. The post will undertake to cultivate a garden there, it is understood, this summer. Water cresses are now abundant upon both streams, having been planted by the present medical officer for obvious hygienic reasons.

The question of the supply of water, wholesome and sufficient for the use of the garrison, is one which in any year may be an urgent sanitary question.

Although the rain-fall of 1868 marked about 30 inches and last year, (1869) 20 inches, it is believed by the medical officer and the testimony of men whose occupations have made them familiar with these frontiers, and especially cattle drovers to whom a supply of water is a vital pecuniary question, that the two years recorded have been exceptional, and even with the abundance recorded for the former year, the North Concho, instead of a running stream, has been standing in shallow pools, while the water in the Main Concho was so impregnated with putrifying animal matter as to be offensive to both smell and taste. The waters of both streams are slightly impregnated with lime. In very dry seasons, when the half famished buffalo arrive at their banks, they crowd into it in such numbers that many are drowned—so many as to affect the purity of the stream in the manner just referred to. These rivers in the vicinity of the post and above it vary from fifteen to forty feet in width, have a gravel or rock bottom, and are fordable at almost any point.

In anticipation of this deficient supply of water the post surgeon earnestly urged that suitable cisterns might be attached to each of the buildings, and his application so far has met with favorable consideration as to have one, intended then to be one of a series, started.

Three or four severe storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning have been experienced during the existence of the post, the flashes being vivid, near and rapid. Considerable anxiety was felt for the safety of the hospital building, standing as it does on an elevated plain and being itself higher than any building or tree for many miles. One unusually severe hail-storm occurred in June, 1868, arising without warning, and from the weight and accumulation of the masses of ice, breaking in the tents, (the garrison were not in quarters then), the troop horses were stampeded, and most of the poultry about the post killed. In fifteen minutes from the beginning of the storm, the parade ground was covered with hail-stones to the depth of more than two inches. Several were measured and found to exceed an inch and a half transversely by

three-fourths of an inch in thickness. The belt of the storm-cloud was very narrow, not quite a mile in width, and was traveling due southeast.

Supply is a vital question to the post. No means of transportation from the coast except by wagons. Indianola is 550 miles distant; San Antonio, the commissary and quartermaster depot, about 230 miles. When the rainy season sets in, communication almost entirely ceases. Two or three days rain upon the light soil of the prairie so loosens it that an ordinary laden wagon will sink to the hubs and the mule to, his girth. The winter of 1868 and 1869 were specially marked as wet, and no supplies were received. The succeeding winter has been unusually favorable. Rising rivers frequently delay even the mail for several days.

The post is entirely dependent, the soil having no natural products of any utility to a resident. For prevention of scurvy, the post surgeon was fortunate enough to find some "lamb's quarter" (*chenopodium*) for the use of the troops while awaiting the arrival of supplies last spring. The nearest village is Fredericksburg, a German settlement upon the Perdenalis river, 160 miles from the post. The nearest neighbors are the mail station, (Ben Ficklin) three miles, and the Bismarek farm, seven miles. Those are both companies and not actual settlers. The nearest actual resident (Frank Tankersley) is 18 miles and his nearest neighbor 11 miles beyond him. The vicinity of the post is abundantly supplied with game. Buffalo exist in countless herds during the winter and spring, and deer and antelope at all seasons. The large gray wolf and the coyote are abundant, and the fox, the badger, and peccary can easily be found when desired. The prairie for miles in every direction being one vast "dog town," the prairie dog holes interfere somewhat with the pursuit of the chase. Water fowl of every kind, from the large white swan to the green-winged teal, abound upon the rivers. Wild turkey and quail, both the brown of Virginia and the blue tufted quail of New Mexico, can be found anywhere upon the streams. Immense catfish, weighing as much as 75 pounds, with eels of proportionate

a bass, with smaller fish, reward the angler for very little exertion. It may be some drawback that a country supplied so lavishly with game is equally generously furnished with venomous reptiles and insects. A prairie dog town is the well-known habitat of the rattlesnake, as also the rocky borders of the streams; his kindred, the water-moccasin, in this country attains a giant development. Tarantulas and lesser spiders lurk under every cactus shrub, and the centipede brings forth its interesting brood in every pile of chips or lumber about one's quarters. The post surgeon having been bitten on the hand, while taking hold of a towel in which the insect was coiled, by a centipede, afterwards measured it and found it to be seven and a half inches

long, enters so much testimony against the special virulence either of their jaws or claws. The bite was painful for an hour or two, but no other trouble resulted, neither ulceration or swelling.

Indians, believed to be chiefly Comanches and Kiowas, commit frequent depredations in the vicinity. Horses have been repeatedly stolen within the post lines, and as late as the middle of last February a citizen was killed and scalped within a mile of the adjutant's office.

The situation of the post is a most healthy one, and it is thought under some precaution, such as guarding against the sudden change of temperature, especially in winter, a desirable one for the treatment of tubercular cases.

Some Recollections of Early Days

Mrs. Lulu Taylor, now a resident of Canadian, Texas, has many recollections of early days in Texas. She was born in St. Louis Mo., and came to Texas in 1855 in a covered wagon, with her parents, living for awhile in Cooke county, then on the extreme border of civilization. Later they moved to Young county and lived there fifteen years. In 1869 she was married to J. W. Taylor, a Texas ranger, at Waco, and went to McClellan county where Mr. Taylor successfully engaged in the stock business. In 1872 he sold his ranch and engaged in the manufacture of chairs, at Little River, establishing a large and money-making business, but suffered a heavy loss by fire. Mr. Taylor was engaged in a fight with Indians in Jack county in 1871, in what is now known as the Warren Train Indian fight. A wagon train, heavily loaded with supplies for Fort Belnap, was attacked and only a few of the teamsters escaped.

Within fifteen miles of the Taylor home the Russell family was massacred by Indians, in 1868, and in the same year a negro on the Taylor farm was killed at the "wash place."

On one occasion, while Mr. Taylor was a member of Company B, he, in company with a Mr. Hamilton and some cowboys,

engaged in a desperate fight with Indians, in which quite a number were killed. Mrs. Taylor's father carried one of the dead cowboys on horseback six miles to his ranch, made a rude coffin, and with early day ceremony, buried him at old Veal Station, where two famous old Indian fighters, Captain Tackett and Peter Holden, were buried.

One time, during an Indian "scare," Mrs. Taylor hurried to the rescue of a neighbor woman and her two little children. She carried one of the children and the mother carried the other and they started to the Taylor ranch on horseback. When within a few miles of home, Mrs. Taylor's horse began to act queer, she told the other woman to run for her life, and when they reached home they found that the Indians had already been there, and had killed a number of the servants of the Taylor household. During the great Indian fight at the Loving ranch among those killed was a young man named Heat, who was buried at the Taylor ranch, and there stands a monument today to his memory. She says Mr. Taylor was present in the battle in which Charlie Rivers was killed. Mr. Taylor died at Gem, Texas, May 16, 1917.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times

From Major Green.

Editor Frontier Times:

I will ask you, in justice to my friend and myself, to correct a mistake that occurred in your highly appreciated magazine of October, 1925, in which I am made to say that I claimed the distinction of making the first arrest in Eastland county. I was not interviewed by a newspaper reporter while at Ranger, but remember having a talk with school boys and mentioned an incident just as ridiculous as it was amusing, which occurred in our company about the last of June, 1874. Our captain was at Comanche with about twenty-five of our company. We got a late start for Carter's Ranch in Stephens county, and camped near Vawnsen's Ranch north of Comanche with just enough meat for supper and breakfast, so the Captain detailed Stoudenmire, Aycock, Bush and myself to scout for beef. We got no meat but got lost and were out all night. We struck the trail early the next morning and soon came to where the scout had camped the night before, and saw from the bones lying round the camp fire that they had killed a beef. Taylor, one of the best boys we had in Company A, had walked out a short distance from the camp and done just what we were instructed to do—killed a beef. As we were pretty lank by this time we hurried on and reached Carter's Ranch about 1 o'clock p. m. and found all had been feasting on a fat calf, including the captain. But for some reasons known only to the captain, he had Taylor under guard for stealing the calf. He was dishonorably discharged and instructed not to come to camp any more. However, Taylor had some money due him and later came to camp to collect it late one evening. The captain ordered his arrest and started a guard with him to Fanagan's Ranch in Eastland county, thirty-five miles distant. They had not gone far until Taylor expressed a desire to have John Gross and myself along. We were sent for and when we came up the captain instructed me to take charge of Taylor, saying that he would hold me responsible for him. We arrived at the ranch about 1:30 on Sunday. On Monday Taylor was given a preliminary trial and bound over to the

Eastland county grand jury. Four of us boys went on his bond. Some time that fall Eastland county held her first district court and empanelled her first grand jury. So I suggested that Taylor must have been the first man to be bound over to the Eastland county jury. Will state that soon after this the captain quit us, and Taylor was reinstated without any loss of time. Taylor was a credit to our company and there was not a man in Company A but that regretted the action of the captain.

Yours truly;

W. M. GREEN
Meridian, Texas.

Fifty-Nine Years Ago.

Folks boiled coffee and settled it with an egg.

Ladies rode side saddles.

Little Johnnie wore brass toe boots and daddy wore brogans.

When the preacher told the truth the people said amen.

Left-over moon vittals were finished at supper time.

Neighbors asked about your family and meant it.

Merry-go-rounds were called flying jennies.

It took twenty minutes to shine shoes with Mason's blacking.

Ladies' dresses reached from their neck to their heels.

People served pot licker instead of canned soup.

Only crooks on records were lightning rod agents.

Indigestion was called plain bellyache.

The neighbors got fresh meat at hog killing time.

Cotton was considered good fertilizer.

And men made the same wife do a life time.

We expect to publish in the next issue of Frontier Times a highly interesting sketch of Bill Longley, the noted desperado who was hung at Giddings, Texas. This article is now being prepared by T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering of the University of Texas. Dean Taylor has a splendid article on the "Lee-Peacock Feud" in this issue. We are sure our readers will appreciate his contributions to this little magazine.

Big Foot Wallace's Fight on the Nueces

The following account of Big Foot Wallace's battle with Indians on the Nueces, in 1850, as related by himself, will bear reproduction:

In 1850, I was in command of some twenty Rangers and was attached temporarily to Colonel Hardee's force, at that time operating on the Nueces river and between that stream and the Rio Grande. Colonel Hardee had received orders from General Brooks to make a thorough scout for Indians on both sides of the Nueces. He therefore proceeded down the east side of the river with his main force, whilst I and my Rangers were ordered to scout the country down the west side. We left camp and went to Carrizo Springs, where we found some Indian sign, but none recently made. There was an Indian trail, evidently several weeks old, leading down the country from the springs, and we followed it for about thirty miles to where it crossed the river to the east side. My orders were to keep on the west side, and in consequence I did not cross but continued my route down the river until I came to the coast near Corpus Christi without seeing any more sign of Indians. There I received an express from Colonel Kinney, stating that the Indians had been seen very recently in that vicinity. I requested him to send me a guide who could show me Indian sign; and I stated if he failed to do so and carried us off on a wild goose chase, that I would hang him to a live oak limb and let the buzzards play seven-up on his carcass. The guide was sent, and he conducted us to an Indian camp, where we found they had killed a Mexican, and taken his caballada of mustang horses and gone up the river with them. We followed the trail, but soon came to so many mustang trails leading off in every direction that we could not follow the one on which we had started. Where we lost the trail was at the Agua Dulce creek, and we went from there to Fort Merrill, at which place we were joined by Colonel Hardee and his men. Soon afterwards Colonel Hardee ordered me to go up the

Nueces and to follow any fresh Indian trail I might find. When I had gone about twenty miles above the old Laredo road I found a fresh Indian trail and followed it across the river. There were but few Indians in the party, and after crossing we came to where they had pitched camp on the east side. We camped at the same place, and I went out to look for deer, as we had no fresh meat. In passing over a sandy locality on my way, I noticed a number of moccasin tracks, and found a bunch of mesquite beans hanging on a limb, which I knew had been placed there as a signal to other Indians, and I therefore concluded it would be prudent to return to camp. After dinner, we saddled up, and went to the mesquite tree where the bunch of beans was placed, and near by we found the fresh trail of three horses. We followed this trail until it crossed the "Black Hills," which are seven or eight miles from the river where we struck a valley running east and west. We went down this valley and came to an old Indian camp near what had been a water hole but it had dried up. There we camped all night without water. At this camp we found a United States infantry soldier's coat, a Mexican soldier's coat and a bridle. We left this camp very early the next morning, and after traveling three or four miles we came to where there was a great deal of fresh "sign"—trails leading off in every direction. Following one of these, we came to a place where the Indians had killed several mustangs. One of them was scalped but not otherwise mutilated. "What does that mean?" inquired one of my men. "It is intended," said I, "to let us know if we follow this trail any further, that our scalps will be taken." However, that threat did not scare us "worth a cent," and we continued to follow the trail for about four miles beyond the locality where we had found the scalped horses. At that point, on the top of a ridge several hundred yards distant, we discovered an Indian sitting on his horse and holding his lance in his hand. He made signs to us and called

out in Spanish: "If you want to fight, come over this way." He was riding a fine sorrel horse, and after he had shaken his lance at us several times he went off at a gallop. Some of the boys gave a yell and started in pursuit of him, and I had great difficulty in stopping them, but I finally succeeded and told them to go back to the pack mules and get all the ammunition we had as I was satisfied we would need it very shortly. In a few minutes the Indian showed himself again on the top of the ridge, and I ordered the men to stay where they were until I could go to a knoll near by and make a reconnoissance, for I was sure the lone Indian we saw had been stationed there to draw us into an ambushade. When I reached the knoll I could see eleven other Indians below the point where the first one had made his appearance, and still further down, their entire force of more than a hundred warriors. Just at this moment Sergeant Murphy came up, and asked me what I saw. "Indians," said I. "Where?" he asked. "Over yonder," I replied, pointing in the direction. "My God!" he exclaimed, as he turned to go back, "There's a thousand of them!" At that instant an Indian whom I took to be the chief, sounded a whistle, and the eleven Indians we had first seen advanced and rode around us, but some distance away. I ordered my men not to fire upon them, as I understood very well the object of this maneuver. After they had rode around us, finding we would not fire upon them, they galloped off toward the main body of Indians lower down the valley. We followed them slowly, as I had no intention of being lured into a trap. The chief again whistled, and immediately twenty-five Indians left the main body and took their position in the rear, so as to act as a reserve force. There were about one hundred Indians in the main body, and the moment the chief sounded his whistle again, they charged upon us in double file, but when they reached a certain point within about one hundred yards, the files turned right and left, circling around us, firing as they ran—but those who carried rifles dismounted, and taking their positions behind trees, began to pour hot shot into us in a way that was anything

but pleasant. We were not idle ourselves, and returned the fire so effectively that we killed several warriors, wounded a number, and killed and wounded many horses. Such a warm reception compelled them to draw off for a time, but they returned to their camp, mounted fresh horses, and charged upon us again more vigorously than before. My men, however, were all experienced frontiersmen and good shots, and we dropped them from their saddles so rapidly, and wounded so many others, that they hastily fell back again to their camp. There they reformed, and being joined by the reserve, which as yet had taken no part in the fight, they charged us for the third time in the most determined manner. But it was the same old thing—we pitched the rifle bullets into them so rapidly they could not stand the racket, and once more retreated toward their camp.

In this charge upon us the big "medicine man" made himself very conspicuous—not by fighting, for he had no arms at all—but by circling round us in advance of the rest and waving a bunch of roots, he held in his hands, backwards and forwards. I saw he was doing us more harm by encouraging the others than if he had been armed, and I told several of the boys who were near me to stop his "conjuring." A number of shots were fired at him without effect, and it really seemed as if his roots in some way protected him from our bullets. Finally, however, one took him squarely in the breast, and he pitched headforemost from his horse—roots and all—but he had hardly struck the ground when half a dozen Indians rushed forward and bore him off out of sight; consequently, we did not know at the time whether we had killed him or not. Before the Indians made the fourth and final charge upon us, the chief rode up and down the line, urging his men, as we plainly perceived, to come to close quarters and use the bow and arrow. "Now, boys," said I, "prepare yourselves; for we are going to smell the patching." The next moment they charged upon us in a body, not dividing their force as they had previously done. The chief led this charge and I and

several of the boys nearest me leveled our guns upon him. "Shoot at his legs," I shouted "and kill his horse, and I will then bust his hulk!" He came yelling, straight for us, and within about thirty yards three men cut down on him. His horse turned a somersault, and the chief, who was some distance in advance of his men, jumped and tried to break back toward his crowd, when I fired on him and shot him through the hip. He fell yelling like a catamount, but rose up on his left leg, when several Indians rushed up and bore him off the field, going back to their encampment near the water hole. We had been so long without water ourselves that we were suffering terribly for it. We therefore mounted our horses and made for their old camp, where we expected to find it. When we got within about one hundred and fifty yards of the camp I took ten men afoot, leaving the rest to bring on the horses and two of our men who had been wounded, I knew very well there were some Indians in camp, but I determined to drive them from that camp at all hazards, and get possession of the water hole. As I charged up, I ordered my men not to run in a straight line, but zig-zag fashion to prevent the Indians hitting us. They did so, and although the Indians gave us a volley as we approached, no one was hurt. We returned their fire and Billy Johnson killed one dead, I shot another and Jim Brown a third. We would have killed all, but a party of the main body of the Indians at that moment came to their rescue, and we were compelled to fall back toward the men and horses we had left with our wounded. This ended the fight, which had lasted several hours. When the rest of my men came up, I went back to the water hole, but in the meantime the Indians had retreated out of sight and we saw nothing more of them. The Indian killed by Johnson had two plugs of tobacco in his shot-pouch, which was a god-send to us, as we had all been without a "chaw" for several days. We found plenty of water at the camp, but it was horrible stuff, for the Indians had been there for some time, and it was literally covered with filth of all kinds. We were so nearly famished, however, for water that we were not very squeam-

ish as to quality, and bad as it was, it quenched our terrible thirst.

In this fight we killed twenty-two Indians, left dead on the ground, and fifteen wounded, besides killing many horses. Three of my men only were wounded; Rose, Louis Oge and Rufe Hinyard. As some of our horses were badly wounded also, we were unable to follow the Indians further.

Among those who were with me in this fight, and whose names I have not mentioned, were Jack Tannehill, Edward Westfall, Sergeant Jim Brown, William Rice, Bib Miller, a German by the name of Frei and Thomas Rife, who was in after years custodian of the Alamo. The names of the balance I can not remember.

In looking over the battle ground next morning we found a saddle hanging on a limb of a tree and beneath it a pile of brush. I knew that some "good Indian" was stowed away there and told the boys to uncover him and see what he looked like. They did so and there lay the body of the great "Medicine Man," with his bunch of roots still held in his hand and one partially chewed, sticking in his mouth. I supposed, unlike the majority of medicine men, he had great faith in his own remedies, and had tried to cure himself when wounded by chewing one of his roots, but it was no use, and in fact, I don't believe the root has ever been found that will save a fellow when he has had a half ounce ball through his lights.

Captain B. F. Sullivan of Rockwood, Texas, writes: "I notice a few lines from Curley Hatcher in a recent issue of Frontier Times. I was with him at one time chasing a bad man, whom we got. This, Coleman county, was then under jurisdiction of Brown county. The county was organized in 1875. I helped to organize the county, and will write you about it some time. I have been working for Uncle Sam about thirty-five years, and he keeps a fellow busy."

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The Old 45 Peacemaker

By H. Cody Blake, 21 Greenpoint Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

During the last two years a number of interesting articles have appeared in the different sporting magazines on the old single action 45 pistol, "The Old Peacemaker," and the question asked, "Is the Old 45 Obsolete?" In none of the articles have I crossed the trail of any gent who claims that the old six gun has gone into the discard. Recently it was suggested to me that I express my opinion on the subject which interests particularly the old timers. I'm of the same opinion as those who have eased their minds in articles I have read and I'll make a few observations on the old Colt with the hope that others, especially the old case hardened, all alkali and hard luck sports, will follow suit.

My earliest recollection is playing with an old cap and ball Colt, the old "Walker." It was my first toy. For the best part of forty years I have packed a 45 during which time I got up as far as Seattle and hiked south as far as Mexico City. I have gone over nearly all of the old Spanish Trail from St. Augustine, Florida to San Diego, California. I have checker boarded fourteen of the twenty-six Mexican states and hit about all of the high spots in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Oklahoma. I packed a Colt for three years of the last Mexican Revolution and took it along "Over There" in 1914 to France and Belgium. I went to England in 1919 and returned to God's country in '22 when I took it off and shook the loads out of it, out of fear but not respect of the Sullivan law. Years ago folks went armed in the West for protection as it was necessary. You were safe to go unheeded in New York and the East. Today the condition is the reverse as New York City is harder than El Paso, Dodge, Deadwood or Frisco ever thought of being.

A good portion of those early years were in the saddle and when I was on a "hoss" I lugged along the one and only rifle, the old 44 Winchester. Now while it's nothing about which to brag and I'm not proud of it but I'm right now claiming to have fired at more human

beings and Mexicans with a 45 S. A. Colt between 1911 and 1918 than any living native born American. With three others, two of whom had punched cows for years in Texas and the other was no tenderfoot, I rode out of Mexico at Juarez in 1914 after three years of it in that section of the heritage, having done our share of reducing the census among the greasers. I was in the scrap in France and Belgium from 1914 to the finish, and being a non-combatant and supposed to be unarmed so had nothing for arms but my Colt which I used often enough to keep in practice.

The question is "Is the old 45 obsolete?" and I say "No." There are more single action Colts in "active service" in Mexico than all the other pistols put together, including American, French, German, Spanish, and British. Of these the last one, the English "Webley," is by far the best of the foreign makes, but it is not in the same category as the Colt, not on your tin type. The "Made in Spain" guns are the poorest. They are made up to imitate the good old Smith and Wesson. This Spanish defender is a dud and a dead card. You're safe in front of it for it won't hit a barn door thirty feet off, and seeing as how Greasers, like Injuns, do not savy the hind sight, there's no more chance of a Mexican hitting anybody with it than there'd be of a celluloid dog catching an asbestos cat in a chase through Hell. I met many British officers during the war packing the Webley and a lot had a Colt. As prejudiced and clannish as they are and ignorant concerning revolvers and cartridges as the average Britisher is, I don't recall one ever trying to run the blazer that the Webley had anything on the Colt.

I could have traded all the Colts I could get for Webleys. Is it obsolete? Just try to buy a second hand one in New York City and says he can't get one. The oldest and wisest known dealer in old firearms in the world is in New York City and says he can't get

enough of 'em because the S. A. Colt is in such demand.

Regarding the West I have been away since 1914 so I can't speak authoritatively of present conditions but I'm pushing in all my chips that the old Peacemaker is just as numerous and popular as it was eleven years ago, and is now, as it was then and always has been, the one and only recognized pistol. I made a round up of the boys and Injuns, Sioux, seventy-five of 'em, in a rodeo I was with here last June and found eight Colts, five were the old S. A. 45, two were 38's and one, shown me by an old buck, was a relic of the Custer affair. The old Colt will never become obsolete and go into the discard in favor of the automatic until the new fangled guns become simpler in construction.

The West, particularly the southwest, is no place for a pistol with small, frail springs and a time lock device, or escapement hee-haw. It's too much like a dollar watch and no gent will pin his faith, which means risk getting hived, to an automatic carried in an open holster where there is dust or mud. It may buck and then where are you?

One of the features that made the old frontier Colt so popular, back in the early days when everybody packed one, was that any cowpuncher, blacksmith, or saddle mender could do any little repairing it needed. Nobody ever went looking for a hammer to drive nails or tacks, the butt of a Colt was so convenient. If the old Colt required pulling apart you could do it and put her together again. This was back in the good old days when anybody who knew the difference 'tween whiskey and water could tend bar. The 45 will never be replaced by a lighter, smaller caliber revolver on the border so long as the Greasers pack the old gun. The peace officers, marshals, sheriffs, deputies, and town "Bulls" of the southwest will never shift to automatics or small calibers while they have to contend with the big bore.

It's no use drawing conclusion from conditions in the East. Here it is too crowded, lack of room, misunderstands or fails to savey the West. The frontier Colt has been the defense of more good men, the protector of more homes,

saved from death or capture by Injuns more women and kids, upheld law and order in more instances, been the finish of more bad characters, and done more to civilize the West than all the pistols ever manufactured.

As for the question "Will it become obsolete?" It may, when Mexico becomes civilized and stops inaugurating a revolution every pay day; when the Greaser becomes sufficiently patriotic to fight only for liberty and his rights; when the Mexican soldiers no longer desert from one side to the other by squads and companies for a few pesos or at request; when the so-called "bad" men and hard characters no longer exist down there and on this side of the Rio Grande; when the increased population together with the railroads, electricity, autos, trolleys, schools, movies and last but not least the churches "Easternize" the West, especially the Southwest, and it becomes as safe day and night as is Philadelphia on Sunday; when the constantly increasing farms reduce the size of the range till they become small enough to ride 'em with a Ford; when the cowpuncher is to be seen only in the movies wearing a necktie, silk shirt and kid gloves; when the Texas saddle and chapps, Mexican spurs, ropes and quirts, become memories of the past; when it becomes a violation of the town or city ordinance to pack or shake out the loads of a 45; then and not until then do I figure on the old pacifier becoming a dead card.

Happily this calamity isn't going to occur this year nor in our time. The manufacturers of the Frontier Colt which has done so much for the West and which has ever been the reliance of those who kept the law, the corrector and reprover of those who broke it, and a terror to, and the death of, those who defied it, will continue to make it, advertise it and sell it, upheld by all who possess it in their claim "The favorite of the Old and New West." More of these guns have been produced than any other revolver ever manufactured.

Samuel Colt wrought better than he knew.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times.

Old Amy, the Seminole Squaw

Written by John Warren Hunter in 1910

She was known to three generations as "Amy," and her acquaintance extended from Colorado to the Rio Grande. She had an Indian name but it is doubtful if any of her Texan descendants, of which she had quite a number, even learned to pronounce it. She gave me her Seminole maiden name, which I wrote on a slip of paper, and remembered it no more.

Amy was a first cousin to the celebrated chieftain, Osceola; at least that was her statement and I am led to believe her claim was just, as she told me more of the boyhood, manhood and warlike prowess of the great Seminole than I had ever been able to gather from the written history of the Florida Indians and the Seminole War. She was a maiden in 1817 when, with the Creeks, the Seminoles waged war against the whites in Georgia, and remembered seeing Gen. Jackson when some of the chiefs signed a treaty and agreed to a removal west of the Mississippi, in 1822. Osceola repudiated this agreement and with a handful of his followers retired to the Everglades, and for eight years maintained a war that cost the United States thousands of lives and ten million dollars. Being of the Osceola family, Amy followed the fortunes of her chieftain, and in the end witnessed his downfall.

As the world knows, Osceola was entrapped by means of the most shameful treachery on the part of those in command of the American troops in Florida, and he was told that if his people did not come in and surrender, at the end of ten days he would be hanged.

According to Amy's story, when the interpreter read this sentence Osceola rose to his feet and, with the hauteur of an Indian prince, told his captors that for eight long years he had led his warriors against a powerful nation in defense of the land the Great Spirit had given their fathers; that he had told them to neither ask nor give quarter, and that he would not now ask them to surrender as it would be useless and, furthermore, it would be beneath the dignity of a Semi-

nole warrior to ask others to do that which he would scorn to do himself.

"Then you have no message to send to your people?" demanded the American commander, when he found that his prisoner was so defiant. "Yes; I would send a message to my people," said Osceola, and taking up a piece of soft pine, with his knife he fashioned a stick with flat sides and about two feet long. To one end of this stick he tied securely a white feather, and to the other end a black feather. He next cut ten notches on the edge of this stick near the middle, and then gave it to Amy's mother, who chanced to be present and who, with a son 12 years old, was to carry the message to the tribe in the recesses of the Everglades. He instructed her to carry this stick to his people and tell them that on the going down of each day's sun to cut out one of these notches and that when, on the evening of the tenth day, they had cut out the last notch they would know that Osceola was no more.

This remnant of the Seminole tribe divided, some coming in and surrendering, while a portion went on board a Spanish ship and escaped to Mexico, where their descendants are yet living.

Amy was not a full blood Indian. She was a quadroon negro, above the average in size and stature of the American woman. In physical strength she had been a giantess, and up to the time of her accidental death at an age which was doubtless bordering on or past the century mark, she was more active than many of her sex who have not reached their twentieth year.

She told me of the passage of the remnant of her tribe from Pensacola to New Orleans, and the long voyage by boat from New Orleans up the Mississippi to the Arkansas and the slow trip up the Arkansas to Fort Gibson, and how glad they were to reach their allotted hunting grounds in the Indian Territory. She was a widow with two children nearly grown at time, her first husband having fallen while fighting at the side of her cousin, Osceola. The Seminoles

were moved to the Territory in 1838. Amy said that after they had been there about two years dissension arose in the tribe and a band, of whom she and her husband (she had married again) were members, left the Territory and under the leadership of Wild Cat started to Mexico intent on joining their tribesmen who had gone from Florida. On reaching Eagle Pass, her husband was employed by the government as a post guide, scout and trailer, while the rest of the band crossed into Mexico and joined their kindred in the Santa Rosa Mountains. Two years later her husband was killed in an action between the Regulars and Comanches, after which Amy continued to reside about the army posts. It is not known when she came to Fredericksburg, but old pioneers who remember the building of Fort Martin Scott along about '49 or '50 recall having seen Amy, the Seminole, living nearby. When Fort Mason was established Amy was early on the ground and remained in the vicinity the rest of her days. Children—girls—she raised and these married Mexicans, and in her latter days she resided with a grand-daughter who had grand-children nearly grown.

A year before she died Amy came to me and said she wanted to go back to her people in the Indian Territory. This was at Mason in 1898, and she asked me to correspond with the chief of the Seminoles and learn if they would receive her back into the tribe. As proof of her identity she gave me a list of the names of a number of the most prominent chiefs and braves whom she knew in Florida and later in the Territory, and also her Indian name and that of her husband. I wrote Governor Brown, chief of the Seminoles at that time, and in reply he informed me that this woman was without question a member of the Seminole tribe, as she was remembered by survivors who once knew her; that her name appeared in the tribal record of 1838; that she was a kinswoman of Osceola, and that a vast sum in the way of tribal annuities awaited her, all of which latter she had forfeited when she left the territory of the United States and crossed the Rio Grande and took up her abode with the renegade remnant of the Seminole nation in Mexico. I read

Governor Brown's letter to Amy and she declared that she had never been in Mexico, altho' her cousin, Juan Cano, a noted bandit and chief among the Lipans and Seminoles in that region, had often visited her clandestinely and implored her to go to his people. She had always remained in Texas and in proof of this fact she cited a Mr. Parker, an old scout and ranger, who then lived near Mason and had known her since the day she and her husband first reached Eagle Pass. Armed with her statement and the testimony of Mr. Parker, I again wrote to Governor Brown who, at the time, being in Washington, my letter remained unanswered until his return.

Like all her race, Old Amy had a consuming thirst for strong drink. I never heard of her being drunk, and never heard any of her many acquaintances say they had ever seen her intoxicated. When exceedingly dry, she would go to the saloon, buy her whiskey, pay for it and go on her way. I think it was in the summer of 1899 when Amy met a premature death. She was then living with her grand-daughter in Fredericksburg, and had come up to Mason alone, a distance of 45 miles, to see me about the Governor Brown correspondence. She was driving a gentle pony harnessed to an open-top buggy, and on the morning of her departure for Fredericksburg she called at Mart Moran's saloon in Mason, bought a quart bottle of whiskey, and set out on her homeward journey. Ten miles south of Mason was Mrs. Anna Martin's store and residence. On this particular day there were quite a number of people about the store. These were almost transfixed by the sudden appearance of a horse and vehicle coming down the road at lightning speed, leaving in their wake clouds of dust and a volume of smoke that seemed to spin out its serpentine shape and length to the sky. The fleeing horse was turned out of the main road and took up against a tree, and the fire which was consuming the vehicle was extinguished, not, however, before the bed of the buggy had been almost destroyed. The poor horse's tail was as bare and brown as that of a river rat; every hair had been burnt off and it was the flames

(Continued on Page 48).

Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher

Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher, affectionately known as "the mother of the Republic," died March 19. She had been ill for several weeks and because of her great age her death was not unexpected.

Her name was always spoken in reverence, she being affectionately known by all over the State as "the mother of Texas," as she was a charter member of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, the organization which she has served as president for many years. With her passing, Mrs. H. H. Sevier of Austin, first vice president of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, becomes president of the organization.

Mrs. Fisher is survived by her daughter, Mrs. R. J. Blandford of Austin; two granddaughters, Mrs. Ben Wright of Austin and Mrs. H. M. Little of Austin, and great grandson, Ben F. Wright Jr., adjunct professor of government of the University of Texas. Two great granddaughters in New York also survive her.

Mrs. Fisher was Rebecca Jane Gilleland of Philadelphia, Pa., and was born August 31, 1831.

When she was only a small child her father joined a party of friends who planned to aid the Texas Republic in its struggle against Mexican supremacy and the family came by water to Galveston. There were three children, Rebecca Jane, Thomas Battle and William McCalla. From Galveston the family went to Refugio County and the father entered the army under Captain Thomason.

Released from the army subject to recall, he returned to look after his family and it was at this time that he and his wife were killed by Indians and the two children. Rebecca and William, were taken captive. Thomas, the other son, had died after the family had come to

For a day and night the children were carried along by their captors until soldier comrades of their father, who had heard of the tragedy and set out in pursuit, began to press them when they were left for dead, Rebecca from a blow on the head with a heavy instrument and the boy from a wound through the body.

Mrs. Fisher told the story of her capture by the Indians on the occasion of her

ninety-fourth birthday anniversary, eighty-six years after the incident occurred and she spoke of the incident with remarkable clearness of memory.

Mrs. Fisher in that interview did not remember how long she remained unconscious, but when she survived she saw figures approaching in the distance and, thinking they were the Indians returning, she dragged her little brother to the shelter of near-by woods and there the two children lay suffering from hunger, thirst and terror, until called by their names by the soldiers and assured they were friends. Albert Sidney Johnston was a member of the rescuing party and Mrs. Fisher related how the soldiers wept over the pitiful plight of the two helpless children, orphaned, grievously wounded, their eyes swollen from weeping, their clothing torn and blood-stained.

The two children were placed with a family which lived near by and later taken to the home of a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Blair, in Victoria, who cared for them with the love and kindness of a father. The plan was to take them to their father's sister, Mrs. Jane Trimble, who lived in Galveston, but the unsettled condition of the country and the danger from hostile Mexicans and marauding bands of Indians delayed this plan for many months. They were finally taken to Galveston to this aunt with whom they remained for several years.

In 1844 Rebecca was sent to Ruetersville Female College, the only college in the State, which drew its students from Houston, Galveston, LaGrange and other true by the Indians on the occasion of her and here she was married in May, 1846, to the Rev. Orcenith Fisher, a Methodist minister. The young wife entered into her husband's work with untiring zeal and together they served churches in Texas, Oregon and California. Finally the importunities of Texas friends called them back to finish their life work in Texas and in 1872 they were in Austin in charge of the First Methodist Church on Tenth Street. Dr. Fisher died many years ago

The Passing of a Pioneer

Brownwood Banner-Bulletin, December 10, 1925

In the death of Mrs. Keziah Lee, widow of the late Brooks W. Lee, at the ripe age of 85, Brown county and Texas loses a character whose impression will remain in a permanent way upon the material institutions of this country.

There are few women now living who occupied for years so strenuous a place in the planting of the seeds of civilization in the western wilderness as did Mrs. Lee, and looking back over the times in which she lived and moved and filled her place so well, one of the manifold wonders of the Divine authority is again seen, in that he endowed such women with strength beyond their sisters of the present day. It was a part of the Divine plan, that the men and women who took up their abode in the wilds, among savage animals and among still wilder men—who lived constantly in the firing line of danger—should be men and women of heroic mould, such as Brooks W. Lee, and his good wife, whose death brings those of the present generation to a brief study of her sterling character and splendid life, and the work of that life.

Keziah Adams, daughter of Ichabod Adams and Caroline Adams, was born in Waverly, Tennessee, March 30th, 1840. When she was born Andrew Jackson, the hero of the Battle of New Orleans, was president of the United States, and Texas was a Republic, with Sam Houston as president, and the capital of the Republic at old Washington on the Brazos with not a public road, not a railroad, not a postoffice, and in most cases except where Indians were dangerous, the nearest neighbor, twenty to fifty miles distant. Since Keziah Adams was a barefoot, laughing tousel-headed child in old Tennessee, there have been twenty-three presidents, most of whom have served two terms. When she was a child there were not more than half a dozen states organized west of the Mississippi river. There was not a foot of railroad west of the Mississippi river.

When Keziah Adams was 10 years old her parents moved to Texas, like thou-

sands of other Tennesseans, and settled in Henderson county, not far from the old fort where the tragedy which swept Cynthia Ann Parker into Indian captivity was enacted in later years. Many people came from Tennessee to Texas. Take the map of Texas and look over the old list of counties, the pioneer counties of this state, and it is easy to tell from whence their first settlers came—Polk, Shelby, Jackson, Bell, Rusk, Jefferson, Crockett, an east Texas town, and Crockett, a west Texas county, Bowie, Tyler and many others quite too numerous to mention.

From Henderson county the family moved to McLennan county, and there Keziah Adams, who had grown into lovely young womanhood, met and married Brooks W. Lee, a fine fellow, who had arrived in that part of the state from one of the states in the north, having made the trip alone and on horseback, through what was then the Indian Nation, and is now Oklahoma. Two years later, in 1857, Brooks W. Lee and his bride, moved to what is now Brown county, about the time the county was organized, and liking the lovely valley of Pecan bayou and the situation generally they halted, built a cabin of poles and anchored themselves to a land from which only death was to call them in future years. Their life and career was the same in substance as the life and career of others who moved into the lovely valley after them. It would be impossible as well as a lack of appreciation, to attempt to write about the good woman whose death has just occurred, with the life and work of her husband, Brooks W. Lee, because his name and his work is inseparably connected with the early permanent history of Brown county and the central west.

Brooks W. Lee once decided to build for himself and his posterity a permanent abode in what came to be Brown county, and so we find that in the year 1858 when the State Rangers were organized he was among the first to enroll for service in case he was needed. The request to send Rangers to this part

of Texas, or to permit their organization, was made upon the legislature of the new state, by Ichabod Adams, father-in-law of Brooks W. Lee, who had also moved to this part of Texas. Fifteen Rangers were apportioned to Brown county—Brooks W. Lee, G. H. Adams, A. E. Adams, H. C. Knight, George Isaacks, J. S. Harris, Dick Germany, B. J. Marshall, Willis Holloway, W. L. Williams, Cyrus Ford, Avery Toby, Steve Derriek, John Herrige and one other man, whose name is not recalled. Brooks W. Lee was placed in charge of the Ranger force, and he led his men in many Indian raids and not a few fights with the Indians.

Fourteen men from Brown county were in the Totten Creek Indian fight. This fight was wholly unwarranted as the Indians were friendly and were making their way to Mexico. Brooks W. Lee and another man reconnoitered the situation carefully, before the attack was made and informed the Commander of the Texans that the Indians were friendly and the matter ought to be investigated. No heed was paid to the advice of Mr. Lee, and the result was that the whites were obliged to retreat after losing about twenty men. The white soldiers captured one old Indian and two Indian boys. The two boys were in charge of Brooks Lee, and when camp had been struck, after retreating from the scene of battle, the commanding officer ordered all three of the Indians shot. Somebody at once shot the old Indian man, but Brooks Lee stepped between the two Indian boys and declared that sure enough trouble would start, if any man attempted to kill the helpless boys. The boys seeing he was their defender clung to him for safety, and in the night he let them pass out of camp and rejoin their friends, who had abandoned their equipage, tents and everything and fled in a bitter storm of sleet and snow.

The records of 1859 show that Brooks W. Lee was a tax payer, along with the following other citizens: Ichabod Adams, W. M. Bennett, Abel Bowser, W. F. Brown, David Baugh, F. A. Baugh, P. C. Brewer, Levi Roberts, James Vaughn, G. W. Williams, J. J. Cox, Welcome W. Chandler, William Carver, S. R. Coggin,

M. J. Coggin, James H. Fowler, Thompson Fowler, Levi Fowler, Henry Skinner, Jasper Willis, W. L. Williams, Cyrus Ford, David S. Hanna, Jesse P. Hanna, John Hanna, T. D. Harris, Jesse S. Harris, W. B. Hamilton, George Isaacks, George Tankersley, Gideon Willis, John Williams, John Jones, Brooks W. Lee, B. J. Marshall, J. B. McReynolds, R. Potter, Thomas J. Priddy, George Robbins, Frank Tankersley and Rupel Williams.

These facts are taken from the "Pocket Calculator," a booklet, which was written and compiled by Henry Ford, well known Brownwood citizen, who died some years ago.

The story of the useful activities of of Brooks W. Lee could be continued indefinitely, but this is enough to show the manner of man he was, and the important part he played in the early development of Brown county.

In 1866 the family moved to the Clear Creek community, 15 miles from Brownwood, it was in that home that Brooks W. Lee died on May 14, 1892. His widow who died yesterday, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Cochran, in the Brookesmith locality, only a few miles from the old home place.

Of the union formed in McLennon county in 1885, eleven children were born, seven of whom are still living; Mrs. E. H. Estes, Sr., of Van Horn, Texas; G. L. Lee of Tucson, Arizona; Van Lee of El Tigre, Mexico; A. D. Lee, of Brownwood; Mrs. J. M. Cochran of Brookesmith; Brooks Lee Jr., of Somerton, Arizona; Jesse J. Lee of Holtsville, California. The children were all at the funeral with the exception of J. J. Lee and Van Lee.

In addition to raising and caring for her own children, Mrs. Lee also raised two grandchildren, Mrs. Ed Hennigan of Brookesmith and Mrs. Clyde McLean of Leedy, Oklahoma. She had 23 grandchildren and 44 great grandchildren. Two of the grandchildren attended the funeral, and also two great grandchildren.

Mrs. Lee has two brothers living—Harvey L. Adams of Brookesmith and Cabe Adams of Pierson, Mexico.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times

The Lee-Peacock Feud

By T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas

Governor J. W. Throckmorton (inaugurated August 13, 1866) was removed from office by the Federal Government on July 30, 1867; and E. M. Pease was appointed governor. Pease was called the "Reconstructive Governor." The appointment of E. M. Pease as Governor of Texas was a military measure, and it gave the negroes the "swell head", intensified the feeling between the sympathizers with the Southern cause and those who sympathized with the Union.

All over Texas there were many people that tried to currie favor with the new administration, and they were openly accused of beng turncoats. Many of them were appointed to office, and the term "scalawag" clung to them as long as they lived. The writer lived throughout the period and knows something about the ordeals through which the Southern people passed. Judges were displaced, sheriffs were onsted, new Justices of the Peace were appointed, and even constables were appointed by the wholesale. In some counties men refused to take office until the local citizens requested them to aaccept. This situation brought an intensity of feeling that prepared the fuel that a match would ignite.

In the southwestern part of Fannin county, in the northwestern part of Hunt, in the southeastern part of Grayson, and the northeastern part of Collin, there was a territory covered by thickets of various names. These thickets were known as the Mustang Thicket, Black Jack Thicket, Wild Cat Thicket, Jernigan Thicket, and various other local names. As late as 1877 there was an elliptical thicket about seven miles long of a maximum width of four miles just east of the present town of Leonard, into which few people had penetrated and through which only one man had ever gone. During the Civil War it was a rendezvous of deserters, shirkers and slackers. On one occasion a Federal officer sent a communication to the Mustang Thicket gang asking an interview.

An appointment was made; he was blindfolded on the prairie near the thicket and led into the camp of the gang; there unblindfolded he made a speech; urged them to come to the defense of the South. At the close of his impassioned address he asked all that would volunteer for the Southern cause to raise their hats. A few of them raised their hats half way. When asked what that meant, they replied that they would raise their hats high enough to fight Indians but not white people. The Confederate officer got no results and no reaction out of the Mustang Thicket gang.

In the northern part of one of these thickets whose southern boundary coincided with the southern boundary of Fannin county, Daniel W. Lee patented a tract of land in 1859 and there built a home and raised his family.

At the opening of the Civil War his son, Bob Lee, joined the forces of General Forrest and operated in Tennessee and Louisiana. An acquaintance of Bob Lee describes him as a very popular Southern man. He was handsome, tall, dark complected, and well-built; he generally wore a black suit, black felt hat with the brim turned up and a black plume in it. He held the rank of Captain during the Civil War and was sent by Forrest on many single-handed raids. He lived about three and one-half miles southwest of the present town of Leonard in Hunt county. He was a man of fine address, and made friends readily. He was not highly educated, but was one who chose his companions of culture and was able to adapt himself to a cultured environment. At the close of the Civil War he returned home with better clothes and a better horse and saddle than most of the Confederate soldiers. The Union League headquarters existed seven miles away at Pilot Grove, and it was inevitable that a man of Bob Lee's frey nature with his chivalric ideas, should soon clash with the members of the Union League.

The leader of the Union League around Pilot Grove was Lewis Peacock, whose home was one-half mile from the south-eastern part of Grayson county and whose land bordered on Fannin county. The exact date of the bad feeling can hardly be placed, but by 1867 it was at fever heat; and during the latter part of February of that year, Bob Lee was at a blacksmith shop in Pilot Grove, Grayson county, when James W. Maddox, one of Peacock's men, shot him from the rear, the ball striking him on the bone behind the left ear. The ball glanced, which saved Lee's life. Dr. William Hartwell Pierce (who was born September 3, 1833,) was the practicing physician of the Pilot Grove neighborhood, and his home was in the verge of Pilot Grove. He took the wounded man to his home, dressed his wounds, nursed him, and was taking care of him, when on the 24th of February, 1867, Hugh Hudson, a member of the Peacock Clan, rode up to the Pierce residence, called him out, and talked to him for a few minutes. Dr. Pierce stood by the horse's head, rested his arm on the horse's mane, and conversed with Hudson for several minutes in a very friendly way. The conversation ended, Hudson turned his horse to leave, and Dr. Pierce started in his house. Hudson suddenly drew his six-shooter and shot Dr. Pierce in the back. He was carried in his house and died three days later, February 27, 1867.

Lee slowly recovered and returned to his home in the northern edge of Hunt county, about three-fourths of a mile from his father's residence in the southern edge of Fannin county.

Bob Lee always had money on his person and often displayed some twenty dollar gold pieces. His being well-dressed and displaying this large amount of money created the impression that he was wealthy. Lewis Peacock, Jim Maddox, Doc Wilson, and other members of the Union League conceived the idea of extorting money from Bob Lee. They came to his house one night, arrested him, and took him towards the town of Sherman, but stopped in the bottoms of the Choctaw Creek, four miles from

Sherman, for a parley. They had heard that the State had offered a reward for the arrest of Lee. They sent a messenger in to Sherman and ascertained that there was no such reward. However, they took Bob Lee's gold watch and \$200.00 in gold, and told him that he would have to pay them \$2,000 for his ransom. They permitted him to send word to his father, Daniel W. Lee, and to his brother, John Lee. They went to the Choctaw Bottoms to the lair of the kidnappers, had a conference with them, and were forced to sign a note for \$2,000. At first they tried to force Dan W. Lee and John Lee to bring them the \$2,000. The Lees tried this but failed to raise the money. Dan W. Lee then informed Peacock and his gang that if Bob Lee was set free they believed he would raise the money. They agreed to do this on condition that the Lees sign a note for the sum of \$2,000. In the bottoms of the Choctaw they made a pen out of a goose quill; John Lee made the ink out of gunpowder, and the kidnappers wrote a note for the amount and forced Bob and his father and brother to sign. It was a common report in the "Five Corner" section that Bob Lee was forced to sign the note with blood drawn from his own body. They then told Bob Lee to get the money and leave it at a certain place and they would give him back the note. He went to Bonham and consulted the famous and celebrated Robert H. Taylor, known far and wide as "Bob" Taylor. The Lees refused to pay the note, and suit was brought at Bonham, but Lee won his case.

The robbery in the Choctaw Bottom started the Lee-Peacock War that raged over portions of four counties. From that moment it was war to the knife and no quarter was given. During the latter part of 1867, the whole of 1868, and until June of 1869, the war raged; and all told something like fifty men were killed. The war really raged two years after Bob Lee's death. By the summer of 1868 the war had got so hot that the Union League called for help from the Federal Government; and General J. J. Reynolds on August 27, 1868, issued the following reward:

\$3,000 REWARD

Headquarters Fifth Military District.
State of Texas

Austin, Texas, August 27, 1868

Special Order No. 16

(Extract)

A reward of one thousand dollars cash will be paid for the delivery of the following persons to the Post Commander at Austin or Marshall, Texas:

B. F. BICKERSTAFF

CULLEN BAKER

BOB LEE.

By Command of Brevet Major General
J. J. Reynolds

C. E. MORSE.

First Lieutenant, Twenty-sixth United States Infantry, Aide-de-Camp, Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Official:

C. E. Morse, First Lieutenant Twenty-sixth United States Infantry, Aide-de-Camp, Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

On August 11, 1868, Major General J. J. Reynolds issued orders to Lt. Charles A. Vernou to visit northwestern Texas "with a view of obtaining information with reference to the disturbed situation in that part of the state." Lt. Vernou followed the instructions and during the latter part of August, September, and first part of October made the inspection trip and returned to Austin. Under date of Oct. 19, 1868, he made a long written report to Gen. Reynolds which shows that in September, 1868, the federal government had the 6th U. S. Cavalry. Mr. Sands' Grove under Lt. Sands. The following is a verbatim extract of Lt. Vernou's report:

"From this point where I went to Pilot Grove, at which place I found Lieutenant Sands with a company of the 6th U. S. Cavalry. Mr. Sand's force only amounts to thirty-five men, but with this force he has done much good. He has also about fifteen citizens with him who perform all the duties of enlisted men, the government furnishing them with corn and rations. This is the stamping ground of the desperado Bob Lee and his party, who have run the men that were with Lieut. Sands away from their homes. Lee seems to be the

most popular man in this section of the country, and I am sure that the citizens of that neighborhood would not only give him all the aid in their power, but will even help him with force of arms if necessary."

Lieut. Sands undoubtedly made an accurate survey and estimate of the feelings of the citizens in this section known as the "Five County Corners." The Lieutenant from a hostile viewpoint came to the conclusion that Bob Lee was "the most popular" man in this section of the country. The writer lived at one time on the edge of his territory, and in his opinion ninety per cent of the yeomanry of the country sympathized with Bob Lee. Those citizens that took the other side were branded in the popular phraseology of the day with the most opprobrious epithet that could be hurled at a southern man, "scalawag."

Cullen M. Baker was killed in the edge of Louisiana near Jefferson on January 6, 1869; Ben Bickerstaff was killed in Alvarado, Texas, on April 5, 1869 (see Frontier Times, Vol. 2, No. 1) and Bob Lee was killed in the early part of June, 1869. The government was making no progress with the capture of Lee, and he and his men were plucking off the Peacock crowd with such frequency that the urgent call was issued by the Union League for help. The \$1,000 reward for the capture of Bob Lee had had practically no effect. Troop A, 6th U. S. Cavalry served at Pilot Grove from January to March, 1869. The forces were under the command of Lieutenant Theodore Maytheny and H. P. Eakin. The forces were withdrawn about the latter part of March and had practically had no effect upon quelling the disturbance or stopping the activities of Bob Lee and his men. The Federal forces were withdrawn and returned to Sulphur Springs or to Marshall.

The \$1,000 reward was still hanging over the head of Bob Lee, and it attracted the cupidity of the Kansas "Red Legs." Three of them came to Pilot Grove, dressed as citizens, and laid plans to capture Bob Lee or kill him to obtain the \$1,000 reward. Lee was on perpetual guard and would not sleep at his house, but slept in the heart of the Wild Cat Thicket in a small shack

covered with black oilcloth. Thus he spent many years of his life, and he would not venture out on any day until his wife and children had made an inspection of the neighborhood and found the coast clear. Strange men were seen in April and May, 1869, in Pilot Grove, conferring with Peacock and his gang. Word was carried to Bob Lee within the hour, and he was on more active guard. His father, Dan W. Lee, and his brothers were co-operating with him. They expected the "Red Legs" one night, and on the road that led from Pilot Grove, the headquarters of the Union League, Dan W. Lee and his sons tied ropes in three places across the narrow roadway, which was bordered by dense growth on each side. All night long they guarded the roadway, watching every outlet, but nothing appeared by 7:00 a. m. The Lees then removed the ropes from across the road but were still on guard. About an hour later the "Red Legs" appeared in broad daylight but they found the Lees ready and waiting. There was boarding in Bob Lee's home at this time a Miss Pierce, who was a sister to Dr. William Hartwell Pierce, who was killed two years before in Pilot Grove (Miss Pierce is now living in Trenton, Texas, and is Mrs. John Hancock). She was teaching the school in the neighborhood, and just before she started to school the shot-guns turned loose between the home of Bob Lee and that of his father. She was talking to Mrs. Bob Lee when the first gun was fired. Mrs. Bob Lee wrung her hands and cried,

"I know they have killed Bob."

Miss Pierce replied, "Why don't you go to him? Perhaps you can reach him in time to hear his last words."

Mrs. Lee eagerly inquired, "Will you go with me?"

"I surely will," replied the intrepid Miss Pierce.

They started down the trail and soon met a riderless horse, and then they found a dead man across the path. Miss Pierce put her hand on his heart and called to Mrs. Lee, who was standing off some distance, that the man was dead. Mrs. Lee came next, looked at the dead man, and said, "He is not one of Bob's men." They went on down

the road and found a hat, then another dead man. Miss Pierce examined him and found him stone dead. Along farther towards the home of Dan Lee, they found the third Kansas "Red Leg," all of whom had been killed in the space of a few minutes. They went on to the home of Dan W. Lee, but there were no men at the Dan Lee home. These two ladies returned by the trail. Miss Pierce placed the hats over the faces of two of the men and removed her white apron and tied it around the head of the third, which was bleeding, having been shot in the face. Miss Pierce started to the school house to dismiss the children from school so that she could return and assist Mrs. Bob Lee. While approaching the schoolhouse, she saw Bob Lee uninjured. The friends of the three dead men from Pilot Grove were afraid to bury them and afraid to venture into the Lee territory. Tradition says that no men in the neighborhood would bury the dead "Red Legs;" and the women dug a shallow grave, rolled all three men into it with their clothes on, and covered them up hastily.

The killing of the three Kansas "Red Legs" aroused the Peacock crowd to action. They made another call for soldiers, which was answered, and they induced Henry Boren, who lived four miles south of Bob Lee, and another citizen to go with them to kill Bob Lee. Very early one Monday morning, either May 31st or June 7th, 1869, they surrounded the home of Bob Lee, and secreting themselves in the thicket, patrolled the five roads or paths that led from his house. Bob Lee was making all arrangements to leave for Mexico, and some assert that he was on his way to Mexico on that Monday morning. He happened to ride along the road where Henry Boren, the other citizen, and a squad of soldiers were stationed. The first shot fired at Bob Lee was by Henry Boren from the ambush about 8:00 a. m. The others fired a fraction of a second later and Lee's body was pierced by eight bullets. He was mounted on a splendid horse, carried his four six-shooters and his gun. He fell, and Henry Boren rushed to him and tried to get him to talk, but he refused. His horse rushed home, riderless, and

Mrs. Lee knew that her husband had been killed.

Henry Boren that very night gave a dance at his home four miles south of the spot where he had assisted in killing Bob Lee that morning. It seems that Bill Boren, a nephew of Henry Boren, was not at the dance; but during the night he heard about the way Bob Lee was killed by his Uncle Henry. He went to Henry's house the next morning, less than twenty-four hours after Henry had shot Bob Lee, called him to the back of the house and shot him down like a dog. The Southern sympathizers applauded Bill Boren's act in avenging the murder of his friend.

The following description of the killing of Bob Lee is taken from the Bonham News, copied from the Marshall, Texas, Weekly Harrison Flag of Thursday, June 17, 1869.

BOB LEE KILLED

On last Monday morning, about 8 o'clock, this unfortunate man met with a violent death by the hands of Federal soldiers. From a son and younger brother of the deceased, we got the following particulars of his death:

After eating breakfast with his family on Monday morning, Lee mounted his horse and rode off in the direction of a neighbor's house some two miles distant. While passing through the thicket about a quarter of a mile from his own residence he was ambushed by a squad of Federal infantry, eight balls striking him in different parts of the body. After killing him, they robbed his person of everything; a gold watch, four six-shooters and all the money he had with him, and left his body where he fell. His family recovered his horse, saddle, bridle, and gun—the horse becoming frightened at the report of the guns, ran off, with the gun swung to the horn of the saddle.

The first intimation that Lee had of danger was the flash of Federal muskets that lightened his pathway to the Great Unknown hereafter. But we will not here attempt to defend or justify his life—its dark as well as its bright side—but an outline of the causes which led to Lee's outlawry, and subsequent courses of life, and the closing scene in the horrid drama of yesterday, may be

of interest to our readers. We know whereof we write, and endeavor to relate as briefly as possible the true facts of the case.

During the late war, Bob Lee was the captain of a company of confederate scouts and belonged to the army of Tennessee, operating a portion of the war in the State of Mississippi, and on the Mississippi river. At the close of the war, he returned to his family and home, in the Southwest portion of this country and engaged in agricultural pursuits. This was in the year 1865. After his return, probably two or three months a party of some six or seven men dressed in Federal uniform, went to Lee's house at night, arrested him, and with the avowed purpose of taking him to Sherman, took him from his family under arrest. They proceeded with him in the direction of Sherman; but when they reached Choctaw creek, some four or five miles from that place, they left the road and went some distance into the bottom. 'Twas here that Lee discovered that his captors were not United States soldiers, but were robbers—men who lay in the brush during the war, and at its close were the most "loyal" men to the government in the State of Texas. He was robbed of all he had with him, and forced to execute his note, and sign his father's and his own name for \$2,000. He appealed to the civil authorities for redress by instituting suit against the parties for damages. The parties were arrested, and those who could not give bond were confined in the jail at this place. Nothing was effected—the jail was broken open, and the leaders in the affair escaped. Finally, during the same year, a deadly feud was inaugurated between the two parties, and known as the "Lee-Peacock War," which has been bitterly and unceasingly waged up to the time of his death. The Peacock party reported to the Federal authorities, and were, for a time (until their true characters were discovered) protected by Federal bayonets. Lee was outlawed, and a reward of one thousand dollars offered for his head by the military commander. He swore a vendetta against the Peacock party, and how well that oath had been kept, numbers of little

hillocks, 3x6, in the different parts of this and adjoining counties, can abundantly testify.

We do not sanction, nor will we attempt to justify, all of Lee's acts; but we would suggest that every honest thinking person take the case home to himself, and ask the question: "What would I have done had I been so situated?" ere you give in your verdict.

A wife and five children are left to lament his untimely death.—Bonham News, Marshall, Texas —Weekly Harrison Flag, Thursday, June 17, 1869.

After the killing of Bob Lee, his forces were somewhat discouraged, but there were a few that were unawed by the Union League or the Federal Officers and soldiers. Peacock had gone unscathed and untouched. He and his crowd had followed some of Lee's men to the present town of Cumby, known then as Black Jack Grove. He there killed Charley Dixon and wounded Dick Johnson, a step-brother of Charley Dixon. Dick Johnson and his step-brother were very much attached to each other, and it was war to the knife between Johnson and Peacock. In 1871 Joe Parker, a friend of Bob Lee's, was from home one day; and someone in Dr. Kuykendall's drug store at Pilot Grove told Peacock that Parker was at home; he remarked, "Well, some morning I'll get him."

The news went to Parker. And he kept watch on Peacock, who was also in hiding. Dick Johnson was co-operating with Parker, and one day one of them went near Peacock's home, climbed into the heavy foliage of an elm tree, and stayed all day, keeping watch on the Peacock home. Late in the afternoon he saw Peacock come home. After dark he descended from the tree, and all night long Joe Parker and Dick Johnson stayed behind a wood pile in Peacock's yard, waiting for daylight to come. Shortly after daylight, Peacock got up, walked out into the yard to get some wood with which to cook breakfast, when the shotguns from Parker and Johnson turned loose and riddled him with bullets. Mrs Peacock ran out of the house screaming and begged them not to kill her. They told her that she was in no danger, that they had avenged the death of Bob Lee.

The "Scalawag administration" of E J. Davis ran true to form, and Davis responded to the demands of the Union League and offered a reward of \$400 for the arrest of Joe Parker, who killed Lewis Peacock about July 1, 1871, in Fannin county.

Joe Parker was then an outlaw and went from bad to worse, and another reward was offered for him. He was killed northeast of Farmersville by Jim Jones. The writer has been unable to find the name of the other citizen who led the soldiers to the killing of Bob Lee. Henry Boren, the main leader, was killed by his own nephew in less than twenty-four hours; and the other citizen was killed by Bob Lee's own son, twelve years old, three months later. The following is a clipping from a newspaper of that day: Dallas Herald, Sept. 4, 1869.

BOB LEE'S MURDERERS KILLED

The two citizens who assisted the Federal Cavalry in the killing of Bob Lee some three months since, were both killed last week in Fannin county. One fell by the hands of Bob Lee's son, twelve years of age, and the other by one of Lee's friends. We learn from a private letter from Bonham—From Waxahachie Argus

[Mrs. John Lee of Upland, California, states that the newspaper account quoted above to the effect that Bob Lee's son, twelve years old, killed one of the citizens that waylaid him, is news to her and added "I never heard of it before and I do not believe it." The writer has interviewed old citizens around Leonard, Trenton, and Whitewright and not one of them ever heard of this so-called killing.]

The writer has refrained from mentioning all of the names involved on either side. There lived near Pilot Grove in that day, two brothers by the name of Maddox, Uncle Billy Maddox and Nicholas Maddox, formerly mayor of Austin, and William S. Maddox, now in the Confederate home in the city of Austin. Uncle Billy Maddox was the father of James W. Maddox and of Ike Maddox. About two months ago the writer spent one whole Sunday morning with the two bothers, Frank M.

Maddox and William S. Maddox, and they called on Ike Maddox. Their ages ran: 74, 84, and 94; Frank Maddox being the younger, and Ike Maddox, still living in South Austin, at the age of 94.

James W. Maddox, who shot Bob Lee at the blacksmith shop in Pilot Grove, died five years ago in Hornsby's Bend on the Colorado River below Austin. Relatives of both sides still live around Pilot Grove. Whitewright Trenton, and Leonard.

The writer lived on the edge of the territory concerned from 1872 on. By the time he arrived in the neighborhood, the echos of the Lee-Peacock feud had almost died away. The Lees often went to Bonham. They passed within a quarter of a mile of the writer's home, and he often saw them. And on their return late in the afternoon, from Bonham, each man with a shotgun across his lap and six-shooters either hanging from his waist or from the saddle horn, riding not in a bunch but somewhat strung out, indicating a degree of preparation that rendered them ready for a conflict at a moment's notice. One afternoon the writer, a fifteen year old schoolboy, was in the edge of the bottoms near the old Grove Hill schoolhouse, when the Lees were passing on their way home. The shotguns were muzzle loaders and required some time to load. The Lees turned loose their shotguns one barrel at a time, but never in unison. Some of them always had guns loaded, ready for action. You never caught the Lee crowd all together with empty guns.

On the edge of the Mustang Thicket at a point about half way between the present town of Leonard and Trenton, there was a small frontier church where the unpaid Men of God of frontier times preached to the frontier people. Reverend John Connally often preached at this little church in the edge of the thicket. There would often congregate there members of the Quirt Gang, full of fun and boisterousness. When the noise reached a point that it disturbed the congregation, handsome Bob Lee took matters in hand, appointed himself outside guard, and issued orders that there be no disturbance inside or outside of the church. After this order,

it was one of the quietest churches in the whole of Texas. Like the centurion of old, Bob Lee issued the order "Do it," and it was done. At one time when Bob Lee was away, the disturbance reached such a point that while the minister was administering the holy communion some of the wild boys sitting in the back seats got hold of a piece of bread left by the school children the week before, called up a dog in the back part of the church, and proceeded to administer the communion service to the dog, assuring him that he was as worthy as any of the people thaking the real communion. They were all indicted, heavily fined, and received no sympathy from anyone.

After the death of Bob Lee in June 1869, his followers scattered to other parts of the state and the Peacock gang broke up, but a few of them stayed together. Peacock was the ring leader of the force. Dick Johnson had gone out to West Texas to keep out of the trouble. Peacock and his gang had killed his three half brothers, Simp Dixon, Bob Dixon, and Charlie Dixon. Charlie was killed at Black Jack Grove, now called Cumby. Charlie and his father had started to the lumber mills near Winnsboro for lumber. Peacock and his gang followed them to Black Jack Grove, and shot Charlie to death. Dr. Dixon brought the body of his son home in an ox wagon and buried him. Dr. Dixon soon died and left three daughters. The Peacock gang sent them word that they were going to burn them out of house and home and they wouldnot have a rail left on their farm. The girls wrote to Dick Johnson out in West Texas to come home and protect them. He came in a hurry and the news soon reached Pilot Grove that Dick Johnson was back home. When Peacock heard the news he was in the drug store of Dr. Kuykendall. He remarked: "Some morning when Dick gets up and comes to the door to get wood to make a fire, I will be laying for him and will get him." The remark was carried to Dick Johnson without delay and this remark cost Peacock his life. Joe Parker was another of the Lee crowd who was still in the country and he and Dick Johnson were both anxious to have the honor of slaying Peacock. About the

first of July, 1871, one of them climbed a lone elm tree on the prairie in sight of Peacock's home and hid himself in the thick foliage. One writer claims that this watchman was Dick Johnson, while others claim it was Joe Parker. It is unimportant as to which of these was on watch in the elm tree. The two were working in unison and with the same object. Late in the evening Peacock was seen to approach his home and Johnson and Parker that night made preparations to kill him the next morning. They put Peacock's threat into action and waited until early next morning when Peacock came to the door to get wood to make a fire. He was slain in his own yard.

Dick Johnson was never arrested and he and his wife moved to Missouri where they lived for many years. He was seen in Fannin county in 1920 and was last heard of in Red River county.

Joe Parker became a desperado and would not fulfill the Tenth Commandment. He developed quite an acute desire of coveting his neighbor's horse. He not only would covet the horse, but he took him and in the earlier days of Texas, stealing a good horse was a greater crime than shooting a man.

In 1874 Wilbur L. Allison, an old personal friend of the writer, now living at a ripe old age in Leonard, Texas, saw Joe Parker at Valley Creek at a store and that very night between Floyd and Farmersville a posse of officers and citizens surrounded the house in which Parker was hid and called on him to surrender. He came out shooting, but one of the posse by the name of Jones shot him in the head, nearly severing his head from his body.

LATER LEE HISTORY

There are none of the Lees living in the old neighborhood in the corners of the four counties. The oldest survivor of the Lees of which the writer has any information is Mrs. John Lee, sister-in-law of Bob Lee, who is now eighty-four years old, rather feeble in health, but has a clear and distinct memory. She recites that on the morning that Bob Lee was killed he was riding along sing-

ing a little song a quarter of a mile from where she lived when Henry Boren shot him in the breast with a shotgun. She preserved the shirt with the holes in it that Bob Lee was killed in.

Perhaps it will be interesting here to trace the Lee family. Daniel W. Lee was born June 5, 1810, and settled in Lamar county, Texas. His first wife was Polly Davis, whom he married in Arkansas; and by her he had ten children. She died in Lamar county not far from Honey Grove. Later he married Betty Ward, known in the Leonard neighborhood in the writer's day as "Aunt Betsy." In 1859 Dan W. Lee patented 157 acres of land on the line between Hunt and Fannin, the land being located wholly in Fannin county. There Daniel W. Lee established his stock ranch and lived until he was killed by Will Smith in 1877. His children by his first wife were Minerva, who married Martin Smith; Susie, who married Frank Mahan; Bob Civil, who married Linda Mahan, sister of Frank Mahan; Bill, who died in the war; John, who married Jane Eby; George, who died in the Confederate service; Henry, whose first wife was Nanny Brown. The writer has not secured a list of the other three children by his first wife.

The children of Daniel W. Lee and Betsy Ward were Mary, who married Pete McClanahan; Nancy, who married Bill Freeman; Jim, who died single; Danny, who married Celia Durham; Amos, who married Matty Durham (Celia's sister); Lucy, who married Elijah Miller; Marcha, who married ———— and Frances, who died young.

On account of the Union League the Lees were ever on the defense. Daniel W. Lee would come to Bonham and do trading and buy his merchandise from the leading merchant of Bonham, T. R. Williams. He would buy powder by the twenty-five pound keg and blue whistlers (buckshot) by the twenty-five pound sack. He always informed Mr. Williams that he wanted to kill his hogs. Peacock and his gang suspected that T. R. Williams was giving assistance to the Lees. An old negro by the name of George Bumpas was employed by

Williams at the store to do all the rough work. He was arrested and carried to Pilot Grove with a view of giving him the third degree in hopes of securing information which would implicate his boss, T. R. Williams. Peacock kept him there for ten or fifteen days, putting him through all kinds of tests, but he kept his lips closed and told nothing. They even stood him up against the wall telling him they were going to shoot him, but he kept faith with his employer and told nothing. Finally Ben Hays, Buck Shortridge, Colonel Jack Russell, T. R. Williams and a number of other citizens of Bonham rode to Pilot Grove to intercede with Peacock in behalf of the old negro. The result was that Peacock released Bumpas and told him to hit the road for home, which he promptly did.

Between the Mustang and Wild Cat Thickets there was a broad prairie north of the present town of Leonard. It was the custom in those days for people to stake out the hay land by driving four stakes at the corner of the tract that they wished to mow. It was known as "staking out their grass," and these temporary titles were respected. Will Smith, the son of George M. Smith who lived six miles north of the present town of Leonard, and Dan W. Lee had conflicting rights in regard to the claim of some hay land on the Leonard Prairie. Old Dan Lee got the "drop" on Will Smith in the summer of 1876, forced him to dismount, crawl over the prairie on his all-fours, and bark like a dog. Later Will Smith was released, but he went to Bonham and had Dan W. Lee (the father of the Lee Clan) indicted for assault to murder. The trial came off in Bonham and Lee came clear.

On March 18, 1877, about the middle of the afternoon the Lees started home. Fortunately, White Ragsdale was standing on the corner of the street and noted the time by his watch. A little later Will Smith and Billy Skipwith started south on the same road. When Smith and Skipwith had ridden a mile and a half they found the Lees loitering along the highway near the Bogy place. As soon as Smith and Skipwith caught up with the Lees the elder Dan Lee began

upbraiding Smith and one word led to another. Dan Lee finally reached in his saddle bag and Smith concluded that he was reaching for his pistol and immediately fired, shooting him in the right side. Smith at this time was off his horse with his gun out. Lige Miller ran toward the horse of Dan Lee and Smith shot at him and hit him on the shin bone, and this succeeded in stopping Miller. By this time the Lee boys rushed to the help of Dan Lee and Smith escaped into the thick woods and made his way back to his home neighborhood that night. Dan Lee was taken to the Bogy Place a few hundred yards distant where he lived until the next morning, March, 19, 1877, when he passed away.

Will Smith was in hiding for months and finally about March 1877, he surrendered and had his preliminary trial at Valley Creek. The writer was subpoenaed as a special guard and the day that Smith surrendered he was sent into the Lee neighborhood to subpoena the Lees as witnesses. He did not relish the mission, but on the way to the Lee home he passed by the Thomas Ox Mill a mile from Leonard, and there he met Lige Miller who agreed that he would inform all the Lees. The next morning about daylight the writer was going out to drive in the work horses on the farm of his Uncle Frank K. Taylor and he witnessed the most spectacular ride of his career. Down the road on a mustang came Aunt Betsy Lee at a sweeping gallop, following her were three others. They were on their way to Bonham to employ a lawyer. This was about five a. m. and they had already ridden nine miles and had ten to go. They reached Bonham by breakfast and had the lawyer, Col. H. W. Lyday, at Valley Creek by 11 a. m. The preliminary trial was conducted very peaceably on all sides and Will Smith was placed under bond. Later his trial came off in Bonham and he was defended by the nestor of the north Texas bar, Col. "Bob" Taylor, and by the acute and able lawyer from Clarksville, Judge Sims. The crux of the defense hinged on Dan Lee's reaching in the saddlebags. The contention of the defense was that he

was reaching for a pistol and that Will Smith shot in self defense.

The writer is indebted to many people for contributions in his preparation of this article on the Lee-Peacock Feud. The following is a list of some of the contributors:

J. Lee Tarpley and Wilbur Allison of Leonard.

Ashley Evans, Bonham.

Jesse Wilson and Mrs. John Hancock of Trenton.

John Pennel of Tom Bean.

Catherine Elliott of Texas State Library.

Professor B. B. Cobb of Waco.

Mrs. John Lee, sister-in-law of Bob Lee, now living at Upland, California.

"Black Jack," the Texas Outlaw

A. W. Thompson, in Clayton (New Mexico) News

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, on April 26, 1901, Thomas E. Ketchem, familiarly known as "Black Jack," whom the press of that day proclaimed "the leader of the most desperate gang of outlaws that ever terrorized the southwest," paid the supreme penalty for his misdeeds, rather for one of them, and was hanged before the courthouse and jail at Clayton, N. M.

Outlaw, bandit, murderer, train robber, this personage, abandoned by his associates in crime, his gang scattered, dead, or imprisoned, accepted the mandates of the court before which he had been tried, and, with apparent indifference, ascended the scaffold. A moment or so later as the trap fell, after inquiry from the sheriff of Union county, an audible, almost cheerful response came from beneath the blackcap, his body shot downward, and decapitated in its fall through miscalculation as to the length of the hangman's rope, lay lifeless before the shuddering gaze of the witnesses to this execution. By strange coincidence or mark of fate, Ketchem was never tried for any of the fifteen murders laid to his charge, but death was adjudged him for "assault upon a railway train, with intent to commit felony, which at the time of his indictment carried with it the death penalty in New Mexico.

It is a question whether this statute was not unconstitutional. But without funds or friends. "Black Jack," was unable to test this phase of jurisprudence, though an appeal had been taken from the trial court to the supreme bench of New Mexico, then composed of the

judges of the several judicial districts within her confines, which sustained the lower tribunal. Perhaps the appellate ruling concurred with popular sentiment, that human life and the public generally, would be more secure with the convicted man out of the way.

Thomas E. Ketchem was a native of Texas. Likely he was one of the many who, then as now, would excuse themselves under the cloak that they never had a chance. Cowboy and cattle worker, he was employed in the late eighties and early nineties by the big outfits of the Pecos river country, in New Mexico, and came to Clayton with the longhorns before the railroad from Amarillo to Roswell had been constructed.

In summer he treked along in the alkali dust of the dogies, and in winter, his wages gone, turned his attention to more serious and less humane callings. The taking of human life was of little import to him, and soon became a common thing. When a man can enter a frontier store, shoot the proprietor, and as wife and child rush in from a back room to see what has occurred, quickly turn his gun on them, he is case-hardened. An unusually fine shot with either right or left hand, fearlessness and cruelty were combined in his makeup. Nearly six feet tall, black hair and piercing eyes of the same hue, regular in features and erect of figure, weighing perhaps 180 pounds, he was before his incarceration pending his execution, a picture of well-developed manhood.

Of very limited education, Ketchem could read and write, and after the loss

of his right arm in his last train holdup, he had learned to scrawl his name with his left hand.

The crime for which he was hanged was committed between what is known as Twin Mountain and the station of Des Moines, N. M., some forty-five miles north of Clayton, when, alone and unaided he attempted on the night of August 16, 1899, to hold up and rob the south-bound mail and passenger train of the Colorado & Southern railroad. This train, the Denver-Fort Worth express, leaving Denver about noon reached the town of Folsom the same night at 10:30 o'clock, Ketchem, who some hours before had staked his two horses on the prairie near the site of his intended attack, had gone to Folsom, perhaps five miles away, and there boarded the blind baggage of the express car as the train left for the south.

Just after Twin Mountain was passed he crawled over the tender to the engine and commanded Engineer Kirchgraber and his fireman to stop, accompany him to the rear of the express, uncouple this and take it down the track a short distance, where the outlaw could dynamite the safe contained therein. He had, however, very seriously miscalculated in stopping the train on a curve where it was well nigh impossible for the train members to release the couplings, even after strenuous efforts to do so, lined up as they were at the point of the bandit's gun. The night was clear partially lighted by a half moon. Next behind the express car, which was attached to the engine, came the combination mail and smoker, followed in regular order by the day coaches, diner and Pullmans.

While "Black Jack" at the point of his six-shooter is urging the engineer and fireman to use greater haste and diligence, let us review for a few moments some former exploits of the bandit and his gang.

For some ten years prior to Tom Ketchem's last stand his organized associates had operated successfully in similar propaganda in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. Members of his gang were composed of "Black Jack's brother, Sam Ketchem, William McGuinness, Will Carver, Broncho Bill, and others, who during this time were

responsible for more than half the daring robberies in the states above mentioned, murdering more people, it was said, than all other lawless gangs that ever, in organized array, infested this territory.

Twice before at Twin Mountain had the Fort Worth express been held up and successfully robbed of money and mail, and while, too, the train was in charge of the same conductor and crew, the first assault occurred on the night of Sept. 3, 1898, when some \$5,000 was secured. The robbers were traced to the mountains in Colfax county, but made their escape.

Again, on July 16, 1899, Sam Ketchem, Tom's brother, led a second holdup, in which for some reason "Black Jack" did not participate. In this, after the robbers had cracked the express car safe and secured a considerable booty, they made a hasty flight again toward the mountains southwest of Raton. Next day pressed by Sheriff Edward Farr of Huerfano county, Colo., and Special Agent W. H. Reno of the Colorado & Southern railroad, together with five deputies, they were forced into Turkey canyon, and there a desperate battle was fought. Round after round of shots were exchanged, the fight lasting from early morning till 6 p. m. Sam Ketchem received a wound in the arm which later caused his death, and Sheriff Farr was instantly killed by a bullet thought to have been fired by William McGuinness, who was later captured, tried and sentenced to the New Mexico penitentiary for life. Two of the deputies were wounded, one dying three days after the battle. Sam Ketchem on this occasion made his escape, but was found a few days later by Reno at the home of a rancher, where he was arrested.

"Black Jack," back on his job, on August 16, 1899, just one month after his brother's last escapade, held up the Fort Worth express. Singularly, perhaps fortunately, the train on this occasion, as on others, was in charge of Conductor Frank Harrington, hero of the night, and still a veteran employe on the Fort Worth & Denver road between Texline and Clarendon, Texas. Quite naturally Harrington, somewhat well tutored himself in the ways of the west

and experienced in the use of firearms, was more or less concerned in the attention shown by the Ketchem gang to his train, and as they stopped on Twin Mountain curve that evening and several shots were heard which came from the direction of the engine, he surmised what was going on.

More cautious than Fred Bartlett, the express messenger who put his head out of the express car door and received for his inquisitiveness a ball from "Black Jack's gun, which pierced his jaw, Harrington crawled through the small opening from the smoking compartment to the mail portion of the same coach and extinguished the lights. He took along with him a double-barrel stub shotgun, carried on the train for emergency use. Cautiously opening an inch or so the door in the front end of the combination mail, he peered out, and to the left in the uncertain light he saw, just between the two coaches, the engineer and fireman as they pulled and pried at the patent couplers, "Black Jack" standing guardedly behind them and using such means as he thought best with his exhortations, to get this quickly done.

Watching his chance as the bandit moved out of the line between himself and the other two men, Harrington opened the car door a trifle wider and raising his shotgun, muzzle down by the side of his leg, aimed at Ketchem and fired. His salute met with almost instant return from the highwayman, who had seen the conductor's gun a second, however, too late. The charge of Harrington's buckshot entered Ketchem's right arm, deflecting the latter's aim, so much so that the ball passed through the sleeve of the conductor's coat. Shutting the door, the latter, unaware of what had occurred, waited developments.

With a shattered right arm, Ketchem immediately abandoned his enterprise and escaped in the direction of his horses, near which, after a night of intense suffering and loss of blood, he was seen early next morning by the crew of a passing freight train, who took word of this to Sheriff Pinard at Clayton. With several deputies, this official proceeded to the site of the holdup and arrested the

outlaw, who made no resistance. He was at once taken to Trinidad, where it was found necessary to amputate the injured member at the shoulder. After recovering, he was first held in Santa Fe, then in the Clayton jail, from which, later, he was escorted to the gallows.

With the departure of the bandit, after Harrington's defense the train proceeded south, its conductor uninjured.

During Ketchem's incarceration at Clayton, both before and after his trial, the writer was permitted ad libitum by Sheriff Salome Garcia to visit him. No penitence or remorse for the crimes generally laid to him were evidenced. He particularly disliked being addressed as "Black Jack," and asserted on one or more occasions that he was not that person. I had numerous long conversations as to his deeds, as well as to his associate. These matters he generally declined to discuss.

He was confined in a steel cage just off the general corridor of the Clayton jail with openings so wide that through them he could extend his hand. He made no complaints as to his situation, and asked few favors. If he expected aid and attempted rescue at the last from former associates, rumors of which were current and caused some little apprehension among officers of the law he concealed knowledge thereof.

On the day of his trial, when arraigned before the chief justice of the territory of New Mexico, William J. Mills, whose judicial district included Union county, I well recall an incident in the courtroom at Clayton. The district attorney was Jeremiah Leahy, still a prominent lawyer of Raton. "Black Jack" had been brought from the jail to court, his right sleeve, armless, tucked into the folds of his coat. Interrogated as to whether he was or was not guilty, without response he quickly walked from his seat to the front of the bench behind which sat the judge, and, leaning his left arm on this, started to address the court, who, unused to such answer, and knowing the character of the man, drew back from the figure before him. A deputy at once followed and led him back to his seat. Without funds for the retention of an attorney, one was provided for him, W. B. Bunker

of Las Vegas. But the evidence was conclusively on testimony of the engineer, fireman and conductor, and he was found guilty.

On the day before the execution, all preparations as to this had been completed. A priest visited the jail and offered the condemned man the consolation of his office, which was none too politely, refused. Guards on watch reported he slept well through the last night, and seemed indifferent to the next day's doings. Half a dozen out of town officials were on hand to aid Sheriff Garcia in carrying out the mandates of the court and law among others Sheriff Clark of Trinidad, and Capt. L. C. Fort of Las Vegas, the latter sent to Clayton by Governor M. A. Otero of Santa Fe, to direct the execution.

On the morning of April 26, a message was received purporting to have been signed by the governor ordering postponement of the hanging. This, however, was soon found to be a canard, but it was not until afternoon that the operation of the law was carried out.

About 1:12 p. m., Ketchem with the jailers emerged from the brick building where he had been confined. He was attired in a neat black suit, collar and tie. His left hand had been chained to his side, and his right sleeve was tucked into his buttoned coat. Ascending the stairs he mounted the scaffold, and onto the trap which he carefully surveyed, moving from side to side to adjust himself. The final preparations completed the trap was sprung at 1:17 p. m.

During his last morning "Black Jack" dictated a letter to President McKinley, which he later signed. It read as follows:

"Three men now confined in the penitentiary at Santa Fe, for robbing the mail at Stein's Pass, Arizona, in August, 1897, are guiltless. They are Leonard Albare, Dave Atkins and Edward Cullen. Will Carver, Sam Ketchem, Broncho Bill and I did that job. I have given my attorney the names of the articles taken and the place where they can be found. The three men mentioned first never committed any crime so far as I know. I make this statement fully realizing my end is fast ap-

proaching, and that I must very soon meet my Maker.

"(Signed) T. E. KETCHEM."

Thus ended the career of the last of this band of New Mexico's banditti. Excepting "Billy the Kid," Ketchem, at the height of his desperate work took precedence over any other person in acts of lawlessness and crime who had been known in the southwest. The latter less respected life than the "Kid" himself, and exhibited greater cruelty toward and less consideration for his victims. Happier indeed was society with him removed.

Some two or three hours after the execution an express wagon bearing a coffin containing the mortal remains of "Black Jack," wended its way along the main street of Clayton to the newly created cemetery north of town. In one portion of this, a little apart from other graves, another that morning had been dug. To this, just as the sun went down, without committal service of any kind, and with no tear from attending friend or mourner, the body of the famous outlaw was consigned, where, unmarked by headline or epitaph, it reposes.

Certain Back Numbers.

We have a limited number of certain back numbers of Frontier Times which we offer at 25c per copy while they last. Or we will send a set of fifteen of these numbers, including the two pamphlets, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," and "Adventures of a Mier Prisoner," for only \$3.50, cash with order. These numbers are made up of issues of May, June, July, August, October, November and December 1924; February, March April, May, June, July, August and September, 1925. Issues not mentioned in this list cannot be supplied. If you want one of these sets order early, for the quantity is very limited. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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A Journey to Fort Griffin in 1876

W. L. Evans, in Dallas News, March 7, 1924

When the writer was in his youth he induced an extensive producing company of the North to bid for patronage from this State, with himself as intervener. And, following the connection, the director of agencies dictated his "once-a-week," in which he suggested: "We hope you may, if it should be considered rational, make your way to Fort Griffin in the West and prevail upon the post trader to look to us for his supplies of our kind."

I began looking for company to make the drive, when friends sought to dissuade me. But I had played hide and seek with the Comanche until my anxiety concerning him was no longer acute.

Having become impatient to be gone, I availed myself of a fleet roadster and, with my best eye open to companionship, I drove to Fort Worth. The second day I drove to Weatherford, where I found several from Griffin and one wanting company for the return. And, with his mount trailing after my buggy, we brove to Jacksboro (old Fort Richardson). The fourth day we made old Fort Belknap, banished when Griffin came, leaving an isolated family to comfort the traveler who would find Griffin.

On the fifth day we covered fifty miles of wilderness over roadways strewn with carcasses of the buffalo, a slaughter by the professional hunter for the hide, leaving the sweet-flavored beef in the desert.

I found the post trader most amiable and, having partaken of his exceptional entertainment which included the serving of buffalo sirloins for three days, he told me: "You are the only drummer and a boy, who has ventured to a discovery of me or Griffin—to where the Indian will have crossed your trail before it is cold, and your coming will not have been in vain."

I became interested in the two seasons' supply of the buffalo hides taken from the hunter for supplies to the approximate value of \$200,000. Fifty thousand and sun-dried skins were in vast piles for transport. I was ready for com-

pany for 100 miles homeward journey when a young man showed up whose favorite horse had strayed, and which he hoped to find near Belknap. And, with his dapple tracking my roadster, we made the drive to within five miles of the old fort where he mounted Dapple to find his horse, saying he would join me for the night. I had our supper delayed, but he never came.

The cock was crowing with the dawn of a risen day when there came two men saying that my companion was a sacrifice to the red skins, while mine had been a close call. The two had witnessed the attack with my buggy a mile distant.

Following the trip to Griffin, I visited a climate where furs were in demand. I advised furriers of the accumulation I had seen in the South, secured in winter when the bison had drifted, and the post trader was relieved of his abundance, the greatest of which there was a record, and without precedent from the South. A train of wagons, each driver with his carbine, was sent for bison product.

When back at old Dallas, each of the boys who would have dissuaded me from my venture to the land of the red man and the bison, on hearing of my narrow evasion of a savage contact, was provoked to observe: "I told you so." The drive to Griffin was in 1876.

We have a few copies of the "Pioneer History of Bandera County," by J. Marvin Hunter, for sale at \$2.00 per copy. This book is now out of print, and will not be reissued. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

We can now supply "The Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang" in pamphlet form at \$1.00 per copy. Edition is limited. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Vindication of Jean Lafitte

John Warren Hunter, in Hunter's Magazine, 1911

As the name of Lafitte is inseparably connected with the early history of Texas, and as our historians have persisted in holding him up to the public gaze as a pirate on the high seas; in justice to truth, and in refutation to the slanders that have been heaped upon a man who, in time of the Nation's greatest peril, proved himself a soldier and a patriot, and by his loyalty and sacrifice won the friendship and admiration of the hero of New Orleans—General Andrew Jackson—this chapter is offered the intelligent reader. It will distress the average Texas youth to learn that Jean Lafitte was not a pirate in any sense of the word. He was not even a sailor, but a French blacksmith who emigrated from Bordeaux, France, to New Orleans, at which latter place there were people living as late as 1866 who remembered seeing him plying the useful hammer in his shop at the corner of Bourbon and St. Phillip streets. He did not know enough of the art of navigation to manage a sail boat and was never at sea but twice in his life—once when he came from France, and again, when flying from the odious name of pirate, he and all his possessions went down in the Gulf of Mexico.

At the beginning of the last century, when the signal success of the American Revolution, aided by the subsequent prosperity and orderly government of the young republic, had set half the world revolutionizing, the American colonies of Spain were deep in the great business of "throwing off the yoke." As one mode of warring against the mother country, letters of marque were granted to the new government to adventure of every nation. In the long wars between France and Spain and between France and England privateering commissions were sold by the French, and granted by the the English, to all applicants. And thus it was that, during the greater part of the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea and adjacent waters swarmed with privateers waging a comparatively safe

and most lucrative war on the the industries of mankind.

The Bay of Barrataria, forty miles below New Orleans, afforded safe anchorage for small vessels and into which large ships could not enter, became the rendezvous, the headquarters, and the grand depository of these privateers, or, in other words, these (licensed pirates,) as they were called in that day. Thither were brought the rich spoils taken from Spanish argosies, gold and silver taken from Spanish galleons, the cargoes of heavy laden Indiamen, the spoils of all nations. There the wounded privateersmen healed of their gashes and found rest and repose from their toils and battles. Thither resorted the traders of New Orleans and Natchez to buy, at their own price, the costly plunder of the world's commerce, which was conveyed to New Orleans and other points under a show of secrecy, to be sold on a scale of profit that laid the foundations of many a great estate.

Into this trade Jean Lafitte and his two brothers, Pierre and Dominique, were seduced. They removed to Barrataria, where Jean, by his tact, talents and energy, at length became the leading man and ruled the whole body of freebooters with an authority rarely disputed, and when disputed, enforced by the silencing argument of the ready pistol. For the accommodation of the men a number of huts and houses had been erected, which were defended by some rude fortifications and a battery mounting several pieces of cannon. There for some years the Lafittes lived and flourished, enriching the traders of New Orleans, damaging the legitimate merchant, and defrauding the revenue of the United States. (We must not judge the deeds of these men by the moral feeling of the present; else it were hardly creditable to the fame of Edward Livingston, the ablest lawyer of the southwest, and one of the ablest men in the Union, that he was long the legal adviser of the Lafittes and aided them essentially at critical times.

It so happened that the very time of

which we are writing, was a very critical one for Jean Lafitte. Either the regular dealers of New Orleans had remonstrated so vigorously against the illegal traffic the government was compelled to take measures for its suppression, or, as many assert, the fabulous wealth that was supposed to be stored at the "Pirate's Home" was a prize they were resolved to seize. Dominique Lafitte had already been arrested and was in irons in a New Orleans prison. Governor Claiborne had offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest of Jean Lafitte, who in turn offered a prize of \$1,500 for the arrest of Governor Claiborne. Commodore Patterson, naval commander of the station, was fitting out an expedition at New Orleans for the purpose of breaking up the settlement at Barrataria and seizing all the goods and persons found there. Jean Lafitte was in sore perplexity. War was raging between Great Britain and the United States. The British held Pensacola and their fleets commanded the Gulf. They were planning the capture of New Orleans and in their attempt to take that city, who could be of more service to the British cause than Jean Lafitte, the so-called Pirate? They would seduce the pirate chief with British gold!

At the moment of his direst perplexity, on the morning of September 3, 1814, Lafitte was aroused on hearing the signal guns of the British sloop-of-war, *Sophia*. Those guns brought the whole settlement, 200 persons or more, to the beach. Lafitte ordered out his boat and proceeded, rowed by four men, to the shallow strait that formed the entrance to the harbor, where he beheld, not without astonishment, an armed vessel showing the British colors. At the same moment a boat with a white signal flying from the bow and the British flag from the stern, darted from the vessel's side and rapidly approached him. It contained three officers in British uniform, who proved to be Captain Lockyer, a lieutenant of the *Sophia* and a captain of the army. Upon coming up, Captain Lockyer called out and asked if Mr. Lafitte was at home. Puzzled at the proceedings, Lafitte replied that that individual could be seen on shore at the settlement, and invited

the officers to accompany him to Mr. Lafitte's quarters. On the way across the harbor, however, he announced himself as Jean Lafitte, whereupon Capt. Lockyer handed him a package directed to "Mr. Lafitte" which, Capt. Lockyer stated, was an important communication from the British government. Lafitte cautioned them to conceal the object of their mission from the men on shore. These lawless buccaneers, it may be stated, besides being loyal in their way to the United States, had a lively recollection of a dash made upon their settlement by British ships at the beginning of the war, when some of their vessels had been captured and some of their plunder carried off. When, therefore, the uniform of the officers was recognized by the crowd on the beach, a tumult arose and they clamored loudly for their seizure. Lafitte pacified them for the moment and conducted the officers to his quarters. Before proceeding to business Lafitte, who was a man of superior address and exceedingly polite, ordered a repast to be prepared for the guests. The costliest wines of Spain, the daintiest fruits of the West Indies, the fish and the game of the neighborhood, were served to the astonished officers on the finest carved silver plate, and the urbane Lafitte presided at the feast with the courtly grace that belonged to Frenchmen of that day, whether peasants, frontiersmen or nobles. The banquet over, cigars were handed around of a flavor which seldom regales the senses of people who obtain their havanas by the vulgar process of purchase. While these were discussed, the polite and reticent Mr. Lafitte proceeded to open and examine the packet addressed to him. It proved to contain four documents, only one of which we deem relevant to this article, namely, the letter from the British commander, Edward Nichols, at Pensacola and which read thus:

"I have arrived in the Floridas for the purpose of annoying the only enemy Great Britain has in the world, as France and England are now friends. I call on you and your brave followers to enter into the service of Great Britain, in which you shall have the rank of captain; lands will be given to you all in proportion to your respective ranks, on a peace

taking place, and I invite you on the following terms: Your property shall be guaranteed to you and your persons protected; in return for which I ask you to cease all hostilities against Spain or the allies of Great Britain; your ships and vessels to be placed under the order of the commanding officer of this station until the Commander-in-Chief's pleasure is known, but I guarantee their fair value at all events. I herewith enclose you a copy of my proclamation to the inhabitants of Louisiana, which will, I trust, point out to you the honorable intentions of my government. You may be a useful assistant to me, in forwarding them; therefore, if you determine, lose no time. The bearer of this, Captain M'Williams, will satisfy you on any other point you may be anxious to learn, as will Captain Lockyer of the *Sophia*, who brings him to you. We have a powerful reinforcement on its way here, and I hope to cut out some other work for the Americans than oppressing the inhabitants of Louisiana. Be expeditious in your resolves, and rely on the verity of your very humble servant, EDWARD NICHOLS."

As soon as Lafitte had possessed himself of the contents of the package, Captain Lockyer unfolded more fully the plans of the British government and set forth many and brilliant advantages that would accrue to him if he should engage in the British service. Besides the naval capacity, he offered Lafitte a sum of £30,000 equivalent to \$150,000, payable at Pensacola or New Orleans and the command of a war vessel. The war, said Lockyer, was about to be prosecuted with unusual vigor. There could be no doubt of its success. Indeed, they scarcely expected to meet with any opposition in Louisiana, the people of which, being of different manners and temper from the Americans, would receive the expedition with joy. As soon as the British were in possession of New Orleans, they intended to effect a junction with the forces in Canada, when the United States would be at their mercy. From being proscribed and persecuted, his brother in prison and his establishment in danger, he had only to join the English and give them the benefit of his intimate knowledge of the Gulf, and rank, fame and fortune were his own.

What a situation for an ex-blacksmith and wholesale dealer in privateers' plunder! Tempted with offers he would not accept in return for services he would not render!

Like the canny Frenchman that he was, Lafitte seemed to acquiesce in all that Captain Lockyer had advanced, but wishing to gain time for reflection he said he desired to go on board a vessel in the bay to consult with an old comrade in whose judgment he confided. In his absence the Barratarians, who had watched this long conference with suspicious eyes, gathered round the house and began to threaten the officers with seizure. The timely return of the chief quieted the tumult. Lafitte then politely conducted the officers to their boat, telling them on their way that they should hear from him the next morning. He remained on the beach until the officers were safely beyond the little fleet at anchor in the bay and then returned to his quarters. On the following day Lafitte sent on board the *Sophia* the following letter to Captain Lockyer:

"Sir: The confusion which prevailed in our camp yesterday and this morning and of which you have a complete knowledge, has prevented me from answering in a concise manner to the object of your mission, nor even at this moment can I give you all the satisfaction that you desire. However, if you could grant me a fortnight, I would be entirely at your disposal at the end of that time. This delay is indispensable to send away the three persons who, alone, have occasioned all this disturbance. The two who are most troublesome are to leave this place in eight days and the other is to go to town. The remainder of the time is necessary for me to put my affairs in order. You can communicate with me in sending a boat to the eastern point of the pass, where I will be found. You have inspired me with more confidence than the Admiral, your superior officer, could have done himself. With you alone I wish to deal, and from you also I will claim in due time the reward of the service I may render to you. Be so good, sir, as to favor me with an answer, and believe me

Yours, LAFITTE."

A well executed letter for Mr.

Lafitte's purpose. Captain Lockyer replied that he would return in fifteen days and accept his services.

Apart from his vocation, Jean Lafitte was an honorable and feeling man. Without having wavered for one moment in his allegiance to the United States, or having had any other design but to deceive the British officers, he began on that very day, the 4th of September, to take measures for sending an account of what had occurred to the authorities at New Orleans. A packet was promptly prepared, enclosing all the documents left by Captain Cockyer, and two letters from Lafitte, one addressed to M. Blanque, a member of the legislature then in session, and the other to Governor Claiborne. Lafitte's letters do him honor. To M. Blanque, after enumerating the contents of the package, he wrote: "You will see the advantages I might have derived from that kind of association. I may have evaded the payment of duties to the custom house but I have never ceased to be a good citizen, and all the offenses I have committed I was forced to by certain vices in our laws. In short, sir, I make you the depository of the secret on which, perhaps, depends the tranquility of our country; please to make such use of it as your judgment may direct. I might expatiate on this proof of patriotism, but I let the fact speak for itself. I presume, however, to hope that such proceedings may obtain amelioration of the situation of my unhappy brother, with which view I recommend him particularly to your influence. It is in the bosom of a just man, a true American, endowed with all qualities that are honored in society, that I think I am depositing the interests of our common country and what particularly concerns yourself. Our enemies have endeavored to work on me by a motive which few men would have resisted. They represented to me a brother in irons—a brother who is to me very dear—whose deliverer I might become, and I decline the proposal. Well persuaded of his innocence, I am free from apprehension as to the issue of a trial; but he is sick and not in a place where he can receive the attention his state requires. I recommend him to you in the name of humanity."

Lafitte's letter to Governor Claiborne was in a loftier strain:

"In the persuasion that the choice made of you to fill the office of first magistrate of this state was dictated by the esteem of your fellow citizens, and was conferred on merit, I confidently address you on an affair on which may depend the safety of this country. I offer to you to restore to this state several citizens who, perhaps in your eyes, have lost that sacred title. I offer you them, however, such as you could wish to find them, ready to exert their utmost efforts in defense of the country. This point of Louisiana which I occupy is of great importance in the present crisis. I tender my services to defend it; and the only reward I ask that a stop be put to the proscription against me and my adherents by an act of oblivion for all that has been done hitherto. I am the stray sheep wishing to return to the sheepfold. If you were thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my offenses I should appear to you much less guilty and still worthy to discharge the duties of a good citizen. I have never sailed under any flag but that of the republic of Carthage, and my vessels are perfectly regular in that respect. If I could have brought my lawful prizes into the ports of this state I should not have employed the illicit means that have caused me to be proscribed. I decline saying more on this subject until I have the honor of your excellency's answer, which I am persuaded can be dictated only by wisdom. Should your answer not be favorable to my ardent desires, I declare to you that I will instantly leave the country to avoid the imputation of having co-operated toward an invasion on this point which cannot fail to take place, and to rest secure in the acquittal of my own conscience."

Upon receipt of these letters, Governor Claiborne called a council of officers of the army, navy and militia, and laid the documents before them, with the requisite explanation. The letters which gave these sapient counsellors the first definite and reliable information of the impending invasion, produced an effect as far different as possible from that which Lafitte had anticipated. Governor Claiborne asked their opinion on two

points: First.—Are the letters genuine? Second—Is it fit that the governor of Louisiana should hold intercourse with the Lafittes and their associates? Full of the scheme then on foot for breaking up the establishment at Barrataria, and not inclined to lose an adventure that was sure to be pleasant, and might be profitable, the council concluded that the letters were forgeries, that Lafitte's story was an invention and the whole plan to deliver Dominique from captivity, and avert the threatened attack of Barrataria. Governor Claiborne did not coincide in this opinion, nor did General Villere of the militia, but it prevailed. And thus it was that the only effect, so far as the authorities at New Orleans were concerned, of Jean Lafitte's honorable and patriotic conduct was to hasten the departure of Commodore Patterson's expedition! No, not the only effect; for Governor Claiborne took the precaution to send copies of the letters and papers to General Jackson.

Jean Lafitte, meanwhile, foreseeing the result of his zealous endeavors, continued to give proof upon proof of his attachment to the United States and his strong desire to atone the past. A few days after Captain Lockyer's departure, a letter from Havana fell into the hands of Lafitte which confirmed Lockyer's statements in every particular, and called on all Americans residing on the Gulf to prepare for an overwhelming invasion. This letter was promptly forwarded to New Orleans. On the 10th of September, Pierre Lafitte, eldest of the three brothers, who had been absent during Lockyer's visit returned to Barrataria. He, too, wrote to Governor Claiborne, approving all that his brother had done "under such difficult circumstances," and declaring that he was "fully determined to follow the plan that may reconcile us with the government." All in vain. On the 11th of September Commodore Patterson sailed for Barrataria, which he reached on the 11th and answered the letters of Jean and Pierre Lafitte by seizing nine of their vessels, many of their men, and destroying their establishment, taking care to secure the loot. The Lafittes escaped, but Barrataria was no more. Punctually on the fifteenth day, Captain Lock-

yer returned and thundered with his signal guns, at intervals, for 48 hours. But no boat answered his summons. Concluding that Lafitte had played him false, and fearing to fall into a trap if he sent a boat to reconnoitre, he sailed away—soon to reappear in those waters and play a gallant part in the tragic drama about to open.

Fortunately, the communications of the Lafittes and the papers which accompanied them, were soon made public in New Orleans. They made an impression on the public mind very different from that which they had produced upon the official understanding. (Edward Livingston,) the master spirit of the American population, knew the Lafittes too well to adopt the ruse theory for one moment, and through his influence chiefly the efforts of the privateer chiefs were turned to account in rousing the people of Louisiana to a sense of their danger and their duty.

The Lafitte letters and documents were published in the New Orleans papers September 12th. Jackson had received from Governor Claiborne copies of these letters and documents in due time and after the repulse of the British forces at Fort Bowyer, in Mobile bay, and moved by Capt. Lockyer's interview with Lafitte and the copy of Colonel Nichol's proclamation, the General issued on September 21, a counterproclamation to the people of Louisiana in which this paragraph occurs:

"The proud, vain-glorious boaster, Colonel Nichols, when he addressed you Louisianans and Kentuckians had forgotten that you were votaries of freedom, or he would never have pledged the honor of a British officer for the faithful performance of his promise to lure you from your fidelity to the government of your choice, I ask you Louisianans can we place any confidence in the honor of men who have courted an alliance with robbers and pirates? Have not these noble Britons, the honorable men. Col. Nichols and the Honorable Captain W. H. Percy, the true representatives of their royal master, done this? Have they not made offers to the pirates of Barrataria to join them and their holy cause? And have they not dared to insult you by calling on you to associate,

as brethren, with them and this hellish banditti?"

General Jackson reached New Orleans December 2, and proceeded to put the city in a state of defense. Twelve days later the British fleet was off the coast at the mouth of Bayou Beuveue and sixteen hundred British troops were within eight miles of New Orleans. It was the greatest crisis in our national history, Consternation prevailed and rumors of disaffection and treason prevailed in the city. On the 16th Jackson proclaimed martial law, converting the city into a camp and all its citizens into soldiers. The day following this proclamation, Lafitte appeared before the General. A large number of his band, taken by Commodore Patterson, languished in prison; others were concealed in the city to avoid arrest and waiting to offer their services to their country. Forgetting that Jackson had stigmatized him and his Barrataria friends as "hellish banditti" and that they were publicly committed to exclusion from the ranks of honor, Lafitte offered to General Jackson his services and those of his Barratarian companions. The General at first was disinclined to receive them. But the Judge who was to try them, a committee of the legislature, the District Attorney who was to prosecute them, Edward Livingston, and a large number of American residents, all untiring in recommending the acceptance of Lafitte's offer, the General consented, and the whole band was formed into two most efficient companies of artillerymen, who rendered more efficient service in the defense of the city than any other companies of equal number. So destitute was the city of munitions of war that the very flints of these privateers' pistols were received by General Jackson as a precious prize and transferred to muskets.

Such confidence had Edward Livingston in the honor and humanity of the Barratarian chiefs, that he had assigned to Pierre Lafitte the charge of his beloved wife and child. If the British should succeed in penetrating the lines Pierre, whose post was at Fort St. Johns, two miles above the city, was to hasten to Livingston's residence and convey to a place of safety, in a little chaise that

stood ready for the purpose, Mrs. Livingston and her daughter, then a beautiful child of seven years, afterwards famous as Cora Livingston, the belle of Washington in President Jackson's day.

On the morning of December 28th the British host appeared before Jackson's works in martial array. Pakingham had said to his officers: "Today we'll dine in New Orleans." The author of "Jackson and New Orleans" says of this December morning: "Fly away noisy rice bird and defiant mocking bird. Music more noisy and more defiant than yours salutes the rising sun; the rolling drum and ringing bugles, namely, that call twelve thousand hostile men to arms. This glorious morning General Pakingham is resolved at least to have one good look at the wary and active foe that for five days has given pause to the invading army, and has not yet been so much as seen by them. With his whole force he will march boldly on to the lines and if fortune favors, and the prospect pleases, he will leap over them into New Orleans and the House of Lords. A grand reconnaissance is the order of the day. The American General has not used his telescope in vain; he is fully aware that an early advance had been intended. Five pieces of cannon are in position. Before the sun was an hour on his diurnal way, Jackson's anxious glances toward the city had been changed into expressions of satisfaction and confidence by the spectacle of several struggling bands of red-shirted, bewhiskered, rough and desperate-looking men, all begrimed with smoke and mud, hurrying down the road toward the lines. These proved to be Lafitte's Barratarians who had run all the way from Fort St. John, where they had been stationed since their release from prison."

When these men had taken position at Battery Three, ever afterward known as the "Pirates Battery"—two 24-pounders—two men pushed their way into the General's presence. One was Lafitte, who presented his friend, Col. Ellis P. Bean, of the Mexican Revolutionary Army. "I know Colonel Bean" said the General. "He was once a Tennessean, and has probably come over to see Tennesseans cover themselves with glory today." "I only ask

to be allowed to participate as a private soldier on this occasion," replied Bean. "But if captured you will be shot as a spy," said Livingston. "Tennesseans are not so easily captured," said Bean. And alongside of Lafitte, Col. Bean fought the guns of Battery Three, and witnessed the defeat of the heroes of Waterloo on that December day before New Orleans. The great decisive battle of New Orleans followed on the 8th of January and Lafitte's 24-pound guns from Battery Three contributed to the destruction of Pakingham's army and the glory that crowned the American arms.

To escape the odium of piracy that enemies had heaped upon his name, Lafitte removed to Galveston Island, which was then beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. Through the instrumentality of Col. Bean he was given a commission in the Mexican navy with instructions to harrass the Spanish merchant marine but to respect all vessels that sailed under the American flag. Spain laid complaint before the Washington authorities and in 1821, Lieutenant Kearney with a U. S. vessel of war visited Galveston and ordered Lafitte to leave the island. He obeyed; retired to Yucatan, where he died in 1826.

Yoakum and Thrall have branded

Lafitte as a pirate and this unfounded, unjust charge is taught in every public school in Texas. They declare that on account of Lafitte's gallantry at the battle of New Orleans, President Madison, a month later granted the Barratarian chieftain a full pardon. Pardon for what? A pardon must be based on established guilt. It implies, under our system of jurisprudence, an indictment, a trial and conviction before a court having competent jurisdiction. Jean Lafitte was never indicted. He was never tried. He was never convicted. Then on what grounds could the chief magistrate of the nation offer a pardon? Yoakum gives what purports to be a biographical sketch of Jean Lafitte and gives as his authority one Jim Campbell, an adventurer, who claimed to have been Lafitte's favorite lieutenant, and this creature published an account of Lafitte in the United States Magazine in 1852—more than a quarter of a century after Lafitte had quit the walks of men. I prefer the more reliable authority of Jackson, Livingston, Claiborne and others whose knowledge of the man and whose long acquaintance with him led them to regard him, not as a pirate, but a patriot, whose loyalty to his adopted country could not be seduced by British gold.

William Greenwood, a Mason Pioneer

By Mrs. Mattie A. Maddux, 922 West Ninth Street, Dallas, Texas

My father William Greenwood, the subject of this sketch, was one of the early settlers of Mason county, moving to that section in 1852, where he entered the stock business, having bought a small drove of cattle at LaGrange. He bought land near Mason and owned several leagues, one section being known as Greenwood Prairie. He was not destined to lead such a quiet life in that region, although nothing very eventful occurred until his brother, who was Commissioner of Indian affairs under Buchanan's administration, had him, transport a tribe of Indians to a reserve. I believe they were Tonkaways, a friendly tribe. They were out only a few days' travel from Mason when one of

their tribe died, a child of tender years. The Indians refused to travel, neither would they permit the child to be buried, but made a kind of hammock which was swung up in a tree, and on this the corpse was placed. The Indians cut themselves with knives, and mourned and howled like a pack of wolves for several days, when they announced they were ready to travel. This tribe had their village in my father's pasture, and were often accused of committing depredations in the county.

On another occasion father took the Seminoles to the reserve. In all his dealings he never had any trouble with Indians and never saw but two savage Indians during his residence of fourteen

or fifteen years there. But he got the thrill of his life during the Civil War, when a man came into his home and quietly informed him that on a certain night the "Bushwhackers" intended to give him the same treatment that had been administered to Louie Martin. Mr. Martin was langed by the "Bushwhackers" while on his way to Mexico to buy goods for his store. After receiving this alarming news, my mother sent to Camp San Saba, about eighteen miles distant, for rangers to come and protect us. Three rangers came and watched all night, but the "Bushwhackers" never showed up.

I expect my father had a few enemies. He was too old to enlist in the army, when the Civil War came on, and as he owned a few negroes a certain element thought he should fight or be put out. He was instrumental in supplying several men and sending them to fight for the Confederacy. The last man he equipped with horse, saddle, bridle, homespun clothing and a small amount of money, went to Mexico, and after the war ended he came back to Mason.

I think it was in 1864 or 1865 that Alice Todd, a beautiful neighbor girl was captured by the Indians. It was then that Father decided to sell out and move away from that county. He sacrificed everything he had and moved to Fredericksburg, and lived there one year. This move caused him to lose all he had, and he died a poor man. At one time he owned a big stock of cattle which roamed over several counties.

It was during our stay at Fredericksburg that General John B. Hood came on a visit to our home, and remained several days while he was recuperating from his wounded leg.

In the early days in Mason some of the celebrities that came to the fort were often guests, with their wives, at our home. Major Van Dorn was a personal friend. When he went to Wichita Falls my father advised him not to go for he was afraid the Indians would become more hostile, which they did. On his return trip the Major stopped to our home and told us he had captured a white child. Major Van Dorn was quite an artist, and when the post was broken up he gave my oldest sister his

painter's palette and brush. I could mention several of the officers who were guests in our home.

Father never turned away anyone who wanted lodging for himself or horse. He was a quiet, unassuming man, his word was his bond, and he was the very soul of honor. He was a progressive man, and was always instrumental in bringing men to teach school and seeing that these teachers were paid and had a comfortable place to board. There were others there, too, who were progressive, although Mason was a frontier place. The people were far above the average in intellect, and some few were progressive to a marked degree. There are many incidents that I could relate. Years have impaired my vision of the past, and I might not be accurate in my dates, so I will leave this to a more gifted writer. I shall always retain a tender feeling for Mason and its citizens: I have a little brother and sister who are quietly sleeping under the grass near my old home.

Mr. L. Beasley, Junction, Texas, writes: "Enclosed find \$1.50 to renew subscription to Frontier Times. My wife and I enjoy reading it more than any periodical we take. Our parents were old settlers in Texas, and I had an uncle, Capt. T. M. Dennis, who was a San Jacinto veteran, a member of the first and sixteenth legislature, and was with Jack Hays in the fight with the Indians at Bandera Pass, and also in a great many other Indian fights. I am an old trail driver."

Capt. W. L. Calohan, 3937 Flora Avenue, Kansas City, Mo., writes: "Enclosed find \$3.00 for two more years subscription to Frontier Times. I was born in Blanco county, Texas, and am familiar with all of the old time people you mention, and was personally acquainted with most of them mentioned in all of your issues. Thanks to Captain James B. Gillett for sending me Frontier Times to start me as a subscriber."

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

A Train Robbery Prevented

This Thrilling Story Appeared in The San Antonio Express, February 6, 1915

When President Wilson summoned to Washington Duval West of San Antonio to confer on the delicate situation in Mexico, preparatory to sending Mr. West to that troubled republic as the personal representative of the Chief Executive of the American Nation, he was probably not aware that he had picked out a man possessed of iron nerve in addition to long experience with the Mexican people and conditions, politically, socially and otherwise.

There was one night in particular when Duval West showed his nerve, nerve that made him look death in the face for an hour and twenty minutes; nerve that saved the United States Government the loss of its mail and the Southern Pacific Railway a costly robbery. Few persons know that West was the right-hand man of United States Marshal Rankin in days when the frontier of Texas harbored many bad men and that position spelled fighting.

It was Saturday night September 22, 1888, when Duval West distinguished himself as a young man of iron nerve and when he rendered to the United States Government and the Southern Pacific Railway Company a service that has gone down in the annals of deeds of bravery. With former Ranger Captain J. S. McNeel, for one hour and twenty minutes, West fought a party of train robbers, faced death by burning and held the fort, in this case a mail car that was perforated with bullet holes through the walls from three feet from the floor to the ceiling. And it is to the credit of these two men that not a robber put his foot over the sill of the door.

In those days Duval West was chief deputy under United States Marshal John Rankin. The Marshal had received a tip some time previous that the notorious Bill Whiteley was planning to rob a railroad train with his gang. The marshal had with this gang a secret service man, one who kept him informed of the gang's plans. Whiteley, who was raised in Goliad county, had a reputation extending beyond the confines of the State. It had been proven he was

in the Flatonia train robbery, in the train robbery at McNeil, above Austin, and in several others and was considered one of the most desperate train robbers in the country. Captain McNeel was in Bee county early in September and was wired by United States Marshal Rankin to come at once to San Antonio to confer on important business. When he reached the city he was told by the marshal that definite information had been received that Whiteley had picked on the Southern Pacific train from San Antonio to Houston and that his services were required to prevent the robbery.

The Marshal assigned Duval West, then a beardless youngster in his early twenties and unmarried, and Captain McNeel to defend the car. In the express car immediately following the mail car Marshal Rankin had six men with him; all were armed with shotguns and Colts sixshooters. It was believed the robbers would attack first the express car. It was not known definitely what night had been selected for the attack, so beginning September 17 each night the train left San Antonio with a party of armed men in the express car with the Marshal, and the two men with the mail clerk in the mail car. The officers went as far as Schulenburg then return to San Antonio. On the fifth night, September 22, the attempt at robbery was made. When the train pulled into Harwood that Ed Sarano, the mail clerk, who was standing in the door of the car with his arms akimbo, locking out into the night, which was dark with a misting rain, suddenly exclaimed: "Boys they are on—two of them." As all the train crew had been quietly tipped off to what to expect, every man's nerves were on tension, so when Sarano saw two forms boarding the engine just as the train started he took snap judgment which proved to be correct. McNeel called: "Put out that light, quick," and Sarano, reaching up, turned out the wick in the kerosene lamp that in those days was carried in the mail cars. Darkened, the mail car left Harwood.

McNeel heard the bell rope drop and called to West: "We are cut off; we are all alone in this fight, the other fellows are left behind." "Impossible" said West. Groping, McNeel found the cord; he was certain, and his suspicions were verified in a few moments, that the mail car and engine had been cut off from the balance of the train at Harwood. The engine gathered speed and the lights of Harwood dwindled into blackness. About three miles to the east in the direction of Houston the car came to a sudden stop. At the point where the robbery was planned a bright fire blazed high from split ties and around this were eight or ten men. A voice from the fire called "Jim, is everything all right?"

"Yes, come ahead," came the reply from the engine.

As Sarano had seen, two men, after the mail car had been cut from the balance of the train, climbed aboard the engine and covered the engineer and fireman, keeping them prisoners until they saw the fire. The train was stopped directly between piles of cross ties on either side of the track. The stop was made directly opposite the fire which was immediately kicked out and in the darkness the men advanced. This was 10:30 o'clock. The track was on an embankment with shallow gulleys on either side.

The main car was divided into two compartments, a wooden partition being run from side to side. In the rear compartment West sat in the southeast corner watching the south door, the two having made up their minds the robbers would attack on both sides. The attacking was made on the north side only. The front compartment of the car was empty and the doors locked. Outside a few shots were fired and a voice, high-pitched, almost shrieking, shouted insistently "Open up." No one responded. The men gathered a cross tie and battered the north door down in the forward compartment. Almost simultaneously, it was discovered that the doors in the compartment occupied by West and McNeel and Sarano were open. They had been tied back to keep them from closing by the vibration of the train. There was a parley and the men made Engineer Dan Toomey descend from the cab, keep-

ing the fireman still under guard, and placing the engineer in front of them, endeavored to rush into the car. In the noise neither West nor McNeel knew what the men were doing so as the mass of men pushed toward the door they shot. The engineer received the load from a shotgun, taking away one side of the face and shattering a shoulder. He fell at the door. At that time the occupants of the mail car were in ignorance they had shot one of the trainmen. They did not know the trainmen from the robbers and the only instructions they received were to keep everyone, no matter who, out of the mail car.

McNeel, in order to do shooting, had to leave the position where he was sitting and go to the door. He shot promiscuously into the crowd. West shouted at him to get out of the door, that he was making himself a target and he would be shot all to pieces. McNeel had not realized what he was doing, and jumped back to the side of the wall and reloaded. One of the robbers groaned that he was shot. He had been left behind in the rush following the shooting, but his companions, braving the fire from the car, came running to him and took him to the rear of the car, placing him on the track. For awhile the night was punctured by some loudly expressed regrets and bitterness over the shooting of their comrade. There was much grumbling but after a few moments another rush was made, the robbers shooting and yelling. Only the roar of the breechloading number ten shotguns of the two men in the car was the reply. The robbers halted to one side of the door and the leader, in that high unmistakable, almost shrieking voice, called:

"Come out of that car you— — — we are going to get you and you just as well get out. If you fellows will surrender all right, we won't hurt you; if you don't we are going to kill you. You just as well come out."

McNeel stepped close to West and said: "These gents are mighty familiar on short acquaintance," which caused both of the men to laugh.

There was no reply from West or McNeel. The men, apparently, took a position behind the two piles of cross ties which had been piled up on either side

of the track to the height of about four feet for use as breastworks. Most all the shooting was hereafter done behind these ties. But as the men lay flat on the floor the bullets passed safely above them. Finally, the robbers brought up the fireman and endeavored to gain the car by rushing it, holding the fireman in front, but the fireman, knowing that the engineer had been shot in exactly the same tactics, shouted: "Boys, I am the fireman. Don't shoot." However, the men in the car did not know whether this was a ruse, so they shot. The fireman, however, dodged and only a few shots struck him. He was not injured seriously. Dropping him, several other attempts were made to rush the car but each time after the shotguns had burst forth, West and McNeel drew their Colts sixshooters and in the face of a fusillade, the men retired.

The fireman was told to fetch the oil can from the engine, that they would burn the car up. The fireman was a hero. He faced death himself and was bleeding from his wounds but he climbed on the engine, procured the can and hurled it into the darkness, telling the men there was no oil there. Again, threats were made to kill him if he did not get the oil. Some time was lost in searching but the oil was not forthcoming. A box of matches was produced and the entire box was burned up endeavoring to set the mail car afire. The rain, the fact that everything was damp, no doubt saved the two men.

West and McNeel heard one of the robbers pleading that the car not be burned. This robber said: "Boys, in there are innocent parties. Boys, there is no use in murdering them because they are trying to do their duty." This, however, had no effect until the box of matches had been consumed. After it was seen that it was impossible to set the car afire, several crept along the track until they reached the sill of the door. This sill was a piece of steel a foot and one-half high. They put their pistols over the sill and, keeping their heads down, emptied them in the direction where they believed the defenders were. It was this metal elevation above the floor that no doubt saved West and McNeel. After this last volley the

men in the car heard the hint given the fireman that he could pull out. The robbers had met with a warmer reception than they expected and they gave vent to their disappointment by continued profanity and taunts at the men in the car. The fireman asked if the robbers would help him to put the still breathing engineer on the engine. He then asked if there was any objection to which way he went and was told none whatever. In a moment the cllop-clop of horses' hoofs were heard on the sandy road. When the wounded engineer had been placed in the engine cab, the fireman, not as familiar as he might have been with the engine, threw open the throttle and the iron master literally leaped ahead in such a way that McNeel and West believed, since they could not hear nor see what was happening, that the robbers were taking their revenge by sending them with a wild engine down the track to destruction. When the engine began slowing up at the first section house it was McNeel's suspicion that the robbers, or at least some of them, were aboard and had run down the track to procure oil or material for fire balls, which, tossed into the car would not only expose the two defenders to the fire of the robbers, but would serve to burn the inflammable dry timber of the interior of the car. It was with relief that can better be imagined than described that they heard the fireman alone asking the section man to help him remove the wounded engineer, Toomey. The engineer was left at the section house and then, as rapidly as possible, the engine and mail car were run back to Harwood, where stood the rest of the train and the curious passengers. For one hour and twenty minutes the battle was in progress, yet not a shot had been heard at Harwood and Marshal Rankin thought it the better part of discretion to remain with the express car, as there was no other means of determining how far the engine and mail car had proceeded.

Word was sent to Gonzales for the Sheriff of Gonzales County, Captain Bill Jones, who had blood-hounds. He arrived at Harwood at 2 o'clock in the morning. After trailing until the sun was high, the blood-hounds lost the

scent and the pursuit was temporarily abandoned. That morning, Sunday, the return was made to San Antonio.

Captain McNeel went to Eagle Pass where he obtained the services of John Weiseger, inspector of customs, and with that Federal officer, went down the Rio Grande under the belief the robbers would probably cross into Mexico. In the meantime United States Marshal Rankin received information that Bill Whiteley, the leader of the gang, was hiding out in Floresville and if he would come down, said his informant, he would be taken to the house where Whiteley could be found. Marshal Rankin, with Duval West, Eugene Iglesias and Bill Van Riper went to Floresville, and, as their informant had said, found Whiteley in the house designated. As soon as the officers opened the door Whiteley opened fire on them and they on him. He was killed instantly.

Later on, Sheriff Cunningham of Mills County, arrested a man and brought him to San Antonio on suspicion that he was connected with this attempted train robbery. McNeel went to the Bexar County jail, through curiosity, to see this man. He did not dream he was the man with the strained, shrieking voice, the one giving the orders and cursing. There was not another voice like it in a thousand. McNeel and West knew that Whiteley was the leader, but as soon as they heard the prisoner speak they had no doubt it was the one who had given the orders and identified him by his voice. The man was tried in the Federal Court, was convicted and sent to the United States penitentiary, where he served his term and returned to Texas.

Marshal Rankin, among others, had with him in the express car Detective Long of the Southern Pacific Railway, Bill Van Riper and Alfred Allee. It was afterwards determined that when the stop was made at Harwood the train was rapidly uncoupled from the engine and mail car, the bell rope was cut and two men boarded the engine cab just as the signal was given to pull out. Under their guns, Engineer Dan Toomey and the fireman had to do as they were bid. Engineer Toomey recovered and for years served the Southern Pacific as master mechanic at San Antonio. The

reward, which was a large one in money was given to the secret service man who had tipped off the robbery.

West and McNeel were armed, each with a number ten breechloading shotgun which was loaded with buckshot and each carried a Colts 45-caliber sixshooter. They were well armed with ammunition, but at the end of the fight had barely a dozen cartridges left. No blame whatever was attached or could be to West or McNeel for shooting the railroad men, for as stated before, neither had ever seen either Toomey or the fireman or had any instructions other than to keep everybody out of the mail car. The intention of the men when the train was held up was to jump out among the robbers and shoot them down. It was never known exactly who was the wounded robber but neither Mr. West nor Mr. McNeel believed that he died. When daylight came large pools of blood told where he had fallen and where he had been placed behind the car.

McNeel frequently, in telling of that night, describes his feelings when imprisoned in the car which was like a trap. The men heard the striking of matches, knowing that it was the idea of the robbers to burn them up, but their feelings during the shooting were nothing compared to their belief for they did not know of the splendid act of the fireman in throwing away the oil can—that oil was to be scattered over the woodwork, momentarily expecting that the car would prove their funeral pyre. Preceding the rush and when the robbers were firing rapidly, both lay flat in the car. As soon as the firing ceased and the rush began, shots from their guns followed by fire from their heavy Colts were delivered at the door where the attack was being made. When the fight was over, although he was not aware of it at the time, McNeel found the coat of his fall suit winging with water. He had perspired from every pore and he frequently had to wipe one hand and then another on his trousers, each wet. As he says, he could have wrung a pail of water from his coat. And yet there was no fear in either of them; it was simply the strain under which, for nearly an hour and a half, they fought and sometimes the bullets came shattering

dangerously near. They were fighting for their life. Mr. McNeel, who later on entered the Ranger service and was a captain, states that he was afterwards told there were no registered packages or valuables of great amount in the mail car but the men were placed there with definite instructions to do their duty. Both regarded it as a post of honor and they did not know whether a million dollars was carried or just plain mail. This is the tribute that Captain McNeel pays Duval West, his companion that momentous night, and as he speaks the words his eyes kindle and enthusiastic approval vibrates his voice:

"The President of the United States can make no wiser selection than Duval West for a dangerous or delicate mission, any work that requires nerve, faithfulness and brains. I have been associated with him for thirty years and he is the soul of honor. Duval West's honor is above reproach. He is the merriest and, at the same time, bravest and sanest man I know. He will go wherever duty calls him and he is the same to friend or foe. I know him as well as I know any man living, and I want to say again that the President could not have selected a better man in all these United States. He will bring back to Washington correct data, absolutely dependable information. With him there will be no white-washing, no favor shown. I repeat, he is the bravest man I know."

Historical Relic.

The cartridge belt worn by Sam Bass in his last fight with the Texas Rangers at Round Rock in 1878 is a historical relic in the possession of the University of Texas of much interest, according to Mrs. M. A. Hatcher, archivist. The belt was presented by Sam A. Arnett of Lubbock. Examination of the belt reveals the fact that there are exactly thirteen cartridges in it. It is of medium size with places for 45 cartridges, and plainly shows the signs of hard wear. The cartridges in the belt are of 44 caliber. Two of the leather loops holding the bullets are broken, and it is said they were cut by flying bullets in the fight at Round Rock where Bass was killed. Additional material concern-

ing the life of the noted Texas bandit has been obtained by the University library.

Valuable Contribution to History.

"My Experience With Indians" is the title to a new book just issued by Gammel's, of Austin, of which John James, of Alvarado, Texas, is the author, and which is a valuable and interesting contribution to the early day history of Texas and the Texas frontier. This author has succeeded in throwing new light on the manners and customs of the Indians who inhabited Texas and the country West of the Mississippi, during the period when pioneers were wending their way through the wilderness to the frontier settlements. The book is written in an entertaining style and details actual experiences of the author among the Indians of the period covered by his writings. It is quite evident that actual notes were made by the author at the time and that he has a faithful portrayal of what actually occurred within his own observation.

We glean from the work that the author taught school on the frontier and among the Indians of what was then the Indian Territory, and he has preserved through all the years actual photographs and pictures of the scenes and personages with whom he came in contact, with which the book is profusely and attractively illustrated. Such characters as the famous Belle Starr and others equally well known, furnish interesting chapters that all who are interested in the early-day history of Texas and the Southwest will greatly relish. The book is well bound and printed and will make an interesting addition to any library. It is for sale by Gammel's Book Store, Austin, Texas, for \$2.00 per copy, postage paid.

Mrs. S. H. Weaver, London, Texas, writes: "I enjoy reading Frontier Times so much. I think it is educational and good for children to read, for they can learn for themselves at what a cost the old settlers saved this country for them to live in and enjoy."

Get your friends to subscribe for Frontier Times.

Origin of the Alamo Inscription

"Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none."

Who first issued that famous phrase has been a question discussed for many years. Attorney General W. A. Keeling of Austin has been delving into the archives as result of an inquiry on the subject from Senator W. E. Doyle of Teague, who said that in his section of the State a controversy had arisen as to the identity of the person who originated the phrase. Research by General Keeling leads him to believe the words were first uttered by General Thomas Jefferson Green. In replying to senator Doyle's inquiry, General Keeling wrote: "The Hon. W. E. Doyle, Teague, Texas.—Dear Senator: "Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none."

"This immortal inscription was found on the Alamo monument which was ten feet high and cut from the stone taken from the ruins of the Alamo in 1841 by a sculptor named Nangle, formerly of Philadelphia, assisted by Joseph Cox, a stone cutter, who were at that time engaged in the manufacturing of curious and mementoes such as vases and small stones, etc., the Sculptor Nangle doing the fine work, assisted by Cox, who did the rough work for his companion. Nangle died soon after he finished the monument. It then fell into the hands of his co-worker, who, failing to sell it to the Republic of Texas, carried it around over the country for exhibition. It was exhibited by him in 1843 in the city of Houston and on account of stringency of the times the price of admission was reduced to 25c. The monument was also exhibited at Galveston and other places in the Republic, usually transported on an ox cart or wagon. It was next heard of in New Orleans in March, 1851. The exhibition did not prove remunerative, and the monument was sold to pay charges of some sort, and had for several years been lying among the rubbish of a marble yard. In 1851 Col. Reuben M. Potter in writing to the Crescent, a newspaper published at that time in New Orleans, used this language: "Let me, however, express the

earnest wish that steps be taken by those interested to restore this monument to the locality where it properly belongs and which alone can invest it with the interest to which it is entitled by the names and events it commemorates. Though the government of Texas was too poor to purchase it in 1841, I have no doubt the needful amount could now be raised among the people of that State by subscription, if the matter were properly brought to their attention."

"Four years later this monument turned up in Texas again. The Texas State Times of December, 1855, chronicles its arrival in Austin thus:

"This work of art executed in commemoration of the fall of the Alamo is now standing in the vestibule of the new Capitol. This monument should belong to Texas. It should stand in her Capitol to remind all future generations of the services these patriots rendered their country in the dark hour of peril."

Patriotic sentiment was quickened among the people and the Legislature in February 1858, passed an act appropriating \$2,500 for the purpose of purchasing the monument for the State—\$1,500 for the then owners, and the balance to his widow and children of Nangle, the sculptor of the work. Then followed a period of sixteen years covering the Civil War and reconstruction during which time the monument remained unnoticed. In 1874, however, Democracy regained control of Texas and the Legislature among many other beneficent acts, appropriated \$200 for the inscription of the names of those who fell in the Alamo on bronze tablets or other durable material to be inserted for preservation in the Alamo monument in the portico of the Capitol. In 1881 the Capitol building perished in the flames of Nov. 9 and with it the precious little Alamo monument, excepting the small fragment or base containing the sublime inscription first quoted above. This little blackened and scarred remnant is now in the archives of the historic division of the State Capitol.

In 1874 the Adjutant General Steel at Austin wrote Colonel Potter praising him

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 Willecox, 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.

JOHN B. McDONNELL
128 S. Walnut Champaign, Ill.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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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 noted 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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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912.

Of Frontier Times, published monthly at Bandera, Texas, for April 1, 1926.

STATE OF TEXAS

COUNTY OF BANDERA

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. Marvin Hunter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of Frontier Times, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws, and Regulations, printed in the reverse of this form to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager is: J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

2. That the owner is J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

3. That known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgage, or other securities, are: None.

J. MARVIN HUNTER.

Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of March, 1926.

(Seal)

W. S. Ethridge.

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Vol. 3—No. 9.

JUNE, 1926

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“Injun Fightin’” with the Texas Rangers

From *The Literary Digest* for February 6, 1926

A BAND OF FIFTEEN INDIANS had raided the John Gamel ranch and stolen some horses within twenty-five steps of the ranch house. The redskins had not appeared until late in the evening, and it was dark when a runner from Honey Creek, bearing the alarm, reached Fort Mason. Lam Sieker, of the Rangers, had just eaten his supper and was sitting in the lobby of the Frontier Hotel. When he heard of the outbreak of the Indians, he hurried to the livery stable, saddled his horse, old Pete, and started on a Paul Revere ride for Company D's camp, fifty miles due west of Fort Mason. At eight o'clock the next morning he rode into camp with his news, which in those days—August, 1875—was decidedly serious. Capt. D. W. Roberts, the bearded commander of Company D—he might have passed for a Methodist preacher—shouted a hurry order for the company horses, which had been “sent out under herd for the day.” Sergt. Plunk Murray was ordered to detail fifteen men and issue them ten days rations and one hundred rounds of

ammunition each. This detachment, referred to in Ranger language as a “scout,” was to be commanded by Capt. Roberts himself. The men picked to go with him were: Second Sergt. Jim Hawkins, Privates Paul Durham, Nick Donnelly, Tom Gillespie, Mike Lynch, Andy Wilson, Henry Maltmore, Jim Trout, William Kimbrough, Silas B. Crump, Ed Seiker, Jim Day, John Cupps, and one other, who now tells the tale. The “one other” might be called the boy ranger. He had enlisted a couple of months previous, a husky and hard-riding Texas lad of nineteen, destined to raise to the rank of sergeant, and a half century later to become the author of “Six Years with the Texas Rangers” (Yale University Press), from which these recollections are gleaned. The author—Srgt. James B. Gillett—confesses that he was delighted with his good fortune in being selected as a member of the scout. Like most other American boys of his own and later generations, he had dreamed wistfully of “injun fightin’,” and now the dream seemed to be on the way toward coming true, for:

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Coming, “*Lite of Ben Thompson*”

The mules were soon packed and by the time the horses reached camp the scout was ready. Sergeant Hawkins, as soon as the men had saddled their horses, walked over to the captain, saluted, and told him the scout was ready. Before leaving camp, Captain Roberts called to Sergeant Murray and told him that he believed the Indians had about as many horses as they could well get away with, and that they would probably cross the San Saba River near the mouth of Scalp Creek and follow the high divide between the two streams on their westward march back into the plains. If the redskins did not travel that way the captain thought they would go up the Big Saline, follow the divide between the North Llano and San Saba rivers westward, and escape, but he was confident the band would travel up the divide north of Menardville. He determined to scout that way himself, and instructed Murray to send two rangers south over to the headwaters of Bear creek to keep a sharp lookout for the trail. These two scouts were to repeat their operations the next day, and if they discovered the Indian trail, Murray was to make up a second scout and follow the redskins vigorously.

On top of which Captain Roberts gave the order to mount, and the little troop "rode toward Menardville, making inquiry about the Indians." All was quiet at that little frontier village, so the Rangers crossed the San Saba River, and we read on:

Just below the town and after passing the ruins of the Spanish fort, Captain Roberts halted his men and prepared to send out trailers. Two of the best trailers in the command were ordered to proceed about four hundred yards ahead of the party and keep a close watch for pony tracks while they traveled due north at a good saddle-horse gait. The main body of men, under the captain himself, would follow directly behind the outposts.

Our party had traveled about eight or nine miles when Captain Roberts's keen eye discovered a lone pony standing with his head down straight ahead of us. He sighted the animals before the trailers did and remarked to us that there the trail was. The outposts halted

when they saw the pony and waited for us to come up. Sure enough, here was the Indian trail, probably twenty yards wide. Captain Roberts dismounted and walked over the sign, scrutinizing every pony track, bunch of grass, and fallen leaf. He then examined the old pony. The animal was cut with a lance, with his back sore and his feet all worn out. It was then between twelve and one o'clock, and the captain thought the Indians had passed that way about sunrise, for the blood and sweat on the horse were now dry. The trail showed the raiders were driving fast and were probably thirty-five or forty miles ahead of us. The captain decided it would be a long chase and that we would have to walk them down if we caught them at all.

There was no water on this divide, so we took the trail without stopping for dinner. Captain Roberts had a fine saddle horse, old Rock, and we followed the trail at a steady gait of five or six miles an hour. At sundown we reached the old government road that runs from Fort McKavett to Fort Concho. We were then about twelve or fifteen miles south of Kickapoo Springs, so we turned up the road, reaching the springs late at night. The horses had not had a drop of water since leaving the San Saba that morning, and, facing a hot August sun all day, the men were pretty well tired out when they reached camp, had supper and got to bed. We estimated that we had ridden about sixty miles since leaving camp. During the day Captain Roberts's horse cast a shoe, so Tom Gillespie shod him by firelight, as it was the captain's intention to resume the trail at daylight.

The following morning Captain Roberts took a southwest course from Kickapoo Springs and paralleled the Indian trail we had left the evening before. It was late in the day before we picked the trail up again, and many of the boys were afraid we had lost it altogether, but the captain laughed at their fears and never doubted that we should find it again. The Indians, as their trail showed, were now traveling over a tolerably rough country, which made our progress slow. About noon we found

some rain-water, and camped for dinner and to give the horses a short rest.

When the boys went out to catch their mounts we found that we had camped in a bed of rattlesnakes. Two of our horses had been bitten. Jim Day's Chico had a head as big as a barrel, while the captain's horse, old Rock, had been bitten on his front leg just above the ankle, and it had swollen up to his body. Neither of the animals was able to walk. Jim Day could not be left alone in that Indian country, so Captain Roberts detailed Private Cupps to stay with him until the horses died or were able to travel; in either case they were then to return to camp. The animals soon recovered and Day and Cupps beat us back to camp.

The pack loads were now doubled on one mule so Captain Roberts could ride the other. Reduced to thirteen men, the Rangers followed the Indians until night when:

We camped where we found a little water in a draw that drained into the South Concho River. Considering the way we had come the captain thought we had covered sixty miles during the day's ride. We had two rather old men on the scout, Mike Lynch and Andy Wilson, and they were nearly all in. I awoke Andy at two o'clock to go on guard. The poor fellow was so stiff he could hardly stand, and I tried to get him to go back to bed, telling him I would stand his guard, but he was game, and in a few minutes limped out to the horses and relieved me.

Early in the morning we were up and traveling. The mule Captain Roberts was riding did not step out as fast as old Rock had done, and the boys had an easier time keeping up. We camped at noon on just enough rain-water to do us, and took up the trail again after dinner. The trailers stopped suddenly and as we rode up Captain Roberts asked what was the matter. They said it seemed as tho the Indians at this point rounded up the horses and held them for some cause or other.

The captain dismounted and swept the country with his field glasses. He circled around where the horses had been standing and found where a lone Indian had walked straight away from the

animals. He followed the tracks to an old live-oak tree that had been blown down. Then the reason for the stop became apparent. The Indians had sighted a herd of mustangs grazing just beyond this tree and the redskins had split up on them and killed a big brown mare. Captain Roberts picked up the cartridge shell the brave had used and found it to be from a 50 caliber buffalo gun. We also found the mustang, from which the Indians had cut both sides of ribs and one hindquarter.

Captain Roberts was much elated. "Boys," he said with a smile, "we now have ninety-five chances out of a hundred to catch those Indians. They will not carry this raw meat long before stopping to cook some. We have followed them now over one hundred and fifty miles, and they have never stooped to build a fire. They are tired and hungry and probably know where there is water not far away."

He spoke with such confidence that I marveled at his knowledge of the Indian habits.

We were now on the extreme western draw of the South Concho River, far above the point at which the water breaks out into a running stream. Finally the trail led out on that level and vast track of country between the head of South Concho and the Pecos on the west. Here the Indians had turned a little north from the general direction they had been traveling, and all of a sudden we came to some rock holes filled with rain-water.

Here the redskins had built three fires, cooked both sides of the mustang ribs, and picked them clean. From this high table land they could look back over their trail fifteen miles. The captain thought they had been there early in the morning, as the fires were out and the ashes cold. We did not lose any time at this camp, but hurried on, following the trail until late in the evening, when the trailers again halted. When we came up we found that the trail, which had been going west for nearly two hundred miles, had suddenly turned straight north.

Captain Roberts seemed to be puzzled for a time, and said he did not understand this move. About one mile north there was a small grove of mesquite

timber. This he examined through his glasses, seeming to me to examine each tree separately. The trail led straight into these trees, and we followed it. In the mesquite timber we found the Indians had hacked some bushes partly down, bent them over, cut up the horse meat they had been carrying with them into tiny strips, strung it on the bushes and, building a fire beneath them, had barbecued their flesh. The redskins had made the prettiest scaffold for cooking meat I ever saw. We found plenty of fire here, and the captain was sure we would have an Indian fight on the morrow.

From the trees the trail swung west again. The redskins were traveling slowly now, as they evidently thought they were out of danger. But the white men were on the qui vive!

Just before sundown the scout halted, and we were ordered not to let any smoke go up lest the band we were trailing should spot it and take alarm. As soon as we had cooked our supper Captain Roberts had the fires carefully extinguished. It had been a good season on the table-lands and there were many ponds filled with water, some of them one hundred yards wide. We camped on the edge of one of these big holes, and where the Indians had waded into the water was still muddy. The boys were cautioned not to strike a match that night as we were certain the Indians were not far ahead of us. We had covered between forty and fifty miles that day.

Camp was called at daybreak. We dared not build a fire, so we had no breakfast. We saddled our horses and again took the trail. Old Jennie, the pack-mule, was packed for the last time on earth, for she was killed in the fight that shortly followed. As soon as it was light enough to see a pony track two of the boys traced it on foot and led their horses, the remainder of our party coming along slowly on horseback. By sunrise we were all riding and following the trail rapidly, eager to sight the marauding thieves. We had traveled some five or six miles when Paul Durham called Captain Roberts's attention to a dark object ahead that looked as if it were moving. The captain brought his field-glasses to bear on the object speci-

fied and exclaimed it was the Indians.

He ordered the boys to dismount at once, tighten their cinches, leave their coats and slickers, and make ready to fight. As we carried out this order a distressing stillness came over the men. Captain Roberts and Sergeant Hawkins were the only ones of our party who had ever been in an Indian fight, and I suppose the hearts of all of us green, unseasoned warriors beat a little more rapidly than usual at the prospect of so soon smelling powder. Captain Roberts called out to us in positive tones not to leave him until he told us to go, and not to draw a gun or pistol until ordered, declaring that he wanted no mistake made on the eve of battle. He ordered the pack-mule caught and led until we went into the fight, when she was to be turned loose.

The Indians were on an open prairie dotted here and there with small groves of mesquite timber. The captain thought our only chance was to ride double file straight at them in the hope they would not look back and discover us. We moved forward briskly and got within four or five hundred yards of the redskins before they sighted us.

At once there was a terrible commotion. It was the custom of the plains Indians, when they had stolen a lot of horses, for each to select from the number the best pony he could pick out, and tying a rope around its neck, let the pony drag it along the ground. In case of discovery the braves would quickly leap from the pony they were riding, grab the rope of the fresh one, and mounting it bareback, escape from their pursuers. On catching sight of us they performed this maneuver almost in the twinkling of an eye; then, led by their old chief, they took positions on a little elevated ground some two hundred yards beyond the loose horses. They stationed themselves about fifteen or twenty feet apart, their battle line when formed being about one hundred yards long. As each warrior took his station he dismounted, stood behind his horse, and prepared to fire when given the signal.

The captain with a smile turned to us and said, "Boys, they are going to fight us. See how beautifully the old chief forms his line of battle." From a little

boy I had longed to be a ranger and fight the Indians. At last I was up against the real thing and with not so much as an umbrella behind which to hide. I was nervous. I was awfully nervous.

We were now within one hundred steps of the redskins. Then came the order to dismount, shoot low, and kill as many horses as possible. The captain said as we came up that every time we got an Indian on foot in that country we were sure to kill him. With the first shot everybody, Indians rangers, began firing and yelling.

In a minute we had killed two horses and one Indian was seen to be badly wounded. In another minute the redskins had mounted their horses and were fleeing in every direction. Captain Roberts now ordered us to mount and follow them. The roar of the guns greatly excited my pony, and he turned round and round. I lost a little time in mounting, but when I did get settled in the saddle I saw an Indian running on foot. He carried a Winchester in his hand, and waved to another Indian who was riding. The latter turned and took the one on foot up behind him. As they started away for a race I thought to myself that no grass-fed pony on earth could carry two men and get away from me and old Coley. The Indians had a good animal, but I gradually closed on them. The redskin riding behind would point his gun back and fire at me, holding it in one hand. I retaliated by firing at him every time I could get a cartridge in my old Sharps carbine. I looked back and saw Ed Seiker coming to my aid as fast as old Dixie would run. He waved encouragement to me.

Finally, the old brave ceased shooting, and as I drew a little closer he held out his gun at arm's-length and let it drop, probably thinking I would stop to get it. I gave it but a passing glance as I galloped by. He then held out what looked to be a fine rawhide rope and dropt that, but I near took the bait. I just kept closing in on him. He now strung his bow and began using his arrows pretty freely. Finally, he saw I was going to catch him, and turned quickly into a little grove of mesquite timber. I was considered a fairly good brush rider,

and as we went in among the trees I drew up within twenty steps of the brave, jumped from my mount, and made a sort of random shot at the horse, Indian and all. The big 50 caliber bullet struck the Indian pony just where its head coupled on its neck, passed through the head and came out over the left eye. It killed the horse, which fell forward twenty feet.

And now comes a surprize, with a suggestion of frontier romance:

The old warrior hit the ground running, but I jumped on my horse and ran after him. As I passed the dead horse I saw the front rider struggling to get from under it. To my surprize I saw he was a white boy between fifteen and sixteen years old, with long, bright, red hair.

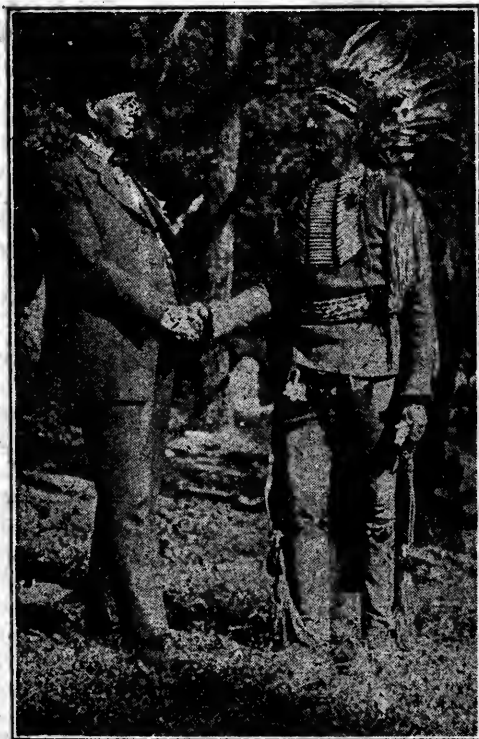
By this time Ed Seiker had arrived and was dismounting. The fugitive warrior now peeped from behind a tree and I got a fine shot at his face, but overshot him six inches, cutting off a limb just over his head. He broke to run again, and as he came into view Ed placed a bullet between his shoulders. He was dead in a minute. When Ed and I walked up to the dead Indian we found he had also been shot in one ankle and his bow had been partly shot in two. In his quiver he had only three arrows left.

We hurried back to the dead horse to help the white boy, but he had extricated himself and disappeared. We then returned to the dead warrior and Seiker scalped him. We took his bow, shield, and a fine pair of moccasins. I also found a fine lance near where the horse fell, and I presume it was carried by the white boy. We found the redskin had no Winchester cartridges, and this was why he dropt the gun—he could not carry it and use his bow. We went back over the trail, but were unable to find the gun the brave had dropt as a bait.

By noon that day the boys had all returned to where the fight had begun and the Indian horses had been left. Jim Hawkins and Paul Durham captured a Mexican boy about fifteen years old. He looked like an indian, had long plaited hair down his back, was bareheaded, and wore moccasins and a breech-clout. Had he been in front of me I would surely

have killed him for a redskin. Captain Roberts spoke Spanish fluently, and from this boy he learned that the Indians were Apaches. He was taken back to our camp, and finally his uncle came and took him home. He had been captured while herding oxen near old Fort Clark, Texas, and an elder brother, who was with him at the time, had been killed.

The boys were then sent back by Captain Roberts to find the white lad who had been with the Indian Seiker had killed. Tho we searched carefully we could find no trace of the mysterious youngster. Forty-nine years later I met this



*Sgt. J. B. Gill t Meets F. H. Lehmann
After Forty-nine Years*

followed on the trail of the Indians until he rejoined them.

When the rangers had all gathered after the fight our pack-mule, Jennie, was missing. We supposed that in the run she had followed the Indians off. Six months later Ed Seiker was detailed to pilot a body of United States soldiers over that same country to pick out a road to the Pecos River. He visited our old battle-field and found Jennie's carcass. She had a bullet hole in the center of her forehead. The Indians in shooting back at their attackers probably hit her with a chance shot. The pack-saddle was still strapped to her body, but wolves had eaten all the supplies. Five hundred rounds of ammunition were still with her, showing that no one had seen her since the day of her death.

Lacking Jennie's supplies, we had nothing to eat except the barbecued horse meat we had captured from the Indians. This had no salt on it, and I could not swallow it. In the fight we killed three horses and one Indian and captured the Mexican lad. At least two redskins were badly wounded, and as victors we captured fifty-eight head of horses and mules, several Indian saddles and bridles, and many native blankets. Not a man or a horse of our party was hurt, the pack-mule being our only fatality. Captain Roberts said that but for the inability of our hardridden horses to overtake the fresh mounts of the Indians, not a soul of them would have escaped us.

We turned our faces homeward, hungry and tired, but highly elated over our success. The second day after the fight we reached Wash Delong's ranch on the headwaters of the South Concho River. Mr. Delong, a fine frontiersman, killed a beef for us and furnished us with flour and coffee without cost. Three days later we were back at our camp at Las Moras. The stolen animals were returned to their owners, and thus ended my first campaign against the Indians.

Gillett disclaims any idea of his own capacity to write an adequate history of the Texas Rangers. In an introduction by M. M. Quaife we are told:

To-day, as of old, the rangers maintain vigilant watch and ward over the peace

boy, now an old man, at a reunion of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association in San Antonio, and learned that his name was F. H. Lehmann. He had been captured by the Indians in Mason county some years before our encounter, and had now become one of them. He had hidden in the grass while the rangers were hunting him, and after they had given up the search and disappeared he had

and welfare of the commonwealth of Texas. Owing to fiscal considerations, the force has in recent months been reduced until it constitutes but little more than a skeleton organization, with a total force, for the five companies now existing, of less than thirty men. There is nothing particularly new in this, for Sergeant Gillett recounts in his narrative crisis of like character almost half a century ago. To some extent the gas-chariot has replaced the mustang as a vehicle of transportation for the force. Despite the changes the rangers yet remain a powerful influence in the maintenance of peace and order; and still, as of old, their arrival brings a sense of relief and security to the lawabiding and a corresponding depression of spirit to the lawbreaker.

Some of Gillett's most stirring experiences came to him as a member of Company C, on duty in El Paso County under the command of Lieut. (afterwards Capt.) George W. Baylor. Of that singular frontier character, the author gives interesting particulars as we read:

Around our camp-fires at night Lieutenant Baylor entertained us with accounts of early life on the frontier. He was born August 24, 1832, at old Fort Gibson in the Cherokee nation, now the State of Oklahoma. His father, John Walker Baylor, was a surgeon in the United States Army. Lieutenant Baylor was a soldier by training and by inheritance. In 1879 he was in his 47th th year and stood six feet two inches tall, a perfect specimen of a hardy frontiersman. He was highly educated, wrote much for papers and magazines, was a fluent speaker, and a very interesting talker and story-teller. He was less reserved than any other captain under whom I ever served. He had taken part in many Indian fights on the frontier of Texas, and his descriptions of some of his experiences were thrilling. Lieutenant Baylor was a high minded Christian gentleman, and had been a member of the Episcopal Church from childhood. In all the months I served under him I never heard him utter an oath or tell an idle yarn. He neither drank whiskey nor used tobacco. Had he written a history of his operations on the frontier

and a biography of himself it would have been one of the strangest and most interesting books ever written.

I have not the power of language to describe Lieutenant Baylor's bravery, because he was as brave as it was possible for a man to be. He thought every one else should be the same, and did not see how a white man could be a coward. He was as tenderhearted as a child, and would listen to any tale of woe. He frequently took men into the service and stood good for their equipment, and often he had to pay the bill out of his own pocket. All men looked alike to him, and he would enlist any one when there was a vacancy in the company. The result was that some of the worst San Simon Valley rustlers got into the command and gave us no end of trouble, nearly causing one or two killings in our camp.

Baylor cared nothing for discipline in the company. A scout of ten or fifteen men would sometimes be strung out a mile or more on the march. To one who had commanded a regiment during the Civil War a detachment of Texas Rangers, doubtless, looked small and insignificant, so he let his men have pretty much their own way. To a man like myself, who had been schooled under such captains as Major Jones, Captain Coldwell, Captain Roberts, and Lieutenant Reynolds, commanders who were always careful of the disposition and conduct of their men, this method of Baylor's seemed suicidal. It seemed inevitable that we would some time be taken by surprize and shot to pieces.

Another peculiarity of this wonderful man was his indifference to time. He would strike an Indian trail, take his time, and follow it to the jumping-off place. He would say, "There is no use to hurry, boys. We will catch them after awhile."

In describing an expedition across the Mexican border (with the consent and co-operation of the Mexican authorities) in pursuit of a troop of murderous Apaches, Sergeant Gillett relates that when he expressed doubt of a report that the red warriors were lying in wait for their pursuers, his commander replied:

"You don't know the Apaches. They are very different from the plains Indians,

the kind you have been used to following. These Apaches delight to get into the rocks and lay for their enemies."

And we read on:

At the conference the Mexicans suggested that Lieutenant Baylor should take nine of his men and ten of their volunteers and follow the trail up the canyon, but the lieutenant declared that this would never do, as the Apaches had no doubt anticipated such a move and hidden themselves in the cliffs where they could kill their attackers without exposing themselves in the least. He proposed scaling the mountains and following them down on top of the Indians' rear, and this was the strategy finally adopted.

The Mexicans dismounted and started up the mountainside about one hundred yards to our left. Lieutenant Baylor and his eight rangers marched straight forward from our horses and began the ascent. As we went along, the lieutenant pulled some bunch grass and stuck it all around under his hatband so his head would look like a clump of grass and conceal his head and body if he should have to flatten himself on the ground. He counseled us to follow his example. I had taken some Mexican cheese out of my saddle pockets and was eating it as we marched carelessly up the mountain. Honestly, I did not believe there was an Indian within a hundred miles of us, but it was not long before I changed my mind. Suddenly there came a loud report of a gun and then another. I looked up to where the Mexicans had taken position behind a ledge of rocks and saw where a bullet had struck the stones a foot above their heads. I did not want any more cheese. I threw down what I had in my hand and spat out what I had in my mouth.

The Apache warriors, high in the cliffs above us, then turned their attention to our little band of rangers and fired twenty-five or thirty shots right into our midst. One of these big caliber bullets whizzed so close to my head that it made a noise like wild duck flying downstream at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour. Lieutenant Baylor ordered us to charge at once.

In running up the mountain I was somewhat in advance of the boys. We

came to a rock ledge three or four feet high. I quickly scaled this, but before I could straighten up an Indian rose from behind a rock about fifteen or twenty yards ahead and fired point-blank at me. The bullet struck a small soap-weed three feet in front of me and knocked the leaves into my mouth and face. I felt as if I had been hit, but it was leaves and not blood that I wiped out of my mouth with my left hand. I turned my head and called to the boys to look out, but the warning was unnecessary—they had already taken shelter under the ledge of rock.

Just as I turned my head a second shot from the Apache carried away the entire front part of my hat-brim. I saw the warrior throw another cartridge into his gun and brought my Winchester quickly to bear upon him. When he saw that I was about to shoot he shifted his position and turned sideways to me. We both fired at the same instant. My bullet hit the redskin just above the hip and, passing straight through his body, broke the small of his back and killed him almost instantly. He was a big man, probably six feet tall, with his face painted in red and blue paint. He used an old octagon-barrel Winchester rifle, and he had with him an old shirtsleeve, tied at one end, in which were two hundred and fifty Winchester cartridges.

Some Indians fifty yards up the mountain now began to shell our position, so I took shelter behind the ledge of rock. Fifteen or twenty feet to our left and a little higher up the mountain, Lieutenant Baylor was sheltered behind some boulders. He raised his head slightly above his parapet for a peep at the Indians and those keen-sighted warriors saw him; a well-directed shot cut part of the grass out of his hat. Had the bullet been six inches lower it would have struck him full in the face.

"Damn that old Indian," exclaimed Baylor, ducking his head. "If I had a shotgun I would run up and jump right on top of him."

The lieutenant was mad now, and ordered a charge. The boys hesitated, and George Harold, an old scout, said, "Lieutenant, if we leave this shelter and start up the mountain the Indians hidden

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Reminiscences of a Texan

Written for Frontier Times by Joe T. McKinney, Willcox, Arizona

I was born in the town of Falcon, Columbia County, Arkansas, on the 20th day of June, 1858.

My father was Felix Carroll McKinney. He was a native of South Carolina and the son of Archer McKinney and Mahaley Howard McKinney. My mother was Mary Pocahontas Cook McKinney, the daughter of Joseph T. Cook and Lucinda Bates Cook.

My father was killed in Falcon, Ark., in May, 1861, in a row between himself and two brothers, Black and Bill Malone. My father and Bill Malone lost their lives in the affray.

We remained in Arkansas until 1863. The Yankees became troublesome, and we moved to Texas with my grandmother and family and stopped at Bastrop until the close of the Civil War. My Grandma Cook then liberated her negroes about thirty in number, many of them pleading with her to return to the old plantation in Arkansas and promising never to leave her, if she would only do so. (Probably it was Uncle Sam, who liberated our negroes instead of Grandma.) Many of the old slaves returned to Arkansas and settled about our old home there, and some of them stayed about Bastrop.

We commenced making preparations to move west of Uvalde county, where many of our relatives had preceded us by several years. My grandfather, Joseph T. Cook was killed in Arkansas in 1859 in a political feud, by the Grant brothers. My grandmother now being a widow, her brother, E. A. Bates, and my father's brother, Julius N. McKinney, came to Bastrop to help us move west. They procured every kind of animal that had strength to pull. In those teams were wild steers, milk cows and horses and some gentle stuff.

I shall never forget the mixups we would have when crossing rivers. The team would go down stream and all get mixed; the men herding them, the waves rolling and sloshing against the wagon, all of which frightened me almost to death. I was only seven years old but realized how helpless we would all be if our wagon would overturn. I put up

with this until we reached the San Marcos; there I rebelled and refused to ride across in a wagon. They drove across and left me alone while I walked the river bank broken hearted, feeling that I hadn't a friend. After they were all safely landed on the opposite side, my cousin, Felix Bates, was sent back on a horse for me. He took me up behind him and we crossed the beautiful, clear stream and soon joined my mother and the others, but my feelings were very much hurt, and it took at least one sleep to put me straight with the world.

They could never again coax me into a wagon in crossing a stream, although there were not many ahead of us. Of that little party only three are living: Mrs. Mary E. Blakeney of Imperial, California, Mrs. Melvinda Baker of Hidalgo county, Texas, and myself. They were then small tots like myself and are my cousins, Mary and Meivinda Bates.

The next place that I remember was in San Antonio, which as I remember it now, was a town of adobe houses of the Mexican style, with flat roofs. My mother let me go out in town with my cousin, Felix Bates, and gave me a few cents with which I bought her a ginger cake. She hugged me and took on greatly for remembering her, and said she was awfully glad she brought me along and didn't leave me on the San Marcos.

Uvalde is ninety-three miles west of San Antonio. We finally reached Uvalde and I was a happy boy. I found lots of kids about my age, and I can say truthfully that those were the happiest days of my life. My mother taught school in the town of Uvalde for several years, and I was kept in the school room as much as possible for two reasons. My mother naturally wanted me to have an education and she didn't want the Indians to get me. I was her only child and she watched me closely. About all the real opportunity that she gave me was to look at my books, or to rustle wood for the fireplace, and to help her milk the cows. All other privileges I had to steal and then take the

consequences. And I must say that often the consequences were very serious. My mother was of the true southern stock that didn't believe in "sparing the rod and spoiling the child." The rod was never spared. We reached Uvalde in 1865, and found many of our kin there. It was at that time a real frontier county. The Indians raided almost every moon. They stole clothes off the line right in the town of Uvalde. There was very little farming done in the county, and people were very busy keeping Indians from taking their scalps.

My mother's uncle, Dave Cook, used to plant a small field of corn on the Nueces, about ten miles west of Uvalde, and among the corn he would plant water-melons and pumpkins. We called the latter in those days "cushaws." I spent some happy moments at Uncle Dave's with his sons, Bob and Thalís, and their pack of hounds. Bob died early in Uvalde of typhoid fever. Thalís did great work for the state of Texas as a Ranger and died a few years ago near Ft. Worth.

The Cooks were strictly honorable, and no braver men ever saw the world. They were bred and raised to "go over the top." I remember they tried my courage to its limit once when I was visiting them and we were out on the Tortuga hunting. We saw two men riding and leading two horses. They were probably three quarters of a mile distant. We thought they were Indians and Bob and Thalís said, "We will charge them." So we charged. They saw us "charging" and thought we were Indians and fled, one of them leaving the horse he was riding with saddle and bridle, and mounted the one he was leading bare back. We captured what they left, which was two horses and the riding outfit. We saw by the brands on the horses to whom they belonged, and sent them word to come and get them, which they did. The two boys that fled were John Bowles and Lark White. If I had had my way, the charge I would have made would have been toward the ranch, but no one knew that but me. I was then about twelve years old, Thalís was nine months my senior, and Bob two or three years older than he. We were a fine outfit to be charging Indians, but we

charged them. I might have protested against making this charge, but I felt that I would rather take a chance on fighting the Indians than on incurring the displeasure of Bob. The day before we found a big unbranded animal (a maverick), and Bob being our boss said, "The one who catches it, puts his brand on it." We made for it, and I put my rope on it. Bob said that I had acted unfairly. He was very angry, but my brand was put on it. He was just mad because I beat him to it. I could never see that I acted unfairly. Once before that I had played a mean trick on Bob. His father (Uncle Dave) had put me up behind Bob on a horse to go to Uvalde. After we got started Uncle Dave thought of something back at the house that he wanted, and started Bob and me back after it. Bob put the horse into a gallop and it went to kicking up and then went to bucking. I had to hold to Bob and as I fell off, I took him with me. He thought that a mean trick, very bad, very bad.

It was very different with me and Thalís. There was never any discord between us. After we had been at Uvalde a few months, my uncle Thomas Cook came. He was in the army when we left Arkansas, and I do not think the folks had heard from him in a long time, or knew that he had survived the war. He rode in one day on an old, poor bay horse. I can not describe, or relate the joy that his coming brought to my grandma and the family. They wept over him. It was like the dead coming to life. He had served through the war, and had been in many of the big battles of the Confederacy. He had been wounded twice. After the surrender, he had returned to his old home in Arkansas, and finding only two of his sisters there, and learning that his mother and all the balance of the family had gone to Texas, he followed them. He went into the cattle business, and took my uncle Thalís McKinney's cattle on shares, and finally married a Miss Kate Woods. The Woods family had lived on Turkey Creek for several years, which is between Uvalde and Ft. Clark.

Her father had had in his employ a Mexican. He had left at the ranch his son, Bob, and daughter, Kate, and this

Mexican, while the balance of the family went to town. On his return he found his son murdered and the Mexican and his daughter gone. He was a desperate man, and a hard man. He took the trail of the Mexican and rode without stopping, until he caught up with him. He took him up behind him on his horse. There were one or two others with him who brought the girl back. They brought that Mexican back to the scene of his crime and burnt him at the stake. My Aunt Kate was a pretty girl, a blonde. In those days they wore hoops and did their hair up in nets. Girls then were modest and refined.

After they had been married a year or two, Mr. Woods was in Uvalde one day, drunk, which was not unusual for him, when he was where he could get the liquor. My mother was teaching upstairs in the old courthouse. We heard loud talking over toward Doke Bowles' grocery, (such a store was called a saloon later) and mother asked what it meant. I looked and saw that Mr. Woods was talking to my uncle, (his son-in-law). I told her what I saw. She said, "Run quick and tell your uncle Thomas to come away from there." I ran as fast as I could and before I reached them my uncle turned to walk toward me. When he did this, Mr. Woods leveled his pistol at him. I yelled for him to look out. He jerked his pistol and whirled and the battle was on. They were using the old time cap and ball muzzle loaders. He shot Mr. Woods twice, one ball taking effect in his cheek by the side of his nose, the other in one arm. He soon got well. My uncle was not hurt. I was in fully as much danger as my uncle for I was right in line with him and Woods. That was in 1867.

After school was out, we prepared to visit my Aunt Margaret Bennett, my father's oldest sister, who lived on the Leona about sixty miles below Uvalde. She had visited us the year before, and we had greatly enjoyed her visit. We were happy in the thought that we would see her and her children again. So we rigged up an outfit to make her a visit. We chose the "dark of the moon" because we were less liable to meet Indians at that time. It is well known by all

who lived on the frontier that Indians generally make their raids and do their depredations when the moon shines at night. They can find horses better at night, when they have the benefit of the moon. We didn't have any autos in those days and no carriages either, and if we had had the carriage, we would not have had anything but oxen to pull it. When we were ready for our trip, we stowed ourselves away in an old home made wagon drawn by a good old gentle yoke of oxen that we had borrowed from Aunt Caroline McKinney. She was a widow who had lost her husband, Uncle Thomas, in the Civil War. The crowd consisted of my uncle and aunt, their two little girls, my mother and myself. Our trip was through a veritable wilderness for sixty miles. My uncle was armed with a double-barreled gun (cap and ball), one barrel shot a bullet and the other shot, and a six shooter (cap and ball pistol). We moved along slowly, about 18 or 20 miles each day. The grass was good and we were seldom out of sight of deer or turkeys. It was in summer time. The Leona was not a running stream in the driest time, but stood in water-holes. The weather was dry and hot and when our motive power would see or smell water, there would be no stopping it until it would land in the midst of the water. At one place on the river, we saw moccasin tracks, but my uncle said they were several days old, made during the last light of the moon. We got there all right, and we had a good time.

My father's brother Julius lived near my Aunt Margaret. My aunt had three girls and my uncle had a bunch of boys and a girl. My aunt was a fine specimen of Southern womanhood, and I have always had the greatest respect for her. I have never seen her but once since our visit in 1867. She has long since passed away, but while she lived I respected her greatly. She no doubt heard of some of my escapades and may have thought I was not as good as I should be but I often wished that I could be with her so that she could know me better and know that I was not as bad as the picture would make me. She first married my Grandma Cook's brother, Levi Bates. After several years he died,

leaving no children. She then married Hamilton Bennett, a widower with several children, Alex, Claude, High, and Bill, and a daughter who married my cousin Robert Levi Bates. She became the mother of Tom and W. A. (at present a merchant at Douglas Arizona,) Lee, Millard and Charley. My mother and I lived part of the time with my uncle, E. A. (Anderson) Bates, who had married my father's sister (my Aunt Ellen.) I worked in his store in Uvalde and went to school until we went to my uncle, James W. Cook, in Hood county, who had taught the first session in what became later Add-Ran College.

There were many Indian depredations during the time we were out there, but I never saw an Indian during the time. Some of our friends and neighbor boys met cruel deaths at the hands of marauding bands. In 1871 John Pulliam and Tom Evans were killed. In 1872 Ben Pulliam was killed. A little boy by the name of Arch Cox was also killed.

Those mentioned above were our friends and neighbors, whom we knew well. There were many horses taken by the Indians. It was difficult to keep horses to use on account of them. My old friend and neighbor H. W. ("Zude") Pulliam is now living at Bowie, 24 miles east of Willcox, and when I have the time to spare, I often spend the day with him talking over our boyhood days, and listening to his thrilling experiences and hair breadth escapes from the Indians. He said, "Once me and Need (his brother) were riding out there on the Nueces and saw a lot of horses grazing among some mesquites and we thought they were mustangs, so we thought we would make a run on them and try to rope one of them. We rode along slowly, keeping brush between us and the horses until we had got about as close to them as we thought we could get, or as was necessary, so with our loops ready we made a run at them. A bunch of Indians jumped up and ran for their horses, their long hair and their blankets standing out straight behind them. We were two scared boys, and I guess those Indians were as badly scared as we were. We turned and the way we got away from there wasn't slow. We didn't see anything more of the Indians. They

were lying down, probably asleep letting their horses graze, and we thought the horses were a bunch of mustangs, and we were going to try to rope one of them."

Telling of the time when his brother, Ben, was killed, he said, "Me and Ben were camped together just above the old McKinney pens on the Tortuga. We went out to hunt our horses one morning, and Ben was riding a little red roan horse that I got from George Evans. He was a good pony, but awful slow. It just nearly killed him to catch a cow. I was on a bronc and if you didn't get him off easy, he would buck hard, too. I heard horses' feet running and a lot of shooting, and hurried in that direction. I got there in time to see an Indian run up by the side of Ben and shoot him, and saw him fall from his horse. It was a very brushy country, and as I was close to them, they turned after me. I let my bronc go off slow to avoid a bucking scrape, but as I saw they were getting close to me, I went after that bronc for all the speed he had, and he made a good run, and I left them behind."

He tells of another narrow escape. He said, "We were gathering a bunch of beef cattle, and had a bunch gathered, when the bys left me and a Mexican on herd that day, while they made a run to try to get more. I was riding an old black that the Indians had dropped there when they were on a raid a year or two before, and he was the scarest horse of Indians on earth. When he was on the range he would know if there was Indians in the country. He would come to the ranch as hard as he could run, and he would stay close around as long as he thought any Indians were around. I was sitting there on him that day with my head hanging down, and all at once he snorted, and I believe he jumped fifty feet the first jump, and hit the ground running. I looked back and saw the Indians coming at me in full force. Some were swinging out to one side to cut me off from the ranch. I went straight north, the way Old Black was headed, and as I passed the Mexican, I said, 'Co-re hai vienien los Indios.' He was riding a good horse, one of Ben's horses. Ben was letting the Mexican

ride him to herd on because he had a small skinned place on his back, and he wanted his back to get well. As I passed him I looked back, and instead of following me, he had turned facing the Indians, and they were right on him. Some of them lost no time with the Mexican, but were riding hard to catch me. As I looked back, I saw them with their bows extended, but I saw no arrows pass me, nor heard any. I headed toward the Cox settlement on the Nueces, and when I got there, I got four or five of them to come back with me to try to save my brothers. We hurried back and struck the trail of the Indians beyond where they jumped me and the Mexican. I told them that I knew they had killed the Mexican, because he made no effort to escape. We followed their trail to the Nueces river, and where they struck it there was a bluff about three or four feet high, and they would lead a horse up broad side, and two bucks would give him a shove and over he would go into the water and on to the opposite side. They were all across except one red roan horse. We rode up on them preparing to push him off. Miles Cantrell sat and looked at them in amazement. Old Josh Cox leveled his rifle and fired at them, exclaiming, 'I got one of them, boys, I got one of them.' They both abandoned the horse, jumped into the river, and swam across. I saw no sign of either of them being hurt. We turned back then to where they had jumped me and the Mexican, being satisfied they had missed the boys. Need and a negro were riding together that day, and hearing the shot fired by Josh Cox, they rode over there to see who was shooting, and seeing that horse there with an old Indian hay saddle on him, they stampeded. We went on back to where I had last seen the Mexican, and found him in a deplorable condition. He was not dead, but they had shot him and lanced him, and he was in great pain and pleading for water. We carried him to the ranch and did what we could for him, but he only lived two or three hours. I asked why he didn't try to get away. He said he knew all those Indians and didn't think they would kill him."

The Pulliams came to west Texas before the Civil War, and more peaceable,

better neighbors never lived, but they have had many thrilling experiences and hair breadth escapes from the Indians, and it is very interesting to hear him relate them in his quiet, unassuming way.

I arrived with my mother at Thorp Springs in time to start to school at the new college on the hill at the beginning of the fall term of 1873. The Clarks had bought it, and Randolph Clark was my teacher. I finished that session, which was the last school I attended. It was a good school, and I have realized the benefit I derived from it all through my life. Prof. John W. Mahan was my teacher in penmanship, and I have never forgotten his instructions, and realize they have been a very great benefit to me. After finishing that session, we moved to Coryell county and landed back in Uvalde in 1877.

The hardest work I ever did, the least pay I ever received, and the hardest times I ever experienced was in that abominable place, Coryell. I have always avoided the mention of the name as much as possible, and will let it drop now. My mother was anxious to make a Christian farmer out of me, but she made an ignominious failure, causing me a great deal of trouble and herself too. I arrived back at Uvalde all right side up with care, and went to work for my uncle Julius, first looking after his pasture and cattle on the Leona. The deer and turkey and javelina, or musk-hogs, were very numerous. The first morning that I went out in the pasture for a saddle horse, I killed two deer before breakfast. He furnished me a 44 cal. center fire carbine, 73 model, and all the cartridges I would shoot at musk-hogs, and what I would shoot at deer or turkey, whenever we needed the meat. I have killed these musk-hogs and laid them up in piles. I would generally kill more than one out of every bunch. I had been accustomed to the old brass lock rim-fire snapping winchester and old muzzle-loaders, and when I got hold of the 44 cal. model '73, I thought it would never be improved upon, but the guns of today are as far ahead of it as it was ahead of the old snapping brass locked winchester; but it was a fine little gun in its day.

The western man who had used the old cap and ball guns and the old snapping winchester had a right to be very proud of his '73 model and he was, I assure you. After a few months I went to work for my uncle, Anderson Bates. He was taking out a large canal on the Leona and opening a farm where Batesville, Zavala county, now stands. I worked for him until the next spring, and as my cousin, Rufus M. McKinney, was going to the Clear Fork of the Brazos, I joined him. He had a ranch and cattle on Clear Fork, about fifteen miles above old Fort Phantom Hill and just below the mouth of Bitter Creek. We had a long trip and a pleasant one. His brother, Lucien, was with us. We drove a bunch of saddle horses ahead of us and went up the Nueces by Bull Head and out by the noted Paint Rock on the head of the Llano. There were many pictures and caricatures made on that rock by the Indians. It is said they had made the pictures of many of the old frontiersmen so plainly that they could be recognized. I carved my name and the date that we were there in 1878. The grass was abundant, and it was as pretty a country as any one ever rode over. We crossed the San Saba at Fort McKavett, a beautiful stream with solid rock bottom. Fort McKavett had several companies of the 10th Cavalry stationed there at that time and "Scabtown" was in full blast. Scabtown was on the north bank of the river and on the opposite side from the Fort.

We passed Kickapoo Springs, Lipan Springs, Ft. Concho, old Ft. Chadbourne and on to our destination. There had been a great slaughtering of buffalo in 1877. Their carcasses and bones were in evidence. That was in those days a virgin country, and only a few cattle men with their herds were there. We had for our neighbors, Nick Eaton, Buford and Will Carputter, a horse man, Mr. Ferguson, whose brand was C5 on the neck and 61 on the shoulder. His foreman's name was Orren Baker.

John Pope was foreman for Nick Eaton, and I must not forget to mention "Frogmouth", a negro boy, who worked for Eaton. The late Z. C. Prina was there and Jess Benton of St. David was also up there in those days. The Indians

had about quit making their raids in that country, and it was not long until the home-seekers from the east began to move in. There were some few buffalo in the country at the time we went there. I saw one bunch of probably fifteen and there were other smaller bunches around in what is called the "Shinnery", on the north side of the Clear Fork. There were lots of antelope and wild turkey and deer and plenty of the finest catfish. We made a large dugout on the north bank of the river and made a corral on the south side of the river. It rained a great deal that year and there was the finest grass and water holes all over the country. I will incidentally add, too, that there were mosquitos galore. They punished the horses greatly. Around the camp-fire at night I have known the horses to come and stand in smoke to avoid the mosquitos, and of mornings to be specked with blood from their bites.

Historical Association Elects.

T. F. Harwood of Gonzales was re-elected president of the Texas State Historical association at the annual meeting held Friday April 22, at the University of Texas.

Dr. W. S. Red of Austin was named vice president to succeed Col. A. J. Houston of Pasadena. Other officers re-elected were: Dr. Alex. Dienst, Temple, vice president; Judge George W. Tyler, Belton, vice president; Dr. E. C. Baker, Austin, recording secretary, and Dr. Charles W. Ramsdell, Austin, treasurer.

During the session addresses were heard from J. Frank Dobie on "Cattle Drivers from Texas Before the opening of the Kansas Trails, 1867;" James K. Greer on "Notes on the Texas Declaration of Independence," Harbert Davenport on "Original Characters of the Texas Revolution;" and Samuel E. Ashbury who gave selections from an autobiographical sketch of General George W. Morgan. Biographical sketches of Mrs. Jane Long and Dr. Robert Peebles were given by Mrs. Mattie Austin Hatcher and Miss Winnie Allen when portraits of these persons were presented to the university library by Mr. and Mrs. S. G. White of Hempstead.

The Texas Folk-Lore Society

Prof. Gates Thomas of Southwest Texas State Teachers college, San Marcos, was elected president of the Texas Folk-lore society for the 1926-1927 session at the business meeting of the organization. April 23rd. Miss Adina de Zavala and Col. M. L. Crimmins of San Antonio and Mrs. A. B. Looscan of Houston were elected vice presidents.

The board of councillors, composed of Victor J. Smith of Alpine, Dr. L. W. Payne of Austin and Miss Julia Estill of Fredericksburg, was re-elected. Miss Fannie Ratchford was re-elected recording secretary and J. Frank Dobie secretary and editor.

John Lee Brooks of Southern Methodist university of Dallas, concluded the formal program of the organization with his report on "Paul Bunyon in the Oil Fields." Mr. Brooks related that the famous mythological character of the lumberjacks appears in the folklore of the oil men of various sections in different characterizations. In California, he is a rotary drill operator, and in Texas a rig builder. Many fascinating stories appeared in the paper, the most startling dealing with the million-dollar oil well which Paul Bunyon dug by throwing his hatchet at a worker in a fit of anger, missing him and digging so deep into the ground that oil came spurting out. Paul Bunyan bought Mail Pouch tobacco with his million.

Prof. R. C. Harrison, retiring president of the society, reported on the collection of folklore during the past year, commenting that the attitude of the collectors had become more scientific and more exacting. Miss Adina de Zavala of San Antonio related two legends, and Miss Louise von Blittersdorf of Austin told the story of "The Enchanted Moat." G. T. Bludworth of the state department of education related "The Legend of Caddo Lake."

As the feature of the afternoon program. Henry Yelvington of Three Rivers, a former newspaper man, told of the foundation for many reports of gold mines on the Nueces river. Mr. Yelvington spent his childhood in this country and has picked up a large num-

ber of legends and stories of the source of gold during his life. Mr. Yelvington told the society that he had found two of the best mines, and hoped some day to work them completely. One he has had examined, and found that the yield of gold per ton is between \$2.70 and \$4.75.

"This was a very high grade ore for a lead in limestone formation, as the paying ore in limestone is very deep. We worked at the mine for several months, but never did get back to where the Spaniards left off, because there were too many cave-ins," he said.

Miss Fannie Ratchford discussed the making of legends and Paul Morgan the sources of Texas place names, and J. Frank Dobie told the legend of the "White Mustang."

An old-time fiddling and dance contest, put on by cowboy fiddlers from Bandera county. While Dean T. U. Taylor of the college of engineering of the university called the turns, Sam Sparks led a group of eight in an old-fashioned square dance in the auditorium of the University YMCA to the squeaking music of country fiddlers from Bandera county. The dance closed the meeting of the Texas Folklore society.

Those who participated were: G. A. Cunningham, Sam Sparks, T. U. Taylor, John Creighton, Mrs. J. A. Jackson, Mrs. Lydia Lea, Mrs. A. C. Wright and Miss Eula Peyton.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

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"Six Years With the Texas Rangers"

A Review of Captain Gillett's Book, by Charles J. Finger, in New York Tribune

By all the recognized rules, here is a book that deserves to live. It is a true record. It is a cross-section of a vanished life. It is full of the novel and the unexpected. In it is vigor of narration and homely language. The author has worked to a well conceived pattern and constructed a very definite thing. The end aimed at has been accomplished with apparent ease. And, to make an end of enthusiasm, behind the book you feel the man—a spirited, healthy, optimistic fellow, very determined and able and courageous.

Bruce Smith tells us in his study of the State Police that on January 15, of last year, the 57th District Court of Texas declared the Texas Rangers unconstitutional, and two days later issued an injunction restraining state officials from recognizing the Ranger service. I can imagine Captain Gillett commenting upon that piece of news, full of displeasure and anger, looking like an old lion about to spring. For to him the Ranger service represented efficiency to the nth power. And it was tremendously efficient, with a self-discipline in its units instead of a discipline by definite rules. With its members, self-reliance and independence stood as ideals. There was no uniform and very little working in ordered parties. In appearance, manner, dress and arms the Ranger was quite undistinguishable from those among whom he moved.

And yet there were permanent results. The depredations and outrages of the Apaches and Comanches and Crows and Mescaleros were narrowed down, and in a few years confined to the frontier. After that there were fierce activities in many directions, with border troubles and ruffianism to contend with. There were bandits of the stripe of Sam Bass and Eli Wixon and Starke Reynolds and the Baecas. There were rustlers and cattle thieves and hold-up men, with occasionally an unexpected Indian outbreak such as that of the old war horse, Victorio. There were illegal raids into Mexico, affairs apt to lead to international complications in some of which the

Rangers were not guiltless, as in the Baca case in which Gillett, himself did bold and dangerous things with youthful light heartedness. Memories of all these and much more, have crowded upon the campaigner so that he had to set down what came to him, telling his tale with incredible swiftness. The result is that it is a book admirably suited for reading at hazard. You open it anywhere and are interested. The incredible difficulties and dangers which the Rangers had to encounter in the day's work, and the vigor and energy of the men themselves are effectively brought home to us. I assure you that the book is worthy of the author's reputation, which is no light one among the oldtimers in the Devil's River country and along the Rio Grande from Ysleta to 300 or so miles east. To be sure many a cowboy would chant,

Sam Bass was born in Indiana, it was
his native home,

And at the age of seventeen young Sam
began to roam;

and the song concluded, there would be things said about the outlaw's energy and unselfishness and ardor and his spirit of good, so that it would almost seem as if the lawbreaker's hopes and aims were wider and more inclusive than those of the law enforces; but it soon became clear that it was not the outlaw alone who went into the gallery of heroic figures. The Ranger was there, too, especially Captain Gillett and George W. Baylor. The ethical philosopher may base his judgment on such criteria as he will. The man of action in the wild lands holds fast to his long line of heroes and to them is applied one test and one only—the test of daring.

I am glad that it has fallen to me, who met and knew and once or twice rode with J. B. G., to praise this book, an admirable performance.

We can now supply "The Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang" in pamphlet form at \$1.00 per copy. Edition is limited. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Bill Longley and His Wild Career

Written for Frontier Times

BY THE FRONTIER NATIVE

BIBLIOGRAPHY: The information in this article has been culled from various sources, the Galveston News, the Austin Statesman, weekly papers of 1878, quotations from Giddings Tribune, individual acquaintances of Bill Longley, state records in the office of the Secretary of State and in the State Library, and many personal friends of the writer.

BILL LONGLEY'S name figures in the list of bad men of Texas, yet in the majority of them you can find the primary cause that led from one thing to another until they are outside the pale of law. The careers of Cullen M. Baker, Ben Bickerstaff, Bob Lee, John Wesley Hardin, and Bill Longley bear a striking resemblance to each other in their first stages. The primary cause was the freed negroes, often encouraged by scoundrels and carpet-baggers. In normal times these men would have been normal men. Cullen M. Baker was driven to his first deed by the newly freed negroes; John Wesley Hardin, a boy of fifteen years, defended himself against a burly black giant who was trying to beat him; Bob Lee defended his home and his section against similar forces, although of paler nature. And Bill Longley's first crime was an attempt to protect the white people of the old Evergreen neighborhood in the present Lee county.

William P. Longley, known as Bill Longley to the State of Texas, was born on Mill Creek in Austin county, Texas, on October 6, 1851. He was the son of Campbell Longley, a devout, God-fearing man. On May 9, 1853, Campbell Longley bought the farm one mile west of Evergreen, Lee county, Texas. This part of Lee county at that time was located in Washington county. Old Evergreen took its name from a grove of picturesque and primeval live oaks. Here was located the store near the largest of these live oaks, the blacksmith shop, and the inevitable saloon. The king of the Live Oaks is standing today at Old Evergreen. It is

four feet in diameter, and its huge limbs stretch out in all directions. It is known as the "court huse" live oak. Under its spreading branches the justice was administered by the local authorities. The limbs of this live oak were used to hang the two Dozier boys who were lynched in the early days. For a long while the mark of the noose around the limb could be traced. In addition to these, there was the schoolhouse, which was somewhat to the southeast, two to three hundred yards distant. The village of Evergreen lay on each side of the Austin-Brenham Road that at this place runs nearly east and west. About one half mile west of old Evergreen the famous and historic San Antonio-Bastrop-Nacogdoches Road crosses. A mile southwest of old Evergreen bordering the San Antonio-Nacogdoches Road is located the farm of Campbell Longley. Opposite the Longley gate at the present time, the Daughters of the Texas Revolution have placed a huge granite monument marking the Nacogdoches-San Antonio Road, or the Camino Real. The Longley home was situated perhaps 200 yards from the main highway, on the left hand side as you journey from Nacogdoches to Bastrop. It was about one mile from the Longley home to old Evergreen. At the close of the Civil War in 1865 Bill Longley was fourteen years old and attended the school at old Evergreen, good-hearted, liked by all the boys, and one of the largest boys in the school. This school was taught by Dr. G. D. Wilkerson, who graduated in medicine but in the early years following the War was a school master at old Evergreen. Two of the schoolmates of Bill Longley at the old Evergreen school are living today, Will Grant, now of Giddings, and Ike W. Sparks of Austin. Will Grant and Ike Sparks were among the smallest boys in school while Bill Longley was among the largest. It was a typical old field school where the Webster's Blueback Spelling Book and McGuffey's series of

readers were studied by all. During the noon hour the boys played "One-Eyed Cat," "Bull-Pen," and similar games of the day. Bill Longley supervised the games for the smaller children and, on account of his age, was rather a leader among the school children.

Just after the Civil War the negroes were inflated by their new-given freedom. While the older members of the race were law-abiding and had respect and veneration for their old "Master" and old "Mistis," the younger breed took on airs, were domineering, and were very loose with their talk. Military government had been established all over the South, "carpet baggers" had come to the country; and, sad to say, a few Southern men became members of that band of pariahs and social outcasts known as "scalawags." The young white man of each southern community resented the overbearing rowdy attitude of the negroes. Conditions were growing worse in many Southern communities, and the old Evergreen neighborhood was no exception. Bill Longley, by this time, had quit school, and like other young Southern men, had a six-shooter and a horse. While he had been baptised into the Christian church, the times in 1866 were out of joint, and both sides were ready for the conflict.

FIRST VICTIM

Between the young negroes and the young white men, the inevitable clash came, and one day on the famous historic Bastrop-Nacogdoches Camino Real, about two miles from Evergreen, a burly negro applied the fighting epithet to Bill Longley's father in Bill Longley's presence. This epithet is known to every Southern man, and it is always the signal for a fight on the part of the true Southerner. Previous to this, he had become an expert with the six-shooter to such an extent that he could gallop past a tree and put six balls into it without missing a shot. One of the old settlers informed the writer that on the little creek that runs through the Longley farm parallel to the Bastrop-San Antonio road, Bill Longley practiced until he became a crack shot. Another eye-witness informed the writer that in old Evergreen he saw Bill Longley take both six-shooters

and proved that a two-gun man is a possibility notwithstanding the denials of some of these writers on bad men who live by the sweat of their pens. On this occasion in 1866, an eye-witness says of Bill Longley: "He emptied both six-shooters into a small spot six inches across on the side of a goods box simultaneously." The first epithet was applied by the negro against the name of Campbell Longley and was answered by Bill Longley's ready six-shooter. This negro rebelled against being disarmed and fired at Longley as he dashed away on his horse, but Bill Longley's well-known marksmanship sent a ball crashing through the negro's head. He fell from his horse stone dead. His pockets were turned wrong side out, his horse was given its liberty, a rope was tied round the negro's neck, and he was dragged several hundred yards from the highway into the woods where he was buried in a very shallow grave in a ditch.

FIGHT IN LEXINGTON

The horse was the supreme animal in Texas after the war and it was the ambition of every Southern boy to own a fast pony, a good six-shooter, and a good saddle.

At the age of sixteen, Longley had formed a partnership with Johnson McKowen, and at one of their races the negroes outnumbered them and the boys were forced to withdraw. That very night at the town of Lexington the negroes were having a jamboree, one of their dances or frolics. The whites had all left the town. Longley and McKowen heard of the evil party, went into Lexington heavily armed, and in the midst of the negro festivities, the sixteen-year-old Longley charged into the crowd. Bill was mounted, and his two six-shooters barked with such effect that two negroes were killed outright, and several others wounded. The effect of this arrayed Bill Longley on a campaign against the negroes. There is no doubt but what he had the sympathy of many citizens and practically all of the young white men of the country.

The negroes held Bill Longley in great awe and his name sent terror to their very souls. One day on the H. & T.

C. railroad a new porter passed down the aisle in the smoker and requested one individual unknown to him to move his feet out of the aisle. The man did so, but it was not long before the man's feet were again in the aisle. Again the porter requested him to move his feet out of the aisle. A second time he did so. A third time the porter passed along the aisle and found the feet again in the aisle. This time he roughly threw them out and went on toward the day coach where he met the conductor in the vestibule. He boasted to the conductor, "I threw that white man's feet out of the aisle." The conductor replied, "Did you know that was Bill Longley?" The porter turned white and dashed through the day coach and on through another day coach, jumped off of the rear platform, and took to the woods while the train sped on its way.

THE EVERGREEN CIRCUS

In the days before the railroads came to Texas the old-fashioned, one-ring circus was over Texas. These circuses had one or two elephants, one or two lions, and a few other animals. They always had one or two clowns. They traveled from town to town on two-horse wagons and hired farmers to do the hauling for them. When roads got bad they were stuck and were water-bound or mud-bound for days. In the course of human events one of these circuses came to Evergreen in Lee county, put up their tent and started their show. The country people flocked to it as they always did—men, women, children, from miles around waited for this annual show. They all appeared at Evergreen to this one-ring circus in the summer of 1867 or 1868. Bill Longley, a boy of 16 or 17 years, had already several notches on his gun, mostly of the brunette type, or a deep tan. He and a companion, expert with the Colt's Six, came to the circus, demanded admittance, were refused by the doorkeeper, who was instantly knocked down, and Wild Bill Longley and his companion entered the circus, walked into the ring where the two clowns were sassing each other. The sasses was soon converted by orders from Longley into a "hoe-down dance" when the clowns were ordered to do the

"hoe-down," the "back step," the "highland fling," and the "Irish Jigg." The impetus and inspiring cause of their intense dancing was well directed shots striking the ground as near their feet as Longley and the companion could fire them without crippling. There was an instant stampede. Will Grant, an old schoolmate of Longley's, had begged to take his little sister to the circus; forgetting all about her, he stampeded with the crowd and, as he expressed it, "helped tear down that circus tent" by the wild scrambling to get out to the free and open. Most of the crowd struck a beeline for their homes. Among them was Will Grant. He arrived at home alone, panting and out of breath. His mother made the anxious inquiry, "Where is your sister?" Will had forgotten all about sister and other relatives from Longley's first shot until he arrived at home. In relating the circumstances to the *Frontier Native* he stated that the show was completely broken up and people scattered in all directions without even waiting to tell each other goodbye.

BURLESON COUNTY KILLING

About three months after the first killing, it seems that three negroes came into Evergreen, went into the saloon, and tanked up. When they had mounted their horses, one of them remarked that he had heard that Evergreen was dangerous for negroes and that he would be glad if somebody would try to start something with him. The negroes left and Longley and some others followed and overtook them in Burleson county, about eight miles from Evergreen, with the intention of disarming them. The negroes showed fight, and one of them opened fire and was instantly killed. This occurred about the last part of 1866. On Christmas day the deputy sheriff of Washington county and some others arrived in old Evergreen, but Bill Longley got wind of their coming and escaped on his horse.

KILLING THE SERGEANT

Early in 1868 Bill Longley went west to Karnes county, where he worked for Mr. John Reagan, a large stock owner of that county. He kept in close touch

with the Taylor Clan, and on his return through Yorktown he was mistaken by some soldiers for Charlie Taylor, whom they were trying to capture. The soldiers tried to arrest Longley, but he fled on his well-trained horse. They followed five or six miles in a running gun battle, and only stopped their pursuit when a well-aimed shot from Longley's six-shooter killed the sergeant of the Sixth Ohio Regiment. The sergeant was riding a good horse and caught up with Longley, who by this time had only one shot remaining in his six-shooter. In attempting to fire, he placed his gun against the soldier's body and pulled the trigger, but his hammer caught in the lapel of the soldier's coat, and when he pulled his gun away, it was discharged, killing the sergeant instantly.

WITH CULLEN BAKER

After killing the soldier at Yorktown, Longley returned to his home, but the country by this time was too hot for him and he left for Arkansas in the early months of 1868.

It is recalled that the desperate Cullen Montgomery Baker, who was born in Cass county, by this time was proscribed by the Federal authorities who had a fort at Boston, Bowie county, and were on the outlook for Cullen M. Baker. On his way to the northeast, Bill Longley naturally gravitated into the territory of Cullen Baker, who ranged over Marion, Cass, and Bowie counties, Texas, and Miller and Lafitte counties, Arkansas. On his way to Arkansas he first fell in with a young outlaw named Tom Johnson and threw in his fortunes with him. He went home with this young outlaw to spend the night, not knowing that his new-found friend was a horse thief. That night the house was surrounded by the vigilants and they were both captured. Longley and Johnson were escorted to the woods and hanged from the same tree, several shots being fired into them before the vigilants left. One of the shots hit Longley in the belt by which he carried his gold, but it did no harm. The second shot cut the strands of the rope, and Longley's immense weight of 200 pounds soon caused the rope to give way and he fell to the ground unconscious.

A small brother of Johnson's followed the lynchers, and fortunately, arrived about the time that Longley fell. He cut the rope loose from Longley's neck; and when he recovered, Bill Longley and the younger Johnson cut down the body of Tom Johnson, stone dead. Longley concealed himself in the woods near the Johnson home for many days, and he was fed by the Johnson family. Cullen M. Baker heard of the occurrence, visited Longley in his hiding place, heard the story of Longley's career, and persuaded him to join the Baker Gang. Thus Longley became a full-fledged member of the band of Cullen M. Baker early in 1868. It must be known that Cullen M. Baker would not rob the Southern people, but his principal glory and pleasure were in robbing the government trains and in protecting the Southern people from the scalawags and swell-head negroes.

While he was a member of Cullen M. Baker's gang in the spring of 1868, the Baker gang captured some of the vigilants and among them was an individual who boasted that he had fired the shots into the body of Johnson and also of Longley as they hung in the woods to limbs of trees. At this time Bill Longley was only sixteen and one-half years old, but he was a man grown in experience, in marksmanship, and in daring. He had smelled powder on many occasions and had burned a considerable quantity himself. As a part of his reward he demanded that the captured vigilants be turned over to him. His request was granted; the victim was escorted to the very place where a short while before Longley had been hanged and had been saved by the Johnson child and by a broken rope. The vigilants and former lyncher was hanged to the same limb from which Bill Longley had been suspended a few weeks before. Longley stood off and emptied his six-shooter into the body of the lyncher, but he took special precautions that he did not cut the rope in two and that he made every shot reach a vital spot. His revenge was complete.

He remained with the Baker gang until the early summer of 1868. It will be recalled that General J. J. Reynolds located at Austin early in the summer of

1868, offered a \$1000 reward for the capture of Cullen M. Baker. Longley was no safer with the Baker gang than he was in old Washington county or in southwest Texas with the Taylor Clan. However, he remained with the Baker Gang and assisted in killing from five to seven persons.

THE KILLING OF RECTOR

In the early summer months of 1868, Longley returned to his home one mile west of Evergreen on the old Nacogdoches road, but by this time the Federal authorities were hot on his hunt and the negroes were aiding them as much as possible. The name of Longley struck terror into the hearts of the negroes and his presence in the community sent them to their hiding places. Longley and his brother-in-law, John Wilson, left the Evergreen neighborhood and scouted for several months during the early summer of 1868. It is claimed that on this scouting expedition Longley and Wilson killed seven negroes. Longley and Wilson soon separated, and Bill started for Salt Lake City to visit another brother-in-law, who had moved to Utah. On the trip he joined a cattle driver by the name of Rector, of Bee county, Texas, who was taking a herd of cattle to Kansas. It seems that Rector was an overbearing, high-tempered man. He had some trouble with one of his men and abused this man soundly. Longley made some remark about the difficulty that offended Rector. Bad feeling ensued between Longley and Rector and the result was that they met on a prairie to settle their difficulty with the inevitable six-shooter. Bill's training and experience gave him the advantage, and before Rector got his pistol into play, Bill's gun was pumping leaden bullets into his body, and the six-shooter never stopped action until all six bullets had lodged into Rector's body and he fell to the ground a dead man. This was some exploit for a boy that had not reached his seventeenth year.

KILLING THE HORSE THIEF

Longley had to leave the herd, and one of the cow-punchers by the name of Davis joined him and they headed for Abilene, Kansas

with Salt Lake City as their ultimate goal. On their way they met a party of horse thief hunters who were on the look-out for two cowboys who had stolen two horses the night before. Longley and his friend, Davis, joined the party of hunters, and in their quest they visited a store kept by a man by the name of Cook. While they were eating in the store, the cowboys McClellan and Shelley, rode up. The store was the ordinary western store with whiskey ranking as part of the groceries. The horse thieves imbibed freely and boasted that they were riding stolen horses. They were called upon to surrender, but refused to do so and got away for the time being. The next day Longley and Davis captured the two men, took them to Abilene and collected a reward. Longley and Davis separated at Abilene, Longley continuing his journey toward Salt Lake City.

KILLING OF THE YANKEE SOLDIER IN LEAVENWORTH.

While stopping in Leavenworth, Kansas, Longley was a frequenter of the saloons, and one night a soldier asked him where he was from. Longley replied that he was from Texas. The soldier said, "Well, you ought to be ashamed of it." Longley immediately retorted, "Why?" to which the soldier replied that all Texans were thieves and that there were no virtuous women in Texas. Longley answered, not with his tongue, but with his six-shooter, and the soldier fell dead on the spot. Longley escaped and left for Saint Louis, but he was arrested at St. Joseph, Missouri, and was taken back to Leavenworth and placed under guard. After about two weeks, he succeeded in sugaring the sergeant guard in charge and escaped. He was protected by the citizens and helped in every way possible. After leaving Leavenworth he started for the Pacific Slope by the northern route. He arrived at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and there joined a party of miners headed for the Big Horn Mountains. This was against governmental regulations, and the trip was abandoned on account of the danger from Indians and the prospect of getting into trouble with Uncle Sam. Longley returned and became a teamster for the

government for about three months. Later he opened up a small saloon at a place called Miner's Delight. While located here he made a trip with a party of friends into the mountains and encountered a snow blizzard that was so severe that three of the party froze to death and the others returned more dead than alive. Longley states that he was laid up three months from the effect of this cold.

KILLING OF QUARTERMASTER GREGGORY.

After Longley got up from his sickness due to exposure in the blizzard he took charge of a government corral. He asserts that the quartermaster (a man by the name of Gregory) was crooked and instructed him in the ways and means of "beating the government" and agreed with Longley that they would divide fifty-fifty in transactions that Longley could manage. Following Gregory's advice, Longley succeeded in "beating the government" out of a span of mules and sold them to a party of miners for \$500. He reported to Gregory that he only received \$300 but in some way Gregory found out that Longley was holding out on him. When taken to task about the matter Longley agreed to make it up out of the next deal but this did not satisfy Gregory and he went to his tent, armed himself and returned to the corral hunting trouble. Longley saw him coming and he secreted himself behind a gate post and as Gregory came by Longley fired. While Gregory did not die until the next day, Longley mounted a mule and headed for Salt Lake City. The soldiers followed him and he was captured on the third day. He was kept under guard for nine months during which time he escaped once but was re-captured after a chase of about seventy miles.

KILLING OF CHARLIE STUART

Longley reported that he was tried and sentenced to thirty years imprisonment in the Iowa State penitentiary. However, before he was transferred to the penitentiary he made his escape and joined the Ute Indians where he remained for nearly a year. After he left the Indians he started on a circuitous route from Iowa to Texas. In Morris county, Kansas, near a little town called Parkersville

he got in a game of cards with a man by the name of Charlie Stuart. A quarrel soon developed and Longley being quicker on his draw sent one ball into Stuart's heart and one into his head. Stuart's father offered a reward of \$1500 for the man who had killed his son.

Longley, at this time passing under the name of Tom Jones, encountered two other individuals and they concocted a scheme for getting the reward offered by Stuart's father. The two arrested Longley according to agreement, delivered him to the sheriff and collected the reward. Before leaving town they told the sheriff that they wanted to speak to the prisoner. The sheriff accompanied them to the jail and Longley and his two confederates over-powered the sheriff, gagged him and the three made their escape and Longley received his third of the \$1500 reward.

FROM KANSAS TO TEXAS

Longley, on his return from Kansas, made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Rodgers, who was a counterfeiter, and they soon had a working agreement and were engaged in passing counterfeit money. At Boggy depot in the old Indian Territory they were captured by a U. S. marshal for passing this money. He started with them for Fort Smith but they succeeded in quieting the marshal. Longley asserts that they paid him \$2000 in real money which left them both broke. The two separated, Longley headed for Texas dead broke. In Grayson county, Texas, he met up with Mr. Dan Sawyer who gave him a lift in his buggy as far as Bell county. He informed some one later that he could have made money by robbing Mr. Sawyer, but that Mr. Sawyer had treated him "square" and had helped him when he was "down and out" and that he would not repay his kindness with betrayal. He remained at his father's house several months. While working on his father's farm in Bell county a young man came one day and warned him that a posse was coming from Lee county to arrest him and get the reward of \$1000. On hearing this Longley immediately took to the woods and stayed there until he could send into Belton and get one of the latest models of the Colt

six-shooter. As soon as he got his six-shooter, he mounted a good horse and left for Comanche county.

KILLING OF NEGRO IN BROWN COUNTY

While staying in Comanche county he was sent to the Williams Ranch in Brown county. He arrived at the ranch of Mr. Forsythe and learned that a negro had ridden to the ranch house and ordered Mrs. Forsythe to feed his horse and prepare his dinner. After getting dinner the negro rode to the store where Longley was and as he walked in he met Longley, grabbed hold of his hat, pushed it back on his head and inquired: "Who the devil are you?" The words were scarcely out of the negro's mouth before Longley sent two balls from his new Colt six-shooter and left the negro dead on the floor of the store. He left this neighborhood and started for Gholson's Ranch in Coleman county. He was advised by Mr. Gholson to go on to Frank's Ranch further west and was promised by Mr. Gholson that he would send him word if any danger signal occurred. In a few days a message was sent to Longley to go further west and he, in company with Joe Mitchell and Martin, started for the Colorado River country. They went into camp near the Santa Anna Mountains where they were overtaken by five men. An exchange of shots took place and Longley killed one of the five, but this was a drawn battle so far as capture was concerned. After four or five days he returned for a brief visit to his father's home in Bell county.

LONGLEY'S CAPTURE IN EDWARDS'S COUNTY.

After the Santa Anna Mountain fight Longley returned to his father's home for a few days and rested himself and his horse. Then he started on a new search for a safe place in which to locate. He finally landed in Mason county and met Sheriff Finley, who had received a printed description of Longley. Longley at that time was traveling under the name of William Henry. The two became rather chummy; they talked, gambled, and drank together. Longley was on the alert, and one day Finley had

completed plans for the capture of Longley, and he arrived in town with two assistants. They invited Longley to go to a saloon and have a drink. Bill was on his guard every second of the time. The result of the interview was to make an engagement for a game of cards that night at a certain saloon before they separated. Longley never kept the engagement, but he mounted his horse and that night made hurried tracks for Fredericksburg, in Gillespie county. He had been in Fredericksburg only a short while when the sheriff of Mason county and a friend met him in a barroom. His suspicions were now confirmed. He made another date for a game of cards that night in the old Fredericksburg town, but again Longley mounted his trusty horse and this time left for Kerrville. Before this Frank Eastwood, a noted desperado, had been killed and the citizens were on the alert for outlaws. The atmosphere was decidedly uncomfortable for Bill Longley, and he left for the west and headed toward Edwards county. He camped on the High Divide the first night out and awoke the next morning to find himself surrounded by nearly a hundred men with sheriff Finley at their head. He arose with a six-shooter in each hand and informed the crowd that he would die in his tracks before he would surrender to a mob. Sheriff Finley informed him that he had a warrant for his arrest, and after a long parley, Longley agreed to surrender. He was taken successively, to Kerrville, Fredericksburg, and to Austin. At Austin Governor E. J. Davis informed Sheriff Finley that he could not collect the reward. A cousin of Longley's, William Patterson, gave Finley \$563 in gold for Longley's release. Some reports are to the effect that Longley broke jail in Austin, but it is a fact that he "borrowed" a horse from its owner in East Austin, secured two six-shooters, and left for his father's home in Evergreen. He returned the horse within a few days by his brother. It must be remembered that Richard Coke became Governor of Texas at midnight on January 14, 1874, and Edmund J. Davis ceased to function as Governor of Texas. It is certain, therefore, that the capture of Longley in Edwards county between Kerrville and

Rock Springs must have taken place before January 1, 1874.

THE KILLING OF A MEXICAN IN FRIO COUNTY

Longley's next activity was in Frio county. It seems that he and a Mexican had a horse trade and that in a short while the owner of the horse traded by the Mexican appeared, demanded his horse, proved ownership, and secured the animal. Longley demanded redress from the Mexican. The Mexican refused, and one word brought on another until Longley's six-shooter settled the matter and left the Mexican dead.

THE KILLING OF LEW SAWYER ON THE DRY FRIO.

Old settlers on the Dry Frio report that Lew Sawyer was a very bad man and a very dangerous man. There had been some previous trouble between Bill Longley and Sawyer. Longley, under the name of Swift, followed Sawyer to the Dry Frio. By a ruse Longley and a companion induced Sawyer to go to a certain place by sending him word that they had killed a fat cow and would divide the beef with him. On the journey, by a maneuver, Sawyer was riding a little ahead of Longley and his companion. On account of their positions, Longley and his companion had every advantage of Sawyer, but Sawyer saw the trap and succeeded in firing twice at Longley and his companion before either could fire. Neither of Sawyer's shots took effect, and Longley and his companion shot him. Sawyer ran off and hid himself in a thicket where Longley and his companion followed and put an end to him. After the killing of Sawyer Longley took Sawyer's gloves, rode to Sawyer's house, asked Mrs. Sawyer if Lew had returned home. She replied that he had not. Longley threw the gloves in the yard as he exclaimed, "Here are his gloves. He never will return."

LONGLEY'S FIRST LOVE AFFAIR

After killing the Mexican in Frio county, Longley started east and stopped awhile in Madison county, where he met Bill McKiver, an outlaw. Here Longley met a young lady

with whom he fell in love, and it is asserted that this was the first time that he had ever been impressed. The two went blackberry hunting, and while plucking the blackberries, Longley attempted to kiss this fair Madison girl. She became highly incensed and started to walk home. Longley finally persuaded her to get in the buggy, because he foresaw that there would be trouble as soon as her brother found out that she had walked home. The brother afterwards did learn of the attempted kiss, and arrangements were made to have an old-fashioned duel over the matter. But friends of the parties prevailed, and Longley soon left Madison and went to Fort Ewell where he had a row with a gambler by the name of Dave Clark, whom he shot, but did not kill. From Fort Ewell Longley returned to Madison county, saw his sweetheart for the last time, and passed on to the East.

IN THE TANAHA

Longley arrived in the land of the Tanaha, which had been the scene of bloody feuds thirty years before. At Logansport he learned that a negro had insulted an old white man and took it upon himself to avenge the insult by killing the negro. On the road west in Angelina county he came across a negro and a white man in a violent fist affray in the road, and he immediately came to the rescue of the white man and shot the negro. On this trip west he passed through Lovelady, in Houston county, where he became involved in a dispute with a negro. He hit him on the head with his six-shooter, inflicting only temporary injuries. Here Longley found himself out of money, put up his horse at a raffle, took two of the first chances, threw first, and while the others were drawing their lots, he mounted his horse and rode away to the west.

IN BASTROP COUNTY

He continued westward to Bastrop county and secured employment as a field hand on the farm of William Baker on Walnut Creek. He told William Baker that he was a distant kinsman and that his name was Bill Baker. One of his brothers was working on the same farm at the same time. While working for William Baker, he heard one Satur-

day afternoon at the neighborhood store that Jim Brown, the sheriff of the newly created county of Lee, was on his trail. The next day he had a talk with Mr. Baker and said to him:

"Mr. Baker, I am not your kinsman; I am that hell-roaring Bill Longley. It's getting too hot for me in this country and I must leave."

KILLING OF WILSON ANDERSON.

While on the Baker farm, Longley heard that a cousin of his, young Cale Longley, had been killed by Wilson Anderson near Evergreen. Old settlers informed the writer that young Cale Longley and Wilson Anderson were riding horseback together when the accident occurred. Anderson reported that Cale was riding a fractious horse and that the horse threw him and he was killed by the fall. But the elder Cale Longley, known as Old Cale Longley, was evidently convinced that Wilson Anderson had killed Young Cale. Bill Longley quietly returned to the neighborhood, heard the story from his uncle Cale, and became convinced that Wilson Anderson was responsible. Wilson Anderson was plowing on his farm when on April 1, 1875, Longley suddenly appeared at the end of a row with a double barrel shot gun in his hand. Longley fired one barrel of the shot gun and hit Anderson, who exclaimed,

"Oh, God, what did you shoot me for?"

"Longley replied, "Just for luck."

There were no eye witnesses to this tragedy, but one of his sixteen-year-old classmates met him in the neighborhood the day before. Longley was mounted on a mule and was heavily armed. He demanded of this old schoolmate whether he knew him. The schoolmate was wise enough to deny the recognition. Longley escaped from the neighborhood, but later he returned and visited a relative.

A friend by the name of Wash Harris was at the house and he said to Harris, "I understand that you said that you are afraid of me. I would not hurt a hair of your head, because you have never harmed me. I did kill Wilson Anderson because he killed my cousin Cale."

This direct testimony and statement to Wash Harris three years later appear-

ed as part of the testimony that hanged Bill Longley.

KILLING OF GEORGE THOMAS

About the first of April, 1875, Longley was continuously on the dodge. He secured work on the farm of Captain Sedbury about eight miles above Waco, on the northeast side of the Brazos River about two miles below Chalk Bluff. On Saturday nights Longley was in the habit of going to the store of Frank Jones on the old Dallas-Waco road about two miles from the Sedbury farm. One Saturday night Bill Longley and George Thomas got into a game of cards after Frank Jones had retired to his rooms in the second story of the store building. Longley and Thomas fell out over the game of cards, and hot words were exchanged. Thomas ran to the store, banged on the door, and called to Frank Jones to come down and either sell him or loan him a pistol. While he was thus engaged, Longley approached and fired one shot. Thomas fell dead in the doorstep. A few minutes later when Jones opened the door he found Thomas dead on the doorstep. After the killing of Thomas, Longley returned to Captain Sedbury's farm, packed his clothes, gave Mrs. Sedbury his real name, and told her about the trouble, and left McLennan county in company with another young man.

KILLING OF REV. ROLAND LAY OF DELTA COUNTY

On June 23, 1876, Governor Richard Coke offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest and delivery inside the jail doors of Delta county, Texas, of one William Black alias William Longley, for the murder of Reverend Roland Lay on June 13, 1876. Old settlers in Delta county verify the account to the effect that in June, 1876, a man by the name of William Black passed through the northern section of Delta county near Ben Franklin; that he became infatuated with the daughter of Rev. Roland Lay and made some arrangements to work for Mr. Lay. Later Mr. Lay on learning that Black was a notorious character protested against the attention paid his daughter by Black. Black made some threats against Mr. Lay and immediately Mr.

Lay instituted proceedings to have Black placed under a peace bond. Unable to furnish the required bond, Black was placed in jail where he remained for several days. He succeeded in burning his way out of jail, got possession of a horse and gun and made his way toward Ben Franklin. He found Mr. Lay in the cow lot milking and shot, killing him instantly and made his escape.

This is one version of the killing of the minister, which has been handed down through the years. But the true facts are stated by Mrs. Will C. Havens, now of Ben Franklin, Texas, who sends the following account of the killing of her father, Rev. Roland Lay:

A DAUGHTER'S ACCOUNT OF THE KILLING OF HER FATHER.

"I will try to give an account of the killing of my father, Rev. Roland Lay. I know only what my grandparents told me, as I was only a six weeks old baby at the time of my father's killing and the only girl in the family—so there is a mistake in the account that was sent you. William Black, or Longley, came to this country a stranger. Father hired him to make a crop. Longley was paying his attention to a neighbor girl by the name of Lavinia Jacks, and he received an April Fool letter with a little slur. The letter was placed on a tree at father's home and Longley became angry and accused father of being implicated in writing the letter, and they had a quarrel over it. Then Black (Longley) threatened my father's life. Father had him put in jail at Cooper, Texas, and on June 13, 1876, he burned out of jail, went to the home of the girl's father (Jacks) got a gun, went to my father's home at night and hid, waiting for daylight and the appearance of my father. Father arose about daylight on the morning of June 13, 1876, and went out to the cow lot to milk the cow. He, Black, shot father while he was milking the cow, and made his escape. Father lived until late in the afternoon. Black said, after killing father, that he had killed fifteen other men before he killed father. This is about all that I can tell you about the killing."

THE CAPTURE OF BILL LONGLEY

The killing of Wilson Anderson, George Thomas, and Reverend Roland Lay caused a flood of rewards to be offered for the capture of Longley. Governor Coke on August 24, 1870, offered a \$250 reward for the capture of Longley, but on June 23, 1876, after the news reached Governor Coke that Longley had killed Reverend Poland Lay in Delta county, he cancelled the reward of \$250 offered for killing Wilson Anderson and offered one of \$500 for the Lay murderer. Many sheriffs had his description and among them was Captain Milt Mast of Nacogdoches. He obtained from W. A. Knox, district clerk of Lee county, the following description of Longley:

"He is about six feet high; weighs 150 pounds; tolerably spare built; black hair, eyes, and whiskers; slightly stooped in shoulders. Those that know him say that he can be recognized in a crowd of 100 by the keenness and blackness of his eyes. There are several large rewards offered for his capture, one of \$250 being offered in Lee county."

Captain Milt Mast got on Longley's trail with the result that he and William Burrows of Nacogdoches county captured Bill Longley near Keatchie, DeSoto Parish, Louisiana, on Wednesday, May 13, 1877. Captain Mast took no chances either for Longley to draw his gun or with extradition papers. He was not over ten miles from the Texas border, and he made tracks with his prisoner for the Texas line and traveled straight through the country in a hurry from Keatchie to Henderson, Texas, a distance of about fifty miles. He arrived in Henderson, Texas, on Friday afternoon, stayed all night with his prisoner in Henderson, and took the train the next day for Giddings, Texas. They took the I. & G. N. train from Henderson to Palestine and then to Houston, taking the H. & T. C. on to Giddings. The Austin Statesman of June 21, 1877, mentioned the fact that "Bill Longley, now in jail at Giddings, is credited with killing thirty-two men." He was probably delivered to the jail in Giddings on the 18th or 19th of May. The total amount of rewards offered for Longley's capture amounted to \$1050. While in

jail Longley related the following account of his capture to an old schoolmate:

He finally landed in Louisiana and as fate would have it, entered land from the sheriff of the county, lived at the sheriff's house, and remained there for several months. The sheriff and Longley were both hunters, and on every opportunity they roamed the forest in search of game. While living in the sheriff's house, Longley fell in love with the sheriff's daughter and they became engaged. Finally Longley told her that he would not marry her under false pretenses, and he informed her that his real name was Longley and that he was the noted Bill Longley. The girl informed her father, and the father with a deputy sheriff planned for the arrest of Longley. The sheriff on some pretenses induced Longley to visit the farm one morning, and while he was gone the deputy secured himself in the house. On the return of the sheriff and Longley to the house, the deputy suddenly appeared in the door with a double barrel shot gun drawn on Longley, and he ordered him to "Put 'em up!" Longley threw up his hands, sat down on the porch, and laughed at the sheriff and deputy, telling them he was just stringing the young lady and telling her fairy tales. He almost convinced them that he was not Longley, but finally he confessed that he was Longley. He told them that they had better tie him and tie him hard and fast.

HANGING OF BILL LONGLEY

Bill Longley was hanged on October 11, 1878, in the northern part of Giddings. This spot now is marked by the houses of the water and light plant and is about 150 feet from the tracks of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad. Shortly after his conviction on September 4, 1877, he was taken to Galveston and placed in jail there on September 14, 1877. Notice of appeal was given on September 11, 1877. The supreme court approved the decision of the lower court and the mandate was issued on March 30, 1878.

The day of the execution opened with a murky morning and with rain threatening, but this did not deter the crowds from coming in along the highways and byways and bridle paths, afoot, in wagons, and on horseback. Toward mid-

day the crowds disappeared and the little town of Giddings was thronged with a crowd of 4000 people. --Negroes were plentiful. He had been their most relentless foe, and they were rejoicing in his conviction and the near approach of his execution. While in Galveston in jail Longley professed religion and united with the Catholic church. Reverend Father Spillard of Austin was with Longley the night before he was hanged and on the morning of the hanging. While Longley was in jail at Galveston Father Chambodut was his spiritual adviser. He baptised Longley and Longley joined the Catholic church.

Some weeks before the execution there was some apprehension that Longley's friends would attempt his rescue, but Governor Hubbard sent Captain Jim Lucy, now of Austin, to Giddings to investigate the matter. Captain Lucy spent about one week in Giddings, returned, and reported to the Governor that there was no probability of an attempt being made to rescue Longley. However, it is believed by some that Longley expected rescuing up to a few days before the execution.

About 1:30 P. M. on October 11, 1878, Sheriff Jim Brown and his special guards took Longley out of the jail and the melancholy march began. Inside the ambulance with Longley were Sheriff Jim Brown, two deputies, Reverend Father Spillard of Austin and Reverend Father Querat of Houston. The gallows was erected of framing timber and was thought to be abundantly strong. Longley ascended the stairs with a cigar in his mouth and with rather a jaunty tread. The stair steps vibrated as he ascended about a quarter past two, and Longley exclaimed:

"Look out, the steps are falling," and laughingly added, "I don't want to get crippled." On the way from the jail to the gallows an exceedingly strong guard escorted the ambulance with forty men under Captain Z. P. Egleston and fifty infantry under Captain W. G. McLenmon, the whole being directed by Chief Deputy Brown, all arranged in columns of fours.

On the scaffold Sheriff Jim Brown spoke to the crowd that was surrounding the jail, stating that this was the first

judicial hanging in Lee county and that he trusted there would never be another. He evidently did not relish the position in which he was placed. It is recalled that before this, Jim Brown on April 11, 1870, bought the old Longley farm one mile south of Evergreen and was residing in the house formerly occupied by Bill Longley.

Longley spoke from the gallows as follows:

"Well, I haven't got much to say. I have got to die. I see a good many enemies around me, and only a mighty few friends. I hope to God you will forgive me; I will you. I hate to die, of course; any man hates to die, but I have learned this by taking the lives of men who loved life as well as I do. If I have any friends here I hope they will do nothing to avenge my death, if they want to avenge my death, let them pray for me. I deserve this fate. It's a debt I owe for my wild, reckless life. When it is paid, it will all be over. I hope you will forgive me; I will forgive you; whether you do or not, may God forgive me. I have nothing more to say."

Prayer was offered by Father Querat, after which Longley did a very spectacular and unlooked for thing. He kissed Sheriff Jim Brown and the priest, shook hands with everybody on the scaffold, raised his hand, and in a clear, ringing voice exclaimed, "Goodbye, everybody." Several from the crowd responded with a last farewell. The black cap was drawn, the rope adjusted, and the signal given. The drop was almost 12 feet. The rope slipped on the beam and stretched to such an extent that Longley's feet touched the ground and his knees were bent so that they were nearly on the ground. Sheriff Brown and an aid soon raised the body and adjusted it so the body would swing clear of the ground. Longley groaned twice and his feet were raised three times. After hanging slightly over eleven minutes, Doctors Gasley, Fields, and Johnson pronounced him dead. After the body was cut down Dr. Brown took the head in his hands and turned it completely through 180 degrees. Also the deputy sheriff from the adjoining county made the same test. Sheriff Brown placed the body

in a covered hack and conveyed it to the cemetery in the western part of the town and buried it outside the fence that enclosed the cemetery.

TRIAL OF BILL LONGLEY

Bill Longley was tried before Judge E. B. Turner in Giddings. The trial opened on the morning of September 3, 1877, and the jury was selected without much trouble. The trial proceeded with surprising swiftness. The main witness for the state was Wash Harris, who on a visit to a kinsman several miles north of Giddings, met Longley one night. In conversation Longley assured Harris that he had no grudge against him and would not hurt a hair on his head, and he added, "I did kill Wilson Anderson because he killed my cousin Cale. I did it to avenge his death for Uncle Cale." After Harris left the witness stand he passed near Longley, who upbraided him for his testimony. The court met on the morning of September 3, and the jury was empaneled. The testimony was presented, and the case was argued and given to the jury on September 4th. The jury retired and after one and a half hours deliberation, reported their verdict as guilty and sentenced Longley to hang. Judge E. B. Turner seemed more affected at the verdict than Longley himself, who heard the verdict with the composure of a Stoic.

While in the Giddings jail on July 7, 1877, Longley gave an interview to a reporter. Longley was in splendid health, had a confident air, and seemed absolutely convinced that he would get out of jail and escape. He made the remark, "I have got out of tougher places than this."

After studying the whole case, the writer's opinion is that Longley was absolutely convinced that he would either break jail, be rescued by his friends, or escape in some other way. Dame Fortune had been good to Bill Longley in this respect, and he had had many narrow escapes. He had escaped from prison twice in the northwest territory, had burned his way out of the Delta county jail in June 1876, about one year before he was captured, and in addition to this after he was placed in Giddings jail, he heard that two prisoners, Alec

Thomson and John Shaw, had broken out of that self same jail on January 5, 1877, about six months before.

It is believed that he gave up hope of a rescue or a jail delivery only a few days before his execution. At one time during his trial, or being escorted to the court house, while heavily handcuffed, he attempted to brain one of his guards with the handcuffs. A tremendous scuffle took place in the streets of Giddings. Sheriff Jim Brown was walking near, heavily armed, and some were surprised that Brown did not shoot him. Whether Jim Brown's forbearance was caused by his anxiety to carry out the law or personal friendship for Bill Longley or for Bill Longley's father, is not known. The kiss that Bill Longley gave Jim Brown a few seconds before he swung into eternity is significant. What did this kiss mean? Was it the kiss of friendship or forgiveness?

The following appeared in the Panola Watchman, June 27, 1877, credited to the Henderson Times:

A MURDERER CAPTURED

On yesterday evening. Captain Milt Mast of Nacogdoches county and W. M. Burroughs of the same county, arrived in Henderson, having under arrest one William Longley, a notorious murderer of Lee county, Texas. Captain Mast was corresponding with friends in Lee county and by this means got on the track of this desperado. He and Mr. Burroughs captured the prisoner last Wednesday near Keatchi (De Soto, Parish) Louisiana, at a point about ten miles from the Texas line and about twenty miles east of north from Logansport, La. They will take the train today for Lee county where they intend to deliver him to the proper authorities. A \$1050 reward has been offered for his arrest by different counties. He says he has killed thirty-two men. Captain Mast requests all those counties that have offered rewards for William Longley to come and settle up. Captain Mast was furnished with the following letter from the district clerk of Lee county, which suits the description in every particular:

Giddings, Lee County, Texas.
May 18, 1877.

M. Mast Esq.,
Nacogdoches, Texas.

Dear Sir:—

Your esteemed favor of April 24th was received today. Allow me to thank you for your interest in the arrest of criminals. Longley is today the worst man in Texas—he has committed many murders in this vicinity—he has even murdered a woman. He is about six feet high; weighs 150 pounds; tolerably spare built; black hair, eyes, and whiskers; slightly stooped in shoulders. I have been told by those who know him that he can be recognized in a crowd of 100 men by the keenness and blackness of his eyes. There are several large rewards offered for him by citizens, one from this county for \$250. He has assumed names. You will have to take advantage of him—he will fight and is a good shot. Please keep me posted—we want him. Our sheriff once followed him to the Louisiana line. Thanking you and tendering you all official courtesy that I may be able to render, I am

Very respectfully yours,
W. A. KNOX

BY THE SWEAT OF THEIR PENS

From a well-known magazine published in 1901, the writer quotes the following:

"Similar incidents occur in the history of nearly all the men who have worn the crown of terror in the frontier towns. As bad a man as any country ever knew was Clint Haworth, horse thief and a dozen times a murderer. He was known from one end of Teas to the other for his violence, and gloried in the terror his name excited. Riding into towns and making the storekeepers shut up shop while he was there was his favorite amusement. He was the sort of bad man who makes tenderfoots dance and shoots the cigars from the mouths of strangers. He was a good enough shot to do this successfully, as a rule; but if he missed, and put a bullet into the man instead, it did not worry him. Yet Haworth submitted to being knocked down and then run out of the country by Bill Longley the first time they met. "Longley was pretty bad himself. He

was a stage robber, and is said to have killed seven men in a single year. His kingship was undisputed until John King—King Fisher, he insisted on being called—met him at Victoria, Texas. Longley had been bullying a barroom, as he was accustomed to do. He was of the pale, wiry, desperado type, and particularly liked to harass and subdue big men. Along came King Fisher, the same who pre-empted the country highway and held it for his own exclusive use. King was one of the little dark men who look so deadly. He talked a while to Longley, and then deliberately pulled him around by his yellow mustache, slapped his face in the presence of all the crowd that Longley had been bullying a moment before, took away his six shooter, and throwing it on the bar, demanded a bottle of wine on the great Will Longley's pistol. All through the episode Longley made not the least resistance. When it was over he slipped away, and never tried to run another town or to kill another man. Indeed, he became so tame that the authorities ventured to arrest him for an old murder, and to hang him for it."

The Frontier Native has studied the history of Longley for several years, and has talked to his friends and to his enemies, to peace officers, and to schoolmates, and can say positively that the magazine article does not describe Bill Longley. These long range writers who are fighting the battles of the West and writing up the bad men in a swivelled chair in the East and who would not know a bad man from a peaceable cowboy, make the Frontier Native exceedingly ill and give him a pain and a feeling of nausea. Re-read the magazine article, Fellow Texan, note the following errors: "Stage robber"—Bill Longley's old friends and schoolmates living now in Lee county, Texas, and in Austin, Texas, have all united in the statement "Bill Longley was no thief." Second error: "Yellow mustache"—Bill Longley had coal black hair, coal black whiskers, coal black mustache, and piercing, keen black eyes. "Yellow mustache!" Shades of Ananias!!! What next? Third error: "Never tried to kill another man"—If Longley was ever in Victoria and the saloon incident actually occurred,

the Frontier Native can count at least four killings after the Victoria incident. Fourth error: "So tame that the authorities ventured to arrest him for an old murder." He never became tame. The "old murder" for which he was hanged was committed after the Victoria incident, if the Victoria incident actually occurred, and he threw up his hands in Louisiana on June 13, 1877, only after he was looking down the two muzzles of a shotgun with both barrels cocked.

SUMMARY OF CHARACTERISTICS.

Longley had two fatal weaknesses that led to his capture. When he was on the dodge in east, south, west or north Texas, if he stayed long at a place and became friendly, he would eventually divulge his real name to some friend. He told his real name to Mr. Baker of Bastrop, to someone in Delta county, and to his sweetheart, the sheriff's daughter, in DeSoto Parish, Louisiana. The other characteristic was his love for the old Evergreen neighborhood. He would go off into distant sections and to the uttermost parts of the world, but finally he would try to return to his old neighborhood. He had many friends in the old Evergreen neighborhood, and in fact, has them now; and two of them have vouchsafed the following statement: "Bill Longley was a better man than the man that hung him"

PEACE AT LAST

For many years the grave of Bill Longley was unmarked save for a few rude flint rocks that marked the outline of his last resting place. Within the last few years some friends, acting upon the assumption that Bill Longley paid his last and final debt to the State of Texas and the community deserved something more than a few pebble stones, erected a headstone out of a petrified, hollow log, which now projects some eighteen inches above the surface of the ground at the head of his grave with the concave part facing west. This petrified headstone evidently came from a tree about 16 inches in diameter which during the ages was split into quarter sections, the two radical lines making approximately a right angle and the thickness of the

sector being four inches at the south end and five inches at the north. The surface slightly projecting above the surrounding terrain is roughly strewn with flint rocks, and when recently visited, there was a small three-lobed cactus plant growing on the surface, and nearly over his heart was a single lone violet with no surrounding companions. The

grave is in the center of a small circular opening in the post oak trees, this opening or glade being about forty feet in diameter with sentinel post oaks surrounding the rude grave. There is no name or date to indicate who sleeps beneath. Does the lone violet represent to his friends his good deeds and the thorny cactus his spectacular career?

The Daddy of All Hail Storms

Written for Frontier Times by A. Huffmeyer, San Antonio, Texas

On the evening of May 19th, 1868, the most violent and destructive hail storm that ever fell upon this country struck San Antonio and portions of the surrounding territory. I was then in my thirteenth year, and was a student of St. Mary's College, and I very distinctly remember the havoc it wrought. After supper on the date mentioned, about 7 p. m., the students were all out playing on the campus, and we noticed a greenish looking cloud coming up from the northwest, with a terrible roaring sound. In about fifteen minutes the storm hit the town. Its first approach was a terrific windstorm, which filled the air with dust and rubbish until you could not see anything. The brother in charge on the campus ordered everyone inside, and we had hardly entered the building before the bombardment began. Hailstones, or chunks of ice weighing from one-fourth pound to over two pounds each fell fast, and literally destroyed every living plant exposed to it. Luckily the scope of country in the path of the storm was small. It started northwest of the city about Helotes, and took in a stretch of country four or five miles wide, and spent its force about three miles below the city. There was absolutely nothing left in its wake. Fields of corn, waist-high, were cut down, and all of the fruit trees were trimmed of leaves and fruit, and the beautiful gardens were beaten into the ground. Thousands of chickens, turkeys, and birds were killed, dogs, calves, sheep and goats were also killed, and there wasn't a roof, door or window left on the north side of the buildings. You can imagine the predicament the

people found themselves in. After the hail had ceased, rain fell in torrents for about thirty minutes and the damaged roofs leaked like sieves. Every business sign which hung suspended in the city was destroyed.

During the hailstorm the brother in charge of us was badly frightened. He thought the world was coming to an end, and got down on his knees and prayed like a good fellow, and asked us boys to do likewise. We were all so frightened and seeking a place of refuge under the desks to keep from being struck by the chunks of hail that were coming through the broken windows and doors we couldn't think of praying. Next morning we could see the destruction in its worst form. There were some large cottonwood trees standing in the adjoining lot to the school campus, and we could see where the hail had knocked the bark off of them on the north side. There wasn't a green vestige of anything to be seen, and the whole region looked as if it had been swept by a fire.

This happened long before the railroad had arrived, and all the lumber and glass and tin had to be freighted from New Orleans by boat to Indianola and from there to San Antonio in ox-carts and wagons. It took from two to three weeks to make a round trip to Indianola, provided the roads were dry. There was only one lumber yard here then, that of Ed Steves, the father of the present owner of the Stevens lumber yards, and he had a very limited supply of glass and tin on hand. This supply did not last long the next morning after the hailstorm, and the majority of the

people had to wait to have their windows and their roofs repaired until the new supply arrived. Fortunately, in the matter of shingles, the country up and down the Medina and Guadalupe rivers had a goodly supply on hand, as the shingle-making industry on those two streams was at its peak about that time, and proved to be a Godsend to the poor old pioneers living in these regions. They would cut down the choicest cypress trees and saw them to the required length and then make a split shingle and pack in bundles of a thousand, which made a bundle almost as large as a bale of cotton. They would use young saplings, two and a half to three inches in diameter as binders, and haul them to market on old ox-wagons, receiving from \$3.50 to \$4.00 per thousand for their shingles. The old saying, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," is here illustrated in two instances, namely: Ed Steves, the lumberman, showed his keen business ability by sending two men, one up the Medina river and the other up the Guadalupe, on the best mounts he could secure, right after the storm, so they would be on hand bright and early the next morning before news of the disaster could reach there, and bought up every available shingle he could get hold of at the normal price, which proved to be a very profitable investment since the demand for shingles was so pressing people were willing to pay almost any price to have their roofs recovered. In the second instance, the saloon-keepers were benefitted for a week or two by having the luxury of serving ice cold drinks to their customers since there was no artificial ice made at that time. The hail the next morning after the storm was found drifted against walls and fences from two to three feet in depth, so they all got busy and laid in a supply which boosted their business for the time being.

The nearest approach to that storm, in my experience, fell on the head of the Medina river about May 15th, 1885, I think it was. There was a tremendous rain after that storm also, which raised the Medina river about May 15th, 1885, as the flood waters were rushing down past Bandera we could see the surface of the water was literally covered with hail-

stones, some as large as hen's eggs, so the reader can imagine what size they must have been when they fell. Then we could see thousands of dead fish, large and small, floating along with the hail. The fish had been chilled to death. On the 4th of July, 50 days after this storm, a pic nic party near the head of the river found quite a chunk of ice under a large drift which had protected it from the sun, and thus they were unexpectedly treated to ice lemonade and water.

In conclusion I will say that the storm in San Antonio on May 19th, 1868, made such a lasting impression on my memory that never does an anniversary of the storm come around but what I am reminded of it, and I venture to say that many of the old timers who were in it remember it as well, and I hope and pray that I will never live to see a recurrence of it.

"A REFUGE."

By Mont Hurst.

Give a thought to Oklahoma,
Haven of the Indian tribes;
For the Red Man's no more a roamer,
Whose deeds of hunting history inscribes.

Departed are the painted warriors
Gone for aye are wigwams too,
But in their places are citizens now
Who live and learn as white men do.

Our Indians are not vanishing Americans,
They are more today than ten years ago,
So doff your hat to Oklahomans
Real Americans, we'll have you know!

Certain Back Numbers.

We have a limited number of certain back numbers of Frontier Times which we offer at 25c per copy while they last. Or we will send a set of fifteen of these numbers, including the two pamphlets, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," and "Adventures of a Micr Prisoner," for only \$3.50, cash with order. These numbers are made up of issues of May, June, July, August, October, November and December 1924; February, March April, May, June, July, August and September, 1925. Issues not mentioned in this list cannot be supplied. If you want one of these sets order early, for the quantity is very limited. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

The Border Command

Colonel Martin L. Crimmins, in the Army and Navy Courier

USED BY PERMISSION

I have frequently been asked if Robert E. Lee visited El Paso and other places in West Texas. It is hard to tell very much about his life, as he never wrote anything concerning his career and campaigns. It was said that he was waiting for a convenient season. But he waited too long. That is why I have to quote his letters and other records to show where he was at different times while stationed in Texas.

Captain Robert E. Lee, Topographical Engineer, was with General John E. Wool, when he advanced from San Antonio, Texas, late in September, 1846, into Mexico. He wrote his wife from Rio Grande, October 11, 1846, "We have met with no resistance yet. The Mexicans who were guarding the passes retired on our approach. There has been a great whetting of knives, grinding of swords, and sharpening of bayonets ever since we reached the river." He crossed the Rio Grande river near the Presidio of San Juan Bautista on October 11, 1846, en route to Mescalero, Mexico.

Christmas, 1846, found them at Saltillo; it was his first Christmas away from his wife and family, and he had planned to write long letters home, when he was called to arms and wrote about his deferred Christmas dinner. "The little roasters remained tied to tent pins wondering at their deferred fate, and the headless turkeys retained their plumage unscathed."

Lee was an intense lover of his home and family, he was deeply religious; glimpses of his letters are therefore shown to bring out these points.

Lee next arrived in Texas in March, 1856, having been promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Dragoons, from Captain, Topographical Engineer; he wrote his wife from San Antonio March 20, 1856, "tomorrow I leave for Fort Mason where Colonel (Albert Sidney) Johnston, and six companies of the regiment are stationed. Major Hardee and four companies are in camp on the Clear Fork of the Brazos about forty miles

from Belknap. I presume I shall go there. I have left it with Mr. Radiminski (a native of Poland, and a Lieutenant of the Second Cavalry), to make provisions for the journey, and have indicated that I would be content with a boiled ham, hard bread, a bottle of molasses and one of coffee extract. All of which were provided." This was Camp Cooper five miles east of the mouth of Oteys Creek in Jones County, Texas, in the Panhandle. It was on the Comanche Indian Reservation. It was established February 1st, 1856, and was abandoned February 21st, 1861. The camp was called after the Adjutant General of the Army, Samuel Cooper, who later was a Major General in the Confederate Army.

Colonel Lee, in June, 1856, was sent with four companies of his regiment, in pursuit of the Comanche Indians, who were committing depredations in that part of the country. Although he did not come in contact with them, his pursuit extended a knowledge of the topography of the country, which was of great value as Colonel Lee was a topographical engineer, and no salient feature of the terrain escaped his observation. This was the largest command that Colonel Lee had held in a campaign, as he had but recently been promoted from Captain of Engineers.

From Camp Cooper, Texas, he wrote to his wife on August 4, 1856, about her father, George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General George Washington, and the grandson of Martha Washington. He said that instead of making the patriotic speeches, like her father did on that day, he spent the day in a weary march of thirty miles, on one of the branches of the Brazos River, and was resting under a blanket elevated on four sticks driven in the ground as a sunshade. He writes, "The sun was fiery hot and the atmosphere like a blast from a hot air furnace, the water salt, still my feelings for my country were as ardent, my faith in the future as true, and my hopes for advancement as unabated."

ed as they would have been under better circumstances."

On August 25, 1856, he wrote his wife, "that he was leaving for the Rio Grande on September 1st and would pick up Major George H. Thomas at Fort Mason." Fort Mason was on Comanche Creek eight miles above its confluence with the Llano River near Mason in the center of Mason County, one hundred and ten miles northwest of San Antonio. It was established June 7th, 1851, and abandoned March 23, 1869. Colonel Lee wrote "this post has the advantages of Camp Cooper in providing habitable though homely quarters for officers and men."

On October 3, 1856, he arrived at Ringgold Barracks, Texas, after twentyseven days in consecutive travel—a distance of seven hundred and thirty miles. He had been ordered there as a member of a general Court Martial to try his old friend, Major Giles Porter, whom he hopes will clear himself of the charges against him, and writes to Mrs. Lee,— "I am writing with much inconvenience from a stiff finger caused by a puncture from a Spanish bayonet while pitching my tent on the road, which struck the joint. Every branch and leaf in this country, nearly, are armed with a point and some seem to poison the flesh. What a blessing the children are not here; they would be ruined."

Ringgold Barracks was given that name July 6, 1849. When it was established October 26, 1848, it was called Camp Ringgold, and on December 30, 1878, its name was again changed to Fort Ringgold. It is at Rio Grande City.

From Ringgold Barracks, he wrote on October 24th, 1856, "Major Porter had for his counsel, two Texas lawyers, a Judge Bigelow and a Colonel Bowers, very shrewd man, accustomed to the tricks and stratagems of a special pleading, which of no other avail, absorbed time and staved off the question." He wrote from Fort Brown, near Brownsville, which had been established during the war with Mexico on March 28, 1846. It was just before Christmas, and his family were at their home in Arlington, Virginia. "Though absent my heart will be in the midst of you and I shall enjoy in imagination and memory all

that is going on, may nothing occur to mar or cloud the family fireside, and may each be able to look back with pride and pleasure, at their deeds of the past year and with confidence and hope to that in prospect."

On December 27, 1856, he wrote Mrs. Lee from Fort Brown, about the mail having arrived by steamer, and adds,— "in this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country." Later on he says, "is it not strange that the descendants of those Pilgrim Fathers who crossed the Atlantic to preserve the freedom of their opinion, have always proved themselves intolerant of the spiritual liberty of others?" He had after considerable effort, collected Christmas presents for every child at Fort Brown. He said the boys' presents did not give him much trouble, as they were satisfied with knives or books, but by starting a week before time, during his daily walks, he made a diligent search and collected the following presents for the little girls. "A beautiful Dutch doll—one of those crying babies that can open and shut their eyes and turn their heads, etc.; some handsome French teapots to match the cups given to two little girls by others, and a pretty singing bird for another little girl."

On January 27, 1857, he wrote Mrs. Lee from Fort Brown—"do not worry yourself about things you cannot help, but be content to do what you can for the wellbeing of what belongs properly to you." From Fort Brown on February 16th, he again wrote Mrs. Lee and on March 27th, he wrote to his youngest daughter from Indianola, Texas, "it has been said that our letters are good representatives of our minds. They certainly present a good criterion for judging the character of the individual." And he writes about a cat in San Antonio, "he had two holes bored in each ear and in each were two bows of pink and blue ribbon. His round face set in pink and blue, looked like a big owl in a full blooming ivory bush. He was snow white and wore the golden fetters of his innamorata around his neck in the form of a collar." He tells of visiting Mr. and Mrs. Monod, with whom he passes the

night, when he landed in Texas in 1846 to join General Wool's army.

He writes Mrs. Lee from Indianola March 28th, 1857, and he must have left the same day for his post, as we find him en route at Fort Mason on April 4th, which would make him travel about fifty miles a day, which would have been about twice as fast as his trip coming down to Fort Ringgold. He arrived at Camp Cooper on April 19th, 1857, after an absence of seven months. He said he did not meet any Indians and felt as safe as if he was in a crowded city. On June 6th, he writes of the intense heat at Camp Cooper and how a little boy had died from the heat, and later on, June 22nd, he describes how he read the funeral services over another little boy, the son of one of his sergeants.

Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, being ordered to Washington to take charge of the Utah Expedition, Colonel Lee took command of his regiment, the Second Dragoons. On October 10th, 1857, Colonel Lee's father-in-law died, and he went to Washington to settle the estate, consisting of the Arlington House, seven hundred of acres, and a mill at Four Mile Run, and considerable property in Alexandria and Fairfax Counties. General McClellan took the contents of the Arlington Manison in 1861 and they were turned over to the National Museum at Washington. Part of this property was returned to General Lee's daughter, Mary Custis Lee, in 1891, and an effort is now being made to recover by purchase or donation, the balance.

Colonel Lee arrived at Arlington on November 11, 1857, and soon after returned to his regiment in Texas. Colonel Lee was again on leave of absence at Arlington in 1859. He was transacting business connected with his duty as the sole executor of the Custis estate, when John Brown made his raid on the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry on October 16, 1859, with the purpose of arming the negroes so that they might murder the whites. The Secretary of War ordered Colonel Lee to take command of a battalion of Marines from the Navy Yard at Washington, and troops of the Regular Army at Fort Monroe, Virginia, and march on Harper's Ferry. On December 1st, 1859, he wrote Mrs.

Lee that he received orders February 9th, 1860, assigning him to duty commanding the Department of Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio. He relieved General David Twiggs of command February 21st, 1860.

Juan N. Cortina, the Mexican bandit, was causing considerable trouble. He had first stolen horses in Mexico and brought them over to the American side and sold them. Soon there were no other horses in Mexico that he could steal, so he then proceeded to the American side to steal horses to sell in Mexico. In the first case, the Texans smiled at his thefts, in his second case, they became indignant. Captain William G. Tobin, of San Antonio, led a force of volunteers that defeated a party of Cortina's bandits. Colonel Lee took the field himself on March 15th, 1860, in pursuit of Cortina. Cortina's band was defeated and scattered by Major Samuel P. Heintzleman on April 11th, 1860.

Colonel Lee wrote the Mexican Government that in ease Cortina made any more raids in American territory, and then returned to Mexico, that he would pursue him on Mexican soil. Cortina did not bother the Americans again during Colonel Lee's time.

On June 25th, 1860, Colonel Lee wrote to Mrs. Lee about the Festival of St. John in San Antonio, and how everybody rode a horse, mule or burro, and avorted around the streets.

While in San Antonio Colonel Lee lived at the "Hostelry" kept by Mrs. Phillips, where the Leonard House stood in 1860, on the south side of the Main Plaza. He was summoned to Washington in February, 1861, and reached that city in March. He was offered the command of the United States Army, but declined to fight his State, and after Fort Sumter was fired upon on April 12th, 1861, he tendered his resignation April 20th, 1861, his resignation was accepted April 5th. He was put in command of the military and naval forces of Virginia April 23, 1861, as a Major General in the Confederate Army.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Old Cowmen Tell of a Big Steal

From the Kenedy (Texas) Advance, April 15, 1926

The following unusually interesting account of a happening in this section of more than fifty years ago, was related not long since by A. M. Nichols, well known citizen of this city, to S. C. Butler. Mr. Butler remembered the details of Mr. Nichols' narrative, and during an idle hour recently committed the facts to paper, and which were later verified by Mr. Nichols. Mr. Nichols was sixteen years of age at the time:

It was one bright moon light night in the month of March, 1875 that a man by the name of Frank Fountain at the head of about thirty cowboys, came in quietly on San Antonio river and Escondido. The men spread out, fanlike, up the creek. They spread out, fanlike, up the five miles wide, and drove out all the cattle that could be found within that radius. By daybreak the next morning they came together a few miles above where the town of Kenedy is now located. The rustlers had herded together a bunch of cattle to the number of some 9000 head, and which they proceeded to drive on west. By making a hard day's drive they reached the Atascosa creek in Atascosa county, at what was then the Peacock ranch.

Bill Irvin, a cattleman of Atascosa county, by accident, came up on them in their day's drive and recognized the brands on the cattle as belonging to cattlemen on the San Antonio river and Escondido creek. Having his suspicions aroused he rode on and when out of the herd, he put spurs to the splendid animal he was riding, and with all speed possible headed for the Conquistador crossing on the San Antonio river, where he knew Wm. G. Butler was encamped. Here he notified Mr. Butler of what he had seen. Mr. Butler immediately dispatched Sam Calvert, a cowhand, on a swift horse with a message to J. M. Nichols, who was then living about one mile south of the present town of Kenedy, with instructions to notify all cattlemen below and also Goliad and Bee county cattlemen. Mr. Nichols in turn sent a man post haste to notify J. M. Choate, P. B. Butler, S.O. Porter and others, and Mr.

Porter sent runners to Buck Pettus and Edd Lott, and they spread the news in Bee county to John Wood, John Claire, Pat Burk, John Linney and other cattlemen in that section.

Bill Irvin had reached Mr. Butler's cow camp about sun-up, and Jim Nichols was requested in Mr. Butler's note to him to get all available men and come to his camp as quickly as possible. Mr. Nichols had seven men besides himself, all riding good horses and well armed, the party being composed of Mr. Nichols, J. A. Martin, Geo. Little, Craig McAda, Frank Oneal, Thomas Nichols, Sam Calvert, and myself, reaching the Butler camp on the Conquista, 5 miles south of where the town of Falls City is located, about 8 o'clock that night. Mr. Butler and Manuel Coy, supplemented with the recruits headed by Jim Nichols, immediately left camp, and in less than an hour's ride struck the trail of the stolen cattle, and which was easy to follow in the bright moonlight. All night long we rode, and at 4 o'clock in the morning stopped to get a little sleep and to let our horses rest and graze.

Little time was spent in loitering however, and by daybreak we were up and proceeding on the trail of the cattle. Shortly after sunrise we ascended a high hill and looking down into the valley below a distance of a mile or such matter saw a large herd of cattle,

After viewing the cattle we halted for a few moments' consultation and to examine our pistols. It will be remembered there were only ten in our party, while Fountain was at the head of thirty men, supposedly grim-determined rustlers who would not hesitate to take every possible advantage. The fact that we were outnumbered failed to daunt the spirit of our bunch however, and regardless of the fact that a fight was expected as soon as we got in range. Previously Mr. Butler had been selected as leader of our party and following him we rode unhesitatingly into the herd. Mr. Butler rode up beside Mr. Fountain and spoke to him, as I remember it, as follows:

"My name is Butler and I understand

that you have some of our cattle in your herd, and that you have said that you would not allow your herd to be cut. We have come to cut out our cattle." To this Fountain replied: "Mr. Butler, you or anyone else who have cattle in my herd can cut them out. I am no fighter and no cattle thief, as Mr. Calvert, who is with you, knows me." Fountain had recognized Sam Calvert as an old school mate. At this juncture Calvert let out a loud laugh, and addressing himself to Fountain, stated: "I told them if you were the same Frank Fountain I knew that you wouldn't fight—and was an honest man." These few words relieved the tension, everything calmed down and Fountain ordered his men to bunch the cattle. We at once proceeded with the work of cutting out our cattle and which continued throughout the day. Before sundown we had cut 2700 head and many more were left to be cut out the next day.

We drove our cattle about a mile away and stopped them for the night, standing guard over them by turns. About noon the next day we had finished cutting and added about 1800 head to our bunch.

With 4500 head of cattle under herd we drove them about ten miles in the direction of home and stopped for the night at Uncle Dan Brister's, on the Lapan creek. The next morning we got word that another herd of cattle had been located on the Atascosa creek. Leaving three men to herd the cattle at the Brister place that day Mr. Butler took four men with him and went to look over the herd. Along in the later afternoon the party returned driving about 1200 head they had cut from the other herd. As we were very short of rations we butchered a big fat speckled cow, and Mr. Butler detailed me to cut up the meat and barbecue it. I had built a scaffold about 4 feet wide and 12 feet long, and about 1½ feet high with an axe and spade I borrowed from Uncle Dan, and built a big fire. While it was burning into coals. I had cut up the meat and placed it on the scaffold, with the coals underneath, and kept the fire burning all day. The meat was well cooked by the time they came in with the other cattle. Uncle Dan Brister's folks had cooked up a wash tub full of bread and

also prepared vve gallons of coffee.

Meantime, the Goliad and Bee county cattlemen were gathering with all haste. Sam Porter had neither slept, eaten or drank for 72 hours. About dusk we saw them coming, 100 strong. Among them I remember was Buck Pettus, Ed and Will Lott, John Linney, Sam Porter, John Wood, John Claire, Bud Jordan, Babe Moye. The old speckled cow I had spent the day barbecuing was cleaned up that night by bed time. It was a hungry bunch that descended on us there on the Brister ranch.

I can never erase from memory how Sam Porter looked as he came riding up with his horse covered with foam. Two long six-shooters dangled from his belt, and he was wearing a pair of high heeled boots to which were attached a pair of Rowell spurs. A handsome handkerchief was around his neck. He was a typical Texan and he looked as vicious as a Mexican lion. From the run of his conversation it would not have been very healthy for Frank Fountain if he had happened to show up at that time. Porter was under the impression we had let Fountain off too lightly, and was not at all in a good humor, after having sat in the saddle for three days and nights. The reader can imagine what would have happened to Fountain if Sam could have caught sight of him. After a hearty supper he quieted down.

Fountain, it developed, was not working for himself, but had been employed by another party to put up a Kansas herd.

The following morning we were all up before daylight, and with Jim Nichols and Edd Lott in charge of the outfit we headed for home. Mr. Butler and most of the others headed west towards the Frio river in search of more cattle.

After a long day's drive we arrived at the San Antonio river opposite Panna Maria, where we watered our cattle. In the meantime Mr. Butler had sent Calvert to move his camp to this point, and it was a glorious sight as we beheld the camp wagon, all hands being hungry, tired and thirsty.

The cattle were held over another night and the next day Edd Lott cut out the Goliad and Bee county cattle and headed them down the river.

J. Frank Dobie Digs for Texas Legends

Vivian Richardson, in Austin American-Statesman, April 24, 1926

"Thirty-one mule loads of silver it was, and they buried it there by a live-oak tree—"

But did they?

Four hundred years ago English grandmothers whispered many stories of Robin Hood, but they whispered no stranger or more numerous tales than are told today of buried treasure in Texas.

It takes Professor J. Frank Dobie, secretary of the Texas Folk-lore society and English instructor in the University of Texas, who has dug up many a hill for buried treasure and travelled thousands of miles to gather new legends, to tell the story right. From the palm trees along the Rio Grande to the bleak prairies of the Panhandle, there are doubloons and Spanish gold, silver bars and lost mines, and if you'll dig in a certain hill where a certain tree leans to the east—so the people say. But:

"In one Texas town there is more color of legend and history than can be found in the whole state of Iowa," Professor Dobie, who has had as many exciting experiences as perhaps characterized Coronado's expedition to America during the years he has spent gathering legends, said. "The southwest, particularly rich in such material because of its Spanish background, literally abounds in lost mines and buried treasures if legends could be relied upon as facts."

Because he believes that folk-lore and legend best express the spirit of the people of the southwest, Dobie has been first in editing a unique volume entitled "Legends of Texas" which has attracted nation-wide attention. This work has recently been supplemented by a series of ten articles on "Legends of the Southwest" now appearing in the Country Gentleman. Dobie is now compiling a new volume of the "Legends of Texas" with, he says, an abundance of material, and intends later to bring out a volume relating typical legends of the whole southwest.

In gathering such material, Professor Dobie has ridden burroback, horseback, in wagons, hacks and automobiles; he has spent months listening to old-timers'

tales around camp fires and other months helping spade about in the earth for buried silver and gold.

"One summer I got on a horse at Beeville, rode a hundred miles to a ranch near Cotulla and from there went in an automobile 75 miles farther—still in Texas—to hear stories about the San Caja Mountain," Professor Dobie said in telling of his experiences. "I questioned all the old-timers I knew, several Mexicans I met, and every person I could hear of who knew something of the San Caja legends."

And he got the legends!

They are particularly interesting bits in which the San Caja (meaning Holy Box and supposed to be significant of the treasure chests hidden thereabouts) Mountain is represented as once being the hiding place of Mexican bandits who guarded in their cave a roomful of old Mexican square dollars, golden candlesticks, and silver-mounted saddles. A fire dragon is supposed to have killed the robbers and thereafter guarded the treasure so well that even until today Mexicans will not venture near the supposed location of the cave.

Another story which Dobie heard on this trip was that Mexicans on their way from the lost Nueces Canyon mines to the City of Mexico, having lost their way and failed to find water they had heard of, buried nine jack loads of silver bullion under a great rock on top of San Caja Mountain. Due to the drouth, all members of the party save one perished on the 70 mile trip to the Rio Grande. This survivor made out a chart showing the location of the nine jack loads of silver bullion; copies of this map must have been widely circulated, although the survivor himself never returned. Many persons have attempted to locate the treasure, among them being the adventurous E. M. Dubose of Mathis, Texas.

"Dubose and his fellow explorers blasted a certain likely looking rock off," Dobie relates in his "Legends of Texas," "And under it they found a tinaja (rock hole) six feet deep, but no bullion in it."

Every summer this professor who believes in the romance and history of early Texas goes out to explore treasure hills or learn new legends. While spending one summer on his uncle's ranch near the Nueces river, Dobie went with a party of treasure hunters who were going to "witch" for the 31 mule loads of silver.

"One of the men had an instrument which he claimed would locate the silver by 'witching,' with crooked sticks for water. Well, we went to the supposed location and witched and witched. At last the instruments seemed to work and the owner marked off a space where we should dig," Professor Dobie related. "The Mexicans set to work, constructed a small derrick of mesquite limbs, and sent down a drill we had brought for the purpose. Water, of course, was necessary to operate the drill and this we had brought there burroback. Down, down went the drill while we stood and watched eagerly. Twenty feet, thirty feet, and at last thirty-five feet was reached and still the drill bit hungrily into the earth without striking any silver bullion. The witchers' gave up, said he couldn't imagine what had attracted his instrument unless it was platinum or quick-silver, and we packed our donkeys and went home."

But after they got home, and Dobie told the story to his friend, a pioneer doctor, the doctor laughed.

"Of course you didn't find it," he said. "There were not 31 mule loads of silver, anyway; it was only one mule load and it was gold doubloons, not silver. And it was not buried where you dug, but farther over on the river."

Then he told the story of Tumlinson. Tumlinson has come to the doctor with belief in the one mule load of gold doubloons years before, Tumlinson heard the story from a Mexican who had heard it from the Mexican who had a map showing the treasure's location. That had been 20 years before, but Tumlinson and the doctor set out to find the money.

"First you will find charcoal," the Mexican had told Tumlinson. "Dig two feet farther down and you will find a saddle blanket. Two feet farther you will find mule bones, senor, and only two feet farther you will find human bones;

Then, two feet farther, senor, you will find the gold doubloons, one mule load of them!"

The doctor and Tumlinson began digging as directed. And first they found the charcoal, just as the Mexican had said! Next they found a layer of dust that might have been a saddle blanket pulverized by age. Their digging became hurried. They worked frantically, eagerly. Then came the animal bones—the doctor was certain the moulded joints were animal bones, possibly mule bones. And two feet farther down they found the skeleton of a human hand! "I have operated on 250 gunshot men," the doctor said in telling the story to Dobie. "And I've seen 119 more gunshot men whom I did not operate on. That's the reason I know the skeleton we found was the hand of a human being."

But just as they were going to dig farther still to where the gold doubloons were said to be, their wagon caught fire and burned up with all their provisions. So they were forced to return to their homes at once without delving deeper into the earth.

"The doctor has since concluded that their method was wrong," Professor Dobie smiled. "He tells me that in place of digging two feet directly into the earth each time, they should have dug two feet lower down the slope of the hill. He intended to follow this plan and try again to find the gold and I—well, the doctor is a good talker and knows many interesting stories, so I don't mind digging while he talks. I shall go with him."

But these are only a few of the treasure hunts Professor Dobie has gone on. Many of them have taken place on his uncle's ranch, the J. M. Dobie ranch in LaSalle county, Texas. One of these trips was led by five men who dug down 25 feet and excavated a hole so large a wagon and team might easily have been buried in it, but found no treasure.

Despite these disappointing experiences, certain treasures have been recovered in the Southwest. Legends tell of many hundreds of dollars found at one time or another, and Professor Dobie knows of a "few small finds."

"I know of 800 Mexican dollars having been found under a mesquite tree in Atascosa county many years ago; I know of about 400 dollars in Mexican coin that were rooted up by hogs in Frio county 40 years ago," he said. "Doubtless other actual finds over the country could be recorded. Whatever the facts, few men of imagination can listen to the enthusiasm of the true treasure hunter without becoming infected with his glamour."

While excavators were preparing the foundation of new buildings on Soledad street in San Antonio, several hundred dollars in silver was found, according to old residents of the city. Louisiana, for many years playground of Lafitte, pirate and romantic explorer of the Gulf coast, was the site of a discovery only two years ago. Prejean and Mouton, two Cajan farmers, plowed up two chests of real Spanish ingots and rare jewels in their sugar cane field on Pecan Island, near New Iberia, La. The treasure, supposed to have been buried by Lafitte more than a century ago, was unearthed on March 19, 1924, according to a story appearing in the Beaumont Enterprise written by a Louisiana correspondent.

Perhaps it is because of these infrequent finds that treasure tales remain by far the most numerous and the most popular. These include, of course, the lost mine stories, the Texas classic being the story of the lost San Saba or Bowie Mine. Expedition after expedition has set out to rediscover this mine, for as many people believe in buried treasure and lost mines today as believed in the extravagant Robin Hood tales of England 400 years ago. Up to date no one has succeeded in locating the old San Saba mine, purported to be a veritable hill of silver, but variously located on the San Saba river, on the Frio, and on the Llano. Several hundred different stories, alike in many details, have been related about this mine alone.

Another example testifying to the interest of the people of the southwest in buried treasure is the weedgrown graveyard, stripped of its dead and its graves left gaping, in Live Oak County, Texas. Forgotten for perhaps a hundred years, the last grave of this lonely cemetery was entered by treasure hun-

ters only two years ago. They found nothing but the century-old bones of a man, just as had earlier treasure hunters who dreamed dreams that came to naught.

Second in popularity among the romance-loving Southerners are lovers' legends—legends of lover's leaps and lover's ghosts. Almost every county boasts a lover's retreat, a lover's leap, or an enchanted rock or canyon about which colorful tales are told.

Stories of the supernatural rank third in popularity, according to Professor Dobie. Mysterious women, midnight music, and chiming bells play an interesting part in most of these with an occasional ghost or haunted house thrown in for good measure.

Despite the fact that Professor Dobie's work shows a completeness unequaled by any other folk-lore collector in the Southwest, he did not become especially active in the gathering of legends until about six years ago.

"How did it happen? Well, I am a native Texan," Professor Dobie smiled. "I grew up on a Live Oak county ranch among cowmen, cowboys, and Mexicans. The prickly pear and the mesquite are as dear to me as the heather of the Scotchman, and the stories of buried treasures, lost mines and lost canyons have always intrigued me. So it was I spent most of my boyhood days listening to half-historical, half-legendary tales told among ranchers, the country folk, and the Mexicans. In 1909 I became a member of the Texas Folk-lore Society, which had been organized at the University of Texas through the efforts of John A. Lomax and Dr. L. W. Payne."

During the war Dobie served as lieutenant in the field artillery in France. Upon his return he found that the Folk-lore Society had been inactive during the war and it was largely through his efforts that the society was revived although he disclaims all credit. At that time he was made secretary and has held the office ever since.

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The Famous Runaway

Clipped from the LaGrange Journal, September 18, 1902

Sent to Frontier Times by Miss Bettie Croft, Winchester, Texas

Austin, Texas—Mrs. Mary A. Anderson, surviving widow of that noble old Texas veteran, Mr. Washington Anderson, is now living in this city, and although resting under the weight of eighty-three years and over, her mind is clear and active and she still delights to dwell upon the scenes, trials and struggles which the pioneers encountered and overcame in achieving liberty and independence for their posterity. After a rough voyage of eight days on the gulf, her father, mother, their four children and a number of slaves were landed at the mouth of the Brazos River on the 10th day of February, 1835. The vessel in crossing the bar struck bottom three times heavily before reaching its anchorage. Before coming into port, however, the pilot and a highly educated and fine looking, handsomely dressed Spaniard boarded their vessel, and the latter made an address of welcome, to which Mrs. Anderson (then Miss Glascock, still in her teens) had to reply. "But," says she, "the truth is I was so badly frightened that I never did know what I said. There was cholera on board and twelve deaths had occurred during the voyage, and I was afraid the pilot and the Spaniard had come to tell us we could not land, but quarantine regulations on that occasion were not mentioned, and soon we had the full liberty and freedom of Texas soil. On that memorable day in my history the weather was simply superb, and the ladies were all attired in white dresses and wore sun-bonnets.

"Here my father bought one horse and two wild mules, and with these the family managed to go on and reach Washington county by riding horse and mule back. In those days those bold and courageous pioneers were always equal to any emergency, and never shrunk or ran from any obstacle of difficulty that came across their path. If they did not have ways and means on hand, they soon provided substitutes and expedients, and as Sam Jones would express it, 'they always got there.'"

They remained in Washington county about six or eight months and with a whip saw her father's negroes sawed the first lumber ever used for building purposes in the old town of Washington.

The family then removed to Bastrop county in Austin's "little colony." Just before leaving old Washington she saw for the last time that noble patriot Wm. B. Travis, with whom she had become acquainted, endeavoring to enlist volunteers for the Alamo. They hardly became settled in Bastrop before the famous and historic retreat upon the Sabine, commonly known among old Texans as the "runaway," began. Her father was away in the army, and the retreat was so sudden and the confusion so great, that they had no time for preparation. They left everything, except she and her mother each took a small trunk with a few necessary articles and treasured keepsakes. As Mrs. Anderson said:

"I will tell you what I had in my trunk. Among other things I had my Bible and a copy of Chesterfield. The Bible I still have but Chesterfield was borrowed so much by the young men in those days that I could not keep track of it, and I finally lost it. We started on our retreat in the day time and passed through the town of Bastrop, then an old dilapidated looking town of a few houses, about midnight. It was entirely deserted except by a guard of twelve soldiers left there to protect the families still in the rear and coming on to join the main body now in full retreat, from raiding Mexicans and lurking Indians. Ours was the last family to pass, and at that silent and solemn hour of night, the dense gloom which enshrouded the deserted town, was ominous and oppressive. No ray of light greeted us; not even the bark of a friendly dog, nor the crowing of the barn yard cock, yea, no sounds of civilization came familiar to our ears as we went plodding our weary way through the gloom and darkness which enveloped us with death-like stillness, not knowing to what doom

we were traveling. Next day we overtook the main body of non-combatants, about 300 in all.

"When we reached the Brazos River there was no ferryboat there. The men had to improvise ways and means for crossing. They lashed two canoes or dugouts together and transferred the caravan and its conglomerated mass of goods, wares and chattels in the following order: 1. The wagons, carts and sleds. 2. The commissary stores. 3. The women, children and old men, and lastly they swam the horses, mules and cattle across. You can imagine the scene presented on the banks of the Brazos better than I can describe it. With difficulties obstructing our progress, and the dread of rapidly pursuing Mexicans continually haunting us by day and by night, confusion simply run riot. The men were cursing and swearing, the women were praying, the children were screaming and the dogs were barking. I pray the good Lord to deliver this and all succeeding generations from the trials, hardships and vexations of spirit we endured from first to last on that very memorable retreat. I walked every step from the Colorado to the Sabine, a distance of 300 miles. As we passed through Nacogdoches not a woman or child could be seen. I remember, however, seeing one Cherokee Indian lurking or spying out what he could see. It was at the Trinity that we received the news of Fannin's massacre. This news brought grief, consternation and increased fears into our midst, and with renewed efforts we pressed forward to the Sabine. Here at the Sabine we camped two or three miles from the river, and I remember seeing about 200 United States dragoons pass through our encampment going in the direction of General Houston's army. General Gaines of the United States army was concentrating his troops at Fort Sabine on the east side of the river.

My father's wagon and horses which he had sent to Louisiana to secure supplies for the family, had been impressed by General Gaines' order, and they were kept about six weeks removing troops and equipments from Fort Jessup to Fort Sabine. We remained two years on the

Sabine after the battle of San Jacinto. My husband was present, when Santa Anna was presented to General Houston under the tree, and heard what transpired. Returning to Bastrop we found nothing left us but our empty house. Everything we left there had been stolen or carried away during our two years' absence. It was during our residence in Bastrop county that I stood in the yard early one morning and counted twelve shots fired on the premises of Captain Robert Coleman. Captain Coleman had previously been drowned in the Brazos River. On the morning that I heard the shots the Indians murdered and captured the entire family. The little boy, whom Captain Coleman affectionately nicknamed his "Daniel Boone," was carried away, and, as far as I am informed, was never heard of again. After living several years in Bastrop county we moved to Williamson county and established a grist and sawmill on Brushy Creek, in the vicinity of Round Rock. At that time there were forts established at different points along the Colorado to protect us against the incursions of Indians, and at Webberville an old block house was built. My husband was one of the commissioners who laid out the original town site of Georgetown. Judge William E. Jones of Gonzales held the first district court and Mr. Anderson was the foreman of the first grand jury ever held in Williamson county. The grand jury sat under a majestic oak that stood quite near the present residence of Mr. Joseph Cluck, and it was only in session an hour or two, and adjourned without finding a single bill of indictment, and on being discharged the judge made the wish 'that the county would always remain as law-abiding and free from crime.' The oak in question was the beginning corner in laying out the town, and it stood there in its majestic beauty and glory until a few years ago, when it succumbed to the fury of the wind and storm. I have a picture of it as it lay upon the ground, shattered and ruined. Those who have taken shelter from the scorching rays of the sun in years gone by, under the friendly branches of that stately old tree and have preceded me to that bourne from whence no traveler

returns' would make a respectable colony in the spirit land."

Mrs. Anderson permitted the reporter to take an invoice of her collection of relics, and among them are: An old darning squash used by her mother more than 100 years ago, a petrified potato, a snuff box, a sewing bird, a string of beads, a table tidy on which is neatly worked with the needle the verse from Pope, "Teach me to feel another's woe," etc., also the Bible presented to her by her father in Alabama in 1833. All these relics were carried and preserved

through the dangers and stirring scenes through which she has passed since her arrival in Texas in 1835. She also has a reel which General Houston whittled out at a campmeeting at Huntsville while listening to the sermon.

This interesting old lady is one of the few pioneers who came to Texas as early as 1835, and her mind is remarkable for the clearness and vividness with which it retains the events, occurrences and achievements which in those days of primitive habits and customs changed the geography of the world.

The Tonkawe Tribe

Written for Frontier Times, by Colonel M. L. Crimmins, Fort Sam Houston

The Tonkawe Indian referred to in the May number of Frontier Times were reported by Benard de la Harpe (Margry Decourvertes), VI, 277-279, 207 years ago and he spelled their name Tancouye. On account of their erratic habits they were scattered all over the middle and southern part of Texas. There was one band in Fayette county in 1842, another near Corpus Christi in 1847, and still other bands near Waco and the upper course of the Brazos river. Parts also lived along the Rio Grande. It is probable that they first lived in the interior, as the words such as canoe, boat, island and fish, were not simple short words, as with us, but compound explanatory words. The word for island, "taimai ay-kapai," meant "dry round piece of land in the water."

They were not friendly with the Apaches and Comanches, and La Harpe calls them "enemies of the Caney. (Apaches)"

In 1869, 126 Tonkawe were on a reservation near Fort Griffin, Shackelford county, and they were used in trailing and fighting the Comanches. Capt. Adna Chaffee, 8th Cavalry, afterwards Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, used these Indians in scouting and fighting near Fort Griffin in 1868 and he was commended in G. O. 19 Hq Ft Griffin, March 10, 1868, for his short and decisive campaign which resulted in killing five hostile Indians with their Mexican and mulatto leaders near Phantom Hill,

about fifty miles west of Fort Griffin. His forces were known as "Chaffee's Guerillas," and besides troops of the 6th Cavalry, had Tonkawe Indian guides.

In 1884 the Tonkawe were moved to the Oakland Reserve, in the northern part of Indian Territory. In 1890 they consisted of a conglomerate of tribal remnants, who varied considerably in size, conformation and even in language, and only one of the thirteen totemic gentes were known as "genuine Tonkawes." They only had 78 members at that time. The Tonkawes were anthropophagists in the early days, but they usually ate prisoners of war of other tribes, expecting by so doing to deprive the dead of the possibility of living a second life and taking revenge. They state that human flesh tastes like bear meat.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times. We have only certain issues which we can furnish to those desiring back numbers. All subscriptions are entered to begin with the current issue.

How Texas Got Durham Stock

Norfolk (Va.) News, March 20, 1926

An old, old man got to remembering down in Texas the other day, and when somebody questioned a statement he made, he hauled forth from the tray of an ancient horsehair trunk yellowed letters that bore the haughtiest crest of British royalty and two very famous signatures.

When he showed them around, he not only convinced his hearers that his story was true, but he made public for the first time a tale of both homely and historic value—a tale that casts a very human sidelight upon the most famous of modern monarches, the late Queen Victoria.

The venerable Texan's name is Shannon. He's the last survivor of the famous family that, headed by Colonel Thomas Jefferson Shannon, prairie-schoonered its way into that vast and howling wilderness in the days of headrights and the buffalo.

This present Shannon is the old colonel's son and last survivor.

The old colonel, a bluff, hard riding, sharp-shooting old plainsman, was famous for a number of things in his day, but he is largely remembered by the old timers of the State as the man who introduced the Red Durham strain into the cattle business of the West if not the entire country.

The Red Durham strain is the breed immortalized in our era by the well-known Bull Durham advertisements. It gradually replaced the standard Texas longhorn and fortunes were made by the ranchmen who bred it.

The introduction of this short-legged, thick set breed was something of a sensation in its day. The longhorn was a thin-flanked, long-legged critter with a tremendous sweep of horn but not always impressive poundage.

But if the old timers knew where the colonel got his start with the more marketable Durham, the secret died out with them. It wasn't until his aged son got to remembering the other day that the story and its incontrovertible proof came to light.

But it now appears that that start—probably the parent herd of all the Durham cattle in American today, was a male and two females sent to colonel Shannon by none other than Victoria, herself, then Queen of the British Empire, and sent to him merely because he wrote her a letter saying he'd like a sample of the cattle she liked best.

The colonel had several flocks of long-horns, but he wanted to strengthen the strain. Facilities were lacking as was everything else in that part of the primitive world in the early 1840s. There were no newspapers, magazines nor rail-ways there. How the colonel happened to get his hands on an English magazine is something of a mystery, but he did.

And in this magazine was a picture of Queen Victoria looking over the royal cow-lot. The colonel read that she took particular pride in her herd of Red Durhams. The more he read about the Red Durhams, the more he decided that that was the breed he wanted.

He had no access to the most noted monarch of modern times—naturally.

He was only a plainsman living in an uncharted wilderness, but the colonel was the Steve Brodie of his day and territory. He sat down and wrote the Queen what was perhaps the strangest letter that ever reached the royal palace.

He simply asked her to sell him some of her livestock. He told her who he was, where he lived and what he wanted with it. The order was for a male and two females, and he generously offered to let her set any price she thought was fair.

He had a long wait, naturally. It was a long haul for a letter from Texas to Buckingham Palace in that day and time. But at length he got a reply. The letter came in the handwriting and over the signature of none less than Prince Albert, as old Mr. Shannon succinctly characterized him the other day, "the Queen's husband."

He said her Majesty was away from home on a trip at the moment, that he'd bring the matter to her attention when she returned and that he felt sure that

she would either sell Mr. Shannon the stock he requested or give it to him.

Two months later the Queen herself wrote.

It was a friendly but business-like letter. She said she'd be glad to let the colonel have the stock as he requested, and if he'd pay the freight on them from New Orleans to his North Texas home, she'd be glad to make him a present of them.

She asked him, however, to please furnish proof that he was able and willing to pay the transportation as designated, for she was very fond of these particular animals and she wanted to make sure that they would not be left to die of starvation or auctioned off to some New Orleans butcher.

The colonel forwarded to the palace full proof of his means and inclination, and in 1848 the bull and two cows landed from a British ship at New Orleans.

The Queen had personally supervised their preparation for the voyage and they arrived in first class condition. There were no transportation charges that far.

The colonel conveyed them carefully from there to North Texas. There were no railroads, but he placed them in wagons.

At frequent intervals he unloaded them, fed them, and let them graze for a day or two. He at last got them home in perfect condition and they founded the herd that was the sensation of the old Southwest.

The old colonel never forgot the graciousness of England's queen. He sent her reports from time to time as to how her transplanted stock was flourishing in the New World. He named his first daughter Victoria in her honor, and one of his sons was christened Albert in honor of her consort.

England's famous Queen has been pictured in many roles by the writers of history, but it wasn't until an aged Texan started remembering things the other day that this very human legend was given light—that the generosity of the great woman was given its due credit for a major contribution to the romantic and financial history of the old Southwest.

A West Texas Pioneer.

M. B. Pulliam, of San Angelo, recently celebrated his 75th birthday. The San Angelo Daily Standard, in mentioning the happy event, says:

Coming to Tom Green county in 1876 when buffaloes roamed the territory, Mr. Pulliam located his ranch which he still owns three miles from the city on the North and Middle Conchos. He was here when John Arden brought the first sheep into the country from California in 1877. In 1878 Mr. Pulliam lost twenty-four saddle horses stolen by the Indians forced into this country by the Civil War being fought in the East and North. He was the superintendent of the round-ups which were held here in the fall of the year when the cattle were collected and divided among their owners. He remembers the days of 1876 to 1879 when the town of San Angelo was the headquarters for the buffalo hunters who came from the East to hunt them for their hides. W. S. Veck was the agent for the hides, which brought the sum of about \$1 on the average. During that time there were frequent clashes between the negro troops at Fort Concho and the hunters. About three men were killed here every week during the two years that the hunters were located here. The trouble began when three soldiers were killed by the hunters in a drunken brawl and after that it is believed the hunters shot at the soldiers almost every time they had an opportunity.

Mr. Pulliam was the chairman of the first school board organized here.

"I spent ten years in the Pecos country and roughed it with the best of them," he is quoted saying

S. H. Gilliland, Coleman, Texas, writes: "I just happened to think that I had better renew my subscription to Frontier Times. You know it is a wonderful magazine to us old timers. I was at Bill Longley's trial, also at his hanging. Was in Round Rock the evening Sam Bass was killed, but I did not see any of it, as I left town about thirty minutes before it happened. I am enclosing my check for \$1.50 to keep the good reading coming."

**"Injun Fightin' " With
the Texas Rangers**
(From Page 8)

behind those rocks seventy-five yards above will kill us all."

"Yes I suppose you are right; they would be hard to dislodge," replied Baylor.

The Apaches evidently had plenty of ammunition, for they kept up a desultory fire all day. Seeing we were not going to fall into their trap, they turned their attention to our horses. Altho the animals were four or five hundred yards from the foot of the mountain they killed Sergeant Swilling's horse, the bullet passing entirely through the body just behind the shoulders. When it staggered and tumbled over, Swilling began to mourn, for he had the horror of walking all Western men have John Thomas, however, got the laugh on him by saying, "Sergeant you had better wait and see if you are going back to camp." We could see the Indians' bullets knocking up dust all around the horses and the guard replying to the fire. Lieutenant Baylor now sent a man to the guard with an order to move the horses out of range.

During the afternoon the Apaches moved up higher toward the crest of the mountain, and in doing so one of the Indians exposed himself. The Mexicans to our left spotted him and killed him with a well-directed shot. The warrior fell in open ground where he was literally shot to pieces.

We had been without water all day, and when night came Lieutenant Baylor and Captain Garcia decided it was useless to continue the fight any longer, so we withdrew toward our horses. After reaching the animals we could still hear the Indians firing on our positions. We might have captured their horses by a charge, but we would have had to go down the side of the mountain and cross a deep canyon where we would have been compelled to pick our way slowly under a constant cross-fire from the concealed riflemen, and neither Baylor nor Garcia thought the horses worth the sacrifice required to capture them.

As the nearest water was thirty miles away and our men and horses were weary and thirsty, we rode back to the

ranch of our hospitable friend, Don Ramon Arranda, where our horses were fed and we ourselves supplied with fresh milk and cheese.

Gillett had some experience on the trail of the Apache Chief Victorio, whom he credits with having been "a far better captain than old Geronimo ever was, and capable of commanding a much larger force of men." Victorio had a disconcerting habit of breaking away from the reservation and raiding the countryside with a hundred or more warriors, attended by almost as many women and children. After one of these outbreaks the Rangers and United States troops pursued the marauders into Mexico, but turned homeward reluctantly, at the suggestion of General Terrazas, when it appeared that the trail had turned into the interior of the State of Chihuahua. Following which:

The very next morning after the United States troops, the Apache scouts, and the Texas Rangers turned homeward General Terraza's scouts reported to him that Victorio with his entire band of followers was encamped at Tres Castillo, a small group of hills about twenty-five miles southwest of the Los Pinos Mountains. General Terrazas at once set his column in motion for that place. Captives afterward declared that Victorio's spies reported the presence of the Mexican calvary early in the day, and thereafter kept him informed hour by hour as to the movements of the approaching enemy.

Victorio had just sent his war-chief, Nana, and fifty of his best young warriors away on a raid, so he had left in his camp an even hundred braves, some of them very old men. He also had ninety-seven women and children, and about five hundred head of horses and mules, yet the remarkable old Indian made no move to escape. By nightfall General Terrazas had drawn near the Apache camp, where he surrounded the three hills as best he could, and waited until morning before assaulting the enemy. During the night twelve of Victorio's warriors, with four women and four children, deserted the old chief, and made their way back to the Eagle Mountains in Texas. Here they committed many depredations until they were ex-

terminated three months later in the Diablo Mountains by Lieutenants Baylor and Nevill.

Early the following morning Victorio mounted a white horse and, in making some disposition of his braves to meet the expected onset of the enemy, exposed himself unnecessarily. The Mexicans fired a volley at long range and two bullets pierced his body. He fell from his horse dead—a good Indian at last.

The loss of Victorio and the absence of Nana demoralized the Apaches, and a vigorous assault by General Terrazas resulted in a complete victory for the Mexicans. Eighty-seven Indian warriors were killed and eighty-nine women and children were captured with a loss of only two men killed and a few wounded. The victory covered General Terrazas with glory. The Mexican Government never ceased to shower honors upon him and gave him many thousands of acres of land in the State of Chihuahua. The general was so elated over the outcome of the battle that he sent a courier on a fast horse to overtake Lieutenant Baylor and report the good news. The messenger caught us in camp near old Fort Quitman. Every ranger in the scout felt thoroughly disgusted and disappointed at missing the great fight by only two days after having been with General Terrazas nearly a month.

The captured women and children were sent south of Mexico City into a climate wholly unnatural to them. Here they all died in a few years. When Nana heard of the death of Victorio and the capture of the squaws and children he fled with his fifty warriors to the Sierra Madre Mountains in the State of Sonora. There he joined forces with old Geronimo and massacred more people than any other small band of Indians in the world. To avenge himself on Terrazas for killing his friends and carrying away their wives and children, Nana and his band killed more than two hundred Mexicans before joining Geronimo. Nana, with his new chief, surrendered to General Lawton in 1886 and was carried away by our Government to Florida, where he at last died.

Original Indian Was Chinaman, New Theory.

Evidence that the American Indian originally was a Chinaman and not a native of the North American continent now is offered by Dr. Edward Sapir, a famous Canadian anthropologist at present on the faculty of the University of Chicago.

The scientist deduces his conclusions from the definite similarities he has found in the languages of the early Chinese and of the Indians on this continent. If accepted his findings bowl over the theory of some American anthropologists that the first inhabitants of this land just grew up here without coming from any place in particular.

The similarity of the early Chinese and the American Indian tongues and the linguistic scattered at random over the American convince Dr. Sapir that these groups must have entered this continent as a wedge from Asia, says the university announcement.

"Comparing the primitive Chinese, Siamese, Tibetan, all in the same language category, with the language of the 'Nadene group' in North America, Dr. Sapir has found the same peculiarities of phonetics, vocabulary and grammatical structures on both sides of the Pacific."

Point is made of the fact that Indians speaking the language of the Nadene group—the language which is said to be similar to early Chinese are found in all parts of the continent. With minor changes the Navajo of New Mexico speaks the language of the Saree in Alberta and the linguistic stock of the Tlingits just south of the Hupa in California.

"It is probable," according to Dr. Sapir, "that the migration of the Asiatics speaking primitive Chinese or Tiberian took place long ago and that these immigrants settled or moved over the mountains and plains, some remaining in Northwestern Canada to become the Tlingits, others moving out to the Queen Charlotte Island off the west coast to form the Haida group and others penetrating the deserts of the Southwest."

FRONTIER TIMES

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Beginning in our next issue, the July number of Frontier Times, will appear the first installment of "The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson," the noted desperado who was killed with King Fisher in San Antonio in 1884. This story will run serially through several issues, and when its publication in this magazine is completed it will be reprinted in pamphlet form. The book was written by Major Buck Walton of Austin and published in 1884. It is now out of print, and copies of the original are difficult to secure. We will print only about 300 of these pamphlets, the price of which will be announced later.

In this issue of Frontier Times appears a very interesting sketch of Bill Longley and his wild career, written by the "Frontier Native," a citizen of this state who has gone to considerable trouble and expense in gathering the data pertaining to this notorious character. Next month we expect to publish additional data gathered by the Frontier Native.

Recently Frontier Times came into possession of George W. Kendall's "Expedition Across the Prairies," in two volumes, giving a "Narrative of an expedition across the great Southwestern Prairies from Texas to Santa Fe, with an account of the disasters which befel the expedition from want of food and the attacks of hostile Indians, the final capture of the Texans and their sufferings on a march of two thousand miles as prisoners of war and in the prisons and lazarettos of Mexico." This thrilling and intensely interesting book was published in London, England, in 1845. It has been out of print for many years. As soon as we complete publication of "The Life of Ben Thompson," we will publish the above mentioned story.

Get your friends to subscribe for Frontier Times.

William E. Hawks, of Bennington, Vermont, the acknowledged historian of the plains, writes us: "Enclosed find \$3.00, being two years subscription for Frontier Times. Your Times is the best magazine published in the United States, and I wish to congratulate and thank you for giving us true data of the good old days. I have every issue excepting October and December, 1923, and if you are able to get them kindly send me same and I will repay you. I have just arrived home after a trip through California, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and Oklahoma, covering six months. While in San Antonio our friend, George W. Saunders, made me a life member of the Old Time Trail Drivers of Texas, and while in Oklahoma the Cherokee Strip Cowpunchers Association did likewise I had the pleasure of helping to make the old 89ers celebration a success at Oklahoma City."

Henry J. Brown of Santa Rita, New Mexico, sends in several new subscribers to Frontier Times, and writes: "I am glad you appreciate my endeavors to help Frontier Times. I sure read it on arrival and appreciate every word it contains. As for truth it takes the lead. I roamed Southwest Texas from 1864 to 1886, and was acquainted with many of the circumstances published in your magazine and know they are cold facts."

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times. We have only certain issues which we can furnish to those desiring back numbers. All subscriptions are entered to begin with the current issue.

We have a few copies of the "Pioneer History of Bandera County," by J. Marvin Hunter, for sale at \$2.00 per copy. This book is now out of print, and will not be reissued. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

"**RHYMES FROM A ROUND-UP CAMP**," by Wallace David Coburn, illustrated by Charles M. Russell. Price \$2.50, \$3.50, and \$5.00. Send your order to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

WANTED—Flint Indian arrowheads. Have started a collection of these. I will exchange books for same. Have many rare and out of print Texas books to trade. Let me know what you have and what you want. Let's swap. Address Frank Caldwell, 108 E. 17th St., Austin, Texas.

"**BUCKELEW, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE**," by T. S. Dennis; paper binding. Price \$1.00. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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OLD BLUE BACK SPELLING BOOK, the kind your grand-parents used. Get one as a keepsake. Price 30c, postage 4c. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

SEND US \$2.00 and we will send you a copy of the "Life of John Wesley Hardin," and a copy of "The Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang." Both reprinted from original by Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

SEND FIFTY CENTS for a photograph of Big Foot Wallace, Creed Taylor, Ben Thompson, Sam Houston or Ben Milam. I have photos of several noted Texans, 50c each.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

BOOKS—We want to secure books and pamphlets bearing on the early history of Texas. Write us and tell what you have, and price you want. **FRONTIER TIMES**, Bandera, Texas.

ONE DOZEN POSTCARD VIEWS of San Antonio, Texas, for 50 cents, postpaid.—W. D. Smithers, Photographer, 110 East Houston Street, San Antonio, Texas.

PHOTOGRAPH VIEWS taken around Menard twenty-five years ago. Views of old Mission San Saba, and of the Flood at Menardville in 1899.—N. H. Rose, Box 463, San Antonio, Texas.

"**TRAILING GERONIMO**," by Anton Mazzanovich. Price \$3.00. Order from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

WANTED—Two copies Frontier Times, Vol. 2, No. 4, (January, 1925) and Vol. 2, No. 8, (April, 1925.) Customer will pay \$1.00 each for the copies wanted. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

WANTED TO BUY—Indian Arrow Heads and Spears. Write me what you have to offer.—C. I. Mitchell, Temple, Texas. 2tp

FOR SALE—One copy "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," by Sgt. J. B. Gillett. Price postpaid, \$3.00. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Our Advertising Rates.

Frontier Times offers the following rates to advertisers. One page, inside cover, one time, \$20.00. Outside back cover page, one time, \$25.00. Inside pages, one time, \$20.00. Half page, one time, \$10.00. Quarter page, one time, \$6.00. One inch, one time, \$1.25. Reading notices, five cents per word each insertion. Estimate 30 words to the inch on display advertising. Cash must accompany all orders for advertising. Send to Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Certain Back Numbers.

We have a limited number of certain back numbers of Frontier Times which we offer at 25c per copy while they last. Or we will send a set of fifteen of these numbers, including the two pamphlets, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," and "Adventures of a Mier Prisoner," for only \$3.50, cash with order. These numbers are made up of issues of May, June, July, August, October, November and December 1924; February, March April, May, June, July, August and September, 1925. Issues not mentioned in this list cannot be supplied. If you want one of these sets order early, for the quantity is very limited. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

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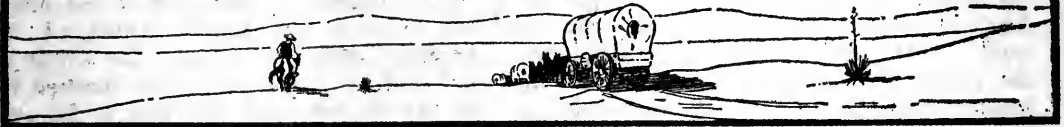
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Vol. 3—No. 10.

JULY, 1926.

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Adventures on the Old Cattle Trail

Written for *Frontier Times* by A. Collatt Sanders, Littlefield, Texas

SOMETIME AGO, I wrote a short sketch of my life as trail boss when cattle were driven to the Northern markets. I will now tell you about the trip I made in 1884, which was the hardest one I ever made. I drove a herd of long horned steers, 3200 in number, ranging from three to fifteen years in age, for J. H. Stephens, from the M. K. Ranch in Cameron county, owned by M. Kennedy, near Brownsville. When I started, Uncle Henry Stephens said: "Now, Collatt, if you only have 50 head when you reach your destination, do not take any but those belonging to me."

The land there was then selling at fifty cents per acre; now it is \$400.00

I wish I had bought an acre for I had fifty cents.

Three days after leaving the ranch, I crossed the narrow gauged railroad that leads to Laredo at Panio Station, at the edge of the brush, and then there was no trail. We watered the cattle there, Friday at noon, and they did not drink again until Monday morning when we reached Black Water Creek, and the drags did not drink

until 12 o'clock. All that saved the cattle was eating prickly pears, which had considerable moisture in them, and quenched the thirst of the cattle to some extent. At that time there was no grass at all in that country. Nothing but rattlesnakes and chapparral. When we reached old Fort Ewel, on the Nueces River, April the 20th, there came a cold rain from the North, and 36 of my saddle horses froze to death between nine and twelve o'clock. The horses had been ridden hard, and having no grass to eat, they were too poor to stand the cold rain. Those that were left were hardly able to strike a trot. I went to the Storekeeper there and told what a

want, regardless of predicament I was in, with 3200 steers, and was almost a-foot. He told me there was a widow living three miles down the river, who had saddle horses to sell. So I went to see her, introduced myself, then made her a little speech, not the kind men usually make to widows however. I told her my condition, and that I had no money. She said: "You can get all the horses you

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the fact that you have no money." So I bought a remuda from her and gave her a check on Uncle Henry Stephens to pay for them. Then we mounted and hit the trail, the brush rather, for there was no trail. If we found a place to bed the cattle where the prickly pears were no higher than the stirrups of our saddles, we thought we were doing fine. After driving two days we found where a few herds had preceded us, and had made a trail. They had passed through a man's pasture a little below Uvalde, but before we reached the place where they had gone through, the owner of the pasture had hauled logs and stopped up the gate, and put up this sign: "All herds keep the main road to Uvalde," so I went back and camped the wagon and stopped the herd. I then went up the main road to town, and saw that it would be impossible to take a herd that way, as the brush was from ten to fifteen feet high and as thick as it could stand. I reached the camp at 12 o'clock that night, waked the cook and all the boys that were asleep. We started the herd, and then I sent two men ahead to tear down the logs. No one made a noise; all you could hear was the cattle walking. After getting them through the gap, I left the herd and went back to town for I thought the owner of the pasture might have me arrested. The boys said he came a short time after I left and asked them who was the boss and where he had gone. He found out that the herd was passing through his pasture and overtook them just as they were going out on the opposite side. The boys told him my name, and he went to Uvalde and had a warrant issued for my arrest, and the sheriff set out to find me. I got back about noon and disguised myself. I put on a pair of the cook's old shoes, and his old slouched hat, and a pair of old pants, frazzled out around the bottom, and made me a pair of suspenders out of a piece of an old tarp. When I got rigged up, I was a sight. By this time the cook announced dinner, and the relief who were in camps, ate, then went to relieve the other boys. When the other boys came to dinner, the sheriff was with them. One of the boys said to the cook, loud enough for the sheriff to hear, "Who is that man

here in camp?" The cook replied: "It is a farmer who owns an apiary up in the canyon."

I ate dinner by the side of the officer, and he never did find the boss. I had the boys posted to bring the cattle on, so I told the cook good-bye, thanked him for my dinner, and told him to be sure and stop and I would give him some honey when he passed my place. I then rode away leaving the sheriff to talk to the boys.

I found a good bed ground up in the canyon for the cattle that night. We were now in the noted Nueces Canyon. After supper I changed my rig, went on up the Canyon to see what I had to contend with and told the men I would not be back until the next day, and for them to bring the cattle on in the morning. As I came back down the trail next day, I met three men all heavily armed. They rode up to me and asked if I were foreman of the herd that was coming up the trail. I told them I was. The spokesman said: "Your men killed one of my yearlings down at the camp last night, and you will have to pay me \$20.00 for it, or I will have all your men arrested and turn your cattle loose." As he talked he kept getting closer to me, and pulled his six-shooter nearer the front. Yearlings were only worth \$10.00 per head at that time, but he said he must have \$20.00, so I gave him a \$20.00 bill.

The day we got out of the canyon on to the divide, I found a good place for the cattle to graze, the first open ground since leaving Panio Station. The cook failed to catch up with the herd that morning, and I could not imagine what had become of him, so I went back down the canyon to find him, and find him I did, in a hole of water 10 feet deep. He was a Mexican and had gone to sleep while driving. The road ran straight up to this hole, then turned and went around the head of it. The Mexican being asleep, and the horses thirsty, they kept right ahead and plunged into the water, wagon and all. He had already gotten the horses out, so I went back and got some of the boys, and we pulled the wagon out by the horns of our saddles. We got our sleepy Mexican going again, but our beds were soak-

ing wet and our chuck ruined, all except the bacon. However the cook found enough dry flour in the middle of the sack to make some bread. We were then only a day's drive from old Ft. McKavett, on the headwaters of the San Saba River. There we replenished our supplies, and the boys found a bee tree near the camp and got three or four gallons of honey. So we lay over there half a day and feasted, leaving all our troubles behind.

Some one asked Mr. Stephens at Corpus, if he ever heard from Collatt Sanders out in the brush with that big herd of cattle. He said: "Yes, I have a draft to pay very often."

I reached my destination, Dodge City, Kansas, without any more mishaps. The cattle were sold to Dick Head, of Deer Creek, Indian Territory, so I had to take the cattle back and deliver them to him at that place.

On another trip which I made over the trail in 1879, I had some experience with the Indians. I ran twelve of them by myself, but I was in the lead. This is the way it happened: I had gone up near the North Canadian River, on the old Chisholm trail in Indian Territory, (now Oklahoma.) and went ahead to see about a place to camp. I crossed the river, and when I got about two miles North, I rode up on a little knoll, and about a mile farther on, I saw 12 Indian bucks. They saw me about the same time and began running towards me, and I began running over the way I had come. The Indians would kill a man if they found him alone, but I knew I could beat them back to the river as I had much the best horse, and Indians will not follow anyone into a place where they cannot see all around. I believe they are the most cowardly set I ever saw. Of course there are some exceptions.

They only shot one arrow at me, I saw it stick in the ground just ahead and a little to the right. I do not know why they did not shoot more, unless they wanted to take me alive. But my good Spanish horse would not permit that. I had a six shooter and a Winchester, but no time to use them. A good run is better than a bad stand. I got back to the boys just as the lead cat-

tle were nearing the river. I presume the Indians turned West, I did not see them again. My cowboys would have made short work of them had they crossed the river.

One of the boys working for me that year never changed his clothes from the time we left Texas 'till we reached our destination, a three month's drive. But every two weeks or so, he would remove his underwear, shake off the gray backs, and put it on again.

He was a good man, though, and as fine a trail man as ever went up the trail. He died many years ago. He was always at the right place at the right time.

OLD TIME DANCING.

"Do I believe in dancing?

Well, I should say I do;
My father used to teach me
—To knock a step or two,
'Twas not exactly waltzing,
Or any fancy swings,
Sometimes I'd knock the back step,
Sometimes the pigeon wing.

My father played the music,
The time was double quick,
He didn't use a fiddle,
But just a limber stick,
And on my back and shoulders
The lovely notes would ring,
Then with my hand in his
We'd promenade and swing.

Sometimes he'd use a shingle;
But never mind the name—
The instrument might differ,
The music was just the same
And when the dance was over,
And father had left the hall,
The other chaps would tell me
We had a splendid bawl.

I know that kind of dancing
Seems rather out of date
To all the modern cousins
Who go the saucy gait;
But I shall always like it,
For 'twas my father's plan;
And this is the kind of dancing
It takes to make a man."

—Author Unknown.

Riding the Range With the Rangers

Written for Frontier Times by D. S. Howell, Abilene, Texas

I was born October 11, 1846, on the Black Warrior River in Tuscaloosic county, Alabama. The fall of 1862 found me in the mountains of Clark county, Arkansas. It was at a time when the war between the states was raging, and though I was only sixteen years old, I was very anxious to get into the fray, and being disappointed over failing to get in with some recruits, I ran away from home and came to Texas, arriving on Choctaw Creek, in Grayson county, without a coat. After some weeks I met up with some hospitable people and went with them to Fannin county, where I remained until the latter part of July, 1863, when I went into the Confederate army as a substitute for Dr. J. C. Smith, in Townsend's Brigade, Col. Gid Smith's Regiment, Bill Dulaney's Company. In the early fall of 1863 we broke camp and were ordered to the mouth of the Brazos river. We were dismounted at Navasota, put on the railroad cars and taken down to Columbia on the Brazos, by way of Houston. There we were put on a steamboat and landed at the ancient and historic town of Velasco late at night. The Federal gunboats were in plain view most of the time. We found 25,000 soldiers under General Magruder, under inspection for eleven days in succession. We raised such a howl about our horses we were taken down to the boat landing one evening and next day were shipped up stream about eighteen miles and landed and there were our horses waiting for us. Here we camped around doing picket duty on the beach until some time in February, 1864. I rode as a courier for General Magruder for twenty-one days, with headquarters at McNealey's plantation, out some twenty or thirty miles from Velasco. We were furloughed for thirty days, to meet at Hubbard Springs in Hunt county, or Camp Lubbock, to reorganize. I was now eighteen years old, so I volunteered and was sworn into the Confederate army. We elected James S. Moore as captain, and prepared for scout duty in Fannin, Hunt, Hopkins and Titus counties until the middle of July. We were

under General Henry E. McCulloch, whose headquarters were at Bonham. Finally we were assigned to go on the frontier under Colonel Jim Balland, whose headquarters were at Gainesville.

During the fall of 1864 there was some trouble caused by Jayhawkers and Indians in Young county. A company of our regiment had broke camp some sixteen miles above Fort Belknap and had sent out fifteen men to make a circuit and return at night to the fort, as the remainder expected to move to the fort that day to go into winter quarters. These fifteen men stopped at noon in a long draw, and as they were mounting to start they saw a lone Indian on foot some distance from them up the draw. As they were holding a council to decide what to do, they were attacked by about three hundred Indians, and five of our boys were killed.

We crossed the Brazos at Fort Belknap and took a southwest course sixty-five miles from Fort Belknap and camped on Hubbard's Creek, where we found the King and Painter families corraled in shacks picketed in. Every day scouts were sent out to make a circuit of fifteen or twenty miles and report back at night. One day in November our second lieutenant, Joe Ab Garrett, with King as pilot, and six or eight men, started out expecting to go to the foot of the plains. We took a western course and came to the Salt Works on the Clear Forks of the Brazos River. When we arrived there we found thirteen men who had met that day to organize Throckmorton county. I swapped saddles with one of these men. Game was plentiful in that region. In passing through a gap in the mountain I counted fifty-six black-tailed deer as they crossed the mountain. We proceeded on to Fort Phantom Hill and camped. Next morning King, our pilot, was sick and we layed over there. A cold northern came on, and we drifted south and crossed what is now known as Dead Man's Creek. Wild cattle were in sight all day, drifting south. Here we found an old trail which we supposed came up from Llano or Lampasas, by Cottonwood

Spring, on the Blue Mountain. A man came to our camp with a yoke of steers and I went with him to get a wagon which had been left by a party that had been attacked by Indians and had turned the oxen loose, mounted their horses to get away, and abandoned the wagon.

We also made a trip to Camp Colorado. At that time there was no sign of a settlement from the time we left Hubbard's Creek, excepting one house four miles above our camp, until we reached Camp Colorado, which was infested with outlaws and dead-beats. I have never known just what our mission was in making this trip. Major Wilcox and Captain Jas. S. Moore were with us, and as we rode up the bluff going to the post I counted forty-seven men running down a trail to our left to get into the brush and hide from us.

During the late fall of 1864 we made our way to Red River Station, at the mouth of Salt Creek in Montague county, to go into winter quarters. Captain McFarland's company was already there. Corn for our horses was scarce, and we could draw only seven ears per day for them. There was considerable sickness among the men, and I and J. B. Partman were sent to Gainesville for medicine, and to bring back a wild mule belonging to Captain Moore. The distance to Gainesville was called seventy-five miles, and there was only one settlement near the head of Elm, where a dozen or more families lived. We had to pass through the Cross Timbers. On the third day we started back, leading the mule. We intended to make it through in one day, but late that evening we found our horses could not make it, so we jogged along until about 10 or 11 o'clock that night, when we reached the Cross Timbers, and leaving the road we camped and staked out. I tied the mule up to a black jack-tree, as we had no rope to stake him. In a very short time the mule commenced snorting and rearing, and showed signs of much alarm. As it was very dark we could not see what was causing him to caper around so, but we felt that Indians must be prowling around. We did not make a fire, nor talk above a whisper, and after a short while we took our blankets some distance away and lay down to sleep. When day-

light came a cold norther came also. It was seven or eight miles to the station, and mostly across an open prairie. We saddled our horses and started, going in a brisk trot, but before we had gone two miles the cold had become so severe that we had to seek shelter in a dry branch. I tied the mule under an embankment, and started running up and down the branch to get warm. When Jim came up nearly froze his horse stopped where my horse was, and I called to him to get down and come to me. He paid no attention to my calling, but seemed to be in a stupor. I went up and took him by the leg and pulled him from the horse. As I did so I saw he was nearly frozen. I helped him get out of the cold wind and under the embankment. He then told me he had lost the medicine he was carrying, and I went back to look for it, and fortunately found it, which was in a pair of old style saddle bags. It was bitterly cold, and we had to walk to keep from freezing, but we managed to get to camp without further mishap. In a little while it began to snow, and everything was frozen up for several days.

A young man named Bowen was killed by the Indians while we were on this trip, and we heard about his disappearance when we got in. He had gone out to look for some stock and failed to return. Searching parties found his body a few days later frozen stiff, mutilated and full of arrows. His scalp had been taken. On trailing back some eight or ten miles we found where his mare had jumped off a bluff about fifteen feet high, and found his cap with an arrow through it, and other arrows laying around, showing where he had first been attacked. A running fight had taken place, but it seems that the Indians finally flanked him and he was killed. In following the trail of those Indians we found that they just edged the timber where Jim Partman and I slept that night on our way in, and their presence was evidently the cause of our mule's alarm. We found Bowen's powder horn near where the mule was tied, lost there the same night. Bowen belonged to the home guards, and was a Mason, the first I ever saw buried.

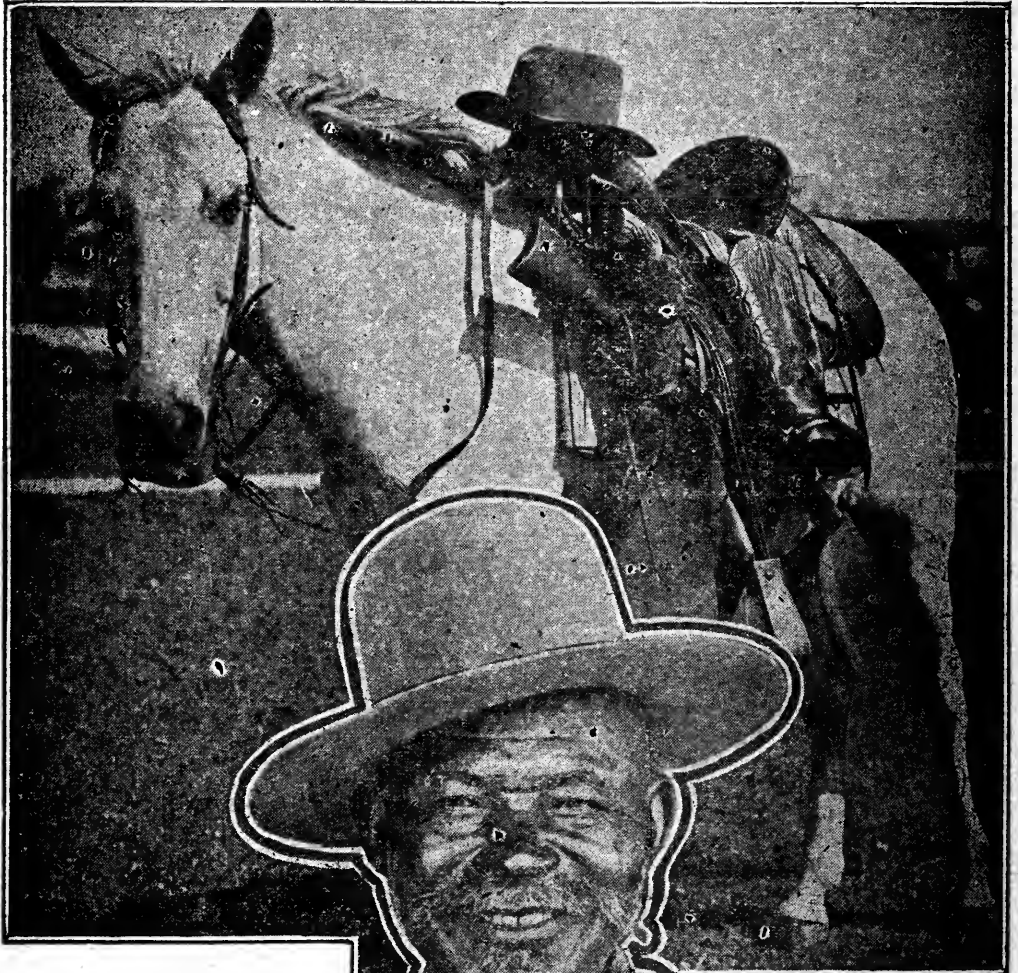
While we were in camp on Hubbard's

Creek, in what is now Shakelford county, a man named Davenport came along and stopped with us for a few days. He had a very extraordinary gun, with a telescope attached to look through the sights. He was dressed in buckskin,

was a heavy-set man, and about thirty-five years of age. Davenport had a antelope hide which several of us boys tried to buy from him, but he would not sell it. Finally Bob Baker, asked him for it. He gave it to him.

Negro Brought Master's Body Home

From The Cattleman, Fort Worth, Texas



Men and women of the old South have always shown consideration for the negro who was faithful. And in that particular there has been remarkable kinship with the range cattle lands. When that gallant remnant of soldiery that was

Geo. Glenn, and "Slip-Away"

the Southern Confederacy assembled in Dallas a year ago and in Birmingham only a few days ago, there was a little company of men of ebony hue who received deference equal to that shown their fair-skinned compat-

riots, and when the Old Trail Drivers of Western America met in reunion last October in San Antonio there was among them a small group of negroes who had been faithful cow hands and cooks half a century ago when Texas cattlemen were following cattle up the trail to the north by the hundreds of thousands.

Signal honor was paid one of those negroes, whose valor was proved on the trail to Kansas. George Glenn, who went up the trail to Abilene in 1870, graced the Old Trail Drivers' parade, leading a snow white cow horse, accoutered as for his master. But the white horse was riderless and the spur heeled boots that were suspended from the saddle were reversed. John Edwards Foltz, trail driver and frontier peace officer, has gone the western trail to the last resting place early in the year. "Slip-Along," his horse and George Glenn, his faithful friend, were left.

There were few adventures of the old cattle trailing days that were like that of the old negro. Glenn was 21 and iron-sinewed when he mounted a chuck wagon and started up the trail with Bob Johnson of Columbus. At Red River a new bunch of cowhands were substituted and the Texas hands returned home. Johnson and his negro cook went on to Abilene. There, after the long-horned steers were sold, Johnson died, alone with the negro. Glenn placed his master's body in a metallic coffin, and that in turn, in his chuck wagon, and then started the long, lonesome trek across three states, back to Columbus. Forty-two days and nights through Indian lands, with the mournful howls of coyotes to make his nights more hideous, Glenn traveled with the body of his friend and master. Back in Columbus his hands guided the reins of the horses that bore Johnson's body to the cemetery.

Glenn has gone up the trail with Foltz and Foltz had ever remained friend to the negro. The story of the return of Bob Johnson's body to Columbus from Abilene is paralleled in part by the return of the body of Oliver Loving from Fort Sumner where he died after having been mortally wounded by Indians but on the journey back to Weatherford

Mr. Loving's body was accompanied by his associate, Colonel Charles Goodnight, and cowboys who had been with their trail herd.

Fifty Years Ago.

The following items were published in the Galveston News, February 17, 1876:

Burleson County. — New settlers are still desired in this county. Lands of almost any desired quality or location can be bought, unimproved, at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$6 an acre.

Fannin County. — The members of Houston Grange No. 532, Fannin County, have agreed to plant not to exceed one-third of the land in their possession in cotton for the year 1876.

Kinney County.—This region has suffered greatly from Mexican cattle raiders. Mr. Slaughter of Frio County moved his cattle to this county on Devil's River for grass. In the month of December last the Mexicans and Indians stole from him and crossed over the Bravo 900 head of cattle, killed three herders and took their horses and guns.

The Legend of the Bluebonnet.

We acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of a copy of "The Legend of the Bluebonnet," from the author, Mary Daggett Lake, of Fort Worth. It is beautifully illustrated, with scenes showing the Texas flower, and is a real work of art, and the legend is beautifully told by the author. We are glad to add it to our collection of Texas legends.

Wm. E. Hawks, Historian of the Plains, of Bennington, Vermont, writes: "Referring to the article on Page 31, Frontier Times for May, 1926; Tom Ketchum's letter to the President asked to pardon Leonard Albertson, Walter Huffman and Bill Waterman as innocent of Stein's Pass robbery in 1897, naming Dave Atkins, Ed Bullion, Will Carver, Sam Ketchum, Bronco Bill and Tom Ketchum. Ed Bullion was killed at this robbery by a train guard. I think Mr. A. W. Thompson, in Clayton News, will agree with me. If I am wrong I wish to be corrected, as my data must be true."

Location of Some Frontier Posts

The following information about frontier posts in Texas was furnished us by Col. M. L. Crimmins, retired, of Fort Sam Houston, and was taken from the Army Register 100 years, 1789-1889.

LANCASTER (Fort), Texas. Half a mile above the junction of Live Oak Creek with the Pecos River. Established August 20, 1855. Abandoned March 19, 1861.

QUITMAN (Fort), Texas. On the Rio Grande, 80 miles below the town of Franklin. Established September 28, 1858. Abandoned January 5th, 1877.

COLORADO (Camp). Texas. Six miles north of the Colorado River, on the road from Forts Mason and Belknap.

CONCHO (Fort), Texas. At the junction of the Main and North Conchos. Established December 4, 1867. as Camp Hatch. Name changed to Camp Kelly in January, 1868. and to Fort Concho in March, 1868.

DAVIS (Fort). Texas. Near Limpia Creek, 446 miles northwest of San Antonio. Established October 7, 1854.

STOCKTON (Fort), Texas. On Comanche Creek, on the Comanche Trail, 74 miles northwest of Fort Davis. Established March 23, 1859.

HUDSON (Camp). Texas. On the second crossing of the San Pedro or Devil's River, 80 miles from Fort Clark and about 200 miles northwest of San Antonio. Established June 7, 1857. Abandoned February 28, 1869.

JOHNSTON (Camp), Texas. On the south side of the North Concho River, a branch of the Colorado. Established March 15, 1852. Abandoned November 18, 1852.

INGE (Fort), Texas. Near the Leona River in Uvalde county, 85 miles southwest of San Antonio. Established March 13, 1849. Abandoned February 28, 1869.

LINCOLN (Fort), Texas. On Rio Seco, 50 miles west of San Antonio. Established July 7, 1849. Abandoned July 20, 1852.

MARTIN SCOTT (Fort), Texas. On the Rio Perdenales, a branch of the Colorado River, at Fredericksburg. Established December 5, 1848. Abandoned in December, 1866.

MASON (Fort), Texas. On Comanche Creek eight miles from its confluence with Llano River, 110 miles northwest of San Antonio established July 6, 1857. Abandoned March 25, 1869.

SCOTT, M. J. (Camp), Texas. On the River Las Moras, near the Rio Grande, about 28 miles northwest of Fort Duncan. Established March 25, 1854. Abandoned December 8, 1854.

Mr. Robert M. Anderson, Room 109 Main P. O., Baltimore, Md., writes: "As a reader of your publication, I am writing to ask that you give us, if possible, an article on old Fort Inge. It is spoken of in Mayne Reid's 'Headless Horseman,' and as near as I can judge from that tale it was situated at or near what is now Uvalde, Texas. It was mentioned in one of your issues when you referred to the fact that he (Reid) got his idea of the headless horseman on account of an incident which he observed while stationed there. Please try to give us something on this; also on Mayne Reid. Anybody who fought as hard as he for the Independence of Texas certainly should be given some mention. In fact, according to the Memoirs written by his wife, he received a wound in the defence of Texas which finally resulted in his death. Your paper is getting more interesting all the while. Keep up the good work."

On page 33 of this issue of Frontier Times appears a good story about the historic Old Inge. We would be pleased to have some of our readers furnish a story of Captain Mayne Reid, the intrepid soldier of fortune.

Frontier Times wants 7,000 more subscribers. Our goal is 10,000, and we will not be satisfied until we get that number. You can help by telling your friends to subscribe for the little magazine. If your friend is an old Texas ranger, or a pioneer who resided on the frontier prior to 1870, we will accept his subscription at \$1.00 per year.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

The Salt Creek Fight

*Written for Frontier Times by Mrs. Minnie C. Gray,
Arizona Pioneers' Home, Prescott, Arizona*

I want to give my recollections of the Salt Creek fight which happened in 1869, as told me by my husband, who was wounded therein. He, with twelve other men were engaged in rounding up cattle at the head of Salt Creek. They had more than a thousand head under herd guarded by two of the men while the others were bringing in more cattle. On Sunday May 16, 1869, about nine o'clock, a band of about sixty Indians appeared on the scene. They immediately took after the men with their lances trying to cut them off from the bunch. Fortunately all the cattlemen appeared at once around the herd and ran together to the first place, only a slight depression in the ground, but which was all they could reach before the Indians were upon them. As they dismounted several of their horses were shot. The Indians charged in a circle, and when they were on the far side the men worked fast and furiously to build a breastwork of cottonwood logs and stumps on the dead horses behind which they all lay down on the ground. They had only Colt sixshooters while the Indians were armed with arrows and rifles. When the men first dismounted it was decided that Ira E. Graves, my brother, should direct the fight, as he had been in the war and had had more experience. The Indians were commanded by a large colored man, who gave his orders from his seat on a large rock out of gun range. The pistols were used only when the Indians crept close upon them, as ammunition was scarce. Lying by the side of my husband, James W. Gray, was Wm. Crow, to whom he was talking when a bullet struck the latter between the eyes, killing him instantly, the only man killed dead on the ground. The next charge around the circle, (the Indians fired only when they came next to the surrounded men), Mr. Gray was hit by a Spencer rifle ball which went into his right side, cutting two ribs and going out at his back. The pain caused him to draw up his right leg, and the next shot from a similiar gun went through the calf of his leg and

his thigh. John Lemley and Chapley Carter were both shot in the bowels by a bullet from a rifle, and died the next day at Col. Harmeson's ranch, to which they had been moved, ten miles away. Jason N. McLane, my nephew, was wounded in the back with an arrow; Wm C. Kuteh was wounded in the knee with an arrow; Rubin Segreat was wounded in the knee with an arrow; George Lemley was wounded in the eyebrow with an arrow and blew the spike out through his nose ten years later. Joe Woody and a colored man and one other man, whose names I have forgotten, made up the twelve men. They fought from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m., and when the Indians made the last charge Graves had every man get upon his feet, those who were badly wounded being assisted by their friends. The Indians then blew a bugle and went away. It was reported that when they got back to the agency at Fort Sill there were eight Indians short. Of course, an Indian never leaves his dead on the ground. The cattle, saddle horses, pack horses, everything the white men had, was taken away.

Wounded as they were they lay on the bare ground all night, during which time Graves walked carrying water in the crown of his hat to the wounded men. When dark came Graves called for a volunteer to go to Col. Harmeson's ranch about ten miles away. The colored man said he would go if they would let him wait until dark fell. By daylight next morning Col. Harmeson had a wagon and team there. The dead man was lashed on the feed trough behind the wagon, and the men slightly wounded sat in the wagon bed, holding the worse wounded until Harmeson's ranch was reached. There Carter and Lemley died. The post physician met them from Jaeksboro to probe their wounds the first time, and then they were each sent to their homes. Mr. Gray was in bed for five weeks and was visited by four doctors first and last.

Just the three men out of the twelve

were lost. My son, Alva Gray of Miami, was a babe of four months and a day when this fight occurred. He is now a man of fifty-seven years, four months

and a day on the sixteenth of May. I don't know that anyone else has before told this story, and I hope the readers will enjoy it if I am the first one.

Lige Bevins and Gang Exterminated

Written for Frontier Times by G. A. Beeman, of Comanche, Texas

Company K of the First Texas Cavalry in the war of the sixties, was recruited in Bell county, and was commanded by Swan Bigham. Two of the youngest members of the company was the writer and Bob Kuykendall, and if I am not mistaken, the youngest of the regiment. These two boys lived as neighbors in the new and little town of Aiken, and they passed through the war as very close comrades.

Early in 1863, while we were encamped on the San Bernard's, Bob Kuykendall received a letter from his sister, stating that Lige Bevins headed a company of outlaws and deserters, about thirty in number, who had their headquarters in the mountains and cedar brakes around our home and who depredated upon the surrounding country; that he had visited the little town, abused our fathers, both of whom were very old men, and threatened to kill them if they reported them to the military authorities or interfered with them in any way. The boys studied the letter and decided they must go home. It was agreed to show the letter to Colonel Buchell, not doubting under the circumstances he would grant them a furlough. When the Colonel was appealed to however, he stated he could not grant a furlough or leave of absence, as we were on the way east and anticipated active service, and his authority to grant furloughs had been withcalled. When told by the boys that they were going home, and he could report them as deserters and have them shot when they returned, if he so desired, as they were coming back if they lived, the Colonel's moustache was seen to quiver and a tear to dim his eye. Remember, the Colonel was a bachelor sixty-five years old, a soldier of fortune, and as hard as iron on duty, and these particulars are stated to show the other side of his

nature, the thoughtless and reckless character of the young boys in the Confederate army, and the general conditions which prevailed throughout the country.

The writer is so loyal to the memory of Colonel Buchell that he is tempted to add a little more of his history, although it has no connection with this story. The Colonel was born on the Rhine, was knighted by the Queen of Spain for gallantry at Sebastopol, was a pasha in the Turkish army, and a captain in the American army in the War with Mexico. He was killed in a cavalry charge in the battle of Pleasant Hill, and his remains sleep in the capitol grounds at Austin.

But to resume. When the boys had told the Colonel of their decision to go to their fathers' protection at any risk, he did not threaten, but mildly asked them not to leave before eight o'clock the next morning, and to see him before going. With a great deal of reluctance this agreement was made. When eight o'clock came the boys had their horses saddled, provision and ammunition prepared, fully intending to go regardless of all orders or opposition, but true to their promise they went to see the Colonel before starting. He received them cordially, and told them he had started Captain Garen (I think it was Garen) there with his entire company the night before and had instructed him not to spare horseflesh, and when he got near there to put on citizens' clothing, go in and find out from our fathers all about the situation, and to clean out that nest of outlaws. "Captain Garen's men live in Eastern Texas, and that will be the last of it," he said. "You boys who live there may come through all right, but it will start a neighborhood trouble which will not be over in twenty years after the war. You stay right here with me."

Garen carried out orders. They killed Bevins and several others, and captured others, which settled the trouble.

The Bevins neighborhood was on Stampede Creek, and was noted for its outlawry during the reconstruction period. When we were under military government, which was distasteful, inefficient, and largely a matter of favoritism, men of the above neighborhood were stealing horses and committing other depredations, and when arrested and turned over to Federal authorities at Waco, they had only to claim they were Union men during the war and were being persecuted for that fact. On this plea they were turned loose and came back for further outlawry.

Bevins had two half brothers in the neighborhood, Miles and Jim Bishop. Jim was caught in the brakes with two or three others in possession of a bunch of horses belonging to other men. Jim

was shot with fine shot and captured, while the others made their escape. He was sent to Waco and released on the same old plea. Finally the band was broken up and dispersed. Years afterwards the writer met Jim in another county and on inquiry learned he had made a first class citizen for seven years, and his history was not told to his neighbors. He died several years later with the confidence and respect of those who knew him. Miles drifted to New Mexico and ranged in the vicinity of Carlsbad, and was a noted outlaw under the name of "Lallaooler."

I would add that one company of the First Texas Cavalry was raised in Gillespie county, and was commanded by Frank Van der Stucken. This company laid in line with Company K, and there was much good feeling between the two companies.

Was Bill Longley Killed by Hanging?

Editor Frontier Times:

By chance I got one copy of Frontier Times, and read with interest the descriptions of the hanging of Bill Longley. At that time I lived at Roundtop, and the news of the capture and conviction of Bill Longley created great excitement over Lee and adjoining counties, and it looked as if everybody who owned a horse with saddle, or buggy, went to Giddings on October 11th, 1878. The description of the hanging is fairly correct, and I can remember the impressions of myself and others when Sheriff Brown read the last words of the sentence passed by the court, "To be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead."

In the further course of the history of Longley's death and burial the article differs widely from what I have heard. It can not have escaped any old time reader of daily and weekly papers, that it was honestly believed all over the North that Bill Longley was not killed by the hanging process. It was told that his body had been taken to San Antonio Prairie, some distance above Giddings, where the coffin had been buried, while

its occupant had gone to Central America, doing right well and leading an honest life. There were some who had suspicions that the stretching of the rope gave Longley a chance to land on his feet, and by keeping his body straight could have saved his neck. There even was living, many years ago, a man in Ledbetter who claimed that he saw the leather riggings which were fitted on under Longley's clothing to make sure that the neck would not be severed in the drop from the gallows.

One thing I distinctly remember: In the trap door there was fastened a rope which was run through a pulley and at the end of the rope was tied a heavy piece of iron rail. When the trap was sprung the pulley got jerked out and the piece of iron rail hit Longley's legs with full force. If Bill Longley should have escaped death, which now seems impossible to me, he at least got some punishment and a reminder of that October 11th, through that piece of iron rail, which undoubtedly left some blue marks on his body. L. C. RUMMEL.
Ledbetter, Texas, May 29, 1926.

"Seco" Smith, Bandera County Pioneer

By J. Marvin Hunter

Some years ago, when I was gathering and compiling material for the "Pioneer History of Bandera County," I spent a very delightful afternoon with William Densley (Seco) Smith, at his home near Medina, Texas. Mr. Smith is now 90 years old, and although he has been seriously ill during the past year, he is again able to be about and gives promise of living many years yet. His mind is clear, and he has a ready recollection of events that happened in the early days on the frontier, and he related many interesting things that transpired in those early times. Portions of the sketch given below were used in the "Pioneer History of Bandera County," published by the writer in 1922. It was away back in 1848 that his father, Robert M. Smith, started to Texas, the land of promise, but when the family reached Memphis, Tennessee, on their journey to the Lone Star State, they found the Mississippi river too high to cross, so they went to Tishomingo county and rented a small farm, where they remained about a year. While they were on this farm there came along one day some men who were members of the Fremont Expedition just returning home from California. They camped near the Smith home, and gave such glowing reports of the discovery of gold in California that everybody became interested. But I will allow Mr. Smith to tell the story:

"When father talked to these men and learned that they were on their way home to get their families and take them to California he made up his mind to accompany them to the Golden State, and all agreed to meet at Council Bluff Ferry, on the Missouri river, the following March. When the time arrived we were right there and joined the emigrant train headed for California. We followed the old Fremont trail to Salt Lake City, Utah, where we took the Lower Route into California, arriving at the Santa Ana river about where San Bernardino now stands. Here we stopped and father established a ranch, which he sold out after a time and we moved to near Los Angeles. We remained in California

five years, and father decided to remove to Texas, via Ft. Yuma, Arizona, and El Paso. To make this trip he engaged some men to accompany us, but they were a tough lot and plotted to get us out on the desert, steal our stock and leave us stranded. There was an orphan boy in our party who overheard the plot and informed us of it, and of course we were on the alert for the first indication of crookedness. It came while we were encamped in the vicinity of Ft. Yuma, when the ring-leader got drunk and started to raise trouble. I was well armed and, though just a boy, I promptly covered the leader and we forced them to take their belongings and clear out. There were twelve men in the outfit that left us. They went on ahead some distance and were attacked by Indians, one man being wounded in the fight. The redskins got their stock and they had to return to Ft. Yuma. We made it to El Paso without mishap, and found that place to be only a small village with one store. Here we tarried for a few days, then resumed our journey and reached San Antonio June 26, 1856, camping at the San Pedro Springs, then on the outskirts of the town. Later we moved out to the Olmos, six miles distant, where we remained a short time. While we were here the Indians stole some of our horses and mules. I joined a party headed by John Jones, father of Andy Jones who now lives near Bandera, and we followed the Indians to near the head of the Medina river, where the trail led through a large plum thicket, and the fruit almost covered the ground where the ripe plums had fallen off. Here we lost the trail, which had been completely obliterated by bear tracks. All the bears in the country must have been there eating those plums. We had to give up the chase and returned home.

"Father bought a small place from A. D. Jones, moved to it, and remained there over 45 years, or until his death, which occurred when he was 89 years old. I was married in 1857 to Miss Amanda Coker of San Antonio. Three children, two girls and one boy, were born to us.

These two girls, Frances and Josephine married Joe and Frank Moffett. Frances lives on the Frio, Josephine died recently near Medina, and my son, William A. Smith, lives at Douglas, Arizona. My wife died in 1863.

"In 1867 I was married to Miss Julia A. Long, the daughter of S. A. Long, a San Jacinto veteran who lived on the Hondo. Of this union there were seven children, four boys and three girls: R. S. Smith of Medina, J. D. Smith of Pooteet, Frank M. Smith and A. E. Smith of San Antonio, Mrs. Mary Mayfield of Medina, Mrs. Rosa Stevens of Bandera, and Mrs. Laura Hand. In 1873 my second wife died.

"In 1898 I was married to my present wife, who was Miss Elizabeth T. Akin, the daughter of J. T. Akin, an early settler of Bandera county. Five children have been born to us, two boys and three girls: Mrs. Esther Skinner of Port Arthur, Miss Beulah Smith, Austin Milam Smith, Sidney Raymond Smith, and Miss Valentine Smith, under the parental roof.

"I am the father of fifteen children, fourteen living, and filling places of usefulness in this world. One of my sons, Sam Smith, was sheriff of Bandera county several years.

In 1860 I located on the Seco, about forty miles from the town of Bandera, and that is how people came to call me "Seco" Smith. There were three different Smiths in that region. W. L. Smith lived on the Frio; he was known as "Frio" Smith. Rube Smith lived on the Hondo; he was called "Hondo" Smith. I lived on the Seco, and ever since I went there people have called me "Seco" Smith. These are all Spanish names. In that language, "frio" means cold, "hondo" means deep, and "seco" means dry. I do not know which is most distressing, to be cold, deep or dry. However, the nickname has stuck to me and I have had to carry it.

"While I lived on the Seco my nearest neighbors were Ben Ragland and Squire Boone. I remember when the Indians killed Berry Buckelew, and many other tragedies that occurred in that region. In 1862 the Indians killed old man Schreiver three miles below my place. In company with Dr. Schoffhausen,

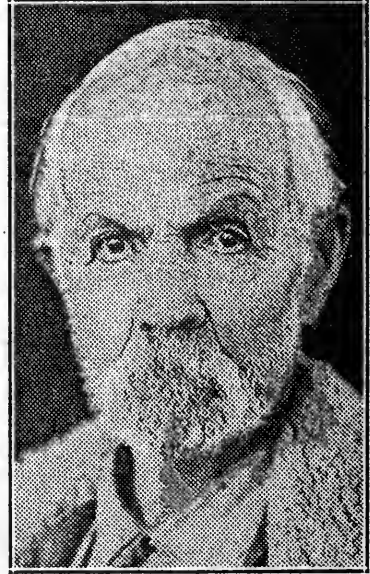
Schreiver was out stock hunting when attacked. Dr. Schoffhausen disappeared and it is supposed that the Indians killed him too, but his body was never found, although diligent search was made for it. The Indians also killed my wife's brother, Sam Long, over on the Blanco in 1862. His brother, Andy Long, outran the Indians and got away. After he was shot with several arrows, Sam made his way to his father's home, and died as soon as he got there. Julia Long, who afterwards became my wife, had been to the postoffice and was returning home when the Indians attacked her brothers, and when she saw what was taking place she started to run for home, but was overtaken by the Indians, jerked from her horse, and as she fell one of the Indians grasped her by the hair and with his knife cut off a handful, no doubt trying to scalp her. Evidently fearing pursuit the Indians were in a hurry to escape, and this fact probably saved her life. She made her way home, not seriously hurt, but very badly frightened. The same year the Indians killed old man Sanders of Uvalde, between the Frio and Leona rivers. I remember the attack that was made on the Kincheloe home, when Mrs. Bowlin was killed and Mrs. Kincheloe was fearfully wounded.

"On another raid the Indians killed Captain Robertson and Henry Adams, while these two men were in camp, and ate their hearts. They killed Dud Richardson on the Frio, and scalped a little girl alive. This same band of Indians killed Mr. and Mrs. Stringfield, and carried their little boy, Tommy Stringfield, off into captivity. The Indians came on up the country and divided into two large parties. "Big Foot" Wallace, with a party of men, followed one of the bands which went out on the divide between the Sabinal and the Medina rivers. The Indians discovered their pursuers and laid an ambush for them. They tied a fine mare on the side of a mountain for a decoy and when some of the rangers, over the protest of Bigfoot Wallace, went to get the mare, the Indians fired on them and wounded Bill Davenport in the thigh. Wallace ordered his men to dismount and prepare for a fight. Some of the men then flanked the Indians on both sides and ran them out,

killing some of the Indians and capturing a big herd of horses which had been stolen down in Atascosa and Medina counties.

"The other band of Indians had gone up the Sabinal, and I, in company with several men, took their trail and followed them to the head of Devil's River, out near where Sonora is now located. There were about 100 Indians in this band, and they made a very plain trail. A settlement fort had been constructed on the Sabinal for the protection of the few settlers there, and a company of rangers from Washington county, under command of Captain Meyers, was encamped about a mile below this fort at this time. We sent a runner to the ranger camp for assistance to help in chasing these Indians and Captain Meyers sent 25 men to join us. In the party of rangers were two men from San Antonio, Sam Maverick and a young man named Simpson. As soon as the rangers joined us we pushed forward on the trail and followed it until sundown, then camped where the trail went up the divide between the Sabinal and Guadalupe rivers. Early the next morning we were again in the saddle and going forward as fast as possible, but our progress was hindered by the roughness of the divide which was covered with honeycomb rocks, which made travel very slow for the horses of our friends that had been used to a flat, level country. These horses were clumsy and many of them soon became lame. We traveled until late that night when we reached Paint Creek, a tributary to the South Llano river. Next morning the Washington county fellows were sick of the chase and all turned back, except two—Sam Maverick and Simpson. Five or six of our men decided to turn back also, leaving 26 of us to follow on after the Indians. We were determined to overtake those redskins if possible and try to annihilate them, and resumed our chase. But the next day twelve more of our party turned back, and that left fourteen to continue on the trail of 100 Indians. The second night after they left us we camped about a mile above old Fort Territt, our horses were pretty well fagged out, our men all tired from steady riding, and were about out of grub. We did not know it at the moment but the night

we camped here, the Indians were camped just about a mile further on. We found their camping place the next morning after we resumed the chase. They had butchered and barbecued a horse, and used the paunch to carry a supply of water in. We discovered from their preparations that they intended



SECO SMITH PHOTO BY ROSE

making a long dry run across that semi-arid region, but we hoped to overtake them in a few hours and force them to fight. Two or three of our horses gave out and our men took turns walking. We followed the trail all that day and called a halt and sized up the situation. We were many miles from water, out of grub, hungry and worn out; our horses were about exhausted, so we decided to turn back. While we were resting here John Ware went out and killed an antelope. We cut it up in chunks and started back to water, about thirty miles, which we reached the next morning at daylight. Here we cooked that meat and ate it without salt or bread. We rested here awhile, and then went back to Fort Territt, and camped. We succeeded in killing several deer and turkeys, roasted a great quantity of the meat, and resumed our homeward journey. The second day on our return we had eaten all our meat and were again a hungry bunch. That night we made a

dry camp, and one of the men killed an old turkey gobbler, and fourteen hungry men ate him in a very little while. When we got back to the settlement fort we found well loaded tables waiting for us, and we consumed everything in sight. That Washington county bunch got lost when they started back, and beat us in only a few hours, with their clothes torn and their horses in bad shape.

"I think people sometimes have a premonition of death. I know of one case where such a thing happened. Rube Smith was a cowman, but not a kinsman of mine. He lived on the Hondo. We went down on the San Miguel one time to get some cattle, and while we were there Rube received word that members of his family were very sick. He seemed greatly worried about it and said if he could get one man to go with him, he would pull out for home, about sixty miles. I told him I would go with him, and we immediately started and traveled all night, reaching his home on the Hondo early the next morning. He talked about Indians killing him all the way and at other times whenever he would be with me he expressed his dread. It seemed to prey upon his mind. He was a brave man, but no matter what the conversation was about, he invariably brought up the subject of Indians killing him some day. Sure enough, sometime afterward he was killed by Indians on the divide between the Tehuacana and the Hondo,

"Big Foot Wallace was one of the best men I ever knew. He was modest and retiring in disposition, but a terror when aroused. I met him in San Antonio in 1856. He had tanked up and started to his location on the Chicon, and while riding along he dropped his rifle and broke the stock off. He came back to San Antonio to get fixed, and I met him at this time. Wallace told me that a belly full of booze and a broken gun was a poor combination to take out into an Indian country. How did he get his name? I will tell you: Colonel Duran was a member of Jack Hays' company of rangers, and he told me that once, when they were camped at San Pedro Springs, in 1845, Hays gave twelve or fifteen of his men permission to go up on the Guadalupe and hunt and scout for awhile as

things had been quiet along the border for some time. These men, with Wallace in the crowd, went above New Braunfels, had a fine time, saw no Indian sign, and thinking there was no danger, they relaxed their vigilance one night, with the result that the Indians came while they slept and drove off all their horses. They were forty miles from San Antonio, and afoot, with all of their camp equipment and saddles. They built a raft of logs, loaded their stuff on it, and started down the river. Wallace and another man got on the raft to steer it, while the other men walked along the bank of the stream and kept in hailing distance. Wallace pulled off his shoes and placed them on top of the blankets and saddles on the raft, and while floating through a swift, deep channel the raft was overturned and everything on it went to the bottom and was lost, except Wallace and his companion who swam out. They could not recover a thing for the current had washed it all down. Wallace joined the party on the bank and walked until his feet became sore and his friends had to take turns in carrying him. Finally they found a bunch of wild cattle and shot a yearling. They cooked the meat and used the hide to make some mocassins for Wallace and he was enabled to get along very well. When the party reached New Braunfels the German citizens curiously eyed Wallace's feet and called him "Gross Fos" (Big Foot), and the name was taken up by his companions, and ever afterwards stuck to him. Big Foot Wallace once owned a grant of land in Bandera county, above Medina, and Wallace Creek was named for him, as was also the town of Big Foot in Frio county. He died January 7, 1899, in his 83rd year, and his remains now rest in the State Cemetery at Austin.

"I located on Wallace Creek, in Bandera county, in 1878, and remained there about three years, then bought 640 acres on Benton's Creek from B. F. Bellows. Later I sold this land and moved to Medina, where I have a nice farm, and am spending the evening of my life in quiet retirement. Most of my old comrades have passed over the borderland of time. The days of long ago seem but yesterday when I recall their faces and the happy times we had together."

Some Verde History

Written by Colonel M. L. Crimmins, of Fort Sam Houston

Camp Verde was established six miles from the mouth of Verde Creek, and sixty miles northwest of San Antonio, about seventy years ago. Company "D" 2nd U. S. Cavalry, which is now the 5th Cavalry, took station there July 8, 1856. To curb the activities of the hostile Comanches, Lipans, Apaches and Kiowas, Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, had created the 1st and 2nd Regiments of Cavalry, and officered them with the pick of the Army with increased rank. The troops were very active and spent half their time in the field. Lieut. Cornelius Van Camp, with a detachment of Co. "D" 2nd Cavalry, set out from Camp Verde, October 29, 1857, in pursuit of marauding Comanches who had been depredating upon the settlements in the vicinity. He overtook the enemy next day after a chase of six miles over a country so rough that many of his horses were disabled, the sharp rocks tearing the shoes from their hoofs, he succeeded in wounding two warriors and capturing their property. Lieut. Van Camp was killed on October 1, 1858, while leading a charge against the Comanches. On January 25, 1858, First Sergeant Walter McDonald with a detachment of Troop "D" was dispatched from Camp Verde in pursuit of a band of hostile Comanches who had been committing depredations on the San Geronimo Creek. After a rapid pursuit for four days he succeeded in surprising the Indians on the south branch of the Llano river and killed two warriors and recaptured horses which they had stolen from the settlers. Three privates were wounded. On May 28, 1858, Troop "B" marched to Fort Mason and Troop "I" 2nd Cavalry was stationed here from September 23, 1859, to October 2, 1859, and from January 1 to February 21, 1861, on which date it left for Carlisle Barracks, Pa., and escaped from the disgraceful surrender that so many of our brave troops were subjected to when Gen. David L. Twiggs surrendered all troops in the department of Texas Feb. 18, 1861, to the Confederates.

Col. C. A. Waite, 1st Infantry, which regiment is now stationed at Fort Sam

Houston, having taken command June 5, 1860, he had stationed Co. A, 1st Infantry at Camp Verde. On January 28, 1861, he wrote the Assistant Adjutant General of the Department of Texas at San Antonio, complaining that it was impossible to defend the place properly on account of its poor strategical position being commanded by higher ground nearby and because it was spread over so much ground. He wrote, "It is the most ill chosen and least defensible site I have ever seen selected for military purposes." He further reported that there were fifty-three camels there valued at \$20,000, and owing to the hostile attitude of the inhabitants the camels were more of a burden than of any use as they could not keep up with the command on the march and were always late in getting into camp. Although they were able to carry immense loads of over 500 pounds they could not stand the rough rocky country they were then in. This is not surprising for, as I have shown, even the horses with their iron shoes could not stand it. The camels were as unpopular as automobiles were twenty-five years ago, because they would stampede horses and cattle. S. O. 16, Headquarters Department of Texas, February 4, 1861, orders "Co. A 1st Infantry on temporary duty in this city, will return without delay to its station at Camp Verde." Paragraph 4 of this same order helped to mark an epoch in history. It relieved Brevet Colonel Robert E. Lee, 2nd Cavalry, from duty in the department and ordered him to report to the General-in-Chief of the Army at Washington, D. C. Lee's value to our army was estimated at that time by General Scott to be equal to 25,000 men. He was therefore offered the command of the Federal army by Francis Preston Blair of Missouri, who was acting as a messenger from President Lincoln. He refused and on April 20, 1861, submitted his resignation from the army, and on April 22 was made a Major General in the Confederate Army and placed in command of the Military and Naval forces of Virginia.

Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson

By W. M. Walton, of Austin, Texas

Published in 1884

FOREWORD.

In reprinting "The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson" Frontier Times does not intend to hold up this notorious character as a model for the youth of this day to pattern after, but rather as a warning to our boys to shun the evils of the present time. In the making of her early history Texas had many disreputable characters who "lived by the gun, and died by the gun," leaving behind them blackened spots on history's fair pages. Among these were such characters as Sam Bass, John Wesley Hardin, Ben Thompson, John Selman, Bill Longley, and many others. In republishing books dealing with the careers of these desperadoes Frontier Times is but sup-

plying those links which connect the chain of historic fact.

"The Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson," a book of some 229 pages, was written by Major W. M. (Buck) Walton, of Austin, Texas, about two years before Thompson was killed in San Antonio in 1884, and the book was published a short time thereafter, giving a full account of the tragedy and the causes leading up to it. In republishing this book in Frontier Times a few miscellaneous chapters will be omitted, which really have no direct bearing upon the career of this notorious character, and would prove of little interest to the reader.

CHAPTER I.

"Ben, you can't shoot."

"Did you ever see me try?" "No, but I will give you leave to fire at me," and as he thus spoke he turned his back to Ben and stooped down on his all-fours, and said, "blaze away." No sooner said than a little single-barrel shot gun, loaded with small shot, was fired at the defiant doubter. He was peppered in fine style, and painfully hurt.

The foregoing scene occurred in the year 1856, the actors being Ben Thompson and Joe Brown, the one being thirteen and the other fourteen years old.

Ben Thompson was born in 1843, of English parents; his mother is still living, an excellent woman, esteemed by all who know her, devoted to their children and grandchildren, and now residing in Bastrop county, Texas. The father disappeared many years ago, supposed to have been lost at sea.

The subject of this sketch is now in his thirty-seventh year, five feet nine inches high, rather swarthy complexion, stoutly built, black hair and blue eyes, quick in all his motions, indomitable energy, modest and retiring in demeanor, speaks gently, is a handsome, generous

man, the friend of the weak and oppressed, fearless as a lion, and although it has been his fate or fortune to repeatedly take human life, it has ever been done in self-defense, the necessity having arisen from his interposition in behalf of those who were wronged by the strong, overbearing, or cowardly. who, having the advantage and power, ruthlessly exercised it, regardless of right, place, or circumstances.

The instance stated heretofore approaches more nearly a wanton act (and it was but the freak of a boy without malice), than will be found in all his subsequent career, which has been as varied, and in many things as knightly and chivalric as that of the brave knights who fought for the Holy Land, or righted the wrongs of oppressed or captive women.

The fame of Ben Thompson has spread from the center to the extreme borders of this country, over its mountains and valleys, though the mines of Mexico, the placers of California, the mineral fields of Colorado, the great emporium of commerce, on the ocean's deeps, and the far interior, and his fame has been that of a brave, fearless man, retiring an chari-

table as a woman when not aroused by the perpetration of wrong and injustice on himself, or others unable to cope with assailants; but dangerous, deadly and quick as a bolt of lightning when the supreme moment of necessity, safety and action came. His eye is soft and laughing, playful and active when his indignation is not on fire; but glittering, piercing and steady as the eagle's while gazing at and flying towards the sun, on the approach of an enemy bent on mischief, or when his ear is hurt by the groans of distress drawn forth by the rough hand of the oppressor, or the trembling wail of the weak when trodden on by the strong.

In the adventurous life which he has led he became a gambler, and has visited most of the gambling houses in the West and South, playing high, winning largely, losing heavily, being at times proprietor of such houses, but whether he played on the inside or outside of the banks, he would play with no youth, nor permit them to play at his banks, often has he led the inexperienced youth to the outside of such places and advised them firmly and kindly to depart and never again to come within the unholy influence and actual dangers of such scenes. He would tell them of the desperate life that opened before them if they tasted the deadly poison that gambling distils, and of the circle of fire that would spring up like magic around them should the insatiate and irrepressible passion for gambling be roused. Some were saved, but the greater number, like the moth about the candle, hovered around until poverty and want were the result of their action; accompanying disgrace and dishonor put on their awful seal and death in bloody form followed oftentimes; youthful hopes buried in ashes; bad passions swallowing up principle, honor and affection; have brought gray hairs of aged fathers and praying mothers to untimely graves.

Revenge was no part of Ben Thompson's nature; generous to a fault, charitable and liberal, he bore no ill-will to any one; it was natural for him to forgive a wrong if not resented on the spot, and instances will be shown when under the most aggravating circumstances, he forgave the injurer, and afterwards by

generosity made the wrong-doer a friend that money nor after attachments could prevent from interposing his life between Ben and danger.

Ben and danger.

Ben was and is an admirer of women. So much so that his life is held as naught when she is wronged or subjected to injustice. Virtue in woman, and its protection from chicanery, fraud or theft, by unprincipled men, had in him a defender, and but few scoundrels had the courage to meet him, and on but one occasion did any man stand to justify himself when detected and made to confront this fearless man. This one did not stand but a moment, but we need not anticipate.

Our readers will see what manner of man we have in hand, and we ask them to patiently journey with us through the scenes taken from actual life that will be herein portrayed.

Much has been said by open defamers or paid slanderers against Thompson, and he has been represented as a blood-thirsty monster, whose pleasure was to shoot down unoffending strangers, and to glut his appetite for blood with the dying groans of innocent men; misrepresentations of his life, acts and career have been injected into the political field, into the pulpit, aye, and into the household, about the hearthstone, as the embodiment of lawlessness and crime to be reprobated, and the hero in it to be scouted from the pales of society, as unworthy the protection of the law; or the grasp of the hand of friendship.

"Oh, Ben, you shot me." At this cry Ben dropped his gun, ran to the wounded boy, and in every way sought to aid and help, him, and to make him understand there was no malice inducing the shot. Brown was painfully but not seriously wounded; he was aided by Ben to reach his home, and every care that could be bestowed given him. He was soon up again, the mustard seed shot having been carefully picked out of his person. But, that was not enough to satisfy the public sentiment, and properly so. Court was approaching and although there was no malice, no ill-will that caused the shot, yet Ben was indicted and put on his trial, charged by indictment with an assault with intent to murder. The

case was called, and a young lawyer, R. T. Browning, Esq., appointed by the Court to defend the youth who had been charged with so grave a crime. The court house was crowded with a great mass of people. The grave judge sat on the bench, twelve solemn-eyed jurors in the box, the trial proceeded to the end, detailing all the facts and circumstances of the transaction. The jury found the defendant guilty of an aggravated assault, but recommended him to the mercy of the court and clemency of the executive, because there was no intent to kill and murder, no element of malice in the act. He was held in custody until the Governor, H. R. Runnels, acted, extending pardon, and was then discharged. He again commenced to set type in a newspaper office, which business he had before followed.

At this time the city of Austin was a small village—a few thousand inhabitants—a frontier town. Indeed the whole country to the west of Austin, divided by a line north and south, was a frontier. The Indians made frequent incursions and often killed men, women and children, and drove the stock away. The wild Comanches were the inveterate enemies of the white people; fearless, daring, savage Indians, nature educating them to steal property, torture victims, and scorn death. Inspired as they were with the traditional belief that the whites were trespassers on their hunting grounds, they determined to break up the fields and habitations and turn the settled country into wide waste over which the deer, antelope and buffalo might range in old freedom, to be hunted by the Indians alone and have them constitute their means of support.

Thompson was but a youth; but quick as a man can act, when the cry of "Indians! Indians!!" sounded, he was ready with horse, gun and pistol, to join the pursuing party and to relieve the captives or die in the effort. The ride was one noted in this frontier country, made by frontiersmen, who stay not, weary not, when neighbor, friend or child has been seized by the ruthless savage. It will never be forgotten by those who made it, or by those whose children were recaptured in the chase. The passes

through the mountains were as well known to these riders, white and red, as are the harbors on the sea coast to the captains who sail ships. The ride here, on the one side and the other, was for these passes, just as the captain of the ship strives for safe harborage when the storm pursues, ready to swallow him and his vessel. The flight was for life on the part of the Indians; the pursuit was to save children from a captivity worse than death.

The moon rises high in the heavens. Her bright light renders the woods, the trail, the prairie, as light as day; but there was no use for light. The direction and the distance were the governing points. Still the moon rises higher, and, if possible, brighter. The men fly over the ground like wild huntsmen. Life! death! liberty! The hills fade behind, the valleys roll themselves up, the mountains open their arms, and, thank God, the pursuers outride the pursued. The pass is gained. Thompson is one of the first to dismount, secret his horse and take position to surely and securely entrap or kill the marauders and save the children.

Hark! they come; come rapidly, and for a wonder, carelessly. They have in their boldness forgotten caution; they ride into the arms of death. Unable to restrain himself, Thompson fired his rifle shooting the leading horseman through the heart, and drawing his pistol, fought with a wild, reckless desperation not surpassed by one who defends himself from death; but he was not alone. Though premature in the attack, his companions joined with such prompt fierceness and activity, but one Indian escaped. The fight by the Comanches, although they were taken by surprise and at fatal disadvantage, was like their nature, savage, relentless and vindictive; but the whites, actuated by revenge at the wrong the savages had done, and contempt of life, aided by their advantage, gained in the surprise of the enemy with the loss of one man and the wounding of two others, won the night fight and rescued all the children, five in number, except one, who, by the rough treatment received from the Indians, died soon after the fight was over.

It is needless to speak of the great joy of the people when, late the next evening, the horsemen returned home and delivered the children who had been recaptured to their well-nigh broken hearted parents. Still but a boy, from this day Thompson not only regarded himself as a man but was so regarded by the people among whom he lived. From this time, however, no more Indian raids penetrated the country as far down as the City of Austin.

The chase of the Indians in the instance narrated, is but one of many, and is not at all exceptional, except it being more successful than usual. The Burlesons, McCullochs, Fords, Lees, Bells, Jack Hayes, Wilbargers, Hornbys, Bowies, Caldwell, Ross, and hundreds of others, could while living—a few of them are still alive—have filled volume on volume with kindred occurrences. Children have been captured and raised among the Indians, forgetting their country, parentage and language.

CHAPTER II.

Wearied of the monotonous, confined and laborious life of a printer, Ben drifted to the great Southern city, New Orleans, and there cast his lot for a time with the miscellaneous population that inhabits that ancient and wonderful place, full of peoples from all nations of the earth, dominated, however, by those of French extraction. The Americans represented in great measure the business character of the city, but the French and creole composed the essential elements of society and made and unmade usage and custom both as to man and woman. The duello was still the fashion, and the simplest insult resulted in a call to the field of honor, and really the grade in rank or esteem of the offender made but little if any difference to the challenger. Considering himself affronted his angry honor could seldom be appeased by less than the crossing of swords in mortal combat. Though hurtful consequence in such encounters was the exception to the rule.

Thompson wandered around the city poor, adventurous, handsome in person, with no definite objective in view, and

thus for days he was on the world, but knew not whether here or in another part of the world life was an open way and could be made to minister to the living, the hope, ambition, elevation, or depravity of man. Poverty is a teacher from whom all learn. Hunger a master in whose presence no man can stand and smile.

Ben was mortal and subject to the same natural laws as others. Boy though he was, his mature reflections and firm resolution were far ahead of his age in years. A "knocked about boy" becomes a man in action long before the law or society recognizes him as such.

Believing that he could better his fortunes by going to the gold fields of California he concluded to shape his life to that end and at once applied for work at his trade as a printer at the Commercial job office, and being favorably received, no time was lost; his labors were commenced industriously, and so constantly and energetically did he apply himself, and so economical were his habits, that in a little less than two months he had saved money enough to pay a steerage passage to San Francisco, and bear his personal expenses on the passage. So soon as he found his funds sufficient for his purpose, he went to the agency, bought and paid for his passage, provided himself with a satchel of clothes, and was ready to bid a long farewell to all he had ever known, and live and die on the Pacific slope, where danger, adventure, death, readily acquired fortune and immense wealth lost, were the experience of all; but through some misunderstanding the steamship left her wharf hours in advance of the time Ben had understood it would steam down the great father of waters, through the Balize and into the stormy gulf. On the banks of that great river the poor boy stood, realizing that all his high hopes had turned to ashes and he was again turned adrift moneyless, friendless and almost, if not quite, hopeless. He sat down on a cotton bale and pondered his situation; a fond mother more than a thousand miles away, an old gray-haired man, the father, wonderingly, as the wreaths of smoke curled upward from his pipe, questioning

where the boy Benny was. Tears coursed down the cheeks of the disappointed despondent youth. He was not wayward then. He wanted to do what was right; he desired to make money and an honorable name and to send back to the aged couple the money he could earn in honest toil. But such was not the case. Clouds he knew not of were fast gathering. He sat, pondered and wept. There was no recourse save to return to the case and types. Brave by nature, energetic by habit, and resolute by necessity, he wended his way towards the old stand where he had earned and hoarded.

On the way, and it was a long distance, he thought he would relieve the distance by taking passage in an omnibus. Street cars were then unknown. He did so. Into the omnibus he went. In it was a gay party, returning from a ball, then so ed himself unobtrusively in a corner of common with the aristocratic French residents. Humbly and quietly he seated the vehicle. In the omnibus was a young Frenchman, Emil de Tour, who at the ball had taken too much wine. He was not only in high spirits, but inclined to assume and domineer to a degree that must have been offensive to his companions. Aboard there was also a young girl, who seemed to shrink from the gala feeling that characterized the party. This Frenchman, forgetting himself, his manhood and honor, approached her and offered a direct insult. Friendless and alone she knew not what to do. He cautiously but determinedly pressed on her his insult, sat down by her side, forcibly took her hand and tried to kiss her, much to her evident fright, consternation and alarm. She resented him and his advances as well as she could by resistance; called for help, but none came, the gay crowd being engrossed in their own pastime. The girl again and again appealed for help, not loudly, but piteously and earnestly. She received no notice. Ben rose from his seat and approached the scene of confusion. As he neared the point the young Frenchman glanced at him, and demanded why he came and why he did not remain where he was and attend to his own business. Ben said: "Sir, I cannot see a lady call for help and not respond."

He could not speak English plainly.

Only a few more words passed. Ben said: "Leave that girl; I will assume to protect her." Thereupon the now maddened man insultingly struck Ben in the face with his hand, but no sooner was the blow given than he received a stab in the side with a knife in the hands of the assailed. His blood flowed not only freely, but it was feared that his very life had been taken. In a moment the wild, good humor was ended, and friends gathered about the wounded man, oaths came thick and fast, secreted arms were drawn, and the boy who had thus defended woman's honor was forced to flee for his life. He could not stand and defend himself, the array of infuriated men was too great, and even the women too called for the life of the offender. Strange! he had defended the honor of a sister in sex, and yet they would have seen him murdered. Ben, at the risk of his life, jumped from the omnibus to the rough hard stones of the uneven pavement and took refuge through a cafe close at hand.

The Frenchman was not wounded as seriously as at first thought, and in the course of a few days he was able to be on the streets and in his usual haunts; he sought the youth who had wounded him and despoiled him of his coveted prey. By a means not needful to mention, he ascertained his antagonist, and demanded satisfaction for the alleged wrong. Ben had some friends in the printing office who knew more of the ways of the Crescent City than he did. They concocted and adopted a plan on which Ben would be equal to the fiery Frenchman. A cartel was sent. Ben accepted, and being the challenged party, had a right, under the code, to name weapons and distance. He, under the advice of friends, named pistols, distance ten paces, the shooting to continue till the one or the other fell from wounds. The challenger refused to fight in such a way, styling it barbarous and murderous, and suggested indirectly that the encounter should be with short swords, and intimating that no serious wounds would be inflicted. But the friends of Thompson advised positively against the proposed quasi compromise, and insisted on his clear rights, under the code, to prescribe the terms of the

fight to his antagonist, provided he did so, reserving or concealing no advantage to himself. Ben's blood was getting hot. He could see an intention to humiliate and insult him under the terms of an honorable meeting. The friends of the Frenchman varied the proposition from short to long swords. Thompson declined, but returned, by permission of his friends, alternative terms to fight as follows: "I will do this: I will fight on the terms already named, or, if you prefer, we will go into a dark room with daggers, there fight until one or the other falls. If dead, all right; if not dead, the victor can spare life if he wishes. Select one of the modes, accept and fight, or admit yourself a coward."

On the receipt of this note the Frenchman was furious. Both the propositions were all outside his ideas of what was the true mode under such circumstances, but he could not refuse without being called a coward, and that was worse than death; he accepted the alternative. The antagonists prepared to meet. The room was in an out of the way locality, a lone, poor place. The friends of the Frenchman were there in force; Ben backed by a few printer boys. When the situation was seen, one of Ben's boldest friends demanded that overwhelming force in friends of the Frenchman should retire to a distance, as would those for whom he spoke. The proposition was too just to be declined. All friends went away, leaving the two mortal antagonists to enter the room, and there try the fate of life. They entered, the Frenchman going first, but Ben was so close that no advantage could be taken. At the inside of the door they parted, Ben going to the left and the other to the right; quiet as still as death reigned. Who should move? Who be the aggressor?

"Are you ready?" said Ben. The sound gave the Frenchman notice of when he had to strike; without a word of warning he struck with all his force, but in doing so, unfortunately for himself, did not reach Ben, who had changed position as he spoke, he lost his balance, guard and caution, and fell an easy prey to the watchful boy. Without a struggle the Frenchman died, cut through

and through his vital parts. He was left to be taken care of by his friends when they should come. Seeing that his enemy was dead, Ben stepped out of the fatal room and went to the point where he, by the advice of friends, was to go if he should leave the room alive. This man was the first man Ben ever killed. Can it be said that he was wrong in thus taking life? Oftentimes has he said to the man who writes, "that this unfortunate circumstance was the influence that led him to lead the life he had." He then, as he says, saw in his early manhood the disposition on the part of the privileged to oppress and take advantage of the friendless, the young and unprotected, and resolved this his life, great or weak as it might prove to be, should be a shield to help those who could not protect themselves, and that live or die, sink or swim, he would never turn his back to the weak, save when needful to face and combat with the strong, and his life has proved the strength of that resolve.

CHAPTER III.

The Frenchman was dead, and Ben a fugitive. The pride of race had been aroused, one of the favorites of society had been slain by one who, to all intents and purposes, was regarded as one of the street arabs, and it would be a disgrace not to apprehend and punish the daredevil who had thus lifted his type-stained hand against the petted and spoiled child of fortune. Ben fled, but not on a straight line. He doubled and turned, remaining at one spot or place but a short time. Fortunately for him, he found his way to the Sicilian quarter, and, being once there, he was as safe as if he had been in another state; but this was only so long as he remained at those precincts of secrecy and wickedness. It is a peculiarity of these people that the more desperate the fortune of the one who seeks their protection, the greater is their fidelity and devotion, and the asylum will be defended to the extent of life itself. The knife is the favorite weapon of these people, and it is a truly formidable one in the hands of this agile, fearless and desperate race.

There are numerous instances where men who offended some brother of the clan have been inveigled into the disreputable haunts where they colonize and there literally cut to pieces, and, their bodies dismembered, packed away in a thousand secret places until there was left no trace of the murdered man or even a stain made by his blood. So dangerous was it for officers to seek fugitives who had sought refuge among this strange people that they were under the necessity of going in bodies, which was equal to not going at all, for their approach was known at a great distance off, and ample opportunity afforded the hunted man not only to change his quarters if desired, but to take any and every needful precaution to prevent discovery or arrest or make sudden defence. It was among this class of people that Ben found a temporary asylum, and there he could remain so long as he saw proper or his necessities required. They would not abandon or betray him, that was certain; but it was not compatible with his nature and active habits to be placed in coventry and wholly lose himself by inactivity. He conferred with those who had his safety in charge as to the best means of escape from the city and state; various and sundry were the schemes concocted, tested and abandoned. The police had been stimulated by the offer of a large reward for his apprehension, and they were unusually vigilant. They seemed to know that he was in the Sicilian quarter, but repeated raids in force had resulted in no discovery. Still, an active watchfulness was kept up day and night. The time for action, however, was at hand, and something decisive had to be done. Two of the Sicilian young men were put in requisition, and at a particular hour for several nights they passed from the quarters to the river, and then taking a skiff, crossed the river to Algiers and after visiting a few of their people for an hour or two in that place, returned. On the first, second and third visits they were not only critically scrutinized, but followed, and a close surveillance kept on them until their return. As a matter of course the espionage resulted in nothing adventurous to the police nor injurious to Thompson. The fourth

visit being counterpart of those which preceded, vigilance was relaxed, and the two men went and came as before, free, however, from the observation which had previously attended them; and so with the fifth visit. Now the crisis had arrived. Ben was to be a Sicilian on the sixth time crossing the river. He was thoroughly disguised over his whole person, his skin given the exact hue from head to feet of a Sicilian. His jet black hair needed not the touch of stain to fit it to well play its part. When the hour came he and his companions ran the gauntlet without question or modestation. When in Algiers he was comparatively safe. Without difficulty, danger or discovery he mounted a mule that had been prepared for him and leisurely, after the second day, traveled to Berwick's Bay, and thence overland to Houston, Texas; then to his home in Austin, where he was warmly greeted by his aged, good mother with an emotion and affection that is extended only to the child that has been in fearful danger.

At Austin he resumed his vocation of printer, and continued to save money enough to supply all his needful wants and to aid, as far as necessary, in the support of his mother and younger brothers and sisters, the father having disappeared when on a voyage from England, where he had gone on business.

It was about this period that gambling for the first time became an established profession in Austin, followed as a business, relied on for support, and by which to make money; men of large means and great skill in manipulating the history of the four kings, made their advent, and faro, monte, roulette, A. B. C. Rouge et Noir, Boston, seven up, euchre, old poker, draw poker, and indeed, all the games that are played with cards, ball or dice, found devotees. The proprietors reaped a rich harvest. The excitement of gambling to the novice is greater perhaps than aught else in which men can engage. From a curious looker on, Ben became an interested spectator, and then a participator in a small way. Limited winning produced an appetite for greater ventures. It was with him as with almost everyone. He had come within the eddying current of the whirl-

pool; the maelstrom had stretched out its circling arms and enclosed him within them; it was but a question of time when he would become a gambler, and the time soon came when he ceased to operate from the outside, and took his place as a banker, of banking games, and a dealer when monte was played. He abandoned his profession of practical printer and became a confirmed gambler, relying upon skill as applied to the laws of luck and chance, and variable indeed has been his experience since he determined to rest in such reliance. At times he has had large sums of money, and then again his purse had been as empty as the ordinary politician is devoid of conscience.

It is not the design of this work to go into detail of Ben's gambling career, save only as incidents may illustrate character, or were the ground work of altercations, difficulties and the killing of men.

Ben began to ply his vocation as a gambler promptly and with some success, and has continued to ply it until this time, having made one notable effort to change the current of his life and engage in other pursuits, but circumstances were not propitious and he fell back into his old habits, doubly confirmed, that the wild, dangerous, enchanting, bitter, adventurous, blissful, damned career of a gambler was his lot.

Successful gamblers seldom indulge in strong drink. To guide the law of luck and chance to advantage requires not only a quick, certain and clear eye, but a cool head and steady nerves. Whiskey, brandy, gin, alcohol, wine or even porter, ale and beer, are deadly enemies to the success of games of cards, or any kindred games. Ben but seldom drank, and never when on duty as a lookout. His capabilities as a gambler are splendid, possessing not only the above mentioned qualities, but was of equable temper, good humor, afraid of nothing and nobody, patient, accommodating and yet cautious; still with all these advantages the law of luck and the science of chance would often become unruly, and a mere amateur sweep away from the skillful gambler a whole bank in one night's sitting.

CHAPTER IV.

The presidential election in 1860 was held, and the electoral college had cast the vote and it was known throughout all the land that Mr. Lincoln had been chosen as President. The inauguration had been made in due form. The Southern States seceded. Sumpter fired in—a blaze of excitement ran from Maine to Texas, from the lakes to the gulf, from ocean to ocean, war, war, war. A country the happiest, finest, best, and most prosperous on earth was plunged into the vortex of civil war. From every hill-top brightly burned the watch fires, from every valley came the cry for war. Old men trembled with fear and apprehension. Younger men, bolder, were ready for the conflict. Armies were marshalled and marched to meet one another, bloody conflicts ensued, men died, women widowed, children orphaned. Battles fought in magnitude unequalled in modern times. Great generals fell. Victories won. Armies defeated. Country devastated. Slaves freed. Rivers blockaded. Cities burned. Famine, pestilence, ruin, outrage, wrong, murder, oppression, all rampant and ruin riot. The general government shaken to its foundation. The President assassinated. Local state governments destroyed. Christians hooted. Patriots hissed. Women hanged. Another President impeached. Corruption let loose and a thousand ills never dreamed of, made actualities to the people. Such is war. Such was war.

Thompson, at an early day, enlisted in the regiment of Col. John R. Baylor and proceeded en route with his command toward New Mexico. When at Fort Clark temporarily, he from one cause or another, was as a rule late in getting to the point where rations were issued, and it sometimes happened that the rations were exhausted before he made his appearance, and it so happened about a week after camp was pitched. The sergeant who issued rations was short and crabbed in temper, and little given to making explanations. When Thompson applied for his rations he was informed that the bacon and candles were out, but with that exception he could be supplied. It so happened that Ben knew

the sergeant had issued an undue quantity of both bacon and candles to his own mess. He said nothing, received what the officer would issue, and in turning to go he saw on one side of the tent a ration of bacon and a candle; he wanted these articles, bacon and candles particularly, to make light by which he could make "layouts" for the boys at monte. He asked of some one to whom that bacon and candle belonged, and was informed they belonged to the laundress; he waited a little while and at an opportune moment transferred the ration of the laundress to his own sack and went to his quarters.

In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes the commissary sergeant, Billy Vance, came out and said in a loud voice: "What d—d thief stole the rations of the laundress?" Ben replied: "I took them, but did not steal them; you can replace them out of the over-issue of rations you made to your mess."

The sergeant, in the same loud voice, said: "You did steal them, and you have to surrender them right now, and as to my making an over-issue of bacon and candles to my own mess, that is a lie." As he said this he approached Ben menacingly, who said: "Don't come any nearer, Sergeant Vance; if you do you will repent it." Vance continued to approach and as he did so began to draw his six-shooter. But he was too slow. Ben drew his pistol and fired simultaneously with the sergeant. His ball went through the body of the sergeant and then through both legs of a soldier who was standing in range. Ben was not touched, for a wonder, as his antagonist was within a few feet of him. Lieutenant Haigler was standing a short distance off, and came running up, and instead of arresting or ordering the arrest of Thompson, began to cut at him with his sword, with the evident intention of cutting him down. The assailed man fenced with his pistol as well as he could, at the same time demanding that the lieutenant should cease his assault. He replied, "You murderer, I will cut you in two." Thompson at once saw the devil was in his lieutenant's eye, and that only blood could appease the risen anger. Quick as thought he presented his pistol, fired, striking the officer in

the neck, who fell, and was for the time believed to be dead, as was also the case with Vance.

The captain then stepped up and required him to surrender as a prisoner. He promptly handed him his yet smoking pistol and said: "Yes, captain, I surrender to you, and would have yielded to either of the others had they sought to arrest instead of kill me. I am but a private soldier; still my life is as dear to me as that of the highest officer to him, and a good deal dearer, Captain Hamner, judging by the way these gentlemen threw theirs away."

The guard was called and the prisoner escorted to the guard house. It was at first thought that the sergeant and the lieutenant were both dead, and afterwards they were believed to be mortally wounded, but such did not prove to be the fact. The first slowly recovered, but the latter lingered for a month or six weeks, and died from the effects of the wound in his neck.

Thus again was Thompson thrown into a sea of trouble, and yet no man who admits that the private soldier is possessed of any rights, can reasonably attach blame to him for the resistance he made to the violent and dangerous attacks made on him, menacing, if not life itself, yet certainly his limbs or bodily integrity. Even under the most arbitrary slave codes which existed and were in full force during the days of slavery, the slave had a right to resist his lawful master, whose property he was, even to the taking of life, to prevent death or maiming. Can it be said that the soldier is more abject than was the slave?

Thompson was subjected to the greatest cruelty by the commanding officer. He was taken to the guard house, and the next day was chained to the floor, flat on his back. In this condition he remained more than a month, a trial being delayed under one difficulty or pretext or another. Life became unbearable; the hard floor had denuded the back of the skin and was eating into the flesh; the man's torture was beyond description. He resolved to free himself or die in the attempt. No strict guard was kept over him, his chains and enfeebled condition being deemed amply sufficient to hold him safely and secure-

ly. But they did not count on his desperation and the means to which he would resort. He induced one of his friends to bring him a box of matches, and with them and the scant material he could get hold of—a chair broken to pieces, a box that was used by others to sit on split into strips—he managed to start a blaze and set the house on fire, chained to the floor as he was, preferring to be burnt to death rather than endure his intolerable misery longer. He barely escaped. The house burned rapidly and there were no means at hand to stay the fire. The heat and smoke were stifling, and he was on the verge of suffocation when a companion made his way through the burning mass and carried him out in his arms.

Soon after this circumstance the friend who had rescued Thompson from the burning guard-house was taken sick with what appeared to be small-pox. The apparent presence of this loathsome disease filled the camp, officers, men and surgeons, with unmitigated fear. The fatality of this horrible disease, when left to its own course, is greater than yellow fever, cholera, or leprosy itself, and a frontier camp offers but few if any remedies to check its ravages or cure the afflicted. The sufferer was hauled off about three quarters of a mile and there as conveniently fixed as paucity of means would admit, but no nurse or physician would go near him. At this junction Thompson said he owed his life to this friend, and that it was as little return as he could make to take the post of nurse and alleviate his sufferings as much as lay in his power, and appealed to the commander for permission to do so. Leave was granted, and gratefully he went to the side of his, as he thought, dying friend. The disease, however, proved to be what is called chicken-pox. This was as good a thing as Thompson wanted. Daily some soldier under orders would come close enough to ask what was the condition of the patient. As often as the question was asked, Thompson would reply that his friend was growing worse, that the disease had fully developed itself, the man delirious, and could last but a few days longer. Chicken-pox is but a trifling disease, although its appearance

is angry-looking, and in fact the ghost of small-pox. Its life, however, is short and harmless. The patient rapidly recovered, and in the course of forty or fifty hours he was ready for any adventure that might present itself. When he was quite well Thompson went down to the camp at night, got their horses and trappings and away they went to another post of the army some two hundred miles distant. There they remained until their term of enlistment expired, being twelve months more. When the enlistment expired they returned to Fort Clark and there, in connection with all their companions, re-enlisted for the war.

Thompson was never tried for shooting the sergeant and killing his lieutenant. His term of enlistment having expired, no court martial could take jurisdiction of the case, and the shooting took place in a dense wilderness where there were no courts.

A rather amusing incident, but with ruinous results, happened to Thompson soon after his re-enlistment. The command moved from Fort Clark towards Galveston, where active service was anticipated. On the march there was a halt at San Antonio. Strict guard was kept to prevent the men from going into the city, and particularly to prevent their access to whiskey. The guard was so rigid that it was found to be very difficult to pass them and get to the city. Thompson, in the emergency, was selected to make the venture. His boyish look and beardless face were in his favor. He succeeded not alone in walking out of the camp and into the city, but also in getting back well laden with the "Oh be joyful," to the great delight of his friends. This ruse was played several times until the officers found there was a "leak" and set about to stop it. Thompson was shrewd, cunning and swift; but they tried him, and he had to be caught in the act or run for it. He ran, but was headed off here and there and everywhere, save to go through a paved market way. It happened that the shoes on his horse were old and smooth as glass, but he did not think of that, nor would he have heeded it had he known it. He ran for the paved way, reached it, and for a time

baffled his pursuers, but unluckily his horse made an awkward step, fell, and in the fall caught the leg of the rider under him, fearfully crushing it. The arrest was made, but the prisoner found quarters in the hospital instead of the guardhouse. Here he remained for over six weeks, and should have remained longer, but the regiment had moved on, and he hearing that a fight was likely to take place at Galveston, he ran away on crutches and made his way to his command, which he found in camp on the St. Bernard. When he arrived there he found his lieutenant, Phil Coe, under arrest, following at the tail of the regiment. Coe was not an enlisted soldier, but being a fine, splendid looking man, a hail fellow well met—liberal, brave, and a dare-devil—the men had elected him lieutenant anyhow. This fact being divulged to the colonel he was required to enlist or cease acting officer. He would do neither, and the result was his arrest. He was not under guard, but on parole. He and Ben concluded that they would have some fun. They got possession of an old horse, and by working their passage on him, they arrived at the little town of St. Bernard, where, having no money, they sold the old horse for a gallon of whiskey in which had been steeped a quart or more of wild cherries. The whiskey itself was but a slight remove from poison, and to this was added the poisonous acid absorbed from the cherry seeds. Ben's leg was in bad condition, pained him greatly and needed rest and careful dressing. But into this cherry bitters Coe pitched—pleasant to the taste, but very deceptive as to the effects. Ben dared not drink, no matter how much he desired to do so. They reached the railroad and traveled down to Richmond. By the time they reached the town Coe was lordly drunk, his stupor being accompanied by some symptoms of poisoning. His condition attracted attention. He was hurried to a hotel and a doctor sent for. While the messenger was gone some ladies at the hotel asked Ben what was the matter with his friend. He said, "Poisoned." These ladies became greatly concerned, and each became active to contribute some mite towards his restoration. Every antidote that could be

thought of and procured was quickly mustered ready for the doctor to select from when he came. He came, felt the pulse at wrist and temples, looked grave, raised the eyelids and looked at the pupils of the eye, rose up disgusted, and said, "Why, the scamp is only dead drunk." The ladies blushed and scattered, not waiting the order of their going, but went. The next day Ben and Coe were arrested and carried to the command, when Coe claimed exemption from arrest because he was not an enlisted man, and had been refused right to rank as an officer. Ben claimed release because he was a patient of the hospital at San Antonio, from which he had never been discharged. Neither of the claims were admitted. Coe was ordered to be conscripted, and Ben to the rear among the sick. Coe fled from conscription and went to Mexico, when he drifted from point to point until after the war, and then was killed up in Kansas. Ben refused to stay in camp with the sick, but dragged himself along and accompanied the command to Galveston, where he participated in that sharp and fierce contest which resulted in the capture of the Harriet Lane by the horse marines, and the destruction of other vessels, and the driving of the Union soldiers from the island. This battle has passed into history, and need not be further noticed. Ben's leg, though treated as badly as leg ever was, continued to improve and in the course of several months could be used without the aid of crutches. A day or so after the battle Ben and Harry Biggs, by permission of their captain, went to his tent to write letters. While there the orderly sergeant came in and ordered him out. They expostulated, stating that they were there by permission of Captain Tobin, a wholesouled man, accomplished gentleman and brave officer, but permission, expostulation, nor aught else would satisfy the orderly. They, however, refused to go, whereupon he jumped on Biggs and was about to tear him to pieces. Ben let in on him with his crutch and wounded him quite seriously, and it might have been fatally had not the weapon been broken to pieces with the first few blows. For this exploit he was put in the guard house, confined for two days, and would

have been more seriously punished, but the whole command was ordered to Louisiana and in the hurry of preparation, the march, and the hardships endured, he was forgotten.

That campaign wound up with the routing and decimating of Pyron's regiment at the La Fourche. How this happened, who was in fault, is yet a question—but however that may be, whatever the truth may be—Ben Thompson, with four companions, including his brother Billy, found themselves at night separated from the living, and standing among the dead of their brave command. The dead could not be helped, the wounded had been taken from the cold, wet ground and sent forward, it taking all of the available transportation to accommodate them, the unwounded living trying to save themselves from death or capture by flight to the thick woods or to other commands far in advance. Ben was unable to walk, either rapidly or far. The boys refused to leave him, and were able after awhile to find and press into service a cart to which was hitched as a team an old ox and an old mule. The road was deeply plowed by the trains of provisions and artillery that had preceded them; deep water holes, bayous, bogs, came in regular order; the mule and ox did not pull together very well, and it was necessary at every point of difficulty for the men to alight, and thus enable the team to pull through. The weather was very cold—no man had dry clothes. Ben could not alight, as did the others; but Billie had to do so, and did so until his saturated clothes had made Ben as wet as he was himself. At last another halt was made. Ben and Billy were wrapped together as well as they could be under one blanket, thin and wet. They had grown warmer, being still and in contact.

"Dismount!" said the driver.

"Billy, you lay still," said Ben; "they won't miss you, and you make me very cold and wet when you come in with your dripping clothes."

"All right," he replied, and laid still.

Nor was he missed, so far as is known. The boys tried hard to cross the "slough of despond" in which they had stuck, but the team was not able to meet the demands made on them. Hopeless of be-

ing able to further aid Ben, the boys unharnessed the mule and ox and rode away on them as well as they could. Ben and Billy had gone to sleep. Hours afterward they awoke and found themselves in the middle of a deep mud hole and that in the middle of a thick swamp, with all the trees festooned with long moss, which, seen even when the sun shines, make one think of death. The two boys crawled down from the cart and by the hardest travel they ever did, because slow and full of pain to Ben, for two or three hours, they arrived at a farm house where hospitality was extended, and having rested a part of the day, they were given a worn out mule and an old side saddle, which they were proud to get, and quickly utilized by Ben riding sideways and Billy behind him.

Thus mounted they in time gained their command and again commenced duty as soldiers, but the cold and exposure, improper use and carelessness, had caused Ben's leg to unfit him for service. He was furloughed indefinitely, or until he was able to do actual duty. While in furlough his regiment was dismounted and reorganized into an infantry command. The condition of Thompson rendered it altogether improbable that he would be able to perform the duties of an infantry soldier within any reasonable time, he therefore applied for and obtained transfer to the regiment of Col. John S. Ford (Old Rip), then patrolling the extreme frontier on the Rio Grande.

While at home Thompson married a most estimable lady, the daughter of Mr. Martin Moore, a well-to-do farmer, who resided near the city, but this fact did not detain him from his command for a great while. As soon as he was able to ride without pain he joined the colonel at Eagle Pass, a town on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande River.

CHAPTER V.

The defense lay on the frontier. To the front Ben went. Devoted, wayward, gambling boy.

He loved his country and her people. The slayer of men, but protector of women. Slayer of men only when to

slay was to defend innocence, and to kill was to vindicate the law. He upheld the weak and broke the arm of the oppressor.

The front westward at this time meant the center of lawlessness, crime and outrage; but he went, to do his devoir in behalf of law, discipline, liberty, virtue and right. He went, but confusion was confounded on all the line; he went to fight the enemies of his state and country, but friends were bolder in wrong than these who sought to invade the country and devastate her resources.

The colonel was bold, heroic, and full of patriotism. He it was who at the head of a few brave men, charged the camp of the Comanches, killed the great leader, Buffalo Hump, and brought his children into civilized captivity. He it was when Cortina at the head of a lawless band invaded Texas, killed his Mexican followers and drove the lawless bandit into the wild fastnesses of Mexican waters. Col. Ford was one among a thousand fighters who never stopped to count the opposition, but knowing he was right, charged, and let the result be decreed by God. In all his fights, Indian, Mexican, and in the war of the rebellion, he was never defeated. Today he stands at the head of one of the eleemosynary institutions of the state, and to the deaf mute he is as gently considerate as he was fierce and deadly in the combat with the Comanches.

To his command Ben went, and in the camp made a dutiful, obedient soldier; but discipline was a by-word, unknown to the ungovernable spirits that knew only the word to charge to fight the enemy, and if need be to die, and smile while dying.

No matter why, the then enemy retreated from the Rio Grande frontier and left in Colonel Ford's camp a warlike band of men, who having no enemy dissipations that are open to the indulgence of such men. The lazy inactivity in front, preyed on themselves in all the of camp life was not at all in consonance with the hot blood and adventurous nature of Thompson. He could not lie idle and let the blistering sun dry up his energies. Action was essential—ready to fight, but if no fight came he was bound to engage in some undertaking

that had danger or excitement in it. He did act, and the sequel will tell of action dangerous, quick, energetic, deadly and daring that few men have ever read of, much less participated in. It will be best to let him tell his own story as taken from his breathing lips, while his eyes sparkled like rays of sunshine reflected from brightest diamonds.

“The colonel was unable to give the men soldierly employment. The Indians had gone into Mexico and the Federals retreated southward beyond our reach; our own lawless men move quick. We were camped near Eagle Pass, a town on the east bank of the Rio Grande river. We had no money. Our pay consisted in Confederate money, and that was as worthless as blank paper in trade with the Mexicans, and we could trade with no others. I was entirely without money. Some of the men had some money they had brought from home or picked up trading. Whether by nature or not, I am a gambler, willing to take the delights of the excitement that belongs to such character, and yet not afraid to meet and contest with the adversities that in due and natural course meet such men. Sooner or later, however prosperous a gambler may be, he meets with an untimely death; if not from the pistol or danger, then from fatal disease contracted by dissipation and exposure consequent on such life. Every time a man sits down to a card table to gamble he takes his life in his hands and lays it down between him and his adversary. Fatal difficulties arise from cause and no cause; men are killed in their own difficulties and in those of others. I have a son, and I had rather follow him to the grave than see him contract the habit of gambling. Yet I continue in that line of life; but so help me God, I never have and never will countenance and assist, encourage or influence any boy, youth or man to engage in the hell-earning business, which I will probably follow until I am dead.

“My brother Billy had also obtained a transfer from the command from which we had both belonged, to the regiment of Colonel Ford. When he came it was but natural I should meet him gladly and

eagerly. We are brothers and devoted ones. Together we have seen many hardships and undergone great dangers. He was ever true as tested steel. With him he bought about seventy dollars in gold. This we agreed should be the talisman to lead us to successful fortune. He gave it to me; I ventured it. Being a skilful dealer at monte, I did not hesitate to let the Americans bet against me. Winnings and losses for a time were mutual; but in the long run I was ahead about two hundred dollars in good money. This exhausted the current means of the soldiers, teamsters, cotton yard hands, etc. Success had made me bolder, and I was willing to put a harder test to fortune's kindness. Before this I had not permitted a Mexican, whether greaser, officer or gentleman, to bet at "my game." They are experts in monte, from the highest to the lowest grades of men; but the game had taken in the available money of all except the Mexicans, and though hazardous, I had to close or else deal for those who were educated by the originators of the game. They are indeed experts. I opened the game for them, and in less than five hours I did not have a cent. I even put up my silver spurs and the gold cord that ornamented my hat. It was of no use, money, spurs, hat, cord, and all went, and the cigarette-smoking devils grinned as they won. A picked chicken, a scalded cat, a Georgia major, each was better fitted to walk abroad than I was; but I retained my six-shooter. My companion and friend, silent until the moment of action came, and then no friend was ever truer or more effective. I was infatuated, and had I possessed fortune, and luck continued against me, all would have gone. This is where the great losses at cards occur. When that hatless, barefooted, one-gallus thing called luck, frowns, a man sins against good gambling if he don't quit.

"I knocked about doing the duty required by me, which was light. In my wanderings I went over to Piedras Negras, a little town on the west bank of the river and just opposite Eagle Pass. There were a great many desperate characters collected there—desperadoes, actual criminals, men who had fled for crime committed, refugees

from conscription to the army—indeed a conglomerate, if I may use the expression—out of which a ready actor could have been obtained to participate in any venture, or perform any act, from preaching a passable sermon to taking the life of a real preacher. One of the captains belonging to the regiment was on the Mexican side at the time I was, Capt. Ware, a pompous, over-bearing officer, who, dressed in a little brief authority, deemed himself better than the common run of men. We had a disagreement about a trivial matter and he ordered me to report myself for duty at the regiment on the east side of the river, and to confine myself there until permission was given me to leave by the colonel. Not believing that he had any authority over me in a foreign country, and knowing as a fact that he was intermeddling with a matter which did not concern him, I told him that if he was particularly anxious for anyone to report on the other side of the river he could do so himself; that so far as I was concerned I would go when I got ready, and not before. He said he would have me arrested and confined in the guard house as soon as I returned. This threat I did not heed, but not wishing to get into trouble I went over and saw the colonel and obtained permission to come and go free from molestation or interference from a popinjay tyrant. I felt aggrieved at Captain Ware, and was very glad he did not further push his offensive attentions on me. The regiment was ordered down the river. I concluded, with the permission of the colonel, that instead of marching with the command I would, if I could raise the 'wind,' go down by stage on the Mexican side of the country, and thus arrive in advance and take advantage of anything that might turn up. I rustled for money, but every effort proved abortive. A proposition was made to me to take part in robbing the custom house on the American side of the river. There was then a large amount of gold on deposit there, received from export duties on cotton, great quantities of which passed at that point into Mexico, and large amounts were received from import duties on goods that found their way into the country from all markets of the

world. This proposition was made to me confidentially by friends who believed my desperate fortunes would move me to engage in any undertaking by which a large sum of money could be realized. It is true I needed money very badly, but I was not willing to deliberately commit a high crime to obtain it. It was a serious question with me whether I should not advise my colonel of the intended robbery and permit him to take suitable measures to prevent it; but I had become possessed of the information under specially peculiar circumstances, and could not divulge it without playing the despicable role of traitor to friends and thereby occasion their death in all probability. I could not remain at Piedras Negras, because if the robbery was perpetrated I would be charged to be connected with and held responsible for it, nor could I join the regiment because the robbery would be resisted by the troops and it would devolve on me to shoot the boys; this I had no inclination to do. As it was not possible for me to prevent this attempted, or designed robbery, I concluded to hasten my departure; the passage money on the stage to where I wanted to go was ninety dollars, and I did not have a cent. A young friend was going with me. He was as poor as I, and I had to arrange for both he and I. It is seldom a man gets anything unless he asks for it, and talks like he wants it. I put a bold face on matters and went to the stage agent for the line to the low country, and informed him of my desire, and promised him if he would let me go to pay him two hundred dollars for myself and friend as soon as we reached our destination. This young friend was Julius Brown, son of Major John Henry Brown, an old and noted Texan, and he was brave as Julius Caesar, and would stand by me to the death. The stage was more accomodating than usual, and more than I had reason to hope for, but his leniency was accounted for from the fact that two stages had just been robbed by Mexican bandits and, therefore, two resolute men were not at all in the way under such circumstances. He agreed to take us down and receive his pay at the other end of the line. But where the fare was to come from when

I got there I had not the remotest idea. I trusted to luck. I did not have the means to pay or meals along the road. It happened however, that there was a gentleman on the stage who knew the father of Brown, Judge Munger, then of Houston, and now I believe resides near Round Rock. Julius made himself known and introduced me to him. I borrowed five dollars from him, which was amply sufficient to meet our wants on the way.

In due time we arrived at a little Mexican village, Nuevo Laredo, opposite the town of Laredo, on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, where I met some friends. It behooved me to be active in order to get the means to pay my stage debt, and return the five dollars to Judge Munger. Joe Buck, one of the friends I met at Nueva Laredo, staked me to three hundred dollars, with which I opened monte to all comers. My necessities were too pressing to admit of my dealing to only select betters. Mexicans or devils could come in now. Luck had changed; all sots bet; I won from the start, during the nights play my gains were over twelve hundred dollars. I handed Joe Buck back his money, and as is usual in such cases, I divided my winnings with him. I paid the stage man his fare, and refunded the borrowed five dollars to Mr. Munger, and still had about four hundred dollars. I met then about twenty Californians, as rough a set as ever lived, but as true and brave as men are made. They were staying at the house of Mr. Riddle, a wealthy, liberal, hospitable gentleman who had been in California and having made a fortune, returned to this out of the way place to enjoy it. Further on I will have occasion to mention these men again. The next day I passed over to Laredo, in Texas, where I met my brother, Billy, who had come down the American side of the river. There were quite a number of Mexican soldiers in town (Laredo), who belonged to the company of Santos Benivides, a Confederate captain. As I have stated before, the Mexicans are inveterate monte players and perhaps the shrewdest in the world. No matter what the character, calling or profession, they all unite as monte players, and meet all on perfect equality around the card table.

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the tide was my way, and before twelve o'clock at night all the pistols were mine. As they had been won I sent them off, one by one, by Julius Brown to a place of safety. I did not know but what some difficulty might arise and the "greasers" make a rush for my Arsenal if it remained near at hand and accessible. My action was but ordinary prudence.

"It happened, however, that there was no danger. That was not their game at that time. They wanted to win, as a matter of course, but did not desire to provoke any disturbance, because to do so would interfere with the anticipated game when they were paid. They expected in that game not only to win back their pistols, but all the money in my bank in addition. I did not win all the pistols in the company, but I did win all that were put up, and some eighty or a hundred dollars besides in money, that one and another slipped in and dropped. For some reason the soldiers were not paid off until late in the evening of the next day, and the contest between us for the money paid to them did not commence until after supper. The betters were eager as hungry wolves. Mexicans very seldom drink when playing, unlike American betters; these latter seem to think that drinking is a necessary accompaniment to enjoyable gambling.

"Again luck was with me—so much so that the betters had recourse to stealing cards from the deck. Let me explain. The cards are shuffled, and handed to the better to cut. In cutting, if he is very expert, and the dealer and lookout not extremely careful, the one who cuts will let a card stick to his hand. When that is done the cter, at the earliest safe moment, ascertains what the card is. Suppose it is the Jack. Then there would be left but three Jacks in the pack when there ought to be four. Now for the application of the theft. The thief better waits for a Jack lay-out. Suppose it is made, and it is Jack and King. The better can bet on either card, and the dealer is bound to take the other. The card that comes first wins. There are three Kings and only two Jacks left in the deck.

(To be Continued.)

Historic Old Inge

Several years ago the following article, written by Miss Bertha Dalton, appeared in the Uvalde (Texas) Leader-News:

"Unique in its formation, and commanding in its appearance, Mt. Inge, apart from its historic associations, is an object of interest both to the scientist and to the lover of Nature in her wilder, more majestic moods. Geologically, Mt. Inge is formed of a species of rock unlike any other type of this region, a species to which the name "Uvalde phonolite" has been given. Mt. Inge is situated about three miles south of Uvalde on the Leona River, is a great circular eminence over one hundred and fifty feet high. In position, it is as solitary and distinct as, in structure, it is peculiar and interesting.

The year that California startled the world by the announcement of her rich gold finds and became the lodestone that drew thousands to her "El Dorado" was the year that first saw the stars and stripes unfolding to the Texas breeze from the summit of Mt. Inge. On March 13, 1849, Fort Inge was established to the south, and at the base of the mountain with Captain Seth Eastman, of the First Infantry commanding. In a short time, he gave way to Captain William J. Hardu, author of a book on military tactics that was used by both the Federals and Confederates during the Civil War. Captain Hardu joined his fortunes with the Confederacy and rose to distinction. On April, 1851, the troops were withdrawn but the Fort was again occupied in July of the same year. Again in 1855 the fort was abandoned, the garrison being transferred to Ft. Clark. For over a year the fort was unoccupied, but in September, 1856, the soldiers once more patrolled the banks of the Leona, and did guard duty under the shadow of this great natural fort. Texas seceded from the Union February 1861, and on March 19, 1861 the Federal troops were recalled from the enemy's territory to the seat of war. The garrison from Fort Inge, under command of Captain James Oakes, in company with the retiring troops from Fort Clark to San Antonio, and sixteen miles west of San Antonio

fell into the hands of the Confederates. They were paroled, and sent north by way of Old Indianola.

During the Civil War, the fort was occupied by Confederates, and in 1866, the fortunes of war again brought the Federal troops to Fort Inge, where they remained until the United States government finally abandoned the fort March 28, 1869. After this final abandonment of the fort, the Texas Rangers served as protectors of the frontier, and were stationed in the old fort. In 1870, Captain Richards of the Ranger force fought a band of Indians just below the fort. In this fight, one ranger and several Indians were killed. The same day a band of depredating Indians killed the captain's son and another ranger.

One day in the year of fifty-nine when Captain Robert P. McClay commanded this far western and lonely fort, every soldier, rank and file stood at attention to welcome Robert Edward Lee, who so lately had proved his mettle by carrying Scott into the City of Mexico, and who so shortly was to win fame by keeping this same Scott and his brother officers out of Richmond. And no soldier ever advanced upon the fort at the head of a stranger cavalcade than did this gallant Robert Edward Lee, who turning aside from the course of the Nueces directed his party to the stars and stripes that waved above old Fort Inge. For a moment, those who watched the party advancing forgot their whereabouts and imagined themselves the inhabitants of a desert, for with lumpish tread, looking in vain for the sands of their native African deserts, trudged four grown camels and one yearling, bearing the baggage of the party.

In 1858, the Federal government tried a novel experiment. A ship load of African camels was landed at Galveston and distributed among the forts of West Texas and Arizona, where their adaptability as a beast of burden for the United States Army was to be tested in the desert regions of these sections. In 1859, Robert E. Lee, on a tour of inspection, left San Antonio for Camp Verde in Banderita county, where a camel ranch had

been founded. He left Camp Verde in command of this miniature caravan, and proceeded west on the divide that separates the head waters of the Medina, Hondo and Sabinal from those of the Llano, and on reaching the Nueces, he turned south and followed its course until he turned toward Fort Inge. After resting at Fort Inge, the party was taken in charge of Judge J. F. Robinson, who was then a government guide and trailer. The caravan-like party went down the west bank of the Leona to the Comanche Crossing on the Frio, below the conjunction of the Leona and Frio, where they went into camp. From this point Judge Robinson returned to Uvalde, and the party continued its way to San Antonio.

That Robert E. Lee was the guest of our own Fort Inge is its greatest glory, but not its only one, and we are far from willing that the greatest glory dim the less. From March 1857 to March 1858, the fort was commanded by Captain Edmund K. Smith; and for a moment, the name defies recognition, but we suddenly feel a thrill to know that another gallant Confederate, more familiarly known as General E. Kirby Smith, spent a year within the shadow of the fort, and climbed its summit just as you and I have done. Another name dear to all the South is found in the list of soldiers stationed at the fort, that of General J. B. Hood, the fame of whose Brigade still re-echoes through our broad state.

While we honor these brave men just mentioned, and peculiarly love them for they were of our own fair Southland, we equally honor these brave commanders of the fort, who at the beginning of the Civil War saw before them "duty and love, one roadway" and remained to fight the battles of, and add glory to the grandest nation on earth. Among these was Thomas Duncan, who commanded the fort in 1858, and later, during the Civil War, performed valuable and valiant service, rising to the rank of Brigadier General in the Army, whose glory was his pride. Today, his son, Brigadier General Joseph Wilson Duncan is in command of the Department of Texas, with head quarters at Fort Sam Houston. General J. N. Duncan was born at Fort Ewell, which was situated on the present site of Cotulla, in 1853,

and no officer could be said to be more nearly born in service than he, for he is the third successive generation of his family to hold a commission in the United States Army.

The officers' and soldiers' quarters were built south of the mountain, along the east bank of the Leona, which in those days was a bold running stream as it passed the fort. The hospital was built at the base of the mountain, and was a fine stone structure. The officers' quarters were comfortable and homelike and the fort has been described by old settlers as a social resort, and the soldiers, when they appeared in the little village trading at the stores, or attending church in the old court house as well dressed, sober, polite and gentlemanly.

Now only a few broken stones and straggling ruins remain to tell the story of the brave men, who, in pioneer days, acted their "liad" upon the broad prairies of our Lone Star State and made possible the homes, happiness and prosperity of our people. All honor to the memory of the soldiers of old Fort Inge!

Then, the war drums broke the silence,
And re-echoed from its crest;
Now, the gentle zephyr ripples
The Leona's placid breast.
And at eve its shining waters,
Flowing onward to the sea,
Bring in fancy, ghostly shadows
Of the gallant Hood and Lee.
It was here the dark marauders
Played havoc in their day;
While, undaunted, this grand army,
Kept the savage hordes at bay.
Now that peace has spread her pinion
And the clouds have rolled away,
To these heroes this old mountain
Stands a monument to-day.

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.

JOHN R. McDONNELL
128 S. Walnut Champaign, Ill.

If you fail to receive your copy of Frontier Times promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

Tells of Early Days

Written for Frontier Times by C. J. Vanmeter, Rhome, Texas

I came into Wise county in October, 1871, and bought 130 acres of land, paying \$3.85 per acre for it. It was situated two miles northeast of Prairie Point, and nearly where Rhome is now located. On the first day of January, 1872, I moved onto the premises with my family, which consisted of my mother, my wife, myself and four children. In the spring of 1873 I was appointed to serve on the board of school directors, and in the fall of the same year was elected by the people to fill the same position, and I served as secretary of the board until February, 1876, when I was elected as a member of the county court, in which capacity I served two terms, or four and a half years. I bought a farm of 120 acres and moved one mile northeast where there is a place I call home, and where I can still be found. Five out of the family have gone to the Land of Rest, and only my daughter and myself remain. Did you ask if the redskins ever bothered us? Well, yes. On the night of May 14th, 1872, they made a raid and took all the horses I had, one span of mares, one span of mules, and a yearling colt, and they also stole ten head from some of my neighbors. In the same year they came into the same vicinity and gathered over fifty head of horses, driving them twenty-five or thirty miles, and turning them loose. In 1873 they made a raid in Wise county and carried away quite a bunch, leaving their trail well marked with dead horses. The last raid they made into Wise county was in 1874, at which time their party consisted of about thirty. They camped on Oliver Creek a part of two nights and a day, about six miles from where I was living. They stole sixty young mules from one man, which he had under herd. On the second night, about nine o'clock, they rounded up these mules on an elevated spot, not far from the home of a man named Harris, and in plain view. About 11 o'clock three of the Indians rode down to within twelve or fifteen feet of his door and sat on their horses, "jabbering" quite a lot, while Mr. Harris stood inside with his gun in hand.

They soon rode away and joined their crowd and started off with the herd, afterwards discovered to be about 150 head of mules and horses which they had stolen. They traveled in a northwesterly direction, going several miles to the right of Decatur, and entered a sparsely settled region some ten or twelve miles northwest of Decatur, and there, between daylight and sun-up, they killed three women, members of the Huff family. Being closely pursued by a party of white men, the Indians took shelter in a thick growth of timber on Sandy Creek, and while the whites were waiting for reinforcements, they abandoned all of the stolen horses except what they could ride, and made good their escape.

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If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

King Fisher, a Noted Character

As Remembered by Judge W. A. Bonnet, Eagle Pass, Texas

When I came to Eagle Pass as a boy in 1878, King Fisher was very well known around here, for not standing any foolishness. Some called him a desperado, but I do not think him as bad as some pictured him. He at one time lived on the Nueces River, at a place known as King Fisher's Crossing. But at the time I first knew him he lived on a ranch in Dimmit and Zavala counties. Where you turned off the main road to go to his ranch he put up a sign, "This is King Fisher's road, take the other." Some people thought it a funny sign, but I could never see anything wrong with it. At the ranch he had inclosed four or five acres in a pen, made by placing large mesquite logs on end, and side by side in the ground, and he kept all weeds and brush cleared away for 200 yards on all sides, so that no Indians or anyone else could reach the place without being seen. There was a small stream which ran through the place, which furnished plenty of water, in case they should be compelled to stay there, from Indians or anyone else surrounding them.

King Fisher lived in Eagle Pass for awhile, and ran a livery stable (some children today may not know what that is, as the garage has taken its place. But we had never heard of a garage then.)

I once asked King Fisher how many men he had killed, and he said, "Seven." I said I thought it was more than that. He said, "Oh I don't count Mexicians." One day some of King Fisher's men came to town, and celebrated, as was the custom then, by shooting around town some. Judge Stone fined them, and they became angered, as they were only showing that they were happy and having a good time, according to the style and custom of the day. So they went back and shot into Judge Stone's house. Later while they were riding around a brush fence and through a mesquite thicket (now the center of business of Main Street in Eagle Pass) some Mexican friends of the Judge shot and killed two, wounding the third. The two were buried on the spot, and the third was

taken to a house two blocks away where he died later. It was the skeletons of these two that were found a few years ago when they were excavating for the Aztec theater, and caused some excitement, until some old timer remembered the killing.

During King Fisher's time some things happened that I remember, that seem funny now, but were not so funny at the time. We were always having more or less small-pox. A small child had died with it, and as was the custom then they laid the corpse out on a table, then four friends, or pall-bearers carried the table and two or three the casket, while another carried the lid. This was the kind of a procession that was going down Main Street, past a saloon, when some cowboy said, "Let's shoot into them, and see if they can carry the table and run?" They did, but they did not drop the body. The one carrying the lid used it for a shield. I tell you this to let you know what life was like here in those days.

It is some 165 miles from Eagle Pass to San Antonio, and in those days it took ten days to make the trip one way, with the chance of Indians getting you on the way. Now we have three motor busses a day which make the trip in four hours. Everything was hauled by ox-wagons usually in those days and of course only the most necessary things were hauled. Such things as doors and windows were scarce. The houses were made of adobe, and for a window and light and air, they would use a soap box, first knocking out both top and bottom. It was in a small room with one window that four men sat playing cards one night, when a friend (?) came to the door and began shooting. The only chance of escape was out through the door where the man was with the pistol, or out through the soap-box window, and with all four men trying to get through at once and in a hurry, with the man in the door still shooting, there was quite a scramble.

One of the many saloons here in those days, and there was one on nearly every corner, was called the "Old Blue Sa-

loon," where the Eagle Hardware store now is. It was operated by Jim Vivian. One day a Seminole government guide came in and asked for a drink. When asked to pay he became insulted and someone began shooting. When it was all over, King-Fisher had a scalp wound and the Seminole was wounded in the stomach. It had all happened so quick that no one could tell how it had started. But Fisher was indicted and came clear. Jimmy Butler was a negro porter in the saloon, and was called into court as a witness. As King Fisher was leaving the court room, he said to Jimmy; "I will get you for this" Not long after this some cowboys came to town, and feeling good, began shooting around. Jimmy heard them and was sure it was Fisher after him, so he disappeared, and no one could find Jimmy, that night, or the next day, but at evening when they went to feed the hogs, there was a stir in the hay in the corner of the pig pen, and Jimmy stuck his head out, and said, "Is he gone?" When the shooting had started Jimmy's wife and the children had run to a neighbors', but she was in such a hurry she forgot the baby and left it in the crib.

After King Fisher's death there was an old Mexican who lived here who went by the name of "Pest House Pete," for he lived in an old pest house. He told of things that happened while he was with Fisher, but he always in his broken English, "Me no do nothing." It was always the other fellow, and he only looked on. But he told that while King Fisher lived on the Nueces he killed three Mexicans on the other side of the river. After crossing the river he told "Pest House Pete" to cross over on his horse, and fasten a rope to the men, one at a time, and drag them across the river. He said the same happened at Eagle Pass once. Fisher, Pete, and others, were across the river, got into a fight and killed a Mexican. Fisher ordered Pete to bring him across as before. Pete said he knew no reason for doing so.

Please do not think from what I have said that King Fisher was a bad man, as men were here then. There were many like him, only worse. And it took men like this to make the frontier fit for us to live in today. At that time I worked in


a store, and just across the street at a saloon a fight started, and King Fisher came over where I was. I asked what was the matter and he said there was a fight, "I thought you liked a fight?" He said, "I never fight unless I have to." Which probably was true.

For some time before his death, he was deputy sheriff of Uvalde county. He was sent to Austin on official business. When his train was leaving Austin Ben Thompson ran and caught the train just as it was leaving the railway yards. The two went on to San Antonio together. King Fisher tried to shake Thompson but could not. Later Thompson began drinking, Fisher thinking that since he was an officer he might be of some help to Thompson so he stayed with him, because he could see that there might be trouble.

Thompson insisted on going to a saloon and dance hall where he had a short time before shot a man by the name of Harris. Those in the saloon heard that they were coming so they concealed themselves and shot Fisher and Thompson as they came in. They say that Fisher's pistol was in the middle of his back, which showed that he did not expect any harm or he would have worn it in front where he could have gotten it easily in case of trouble. It is said that a man by the name of Coy also was with Fisher and Thompson.

King Fisher left a wife and three little girls. His widow is still living and one of his grand daughters is now teaching school here. A grand son of his kept books for me for awhile and he is a very fine young man, of a very quiet and retiring nature.

Some twenty years ago William Kelso, who now lives at the mouth of Nueces Canyon, was attacked by an Indian and was shot in the side. He succeeded, however in killing the Indian. He has suffered at different times ever since from a pain in the spot where the Indian's arrow penetrated him. Recently he has suffered considerably, and a large rising came on his side. Finally it broke and an Indian arrowhead was taken out, covered with gristle.—Galveston News, April 13, 1876.

 Read Frontier Times.

When General Sherman Escaped

Written for Frontier Times by E. H. Alexander, Llano, Texas

Prior to 1871 the United States had established forts along the frontier of Texas, to try to keep the Indians from depredating on the settlers—at San Antonio was Fort Sam Houston, and going north there was Fort Concho, Fort Belknap, Fort Griffin and Fort Richardson. In May, 1871, General W. T. Sherman, who was then commander of the United States Army, made a round of these forts on inspection, and leaving San Antonio he passed all the forts, and one evening, when within twenty miles of Fort Richardson, he passed a camp of freighters, who were hauling corn to Fort Griffin. This freight outfit numbered ten wagons and twelve men—ten drivers, one night watchman and the boss. They corralled their wagons when they struck camp in the open prairie, about half a mile from the timber. About two hours after they went into camp, and shortly after General Sherman and his escort had passed on, they noticed coming across the prairie a considerable body of horsemen, coming directly towards them. As they drew nearer the freighters saw they were Indians. The wagons were loaded with shelled corn in sacks, and in order to have better protection they threw the sacks out and piled them against the wagon wheels. The Indians charged up near and fired into the wagons, calling out that they wanted the "big warrior," evidently meaning General Sherman. Seeing they could not get to the freighters while on horses, they drew off about one mile, and after holding a consultation they dismounted and a part of them started on foot towards the camp. One of the freighters told the others that their only chance to escape was in getting into the timber, but the others argued that they could not do this, as they would be caught before reaching it and would have no protection out on the prairie. However, five of the men made the break for the timber, seeing which, some of the Indians ran and mounted their horses and undertook to head them off, but the men got into the woods, two of them being wounded. These five men

made their way to Fort Richardson that night and reported to the officers. The next morning General Sherman ordered General McKenzie, who was in command of the fort, to take all the available cavalry and take the trail of the Indians and follow them to the end, for says he, "I do not believe they are Indians, but low down Texans and Ku Klux."

General Sherman and his escort went on to Fort Sill, the Indian reservation. The Indians came into the reservation regularly and drew their rations, but would slip down into Texas, kill settlers, and steal horses, and when they would get back to the fort they would brag about killing people and exhibit the bloody scalps.

At the time this incident occurred, my father, L. W. Alexander, and I were in Wichita county locating land. We had only six men besides ourselves, as a guard. One of these men was Wilson Gilbert, of Gainesville, whom we had secured as a guide, he having lived in Wichita county for several years, or until the Indians got so troublesome he had moved away. The morning we finished our work two Indians came up out of a hollow, but seeing us they immediately turned their horses and dashed back into the hollow, and soon afterwards we saw them going rapidly north over a ridge. It was about two miles from where we were to Red River, and Fort Sill was about thirty miles north. That evening our guide pointed the direction to the Van Dorn Crossing on Big Wichita river, and we reached there about sundown. After crossing the river it was dark and as we never made a fire after dark we went without supper. We decided to travel awhile that night, as those Indians we had seen in the morning might bring a band after us. We went about three miles out into the prairie and camped about half a mile from the old Van Dorn road. Next morning we were up at break of day, as we had to get to where there was wood in order to cook our breakfast. On coming into our road we discovered that a large party of Indians had passed along dur-

ing the night. They made two large trails. We learned later that there were 150 Kiowas in the bunch, with five chiefs, Satanta, Satank, Yellow Wolf, Kicking Bird, and one other. We went on to Montague to close our land business, then to Gainesville, where we disbanded and father and I went by way of Denton and Decatur to Jacksboro. We had had our mail directed to this place, the mails coming there twice a week from Weatherford. On Saturday evening the mail came in and I went to the postoffice to get our mail. There was quite a crowd there, among whom was Major Arnold, who was, in the absence of General McKenzie, in command of the fort. Major Arnold looked over his mail and called to the crowd that he had received a letter from General Sherman, and as the General had requested that he make its contents known to the people there, he would read the letter to them. General Sherman related that after he had arrived in Fort Sill the Indian agent came to him and told him that the Indians who had committed the murder in Jack county had come in to draw rations and were bragging about it and said they had secured forty mules, etc. The General said he told the agent to bring the chiefs before him, and that they came and told him the whole matter, as he got it from the men who escaped, and that he then ordered their arrest; that one of them resisted arrest and attacked one of his staff officers and they shot him; that the chief, Kicking Bird, promised if they would turn him loose he would bring in the mules they took from the freighters, and that he had turned him loose; the other three he said he would turn over to General McKenzie when he arrived and have them sent to Jack county to be tried in the district court there for the murder, and for anything else they could bring against them, for, said he, "they are undoubtedly the most bloodthirsty cutthroats I ever met."

General McKenzie handcuffed each of the three chiefs and put them in separate wagons. One of the chiefs tried to kill the soldier who was in the wagon with him, and another soldier riding alongside promptly shot him. The trial came up in Jacksboro in due time. The

Indians were prosecuted by S. W. T. Lanham, the district attorney, afterwards governor of the state, and they were sentenced to be hanged, but the authorities at Washington thought it would be better to make some kind of peace through them to stop the raids in Texas. Governor E. J. Davis commuted their sentence to life imprisonment in the penitentiary, and later, on account of pressure from Washington and on the promise of the chiefs to stay out of Texas and keep their warriors out, they were sent by the governor to Fort Sill and turned over to the military authorities. Governor Davis said he would not turn them loose. However, they were turned loose, and afterward in a battle in the Panhandle of Texas one of the chiefs was captured and he was sent back to the prison. He tried two or three times to kill himself. Finally he found a tall ladder leaning against the prison wall and he climbed to the top and threw himself off. He was so badly hurt that he died within a short time.

These were the Indians our party came so near meeting in Wichita county.

"Lo, the Poor Indian."

The value of the property owned by the American Indians was considerably increased during the fiscal year 1925, according to an estimate completed by the bureau of Indian affairs of the interior department. The total value of Indian property is now fixed at \$165,046,550, including property held by Indian tribes under the guardianship of the government.

The increase is attributed to the enhanced value of oil and gas, coal, lead, zinc, asphalt and other mineral deposits on tribal lands. The value of these mineral resources, as estimated by Indian superintendents and the geological survey, amounts to \$533,947,224.

Excepting a depreciation in some of the lands held by Indian tribes, every other sort of property owned by the Indians gained in value during the year. And all the time people have been condoling with "Lo, the poor Indian," who stood in front of the cigarstore—like as not, he owns the place now.

Do you read Frontier Times?

The Founding of Bandera

Written by J. Marvin Hunter

In the early spring of 1853 A. M. Milstead, Thos. Odem, and P. D. Saner, with their families, came to Bandera county and camped on the Medina river, where they engaged in making cypress shingles. They lived in tents for awhile, or until rude cabins could be provided. P. D. Saner and family came from Tennessee. Along about this time Mrs. Rees and her sons, Sidney, Adolphus and Alonzo, and a daughter who afterward married Judge Starkey, arrived in this county and located homes. The Witt family came here about the same time. Messrs. Milstead, Odem and Saner purchased the Hendrick Arnold Survey, consisting of half a league of land running from Bandera Creek to the Medina River. Mr. Saner built a house on the river, just above the site of Bandera's present school building, and lived there with his family. Other people began to come in, and a settlement was soon formed. In the fall of that same year, Chas. de Montel established a horse-power sawmill here, which afforded employment for a number of men. A commissary store was put in, two or three cabins were erected, and the settlement became a village which was, from the start, called Bandera. Associated with Mr. de Montel was John James, a surveyor, and the firm, which became known as James, Montel & Co., platted the townsite of Bandera. Previous to the location of the town, and when the three original families were still living in tents on the banks of the Medina, came Amasa Clark, who is still with us, and now over 100 years old.

On March 1, 1854, Elder Lyman Wight's company of Mormons, numbering about 250 persons, reached Bandera, and tarried here for a time, later removing to a point several miles below the village and established a camp on the Medina River, known for many years afterward as the "Mormon Camp." The site of this camp is now covered by the waters of Medina Lake. The Mormons remained there several years, but when their leader, Elder Wight, was claimed

by death the colony disbanded and scattered.

In 1855, through the agency of James, Montel & Co., a number of Polish colonists were induced to locate here. There were sixteen families in the colony. Of the original Polish colonists only a very few are yet living, they being Mrs. F. L. Hicks, Mrs. John Adamietz, Mr. and Mrs. John Pyka, John, Gabe and Joe Anderwald, Mrs. Jake Postert, Mrs. Frances Moravietz, Mrs. Joe Kalka, Mrs. Anton Anderwald, Constant Dugos, and possibly a few others.

Shortly after the arrival of the Polish colonists, August Klappenbach, a German, built the first store building and postoffice in Bandera. This building still stands and is a part of the residence of Mrs. George Hay. It was constructed of lumber sawed from cypress timber, and John Dugosh, one of the Polish settlers, was employed to erect it. Shortly afterward the large building now known as the Riverside Inn, was erected by A. Savery, and later acquired by Col. H. C. Duffy. It was also built of native cypress lumber and is yet in an excellent state of preservation and in constant use, being one of Bandera's popular hotels.

With the gradual growth of the village the need of a school was soon felt, and accordingly a school house was built on the site now occupied by the Clements Kalka home, and P. P. Pool afterwards the first county clerk, was the first teacher. About twenty pupils were enrolled, and the tuition was \$2.00 per month.

At that time Bandera county was attached to Bexar county, but in 1857 the organization of this county was effected, and the following officers were chosen: O. B. Miles, Chief Justice; William Curtis, Sheric; Irvin P. Carter, Tax Assessor and Collector; P. P. Pool, County Clerk. At that time Bandera county was in the 17th Judicial District and Judge Thomas Buckner was District Judge, and George H. Noonan was District Attorney.

Thus Bandera had a beginning and new settlers kept coming in and locating in different parts of the country. Among the early settlers was Capt. Charles Jack, who purchased a large body of land in Bandera and Medina Counties. He established the Jack Ranch, still known by that name, a few miles north of Bandera, and employed A. Moncur, William Ballantyne, Robert Ballantyne, and Eugene Oborski to make rails and build a fence around 320 acres of the land. These men received \$3.00 per hundred for splitting the rails.

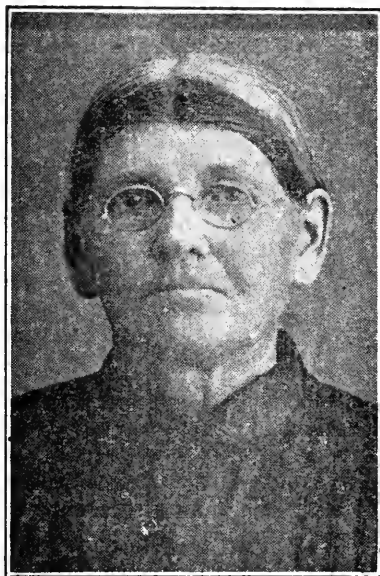
O. B. Miles was one of the first settlers here and was quite prominent in the affairs of the community, being Chief Justice for a number of years, and lending material aid in the county's development. Later came Charles Montague, Sr., who purchased from Milstead and Saner a greater portion of the Hendrick Arnold half league and established a ranch thereon, the old home ranch now being occupied by his grandson, Frank M. Montague.

In 1844 Castroville was established on the Medina river, about 35 miles below the present site of Bandera, and that town became quite a trading point. But this was the remote frontier for a long time, and the settlers were wholly at the mercy of the savage Indians, except for such protection as they themselves provided. The establishment of Camp Verde in 1856, where the United States troops were stationed, afforded some relief, and created a greater feeling of security. On March 20, 1860, Robert Ballantyne raised a company of minute men from among the citizens here, and greatly aided in protecting the settlers. In this company were: Robert Ballantyne, lieutenant commanding; Francis Towle, first sergeant; August Pigenot, second sergeant; George Hay, first corporal; Joseph S. Curtis, second corporal. Ten privates; Richard Bird, G. W. Lewis, James Sier, Charles W. Wheeler, John Thomas Murray, Thomas L. Buckner, Laomi L. Wight, Heber L. Chipman, Thomas L. Miller and Leonard Estes. This company of rangers was commissioned by Governor Sam Houston. All the members of this company are now dead.

When the Civil War came on, Ballan-

tyne's company disbanded and some of its members entered the Confederate service. Later a Frontier Battalion was organized with O. B. Miles as enrolling officer. Those who enlisted were: Charles Montague, Jr., Andrew Mansfield, Anton Anderwald, Richard Bird, William Ballantyne, W. A. Walker, John Walker, James Walker, Thomas Bandy, James Bandy, John Bandy, Oscar Johnson, and others.

The Polish colonists coming in at a time when all of this vast region was a wilderness, became quite a factor in the settling of the country. They were



MRS. JOHN ADAMIETZ

poor, untutored peasants, ignorant of the conditions existing on the frontier, unused to Indian warfare, and could not speak the English language. Many of them, in fact all of them, brought with them no money or personal property, other than the clothing they wore and a few extra articles of apparel. They were dumped out here to, as the expression goes, "root hog or die." They could not get away, so they stayed, and by hard work, and in spite of all kinds of hardships they managed to exist. Only a scattering few of the original Polish colonists are now living. One of these is Mrs. John Adamietz, who is now eighty years old. Mrs. Adamietz carries

the burden of years lightly, happy in the midst of her pleasant home surroundings. Living as she does on the very site where her parents found haven some seventy-one years ago, she has much to remind her of the trying times through which she has passed—days and nights that were full of danger—and the memories of a perilous past overwhelm the realization of the happy present and brings to her mind the recollection of many sad tragedies, or the remembrance of departed friends and loved ones of her youthful days who shared with her joys and sorrows of days that are gone.

When I visited Mother Adamietz I found her busy with her housework, for she is still a housekeeper despite the years that have accumulated over her head. With that matronly dignity and grace that characterizes her race, she invited me into her parlor and the warm welcome she gave me made me feel perfectly at home and free to ask questions about her experience in this her adopted country.

Mrs. Adamietz is living on the site given to her father when he came to Bandera in 1855. The old home, which was a stone house, is still standing, but is in a dilapidated condition, the walls are falling in, and the roof is in bad shape. But a new house of considerable size has been built to take its place. Around about this old homestead are other houses built in that early period by her neighbors, some of logs and pickets, and a number of them are well preserved and shelter descendants of the first colonists. Mother Adamietz, in relating many of the events of those days, was quick to seize upon the chance. Pre- and at times she spoke with much feeling. Sometimes a tear would glisten as she recalled some pathetic incident, and at other times a hearty laugh would accompany her recital of a humorous anecdote. Her narrative follows:

“My parents, John and Frances Pyka, were poor peasants in Poland, struggling along from year to year, enduring the hard lot of the peasants of that time. One day father heard of the opportunities for immigrants to secure homes in America, and was told that he could go with a party that was being made up to sail for the New World, the land of the

free. Poland's struggles for freedom have been recorded in history. Our country was not successful as was America, and Polish patriots turned longing eyes in this direction and rejoiced over the good fortune of their comrades who came to this country. Therefore, when the opportunity presented itself for father to bring his family to America he was quick to seize upon the chance. Preparations were hastily made and we were ready long before the starting time. At last word came that we were to start on a certain day, and then came the sorrow of bidding old friends goodbye—friends we never expected to meet again in this life, unless they should come to America. I was just a little girl then, only nine years old, with never a care or worry, and full of anticipation of the long journey. But when I kissed loved ones goodbye my heart was sad and I could not keep from crying.

“We started, sixteen families in all. Our family consisted of father and mother, myself, my two sisters, Frances and Caroline, and brother, John Pyka. I was the eldest child and of course it was my duty to help mother with the smaller children. We went aboard ship, and for nine weeks we sailed the broad ocean. Every day was just alike, and at night a stillness as of death settled about us. Mother suffered a great deal from seasickness, as did many of the other passengers. Three of our party died on the trip and were given a sea burial. The bodies were wrapped in canvas, weights attached, and dropped overboard. I was greatly distressed when these burials took place for I feared the fish would eat the bodies. At last we reached Galveston Bay, and there was much hurrying and scurrying about when the ship dropped anchor. Everybody began collecting their scant belongings, mothers calling their children, and the men giving directions for all to keep together. We landed at Galveston in January, 1855. In our party were the families of Verner, Koerdles, Pittel, John Pyka, Kasper Kalka, Albert Haiduk, Frank Anderwald, Samuel Adamietz, Frank Jureczki, John Dugosh, and three or four others whose names I cannot now recall. We were absolutely without money, and possessed only a

few effects besides our clothing. From Galveston we went to Indianola, from whence we traveled by wagon and on foot to Victoria, and then on to San Antonio, where we were met by Charles de Montel, who owned the land where Bandera is situated. He provided conveyance and took us to Castroville and Quihi. I remember quite well the conveyance that served us. The vehicles were ox-carts with solid wooden wheels, and the yokes were fastened to the horns of the oxen. We were overjoyed to reach the end of our long journey. Mr. Montel gave to each man in our party a lot in the town of Bandera, and sold to a number of them small tracts of land in the vicinity. Father bought, on credit, 40 acres located just across the river, and it is now owned by my brother, John Pyka. Very soon a number of cabins were built, of logs and pickets, and we were "at home" therein. There was a colony of Mormons here when we arrived but they later moved to the Mormon Camp, several miles below here.

"Then, as now, this was a beautiful country, but it was a wilderness. Game was plentiful and we did not lack for meat. Indians were also numerous, and often we heard of the raids they made in other parts of the country, killing people and stealing horses, and they soon began coming into our settlement. Then we wished we were back in Poland where no such dangers lurked, but as we were without means on which to leave we were compelled to remain here and 'grow up with the country.' We soon became accustomed to our new surroundings, the social life of the community became active, and we set about to make it as enjoyable and happy as our circumstances would permit. Mr. Montel was a generous man, and treated our people with kind consideration. He had a saw-mill here and gave our men employment at the mill and also put them to clearing land. The women helped to grub land, worked in the fields and performed any labor they could to help make the living. At the sawmill great cypress trees were converted into lumber and shingles and hauled to San Antonio. Mr. Munroe, a Mormon, erected a flour mill just below town, which was operated by water taken from the river. The dam was

made of logs and stones, some of which remain in the river at a point near The Loop, and the old mill race is still to be seen along the bank of the river. This mill race was constructed by Polish labor, men and women digging it with spades. Among the best workers was Mrs. Moravietz, who still lives here. The mill was carried away by a flood in the river, after many years of successful operation.

"Mr. Montel had a small store here which was managed by a Mr. Hepke. Mother cooked for the men who worked for Montel. Father was a wheelwright and carpenter and followed his trade. Everybody worked. We realized that we had come as strangers to a strange land and we knew that the only hope for us to succeed in this new land was by dint of industry and hard work. How well we performed our task is apparent today in the development that has been made. The generations that have followed these early Polish settlers have become thoroughly Americanized by the process of amalgamation. Pretty homes, well tilled farms, schools, refinement, religious influences that are widespread, and a happy, thrifty, contented people is what the stranger finds here today. We, the pioneers, had our part in the making of all of this, and we look with pride on what our hands have wrought.

"I was married to John Adamietz, May 10, 1866, Father Zielenski performing the ceremony. To us were born 11 children.

"We bought our first milk cow at Castroville, and father went down there afoot and drove her home. I have plowed in the field, picked cotton and done all kind of farm work. I remember the first roasting ears we had to eat. An American neighbor named Curtis showed us how to cook them on the cobs and eat them. We never had roasting ears in the old country.

"In the course of time other families came over from Poland, among them being Anton Pyka, Sr., Tom Mazurek, Jakob Jureczki, and some came from the Polish colony in Karnes county, Mr. Zerner, the father of Mrs. Kasper Dugos and Mrs. Albert Jureczki, being among the latter.

"My husband died October 25, 1911. My parents died many years ago. I can

recall many tragedies of those times, for the Indians made frequent raids into this settlement and stole horses. One night they stole some horses from Herman Thallman's stable that was located near where the Davenport store now stands. They got the horses by removing several logs from the stable. One night Gideon Carter, a Mormon, was carrying a little child in his arms and, with his sister, was going to visit a neighbor. An Indian concealed behind a tree or in a fence corner shot Mr. Carter through the body with an arrow. He ran to the home of O. B. Miles where the arrow was pulled out. Carter recovered and afterward went to Utah. Albert Haiduk also had a narrow escape from death. One night he thought he heard some cattle breaking into his corn field, and when he went to investigate he found it was Indians. He ran back to the house, but was wounded with an arrow before he could get inside. The Indians got all of his horses. I remember when Frank Buckelew was taken captive by the Indians, and also recollect the killing of Theodore Kindla over in Sabinal Canyon. I recall the time when Amasa Clark, Dr. Thompson and John Kindla were attacked by robbers on the road from San Antonio. Dr. Thompson was killed outright; Kindla died from the effects of his wounds several years later and Mr. Clark fully recovered and is with us yet. Bandera county's chapter of tragedies is a long one. The savage red man left a trail of blood through this region that made many homes desolate and brought woe and grief to the people. Those were trying times, and the present generation in luxury cannot gain the faintest idea of the privations and hardships endured by those who blazed the way for civilization. Besides the dangers that lurked on every hand, we had to do without many things that are necessary today. We had no drugs or medicines and when overtaken by illness homœopathic remedies were resorted to. Every housewife knew how to "doctor" her children, and how to set and bandage fractured limbs, make poultices, dress wounds and relieve suffering. We had no furniture except home-made articles. We had no cook stoves, the open fire-place and the skillet and pots cooked

our meals. We carded wool and cotton and wore homespun clothing. Every girl learned to spin and weave and many of the boys learned it too. The men had to split rails to build fences—barbed wire was then unknown. We had to invent many ways to get along in those days.

"When the Civil War came on we remained aloof from partizanship, but many of our American and German neighbors became involved and some went to war, while others went to Mexico. Men were hung for their sentiments and many disappeared to never be heard of again. These were terrible times.

"The Spanish-American War came on in 1898, and several of our young men enlisted. Then in 1914 the World War was started, and when America became involved our sons went forth to offer their lives on the altar of Patriotism. Some of our Bandera boys made the supreme sacrifice on the battlefield.

"Over three-quarters of a century have passed over my head—years that have been full of joy and sorrow, pleasure and excitement, and now as I sit in the twilight of life's autumn and behold the wonderful changes that have taken place, I am proud to know that I have been an humble-participant in Bandera's making."

WEST TEXAS HISTORICAL YEAR BOOK. Only 100 volumes left. Contains "The Settlement of the Indian Troubles in West Texas, 1874-1875," by R. C. Crane; "Fort Griffin," by Carl C. Rister; "Possibilities of Literature in Local History," by W. C. Holden; "Documents Relating to West Texas and Her Indian Troubles;" Marcy's Reconnaissance Through Northern and Western Texas; Material Pertaining to the Brazos River Frontier and Indian Life, 1850-1860; Locating the Texas Indian Reservations (Parker's Notes); Report of the Post Surgeon at the Post on the Clear Fork of the Brazos (Phantom Hill) for 1852; Frontier Letters. Edited by Rupert N. Richardson. Published by the West Texas Historical Association, Abilene, Texas. Unbound volumes of the 1925 Year Book will be sent for \$3.00 per volume. Address C. C. Rister, Secretary, Simmons University, Abilene, Texas.

What Became of Old Man Barnes?

Written by J. Marvin Hunter

In the early sixties there lived in the western part of Bandera county, near where the present village of Tarpley is located, a man named Barnes. What his first name was I have been unable to learn. Veteran Amasa Clark of Bandera, who knew Barnes quite well, says he does not remember his first name, but that the old settlers called him "Potato" Barnes, from the fact that he raised vegetables, principally potatoes, which he would take to the frontier posts and sell to the soldiers. Barnes came from Tennessee or Mississippi in an early day and located in Bandera county, establishing his habitation in a remote section. He was a man of intelligence and good breeding, but he seemed to shun companionship, and lived alone in a cave on the mountainside, which he had fortified with pickets set in the ground and about ten feet high, as a protection against attack by Indians. Near his dwelling place was a running creek, along the banks of which he cultivated small patches of ground which he could irrigate from the creek.

There was an air of mystery about the old man, and very few people, if any, knew his history. It is said that he left the state from which he came because of a difficulty in which he became involved, and wherein he was forced to kill a man. One version of the tragedy is to the effect that he was the owner of some land and one day some surveyors wanted to run a line overlapping his survey. When they came to his house he told them, it is said, that they could not come inside his yard; that if they entered it would be to their regret. One of the surveyors ignored the warning and stepped over the fence into the yard, whereupon Barnes shot him dead. He then fled to Texas. How true this story of his departure and its cause is, I do not know, nor does anyone know. It has been a long, long time ago, and the facts are unobtainable. But Barnes came to Texas, and seemed plentifully provided with money. He was regarded as being somewhat of a miser, and it is said that he kept his money concealed in a log in

which he had bored numerous holes with an augur, and in these holes he concealed many gold pieces. It is even said that on one occasion when the creek got on a rise, this log was washed away, and Barnes searched for it for many days, finally being successful in finding it and getting his money back.

Barnes' Bluff, for thus the place of his old habitation is called today, was near a trail over which the Indians traveled in making their raids into the settlements, and very often the old recluse was called upon to defend himself from attacks of the savages. His "fortress" was practically impregnable and commanded a good view of the surrounding region. In a fight with the Indians one day he was wounded in the arm, a bullet almost shattering the limb, and for a long time he suffered from it. But he continued to live there alone, with no company except his faithful dog.

As Barnes possessed money, it sometimes happened that he would be called upon for a loan by some of the settlers. One of these settlers obtained the sum of fifteen hundred dollars from him, it is said, by giving gilt-edged security. When the time of payment came around Barnes started to the home of this man for the purpose of collecting his money. On the way he met one or two people with whom he conversed and told them where he was going, and what he was going for. He proceeded on his way, and it is presumed that he collected the fifteen hundred dollars, as the man who was owing the amount afterwards exhibited a receipt signed by Barnes, showing the debt had been paid in full. But Barnes was never seen again.

That same day, or the next day, some men cow-hunting in the vicinity of Barnes' Bluff saw smoke rising from his "fortress," and thinking that the old man was being attacked by Indians, they hastened forward and arrived on the scene too late to save anything. The "fortress" had been destroyed by fire. There were indications of a fight, but who participated could not be determined. No arrows or other Indian signs

were to be found, but among the embers and burning pickets was found a human head, burned beyond recognition, and supposed to be that of Barnes. No other parts of the body could be found.

This tragedy created much excitement among the settlers, and many of them openly avowed that a heinous crime had been committed, and they did not believe it had been committed by Indians. Naturally the finger of suspicion was pointed towards the man to whom he had loaned the money, but no evidence could be secured to connect him with the murder. After some years he moved away, and no one knows just where.

Time passed on and the tragedy of Barnes' Bluff was almost forgotten. One day two small boys were exploring a cave in the vicinity of Tarpley, and

some three or four miles from the Barnes' Bluff. In this cave was found a complete skeleton of a man, but the skull was missing. The boys reported the find to some of their friends and an old man living on the Seco, who knew Barnes well, went to the cave and looked at the skeleton, and was positive in his belief that it was that of old man Barnes, because the bones of the right forearm showed to have been shattered at some future time by a bullet, and had knitted over and become sound again before the man had met his death.

There are still living today in Bandera county men who knew Barnes, although more than sixty years have gone down the corridors of Time, and the question with them yet is: "What became of Old Man Barnes?"

Attempted Train Robbery at Coleman

Written by J. Marvin Hunter

It was in June, 1898, that an attempt was made by four bandits to rob the express car on the Santa Fe railroad, running from Brownwood to San Angelo. I was living in Sonora at that time, and remember the occurrence quite well, because the robbers were captured not far from Sonora, and proved to be well known men of that section.

At Coleman Junction on the night of June 9th, 1898, the train was held up by four men, Pierce Keaton, Bill Taylor, Jeff Taylor and Bud Newman, the Taylor boys being brothers, and Newman was the leader of the band. They covered the engineer, James Stanton, and Fireman Johnson, and marched Johnson back to the express car and told him to ask the express messenger, L. L. White, to open the door. Fireman Johnson did as he was commanded, under penalty of death at the hands of the bandits, but before Messenger White responded several shots were fired by W. F. Buchanan, the traveling live stock agent of the Santa Fe, who had discovered the train was being held up. The fire was returned by the bandits, and in the fusillade Fireman Johnson was mortally wounded, Newman was shot through the

left arm, and Keaton was shot through the right leg.

The bandits then hurried to their horses and made their way to the ranch of the Taylor brothers in Sutton county, a distance of 125 miles, going all of the way without stopping to get surgical attention for the wounded men.

The unconscious form of Johnson was placed on the train and backed into Santa Anna, where he died. Sheriff Rome Shield of Tom Green county, was notified to be on the lookout for the bandits, as they had in their haste, left several sticks of dynamite in paper bearing the advertisement of a Sonora merchant, and this was the clue that led to their apprehension by a posse headed by Sheriff Shield, and composed of Deputy United States Marshal Hodges, and the sheriff of Sutton county and several deputies.

Upon their arrival in Sonora the posse went direct to the Taylor brothers' ranch and arrested all of the men without killing or wounding any of them, only one shot being fired, it being fired by Sheriff Shield from a rifle he had borrowed. Rome Shield was a crack shot in those days, and it developed after the men had been taken into custody that

he missed his human target only because the front sight on the borrowed rifle had been shifted to one side. However, after the one shot the bandits came out and surrendered with uplifted hands.

In the trial that followed Newman turned state's evidence and gained immunity for himself, but the others were convicted, Keaton and Jeff Taylor receiving a term of 99 years each in the penitentiary for the killing of Fireman Johnson, and each got eight years for attempting to rob the express car.

Bill Taylor escaped from the Brown county jail, but was captured before he got very far away. He escaped the second time, but was captured by Newman, who inveigled him into the hands of the authorities at Comstock under the pretext of making an attempt to hold up a west-bound Southern Pacific train.

Bill Taylor managed to escape a third time, and went to Edwards county where he found Newman and in a gunfight Bill Taylor killed Newman. Taylor then vanished, and has never been in custody since. As a result of killing Newman he is still wanted in Edwards county for murder.

W. F. Buchanan, who opened fire on the robbers at Coleman Junction, was residing in Fort Worth a few years ago, being connected with the live stock department of the Santa Fe railroad. Pierce Keaton and Jeff Taylor, are probably still in the penitentiary, unless pardoned during recent years. At the time of the affair Keaton had a great many sympathizing friends at Sonora. He was a young man of quiet, gentlemanly bearing, and many were of the opinion that he was led into the crime by his companions.

The arrest of the quartet was a quick piece of work on the part of Rome Shield and his posse. As nearly as I can recall the men were arrested on Thursday, June 11, following their attempt to rob the express car on the night of June 9.

We cannot supply complete files of back numbers of Frontier Times. We have only certain issues which we can furnish to those desiring back numbers. All subscriptions are entered to begin with the current issue.

That Old Blue-Back Spellin' Book.

Thru the dim mist of the yesteryears
Visions arise of that old Blue Back
Book,
Which filled our soul with doubts and
fears,
As we from its pages some "Larnin'"
took,
Back there in the shade of the forest
trees
Stood a log school house with its
puncheon seats,
'Twas there we learned our a-b-c's,
Far removed from the city's busy
streets.

We traced with soiled finger the a-b-c,
And learned the alphabet from A to Z,
Attaining to Baker on page twenty-five,
Was a great event in our youthful life,
And when we spelled Pentateuch "by
heart,"
The teacher praised us and called us
smart,
And we won the school's approbation,
When we stood up last on Trans-sub-
stan-ti-a-tion.

Then came In-com-pre-hen-si-bil-i-ty,
Followed close by un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty,
But we spelled them with great pre-
cision,
And turned to another subdivision,
And were asked to spell Ostentatious
Which nearly knocked us efficacious,
Then the stern old teacher with furious
look
Said: "Bobby you may spell Caout-
chouc."

And the wonder in the settlement grew,
How one small head could hold all
we knew,
And all the girls craved a "Feller"
Who could spell all the words in the
Blue Back Speller.
And our thoughts go back to the
yesteryears
When we made love to those sweet
old dears,
In a boyish way, with a lovesick look,
Shielded from the teacher's desk and
nook,
Behind the back of the old spelling
book.

—Uncle Jason, in San Marcos Record.

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

Mr. J. E. McDowell, McLouth, Kansas, writes: "I am a subscriber to your magazine, and also an enthusiastic reader of same. I should like for some one of your readers to give some information concerning the hanging of a woman in Texas a great many years ago, if there was such a hanging. In Flynn's Weekly, a New York Magazine, it refers to a woman who was legally executed in Texas at a time when that state was a pioneer country. The article in question says that this woman was captured at Naga Notches, Texas. If there was such a hanging I am sure that many of your subscribers would like to see the true story printed in Frontier Times. I would, for one. No doubt some of your Texas readers can furnish the information."

We have no record of any woman ever being legally hanged in Texas, and we doubt if such a hanging ever occurred, except in the fertile imagination of some fiction writer, but we pass the question on to our readers and if anyone knows of the occurrence we will appreciate the information.

Mr. Z. T. Vernor, of Vanece, Texas, writes: "Enclosed you will find fee for Frontier Times. I was in San Antonio when Ben Thompson was killed. Saw him at a card game before he was killed, and next day saw where he was killed. Many things that have been printed in Frontier Times I personally knew of. Please keep it coming."

Mrs. Minnie C. Gray, of the Arizona Pioneers' Home, Prescott, Arizona, writes: "I am enclosing my recollections of the Salt Creek fight for publication in Frontier Times. All the men who participated in this fight are now dead, but if anyone living knows the details of the event I would be glad to have them write to Frontier Times pointing out any mistakes I might have made. That was a good many years ago."

Ben Thompson.

Ben Thompson was a noted Texas desperado. He was a professional gambler and a killer of men; and was himself killed in a vaudeville theater in San Antonio in March, 1884. King Fisher, another noted character, was killed at the same time. Shortly after Thomp-



BEN THOMPSON

son's death, a book reciting his adventures, written by Major Buck Walton of Austin, was published. This book is now being published serially in Frontier Times, the first installment appearing on page 17 of this issue. It will run through several months, and will be of particular interest to all old time Texans who knew Ben Thompson or were familiar with his wild career. If your subscription to Frontier Times expires soon you should renew promptly in order to not miss an installment of the story.

Your subscription to Frontier Times may expire with this number. Watch for your expiration notice and renew promptly. It takes just that to keep the little magazine growing.

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AUGUST, 1926

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An Emigrant's Vengeance

A True Story, Compiled from the Writings of Julius Schutze

IT WAS a beautiful afternoon in the latter part of the Texas summer 1855. The sun was gradually disappearing beyond the chain of hills which followed the meanderings of the Guadalupe river on the western horizon. A lone pedestrian, with energetic strides was following the various bends and windings of the road from hill to hill that led from Gonzales to the little village of S. It became readily apparent that the man was a new-comer in Texas. A long blue coat, amply decorated with brass buttons, which he carried over his shoulder, in connection with a small bundle on the end of a stick, established his nationality as a German. He was a small man, but was stockily built, about 35 years of age. He had landed at Indianola, from where he made his way with and emigrant family in an ox-wagon to the friendly little town of Victoria, on the Guadalupe river. Not having means to pay for further transportation for himself and a heavy box, containing carpenter tools, he left the latter in charge of a merchant of the place until the time

should come when he should call for it, and provisioning himself with some bread, ground coffee, and a tin cooking vessel, he started out on foot to make his way to Fredericksburg, in West Texas. He intended to look for work in the latter place, and locate there permanently if practicable. As soon as he should find it justifiable to stay there, he intended to have his tool-box brought up to Fredericksburg, by some teamster, who occasionally went to Indianola for freight of all kinds for the colony.

The features of the man showed intelligence, and his countenance depicted energy—but nevertheless showed a slight degree of melancholy. His cheeks

were somewhat pale and his black full-beard gave him an earnest and sad expression. The man was undoubtedly one of those thousands who, with all due diligence, with the most serious intentions, with all the love and care for the family, and utmost economy in Germany, could hardly earn his daily bread, but still had will power, coupled with mechanical efficiency, enough to leave his

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fatherland, which could not offer him paying employment and a carefree future, an emigrant to the distant State of Texas, there to find a home for himself and his loved ones. With the narrow margin of his earnings left over from the past summer and the disposal of the household articles that could be dispensed with, and a few dollars to take care of his wife and three children, his wife also taking in washing and ironing, enough money was raked and scraped together to pay his way over the ocean as steerage passenger. He made his way to Victoria, forty miles from Indianola with his box, and from there on, with not quite two dollars to his name, he courageously set forth with the determined resolution of getting work at once in the West, some 200 miles distant, and to earn enough money during the coming winter to enable him to bring his family over from the old country. His night lodgings were passed in the soft grass under the open sky, undisturbed and free from care, although it was in the latter part of October, but the nights were not cooler or colder than a June night in Germany. At this time he had left Gonzales early in the morning to his mid-day rest at B—, and expected to arrive in the immediate neighborhood of S— before night. At sundown on that day, as he was passing a field along the road, he encountered a troop of negro slaves carrying sacks and baskets of cotton they had picked and on their way to the farm house. He asked an old negro, in German, how many miles it was to S—. Although an unknown tongue to the old darkey, he managed to understand "miles" and "S," and raising his hand indicated "five miles" with his fingers. Our friend would have gladly reached his destination, but the long journey of 30 miles he had traveled that day had made him very tired, so he concluded to camp under a wide-spreading oak tree, a little stretch from the field and road for the night. He very soon had a nice fire bristling, and water being convenient he soon had his coffee prepared which he enjoyed with a relish. But his supper was scant otherwise, as he only had a piece of dry bread, which did not quite appease his appetite after his strenuous day's journey.

"Well," he soliloquised "we will make up for that tomorrow morning," and then looked for a soft spot in the grass to lay down for his night's rest. His small bundle of clothes served as a pillow, and he stretched himself in full length with the hope of falling asleep at once to quiet the grumbling stomach. The friendly stars blinked and glittered through the foliage of the old tree as a gentle breeze swayed the leaves back and forth above him, and half awake and half asleep it seemed to him as though his loved little ones were trying to peep through the leaves for their distant father.

"Hello!" a voice quite close to him and immediately brought him to his feet. An old negro stood before him and the fire, and held up a very small shoat, cleaned and dressed before him. When he discovered that the wanderer could not speak English, he indicated by signs and gestures that he wanted to sell it to him. This the German readily understood, particularly as his stomach became interested at the prospect of a nice meal of fresh meat, and the two men had come to an agreement as to the price, which was 25 cents. The German explained the best way he could that he was out of bread; the darkey nodded and disappeared, returning shortly with a piece of cold corn-bread. In the meantime our tourist had cut off a piece of the young pig and was roasting it over the fire with a wooden spit and turning it now and then soon had it well enough done to partake of it, which he did at once without delay, to the enjoyment of the old negro, who observed the actions of the German with friendly interest.

The appetite of our foreign friend had been stilled. Over one-half of the small shoat remained, and was carefully hung up on one of the limbs of the tree, out of reach of any depredating animal. He then turned in again to his natural pallet, after the negro had bid him good-night and disappeared. Sleep soon demanded its rights and after a short while our wanderer fell into a peaceful slumber.

The morning sun had not yet appeared when he awoke. He gathered an armful of dry brush and wood and a nice fire was soon burning for him to

prepare his breakfast. The water in the vessel had about reached the boiling point, and he was reaching for the piece of meat which he had hung up the night before, when a horseman, riding by on a fine American horse, probably more through curiosity than any other reason, with a "good morning," rode up towards him. He addressed a question to the German which the latter did not understand. The American pointed to the piece of meat, giving him a searching look. The foreigner not yet comprehending what the questioner meant, reached for the meat in order to cut off a piece, when the American sprang from the horse, forcibly took the meat from the astonished German and indignantly demanded an explanation.

The German then guessed what the other wanted to know, and pointed his finger in the direction of the field, and that he paid 25 cents for same, showing a 25 cent piece, and adding to his illustration by saying "neger."

"Oho!" the American exclaimed, "Come along!" Grabbing the German by the arm he indicated vehemently that he would have to come with him. He got on his horse and rode along the rail fence towards the negro cabin to which the German had to follow him. Arriving there he called out the old negro who was just partaking of his breakfast, and then by methods of signs and gesticulations to the German wanted to know if this was the negro that had sold him the meat. The German nodded affirmatively. The latter did not know that a person buying anything from a slave without written permission from his master was subject to a heavy fine. The American, Frank Smith by name, the owner of the field and the slave, ordered the negro to get a rope from the cabin, while he remained with the German, whom he looked upon and treated as a prisoner by the fence. The old negro soon returned with a piece of rope. Smith commanded the negro to hold the prisoner from in front whilst the former, larger and stronger than the German, caught the arms of the German and fastened them securely with the rope on the latter's back, although the German made a slight but ineffectual resistance. He then cut off the over-lapping and of

the rope, began to beat the old negro unmercifully, the victim finally falling down and squirming with pain on the ground. Having worn his arm tired with flogging on the negro, he addressed himself to the German and motioned to follow him at the side of his horse after he had swung himself into the saddle. The German had no alternative but to obey and so they took the direction towards S—.

It was about 9 o'clock a. m. when the two reached the court house.

"Hello!" the constable exclaimed, "Whom are you bringing here, Mr. Smith?"

"I'm bringing a d—d Dutchman, who who induced one of my slaves for 25 cents to steal one of my small shoats. They have both confessed, and here is the remaining piece of meat. I want an exemplary example instituted, for it seems that my slaves have been in the habit of killing and selling my shoats and pigs to passing teamsters for some time, but I have been unable to catch them at it up to now!" Where is the Squire?"

"He has not yet come down."

"Well, I will go and get him. I want this fellow to get the punishment that is coming to him. I want him to get the maximum penalty. You take care of him that long."

"I will do that Mr. Smith, but I believe he should be untied. Gee Whizz! You surely have tied him very hard."

"I had a d— good notion to tie his throat. We have got to establish an example by this Dutchman. These fellows are seducing our niggers to steal and run away."

With that Smith made his way to the Squire's house.

The prisoner was taken into the office of the Squire by the constable who mercifully untied the thongs that bound the prisoner's wrists, which had been drawn so tight that the arms and hands were black and blue.

Pale as death and despairing, the unfortunate man was seated on a bench without the remotest idea of what was in store for him. Perfectly ignorant of any wrong, and in hope that they would bring him someone to whom he could make himself understood and to find

out for what reason he was treated in this manner, he anxiously awaited development of the treatment to come.

It was a very serious time for a foreign-born. A large political party had been formed in the United States which was called the Know-nothing Party which, by creating secret societies endeavored to strengthen and invigorate its organization. Their demands were that no foreignborn should be allowed to vote until he had lived in the United States for 21 years, and qualified this demand by asserting that a child, born of American parents, had to wait 21 years before it attained the right to vote. Also that no foreign-born or any Catholic should be eligible to a public office. The organization itself called themselves the "American Party," a name intended to be particularly attractive to the young American element. The founders of this party, had they not undertaken too much at one time, or made a separate fight in support of one of their principles would have probably come out victorious in the end. Both elements, principally the native-born Catholic citizenship had become too strong however, had powerful allies and was splendidly organized. Opposed to this party at the time was the Democratic Party, which in 1856, taking advantage of the mistakes made by the Know-nothings, embodied a clause in the platform antagonizing "Knownothingism," by this means making its party the most powerful in the country.

In 1856, the Knownothing Party received its first and most serious blow in the State of Virginia.

In 1855, in which our narrative begins the "American Party" was very strong, aggressive, and made special efforts to impress this feeling upon all foreign-born. In larger cities this sentiment was not so militant, except in Louisville, Kentucky. In the latter city matters had come to a crisis and ended in bloodshed, in which several Germans and Irishmen were killed and wounded in a riot. The appellation "Knownothing" had been acquired by the members of the secret order, who, when asked about the aims and objects of the organization simply answered "I know nothing."

To this order Smith and the Justice-

of the Peace at that time belonged and were loyal members of the organization.

In the course of an hour Smith, accompanied by the Squire returned. They had both partaken of several toddies, discussed the case, and agreed upon a verdict.

"Constable, open court!" the Squire ordered this functionary, as he took a seat at the table, and opened a law-book.

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez The Honorable Justice Court is now in session!" the Constable called out of the window, and the trial began.

"Colonel Smith, come forth and be sworn," the Squire began, "You do solemnly swear, that in the case of the case of the State of Texas against—" here he paused, and turning around to the prisoners asked him: "What's your name?"

"The latter shook his head and said in German: "I do not understand a word of English."

"Well then," the Squire proceeded, "The State against a person, whose name and race are unknown to the court, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So help you God!"

The "Colonel" let down his right hand, nodded affirmatively, and seated himself in a chair, which had been passed up by the Constable.

Smith thereupon told his version of the affair; how the defendant had shown him a 25-cent piece, pointed his finger at the old slave, and upon the piece of meat, and as the witness wanted to sift the matter to the bottom and find out from whom the German had received the meat, his slave had confessed that he had stolen it from him and had sold it to the defendant.

"The crime is clearly proven," the Squire stated after hearing the testimony, "and here is the law on the subject: Title 19, Article VIII, Section 669 says: 'If any person purchases a valuable product from a slave without the written consent of his master, mistress, overseer or employer of such slave, he shall be fined the sum of not less than \$25 nor more than \$200. The defendant is therefore declared guilty, and as the court has to assume that the defendant does not possess twenty-five dollars to

pay said fine, the Constable is ordered to take out the prisoner, tie him to a tree, and apply twenty-five lashes to his bare back with a whip."

The Constable left the room, but did not return. The execution of the judgment seemed to be too risky for him to perform, but at the same time he did not care to invite the enmity of his superior officer.

The three persons were now alone in the room. The prisoner, nervous and excited, was sitting on the bench while the other two were laughingly carrying on an animated conversation in another part. After quite a time the Squire became impatient. He left the room and shortly afterwards returned with a deputy-sheriff, one of his brethren of the Knownothing order, and ordered him to take out the prisoner and to apply 25 lashes judiciously. "We presume," he added, "that the race of the fellow is doubtful; he might be a light-colored nigger, who has acquired a little of the Dutch language and disguising his nativity by refusing to speak English."

The deputy approached the defendant, unwound the rope round his wrists, and removed his coat and vest.

The unhappy victim had no suspicion of what was to follow in the next few minutes. His first thought was that his person was to be examined for some forbidden article, and even showed his willingness to help them in this; with touching artlessness he went down in his pockets and produced his sole possessions, a dollar and a few cents, upon which his persecutors only laughed.

"Let the fellow keep on that thin shirt," said the Squire, "I guess your whip will penetrate deep enough anyhow!"

"Its all the same to me," the officer answered. He cut the rope in two parts and tied one end of each to the prisoner's wrists. Taking the other two ends in his hand, as well as the coat and vest of the stranger over his arm, he gave his man a rough shove, intimating that he should follow him. They proceeded to a large oak tree in the yard. The Constable threw coat and vest to the ground and in less time than it takes to tell it he had the unfortunate securely fasten-

ed to the oak, and had tied the two ends together on the opposite side of the oak. It was a procedure in which the deputy had considerable experience, having flogged several negro slaves "judicially" sentenced. He then proceeded to the court house, procured a whip, commonly known as a "blacksnake," stepped to the left of the victim and began to belabor his back with all his might.

The fettered one begged, implored, called for help. No one answered. Several people heard his cries of agony, but were under the impression that a delinquent slave was being flogged, something that happened quite often, and paid no attention to the matter. A few Germans lived in the town, but they had no idea that one of their countrymen was being mistreated in this shameful manner at the time. Numerous Americans lived there also who never would have tolerated the whipping of a white person, no matter of what nationality. But the citizens had no knowledge, that at the time a poor, innocent stranger, unacquainted with the language and customs of the country was being so inhumanely treated.

He received his 25 lashes to the last one. His shirt was torn into a frazzle and blood was dripping from his back. The sheriff untied him, threw his coat, vest and the small bundle of clothing to him and went into the court house. From there this worthy trio adjourned to the next saloon.

The victim threw his coat over his shoulders and grabbing his other possessions hurriedly left towards the woods bordering along the river. Shame, pain and wrath hurried him along and he was soon out of sight of the three Knownothings. He never was seen again in the place.

* * * *

The road that leads from New Braunsfels to Fredericksburg, about 75 miles distant, is now pretty well settled with thrifty and industrious German farmers, at least as far as the little place called Middletown, about half way between the two above named towns. From this place up, at the time our narrative took place, the farms were less frequent, but could be seen, every now and then, off the wagon road.

In the year 1860, about a couple of miles from the main road, a nice new farm had been brought under cultivation. Apparently about three years old, it was easily perceived by the substantial fencing, the neat modest dwelling, the gates and barn that a man having knowledge of carpentry and of German origin had here erected his new home. It was a summer afternoon of the above year. The good stand of corn in the field was entering on its maturity and promised the indastrious owner a bountiful crop.

* * * *

"You can not miss the way, Squire. Stick to the mostly travelled road to the right, and that fine animal of yours will take you to Fredericksburg in a day's ride. We will have an early breakfast tomorrow morning, to enable you to make good headway on your trip befor the sun gets too hot."

Thus spoke the storekeeper of Middletown to a man who had just arrived from S—, had unsaddled his horse and had the same fed, and was now sitting in front of the store with his host and brought his pipe into action.

"You then have never been in Fredericksburg before?" his host asked him inquisitively, "Do you intend to locate there?"

"Not by a damn sight," the addressed answered, "No Siree!! I own 320 acres in the neighborhood of that town which I bought at a very cheap price about ten years ago in San Antonio. Now, my agent in Fredericksburg advised me that I could sell the whole half section at three dollars an acre. I want to get rid of the land and am on my way to sign the deed and receive my money."

Early the next morning the traveller started, after the hospitable storekeeper had provided a fine lunch for the day's ride, which he packed in his saddle-bags with a bottle of whiskey.

* * * *

It was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The rays of the sun were becoming hotter and hotter, and the rider was hoping to reach water somewhere soon, to water his horse and let the animal rest and graze for an hour, for the trip had been quite strenuous during the morning hours. But no signs of water

were to be found in the valleys anywhere close to the road. Reaching the top of the hill, the traveler surveyed the surrounding neighborhood for a bunch of trees or brush with cattle near, this being a sure sign of water being in the immediate neighborhood in the Texas hill-country. But nowhere did his eye spy an indication of this kind. Disgusted he rode on. All at once he saw a man on horseback ahead of him in the valley, driving a few cattle across the road. The latter had already crossed the road but seemed to have difficulty with the cattle, who seemed determined to turn back all the time from whence they had driven. He had not observed the traveler, who had now approached to about 50 yards from the rear and made his presence known by a loud "Hello!" The cattleman threw his horse around and halted. He was attired in a blue cotton shirt and pants, brogans and a wide-brimmed felt hat; in his right hand he held a long plaited whip with short handle. His small cow pony was restless, because he noticed the cattle scattering in different directions as soon as they noticed that they were not driven any more.

"Good morning," the traveler said, riding up closer to the farmer. "Can you tell me where I can get the nearest watering place on the way to Fredericksburg, or is there a waterhole near here? I'm a stranger in these parts, and have never been here before."

Involuntarily the farmer jerked the bridle which caused the pony to rear on his forefeet and became very unruly and hard to control.

"You've got quite a fiery little cow pony," the traveler continued, while the farmer kept staring at him as if he saw an apparition.

The traveler accepted this speechless staring as a sign that his opposite was trying to think up the right information and complacently awaited his answer.

"Wa-water is - is two miles from here," the farmer finally uttered in short gasps. "You - you don't live in this neighborhood?" he added in a husky voice.

"No sir, I live in S—, Two miles did you say? Good, that will just suit me as a halt and resting place when I return from Fredericksburg in two days."

He then returned into the road and rode towards the desired water.

With an indescribable look of burning hate and chagrin the cowman followed the disappearing traveler with his eyes until he had vanished from view over the next hill. He then broke down in a heart-rending groan.

"Oh! Oh! — to stand here before him and unarmed!" he nearly screamed aloud, "Why did I just had to leave my trusty rifle at home today! Yes, Yes, I wanted to drive that cattle today. That's how I came to leave it. He did not recognize me. Yes, Yes, The hair and beard of not quite forty, has been bleached by you devil, before its time, and creased the furrows in my face. That humiliation has never let me sleep in peace! Where I go, and where I stand, the picture of a whipped felon rises before me! Never in my life have I knowingly done any human a wrong. Innocently, unlawfully, with fiendish atrocity I have been flogged openly, and this disgrace I shall carry in my heart through life? I cannot do it! How could I ever let my beloved wife, my dear children know what I have undergone without resenting it. But let's see? What did he say? That he would return from Fredericksburg in a couple of days and rest at the watering place I told him about. Yes, yes, that's what he said. Well! Well! It shall be his place of rest, even if it should become my resting place forever."

Only after awhile he awoke from his lethargy and deep abstraction. He looked around. It then came back to him that he should have been busy driving cattle. But where were the cattle he had been driving thus far? They had had ample time to get away and were trotting back to their distant range from where he had taken them from a neighbor that morning, taking due advantage of his dreaming.

He slowly rode towards his home.

"Why father, where have you left your steer?" the oldest boy hailed him from the gate.

"He got away from me on the way. I took some other cattle along so as to make the driving easier, but they got scattered and I gave up the chase. In a few days I will ride over there again and

ask the owner to help me bring the steer back."

He got off from his horse, and his son took off the bridle and saddle, and turned the pony out to graze.

Early in the morning of the second day the head of the house arose, saw to it that his pony had been well fed, and hastily partaking of breakfast, he reached for his rifle, which he carefully examined, and bid his family goodbye.

"Goodbye, Mary. I am going to ride over to see the neighbor with whom I have traded for a steer, and will make arrangements when and how to drive the animal over here. I will try and be back by tonight. If I should not come tonight, don't get alarmed for then I will be back certainly tomorrow some time."

As soon as he was out of sight of his home he urged his pony into a faster gait. He directed his course straight in the direction of the waterhole he had informed the traveler about, and which was in close proximity of the road. He rode close up to the same and examined the locality. And, sure enough, he found evident signs that some person had stopped there for a rest, a couple of days ago. A few pieces of breadcrust and a small piece of ham were found lying in the grass.

He seemed satisfied with his observation. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. "If he left Fredericksburg after breakfast, he can hardly get here before 12 or 1 o'clock," he muttered to himself. He got on his horse again, and rode up on an elevation and looked around in all directions. Everything was quiet and still. No vehicle or moving object was to be seen as far as his vision reached. He rode down in the valley again, hid his animal in a thick cluster of brush, about 100 yards from the waterhole, and then looked around for a suitable point of observation and hiding in the immediate vicinity of the place.

He soon had discovered a suitable harbor and here he squatted expectantly. He again examined his rifle carefully. Everything was in proper shape. Keeping his eyes and ears strained towards the steep hill up the Fredericksburg road, he sat motionless like a statue, securely hidden from observation. A

couple of hours passed in this position.

It was now past noon, and he was on the point of getting up and going to his horse, when his ear caught the sound of horses hoofs, and in a few seconds he saw the Squire slowly riding down the hill. He directed his horse to the water, let it drink, but made no effort to dismount. He took up the bridle reins, and began to proceed on his way to Middletown, when a thundering "Halt!" came from the brush. At the same time the figure of the farmer emerged, and with the rifle pointed towards him he addressed his quarry with these words. "Do you know me, Squire? Don't touch your revolver, or my bullet will pierce your heart! And you would then not even know who you are indebted to for your ending!"

The Squire, when at first sound had made a motion for his revolver, shrank from the effort, when he noticed the barrel of the gun, ready cocked, only about forty steps away, directly pointed at him. "I don't know you," he answered trembling. "Do not kill me. I will give you all my money voluntarily. I am at your mercy!"

"Your money?" exclaimed the other, gnashing his teeth, "I don't want your money. It's your blood I want for the twenty-and-five lashes you ordered given me, against all law and right five years ago! I have learned to speak English now! And I have just learned enough to tell you that my day of revenge has come, and your last moment arrived."

"Don't kill me," the Squire repeated, and continuing pleadingly said; "Remember there is a God who said: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay!'"

"What? You dare to remind me of God's vengeance! Why did he not let a bolt of lightning strike you to atoms when you had an honest, innocent man unmercifully flogged. You know how dastardly you acted! My pleading, my cries of pain filled you with devilish glee, and you gloated with delight at my misery! No, No! Vengeance is mine!"

At this moment, the Squire jerked his pistol out of the holster and fired. The shot from the German's gun blanched forth at the same time; the horse sprang to one side and the form of the Squire dropped from the saddle to the ground.

The bullet had penetrated his heart. The German stepped close to the body and peered down on his victim: "Others may call this murder, but you have murdered me a thousandfold," he murmured. He took the corpse, carried it to the side of the road, placed it in a sitting posture against the trunk of a tree, so passersby should discover the dead man. Beside him he placed under the cover of the saddle-blanket the Squire's revolver, watch and saddlebags which contained the purchase money for the land he had sold. The horse was turned loose to graze.

Only on the second day the corpse was discovered by a teamster, the first to pass the place of tragedy. On account of the tropical heat at the time, the body had rapidly decomposed, and the real cause of his death had not been ascertained. From the documents and papers on the person his identity had been easily disclosed. As the corpse was found in a sitting position, every dollar which he had received for the sale of his land intact, watch, revolver, horse and saddle on hand, the motive of robbery for money was excluded, and it was assumed that the traveler had been overcome by the heat, and feeling bad had unsaddled his horse, placed his possessions beside himself and died of sun-stroke in the position he was found in.

* * *

Eighteen years later, in a stately farm house on a large farm in West Texas, a man in the neighborhood of 60 years was on his deathbed. His wife and grown children, two sons and a married daughter, were standing at his bedside weeping. His voice was hardly audible: "Mary!" he lisped, "bring your ear close to me. Mary I have told you several times, how an unknown, poor, honest German emigrant had been so cruelly, unmercifully and unlawfully beaten down yonder. Mary, Mary, I was the unfortunate that was lashed. When I am dead, you will see the scars on my back. The Justice of the Peace—who was found dead on the Fredericksburg road—Oh!—he was the one that had me beaten. My bullet went through his heart—Oh!—the vengeance was mine!"

Another gasp and the dying man had closed his eyes forever.

The Battle of Antelope Hills

Ben C. Stuart, in Dallas News, January 17, 1905

One of the greatest scenic and dramatic incidents occurring in the history of Indian warfare in Texas was enacted on the 12th of May, 1858, on the South Canadian, near Antelope Hills. This section had long been the home of the fierce and warlike Comanche Nation, and from that place they set out upon their forays into Texas. It was also their place of refuge, where they felt secure from the attacks of Texas Rangers or United States soldiers. Pohebits Quasho, or "Iron Jacket," so termed from the fact that he wore a coat of mail, a curious and antique piece of armor, probably stripped from the body of some Spanish soldier killed in battle more than a century previous, and preserved during all the intervening years by the Comanche tribe as a trophy of their prowess in the field and their success in meeting the Spanish men at arms on the Mexican border. "Iron Jacket" posed as a great "medicine man," or prophet, and declared himself to be invulnerable to rifle balls or arrows directed against his person, as by a magic breath he was able to make the missiles fall harmless at his feet. Peta Nocona, a young and daring Indian chief, was the second in command. He had married Cynthia Ann Parker, who as a child had been made captive in May, 1836, when Parker's fort had been taken by the savages and most of its defenders slain. The inroads of the Comanches having become so troublesome by 1858, the State authorities determined to attack them in their stronghold and inflict upon them well-deserved punishment. Accordingly, about May 1 of that year, Col. John S. Ford, at the head of some hundred Texas Rangers, with such subordinates as Capt. Shapley, P. Ross of Waco, W. A. Pitts, Tankersley, Preston and 111 friendly Toncagua Indians under the noted chief Placido, started on a campaign with the determination to follow the Comanches to their refuge in the hills along the Canadian River, and to inflict upon them a severe and lasting chastisement.

After a toilsome march of nearly a

week, the Toncagua scouts reported the Comanche camp to be in the immediate vicinity. The Comanches, although noted for their vigilance, on this occasion, at least, were unsuspecting of the presence of danger and unaware of the approach of the enemy. Such was their sense of security that on the day previous to the fight Col. Ford and some of his officers stood in the road leading from Fort Smith to Santa Fe, and through glasses saw the Indians chasing buffalo in the valleys to the northward. That night the friendly Indian scouts completed their duty of definitely locating the Comanche camp. The next morning, May 12, the Rangers and their Indian allies marched, before sunrise, to attack. Placido, the chief of the Toncagua's, claimed for his braves the privilege of taking vengeance upon their hereditary foes, and his request was granted. A complete surprise was effected and the struggle was short and sanguinary, not a Comanche warrior being taken, preferring death to captivity, and only the women and children were made prisoners. Not a single warrior escaped to bear tidings of the disaster to his tribe. This engagement, however, was the prelude to the more serious affairs which were to occur later in the day. A short time after sunrise the command came into view of a hostile band in a picturesque valley of the Canadian River. Probably the best account of the noted fight which ensued was written by the late Victor M. Rose, one of the most accomplished of the oldtime Texas newspaper writers, long connected with the Victoria Advocate, and embraced in a sketch of Ross' Texas Brigade, published some years since, and which will be utilized to some extent in this sketch.

"The panorama thus presented to the view of the rangers," writes Rose, "was beautiful in the extreme, and their pent up enthusiasm found vent in a shout of exultation, which was speedily suppressed by Col. Ford. Just at this moment a solitary Comanche was descried riding southward, evidently heading for the village Placido had so recently destroy-

ed. He was wholly unconscious of the presence of an enemy. Instant pursuit was now made; he turned and fled at full speed toward the main camp across the Canadian, closely followed by the rangers. He dashed across the stream, and thus revealed to his pursuers the locality of a safe ford across the miry and almost impassable river. He rushed into the village beyond, sounding the notes of alarm, and soon the Comanche warriors formed a bold front of line of battle between their women and children and the advancing rangers. After a few minutes occupied in forming a line of battle, both sides were arrayed in full force. The friendly Indians were placed on the right and thrown a little forward. Col. Ford's object was to deceive the Comanches as to the character of the attacking force and as to the quality of the arms possessed. Pohebits Quasho, arrayed in all his war trappings—coat of mail, shield, bow and lance, completed by a head dress decorated with feathers, and long red flannel streamers, and besmeared with war paint—gaily dashed about on his war horse midway of the opposing lines, delivering taunts and challenges to the whites. As the old chief dashed to and fro a number of rifles were discharged at him at point-blank range, without any effect whatever, which seeming immunity from death encouraged his warriors greatly and induced even some of the more superstitious among the rangers to inquire within themselves if it were possible that old Iron Jacket really bore a charmed life. Followed by a few of his braves, he now bore down upon the rangers, described a few circles, gave a few necromatic puffs with his breath and let fly several arrows at Col. Ford, Capt. Ross and Chief Placido, receiving their fire without harm. But as he approached the line of the Toncahuas a rifle ball directed by the steady nerve and unerring eye of one of their number, Jim Pockmark, brought the Medicine Man to the dust. The shot was a mortal one. The fallen chief was instantly surrounded by his braves, but his spirit had winged its flight to the happy hunting grounds. These incidents occupied but a short time, when the order to charge was given, and then ensued one of the

grandest assaults ever made against the Comanches. The enthusiastic shouts of the Rangers and the triumphant yell of their red allies greeted the welcome order. It was responded to by the defiant "war whoop" of the Comanches, and in these virgin hills, remote from civilization, the saturnalia of battle was inaugurated. The shouts of enraged combatants, the wail of women, the piteous cries of terrified children, the howling of frightened dogs, the deadly reports of rifle and revolver, constituted a discordant confusion of infernal noise. The conflict was short and sharp. A charge, a momentary exchange of rifle and arrow shots, and the heart-rending wail of discomfiture and dismay, and the beaten Comanches abandoned the lodges and camp to the victors and began a disorderly retreat. But sufficient method was observed to take advantage of each grove of timber, each hill and ravine, to make a stand against their pursuers, and thus enable the women and children to make their escape. The tumult of battle now diverged from a common center like the spokes of a wheel, and continued for several hours, gradually growing fainter as the pursuit disappeared in the distance.

Another band of Comanche braves, numbering 500, under command of the noted chief, Peta Nocona, distant ten miles from the scene of the first engagement, heard the sound of the firing and was soon on the way to the relief of their comrades. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon, as the last of the Texas Rangers returned from the pursuit of the band of Pohebits Quasho, they found the force under Col. Ford arrayed in line of battle, and on inquiry as to the cause, Col. Ford, pointing to the hills, replied: "Look there and you will see." A glance in that direction disclosed a force of 500 Comanches drawn up in line of battle. "Col. Ford," says Rose, "had, with 221 men, fought and routed over 400 Comanches, and now he was confronted by a much stronger force fresh from their village still higher up on the Canadian. They had come to drive the pale faces and their hated copper-colored allies from the captured camp, to rescue prisoners and retake over 400 horses and a large amount of plunder. They did not

fancy the defiant note of preparation awaiting them in the valley. However, and were waiting to avail themselves of some incautious movement on the part of the rangers, when the wily Peta Nocona with his forces would spring like a lion for his lair, and with one combined and desperate effort swoop down and annihilate the enemy. But his antagonist was a soldier of too much sagacity to allow any advantage to a vigilant foe. The two forces remained thus, contemplating each other for over an hour, during which time a series of operations ensued between single combatants illustrative of the Indian mode of warfare and the marked difference between the nomadic Comanche and his semi-civilized congener, the Toncahua. The Toncahuas took advantage of ravines, trees and other natural shelter. Their arms were rifles and revolvers. The Comanches came to the attack with shield and bow and lance mounted on gaily caparisoned and prancing steeds, and flaunting feathers and all the gorgeous trappings incident to savage display and pomp. They were probably the most expert equestrians in the world. A Comanche warrior would gaily canter to a point half way between the opposing lines, yell a defiant war-whoop and shake his shield. This was a challenge to single contest."

"Several of the friendly Indians who accepted such challenges were placed hors du combat by their more expert adversaries, and in consequence Col. Ford ordered them to decline the savage banter, much to the dissatisfaction of Placido, the Toncahua chief, who had conducted himself throughout the series of engagements with the bearing of a savage hero. 'In these combats,' said Col. Ford, 'the mind of the spectator was vividly carried back to the days of chivalry, the jousts and tournaments of of plumed knights, and to the concomitants of those scenic exhibitions of gallantry. The feats of horsemanship were splendid, the lances and shields were used with great dexterity, and the whole performance was a novel show to civilized man.' Col. Ford now ordered Placido, with a part of his warriors to advance in the direction of the enemy, and, if possible, to draw them into the

valley, so as to afford the rangers an opportunity to charge them. This had the desired effect, and the rangers were ready to make a charge when it was discovered that the friendly Indians had removed the white badges from their heads because they served as a target for the Comanches; consequently the rangers were unable to distinguish friend from foe. This necessitated the entire withdrawal of the Indians. The Comanches witnessed these preparations, and now commenced to recoil. The rangers advanced; the trot, the gallop, the headlong charge followed in rapid succession. Lieut. Nelson made a skillful movement and struck the enemy's left flank. The Comanche line was broken. A running fight now ensued for three or four miles. The enemy was driven back wherever he made a stand. The most determined resistance was made in a timbered ravine. Here one of Placido's warriors was killed, and one of the rangers, young George W. Paschal, wounded. The Comanches left some dead upon the field and had several more wounded. After routing them at this point, the rangers continued to pursue them for some distance, intent upon taking the women and children prisoners; but Peta Nocona, by the exercise of those commanding qualities which had often before signalized his conduct on the field, succeeded in covering their retreat, and thus allowing them to escape. It was now about 4 p. m. both horses and men were almost entirely exhausted, and Col. Ford ordered a halt and returned to the village. Brave old Placido and his warriors fought like demons. It was difficult to restrain them, so anxious were they to wreak vengeance upon the Comanches. In all of those engagements seventy-five Comanches bit the dust. The loss of the rangers was small—two killed and six wounded." The trappings worn by Pohobits Quasho, or 'Iron Jacket,' the noted Comanche Chief, who was slain, consisted of lance, bow, shield, head dress and the celebrated coat of mail, were gathered up on the field and brought to Austin, where they were deposited by Col. Ford in the old State Capitol. Placido, the chief of the Toncahuas, fell a victim to the vengeance of the Comanches during the latter part of

the Civil War, being assassinated by them on the Government reservation at Fort Sill. He had always been the friend of the Texans and rendered invaluable services to the early pioneers, by whom he was implicitly trusted.

Col. John S. Ford, the commander of the forces participating in the engagement above chronicled, during his life was one of the most prominent actors in many dramatic episodes occurring upon the frontier of Texas. While the limits assigned for this sketch preclude anything like extended mention of his many exploits, they can be briefly noted as follows: He was born in South Carolina in May, 1819, and came to Texas in 1836 when a youth, and joined Kimbro's company in the service of the Republic of Texas. He was present at a Fourth of July celebration at the town of Houston, at which Gen. Sam Houston, the wounded commander of the Texas army at the battle of San Jacinto, was received by Gen. Jonas Harrison. He was in the military service in 1836, and at various periods during the existence of Texas as a Republic. He participated in the Mexican War as a member of the celebrated regiment of Texas Rangers, commanded by Col. John C. Hays. In 1849 he commanded a company of rangers, and in 1850 fought Indians on the Nueces River. In 1858, while in command of the Texas frontier, he fought the battle of Antelope Hills, above chronicled. During the Cortina war on the lower Rio Grande in 1859-60 he had several engagements with the latter and defeated him. In 1861 he assumed control of the lower Rio Grande and received the surrender of the Federal force at Fort Brown. His regiment was afterward mustered into the Confederate service. He fought the last battle of the Civil War, on the 13th of May, 1865, when he defeated the Federal troops commanded by Brevet Brig. Gen. Barrett, consisting of the Thirty-Second Indiana (colored), part of a New York regiment, and a company of the Second Texas (Federal) regiment, the whole numbered sixteen or seventeen hundred men. The action commenced near the San Matiu ranch, below Brownsville, and the enemy was driven almost to Boca Chico, the nearest point on Brazos Island. While Brig. Gen. Slaugh-

ter was the ranking officer, he did not reach the field until some time after the action began. In civil life Col. Ford served as a Representative in the Congress of the Texas Republic, served as a State Senator, was a member of the convention which passed the ordinance of secession, served as a member of the constitutional convention after the close of the Civil War and again as a State Senator. He also served an extended term as superintendent of the State Deaf and Dumb Asylum, having been appointed by Governor Oran M. Roberts. He was a man of fine mental capacity and the most modest and retiring disposition, to whom there can be most appropriately applied the lines of Shakespeare: "He was a man." He was idolized by his command, and of him it has been written that with opportunity he would have proven the Murat of the Southern Confederacy.

Edw. Harper, Sabinetown, Texas, writes: "I have been taking Frontier Times for several months, and feel that I could hardly do without it. Texas history tells of a negro uprising in Colorado county in 1856. If anyone knows of this incident I think it would be of much interest if they would write an account of it and send it to Frontier Times." Would indeed be glad to receive an account of this uprising.

We have a limited number of certain back numbers of Frontier Times which we offer at 25c per copy while they last. Or we will send a set of fifteen of these numbers, including the two pamphlets, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," and "Adventures of a Mier Prisoner," for only \$3.50, cash with order. These numbers are made up of issues of May, June, July, August, October, November and December 1924; February, March April, May, June, July, August and September, 1925. Issues not mentioned in this list cannot be supplied. If you want one of these sets order early, for the quantity is very limited. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

Old Frontier Events of Long Ago

Written for Frontier Times by W. K. Baylor, San Antonio, Texas

My inheritance and personal experience have bred in me a keen interest in Texas history, and particularly that part of it that is concernew with frontier events. When I use the word history, I do not mean romance. In order to make myself perfectly clear concerning romance, just turn to page 25, in the January 1925, number of Frontier Times, second column, and you will see what I call romance. Wolves do not go in gangs in Texas and never did. They do not howl when on a trail, and never did in Texas. I do not think it has ever yet been discovered that they have sufficient intelligence to know when a person or animal is weary, and follow such, expecting to be filled with their flesh. I have seen them (one) following a wounded deer. There is a reason for that. Wolves invariably flee when they see anyone. When hungry they will come into a camp and carry off anything they can eat, but attack you, never. Any old frontiersman will vouch for the truth of what I have just said above.

The massacre of the Mason and Cameron families in Jack county was another bloody page in our frontier history.

The list of murders in Jack county of families and individuals in the years 1857-59, is a large one. It is doubtful if there is any territory anywhere in Texas of equal size to that within the boundaries of Jack, Young, Parker and Palo Pinto counties, where the people suffered as much at the hands of the Indians as have those who, at an early day, peopled those counties. From 1856 up to and including 1864, Indian raids were frequent and the murders most revolting. And if ever men were heroes and deserved the gratitude of their countrymen, assuredly the few who fought so nobly on that frontier defending little children, feeble old men and women, who were murdered and mangled in the indiscriminate slaughter which considered neither sex nor helplessness, should not be forgotten. Our admiratiin for them should increase with the passing years. The utterly heroic

attitude with which those people suffered and endured hardships and all manner of cruelties from savages ought to bind the hearts of all good people to them with unbreakable bonds of admiration and affection.

The Mason and Cameron families settled in Jack county in 1858. They built their cabins about a half mile apart. Ordinarily, when people first came into that country, knowing of the danger from Indians, they were very cautious and never left home without being well armed, but as time went on and no sign of Indians was seen in the particular neighborhood, the settlers would become careless and go to their work a long way from the cabin or visit in the neighborhood totally unarmed. And frequently their guns would be out of repair and their feeling of security so great that they would not take the time to repair them. I think a feeling of perfect security held sway when the above two families were attacked. Neither family ever fired a shot so far as we know. Yet, they were where they were liable to be killed any moment and had no arms. As above stated the two families settled in Jack county in 1858. Where they settled was about fourteen miles north from Jacksboro. They were completely isolated. Their nearest neighbor was B. L. Ham, who lived some ten miles south of them, in the direction of Jacksboro. To add to the danger of these settlers the lower Indian reservation was only about 35 miles distant, and on that reservation were some of the fiercest scoundrels who ever escaped the gallows. Complaints multiplied through 1857 and 1858, of thefts and murders traced to the lower reservation. The wild tribes on the plains, chiefly Comanches, depredated almost without hindrance, and the malefactors of the reservations laid all the blame on them. The citizens on the other hand thought most of the trouble came from the reservations. The wild tribes on one side and the reservations on the other made the location of the Masons and Camerons a very dangerous one as the after events clearly proved.

The father of Mrs. Mason, Jacob Lynn, lived on Keechi Creek, some 12 or 14 miles distant.

In the spring of 1859, while Mr. Cameron and a son, who was about sixteen years old, were at work on the farm some distance from the house, the first intimation they had of danger was when they were attacked. The circumstantial evidence—their tracks—indicated that when they were attacked they ran towards the house and were killed when they had gone but a short distance. The Indians then went on to the house and killed Mrs. Cameron in the cow pen. Whether she was milking the cows, or went among them with her baby to hide I do not know, there being no evidential evidence in the case. What I do know is that she was foully murdered and the baby left to crawl around in its mother's blood in the pen of cows. No doubt, the reason some cow did not gore the baby was due to the fact that it was too small to leave its mother and the cows would not approach the mother.

On this same day and no doubt near the same time, Mason, his wife and baby were killed and the elder two were scalped and their bodies otherwise mutilated. These were killed some little distance from their cabin. Why they were away from the only protection they had I do not know. It is probable they were at work as the Camerons were and the Indians were upon them before they knew it. After killing the Masons the house was searched by a red-headed man, so the Mason children are reported to have said, and he and his associates took whatever valuable thing there was in it. It was currently reported that Mr. Mason had money, but none was found after the murderers left. A trunk was broken open by the red-headed man and if Mr. Mason had any money "that Red Headed Man" got it, as he had done before and as he did afterward. Two little boys of the Mason family were not killed. Why they were not killed I do not know any more than I know why they failed to kill the Cameron baby and the other Cameron children. I have a very strong suspicion, however, that they did not kill them for the reason that they thought the crime would not be discovered because

of the distance to any other settlers and the children would die of starvation before they could be rescued and they preferred to kill them in that way.

When the murderers left they took with them two of the Cameron children, a little boy about eight years old and a little girl of six. These two little ones were carried many miles from home and released in a howling wilderness, not however, until the little boy's throat had been cut and left for dead. Both these children were rescued and I saw the boy. Wit Cameron, after he was a grown man and the scar on his throat told the story of his captivity.

The murder of the two families was not discovered until the forenoon of the third day after it was committed. On this day Jacob Lynn, the father of Mrs. Mason, went to visit his daughter and found the conditions I have just described. How unutterable must have been the anguish of the father at beholding the indescribable picture of horrors. Two little children left at the Mason's who were almost starved to death. The baby of Mrs. Cameron was found in the cowpen beside the decomposing body of its mother nearer dead than alive after its long fast, and six dead and mutilated bodies. Before arriving at the scene Mr. Lynn heard an unusual lowing of cattle. Upon drawing nearer he saw a terrible commotion with the lowing. This at once aroused Mr. Lynn's suspicion. The cattle had been in the pen since the evening before the murders and were nearly dead for want of food and water. Upon discovering the black crime Mr. Lynn, by some means not known to me, and perhaps not known to any one else, now made known what had happened and the dead were given such burial as could be given under the circumstances and the little children were tenderly cared for sympathizing friends and relatives.

It was just such savage cruelties as I have described above—and there were many such—that caused the frontiersmen to rise up in righteous indignation in the spring of 1859 and run the Indians out of Texas. See October Frontier Times, 1924, page 4, where it will be noted that when the Texans arrived at the lower reservation they found the In-

dians nearby comfortably nestled in the folds of the American flag, which was a disgrace to it, and every State in the Union. There was always food, shelter and protection for the Indian but none such for the frontiersman and his wife and little ones, except such as he could work out for himself, hampered on all sides. And whatever he may have hoped for in the way of protection, certain it is that none ever came until the frontier was drenched with the blood of its men, women and children. The dragging years passed and he saw them empty of protection always. It is possible, that we are too near the marvelous deeds of our frontier people to properly appreciate them. My hope and trust is, that sometime in the near future better justice will be done them than has ever yet been done them.

"Go with me into a frontier home—Browning's for instance. In that humble cabin sits an old man over the dying embers. Beside him sits a gray-haired, broken-hearted mother, their heads bowed low by a crushing sorrow. The hearthstone is bathed with tears. Their lone cabin is in deep mourning. Their boy, the hope and joy of their last years, sleeps beneath the sod. There is an expression of infinite sadness that fills their unsmiling eyes. Suddenly they raise their bowed heads to the flag of their country; and it mocks their agony in its violated promises of protection. No marble slab tells the sad story, but look into their sad hearts and you will find inscribed there: 'My poor boy! My little children! My husband! This is the work of the savage and his scalping knife. This is no idle tale to lead off the imagination. It is truth.'

On the 18th day of May, 1871, the Comanches and Kiowas, an hundred strong from Fort Sill, invaded Jack county and attacked a wagon train hauling provisions for the troops at Fort Griffin. There were ten teamsters; seven were killed, one of whom was tied to a wagon wheel and slowly burned to death. The Indians, plundered and burned the train, and, driving off some forty of the mules, returned to Fort Sill and boasted of the exploit. Three of the teamsters escaped, one of them wounded and bleeding, to Jacksboro,

twelve miles distant, where there was a regiment of cavalry. The officer cursed the poor fellow and swore he did not believe a word of his report. There was a general order that Indians committing depredations should not be pursued. That's very dreary reading in view of all the facts.

These Indians were murdering and plundering in a country they never claimed nor occupied. They clearly understood, however, that they had authority from the United States authorities to rob and murder in Texas. At the time of the murder of the teamsters they had on their reservation more than fifteen hundred head of horses, all notoriously stolen from the settlers in Texas and they had been bringing in their scalps and prisoners for years without any disapprobation being expressed or implied.

In 1869 a band of Indians, seven in number from Fort Sill came into Bosque County on a stealing and murdering expedition and were all killed by the citizens in a fight. Each one of them had a pass from the agent at Fort Sill, who was highly indignant because the Indians were killed.

When the Indian chiefs Satanta, Sattank and Big Tree were arrested for killing the teamsters near Jacksboro, they regarded the arrest as an act of treason on the part of the white man. I think the agent must have regarded the arrest pretty much as the Indians did. He may not have given those Indians passes, and yet he may have done so, knowing exactly where they were going and for what. The owner of the train destroyed by the Indians was Captain Henry Warren who was a New Yorker and had served in the Union army. That fact it seems made a difference. Some Indians were arrested.

In January, 1871, Brit Johnson, with two other negroes, was hauling corn and corn meal from Parker county to the soldiers at Fort Griffin. One night they camped on Salt Creek in Young county. Early next morning they were attacked by a large body of Indians and all three of them murdered in cold blood. Nothing was ever done about this killing as usual, but Brit Johnson and his asso-

ciates were entitled to as much consideration as Captain Henry Warren and his teamsters.

In 1871 the Indians killed Charles E. Rivers, an account of which has already been published in Frontier Times. At the time of the killing of Brit Johnson Charley Rivers was ranching at the old Peeveler ranch about three miles east of where the Indians had made the attack on the negroes. Mr. Rivers heard the shooting and started to where it was, but upon nearing the place there was so much shooting—several hundred shots—he knew he could render no service, so he returned to the ranch and thereby, no doubt, saved his scalp until June following, when he was killed.

The murders were occurring pretty regularly in the little area I outlined in the beginning. From January to June eleven persons were murdered.

In April, 1871, the Comanches scalped Lin Cranfill near Weatherford, and on the 16th of April surrounded a party of citizens near the line of Palo Pinto and Young Counties and killed and wounded eight out of twelve of the number. In May they committed other murders in the area, and there was none to molest them nor make them afraid.

There was a garrison of soldiers at Fort Sill, a cavalry regiment at Jacksboro, soldiers plenty at Fort Griffin, but they had as well not been there at all, for all the protection they gave the frontier. Their mission seemed to be to protect the Indian rather than the citizen. If they did not have orders not to pursue the Indian, they acted as though they had just such orders.

REMINISCENCES OF A PIONEER

By J. F. Weaver, Junction, Texas.

I was born in Hempstead county, Arkansas, in March, 1851, and came to Texas with my parents about the close of the Civil War. My father and two of his brothers were in the Confederate army during the war. When we reached Texas we first stopped in Ellis county at what was then known as Burnham, near the forks of Chambers and Waxahachie Creeks. At that time there were very few people in that region, and father was offered good land at fifty cents per acre, but he wanted to go on

further west, so we went down near Waco, then to Hood county, and stopped at Bernard's Mill, now known as Glen Rose. Charles E. Barnard was running a mill there at that time. Barnard had settled there in 1847 and for many years conducted a trading post, where he carried on an extensive trade with the Indians while they were in full and free enjoyment of the hunting grounds. He afterwards, in 1860, erected a mill which ground corn and wheat for the early settlers. Later we moved to Comanche county, which was very sparsely settled and game of all kinds was very plentiful. The Indians made regular raids into that section and killed quite a number of the settlers, but somehow or other always missed us, and we never had any trouble with them.

I went out on the buffalo range in Taylor and Tom Green counties several times. Myself and my brother-in-law, Colonel Griffith drove a bunch of hogs from Taylor county to the Concho in Tom Green county before San Angelo was started. A thousand negro soldiers were stationed at Fort Concho at the time. We sold our hogs to Jonathan Miles, who lived at a little town called Ben Ficklin, across the river below Fort Concho.

For quite awhile I carried the mail on horseback from Sipe Springs to Cross Plains. There was a postoffice where Rising Star is now located, and the postmaster's name was Asher Hardin. Game was so plentiful that I kept our family supplied with fresh meat which I kelled with my six-shooter while making my trips with the mail.

I knew many of the people on the frontier, and I greatly enjoy reading the accounts of their experience on the border in Frontier Times. I lived in Comanche county about thirty-five years, but came to Kimble county in 1899, and have lived here ever since. I am now seventy-five years old.

"The Life of John Wesley Hardin," now ready in pamphlet form. Sixty-two pages, just as it appeared in Frontier Times. Mailed postpaid for only \$1.00. We have printed only 200 of these pamphlets, and if you want one of them you should order at once.

Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson

By W. M. Walton, of Austin, Texas—Published in 1884

(Continued from Last Month.)

After the lay-out, one Jack being stolen, of course the better selects the King, because thereby he has three chances to win; each King is a chance for him, while the dealer has but two chances, there being but two Jaeks in the pack, one being stolen and another in the lay-out. The bet then is three to two in favor of the better on the King and against the dealer, who necessarily takes the Jaek. It may look like a small advantage, but, on the contrary, it is very great; at least great enough to induce a Mexican to bet his last dollar, and he will do it. I thought it necessary to make this explanation, as a transaction of this character played quite an important part before the game of which mention is made was ended. To continue. The game progressed, and at about 2 o'clock at night I had won between eighteen and nineteen hundred dollars. Some of the men began to manifest ill-temper; to curse in their peculiar expletives, and to murmur in low, guttural tones. I redoubled my vigilance, and kept my eye on every movement of better or bystander. Billy had a pair of new boots, one of which he had removed from his foot because it hurt him. For a wonder he did not have his pistol. I shuffled the cards and laid them down to be cut. One of the heaviest losers cut, and I noticed he had carried a card away in his hand—a card had stuck to his fingers. I said nothing. Of course I did not know what card had been stolen, but this information would come in due time, because when the lay-out was made which embraced the missing card, there would be a rush to take the chance of these two, as before explained. I felt that a crisis was at hand. I had been told by some friends during the day that if the Mexieans could not win my money they would raise a row, knock out the lights and rob me, not only of what I had won, but would take the bank money also. My life was of never so much value to me that fear of losing it would deter me from maintaining my rights.

"A gambler is possessed of some rights, if not under and by the law, certainly from his fraternity, and those who consort with him. It is a sorry dog, indeed, that will eat dog. Just then noticing that Billy did not have his pistol, I spoke to him in a quiet way and low tone: I said, "Go and get your pistol."

"His foot had swollen, and it was with a good deal of difficulty he could draw on his boot and it took him some time to do so. I turned my attention to the game; several bets of minor importance were made and won or lost. When I made a lay-out of the four and seven, a movement with incautious haste by the whole crew of betters was made toward the seven spot. I knew instantly that the four was the stolen card. I waited as long as I could hoping Bill would return; something delayed him. I gathered up the cards, laid them aside, called to the proprietor, Dick Miller, to bring me a new deck, while the cards were being brought, I put all the money I had won in a canvas sack (that I had my bank money in) except about one hundred and fifty-one dollar gold pieces, which I held in my left hand, intending to put them in my pocket to spend first. The Mexieans saw that I had closed the game and that my calling for another deck of cards was only a ruse to give me time to put up the money, and get ready for what might happen. Billy had still not returned. Julius Brown was not with me, I was alone, surrounded by a set of as truly, black-eyed, angry, treacherous, scoundrels and assassins, maddened by loss at play, and ready to do any deed, however dark, which would carry money into their pockets, as ever shed blood, or stole things of value. This was the fact. I could feel it, almost as a tangible thing. It is well for me that I am not greatly wedded to life. Among these Mexicans was Lieutenant Martino Gonzales, one of the tallest men I ever saw, a black Mexican with the eye of a murderer, that danced in a dangerous way, while the corners of his mouth twitched spasmodically. I noted him,

his action, expression, movements, with the rapidity of thought, and yet as thoroughly as if I had studied him for months. I knew that I should have to kill him, he kill me, or I have to give up the money I had won, and that which I had of my own, which surrender I did not mean to make. He spoke good English and said:

“‘Mr. Ben, you can't close this game.’
“I replied:

“‘The game is closed.’

“‘Then you will have to give the money back to these men, out of which you have cheated them.’

“I smiled and said, ‘Lieutenant, you are not in earnest, are you?’

“‘Yes; not only in earnest, but you shall return the pistols you took from them on yesterday. They are government arms; where are they?’

“Still smiling, I again said:

“‘Lieutenant, I won the money fairly, and I won the pistols in the same way; the pistols are the private property of the soldiers, as I am informed. Surely, under these circumstances, you will not insist on your demand.’

“‘But I do insist on it, and will see that you comply without any delay.’

“All the time the foregoing had been going on, and even before, I had been observing the room, trying to find some possible nook, corner; projection, table or other things that would give protection when the firing commenced, and was going on, and that it would commence in a very few seconds I very well knew. I observed a sort of off-set near the door, which was covered by the door when it swung open. I decided to take advantage of the situation and protect myself as well as I could.

“There were two candles on the table, burning, and these furnished all the light there was in the room.

“The lieutenant, as he ceased speaking, instantly drew his pistol and struck at the candles with his hands, intending to put the lights out, grab the money, and kill me. He missed one of the candles. His failure was fatal to him, although I could not attend to him first. When the lieutenant acted it was the signal for action to his men, or least, those of them who had pistols. Miguel Zertuche drew his pistol and put it right

at my heart and fired. Not knowing whether I was shot or not, I fired at Zertuche hitting him in the head, and, without pausing, I shot the lieutenant through the breast, knocked the light out and dropped down into the off-set—of which I have spoken—stooping low down, and waited for results. I was informed by a gentleman, who said he counted them, that there were eight bullet-holes in the door, but each above my head in my squatting position. There was a rush for the door, pell-mell, by the Mexicans. I thought for an instant, and concluded that my safest course would be to go with the crowd and lose myself in the confusion. To conclude, in this instance, was to act, for hesitation would be fatal. I knew they would kill me to a certainty if I was identified. Out I went. Loud oaths, groans by wounded men, the fear and excitement, created a pandemonium for a few moments, but not so long as it takes to tell it.

“Pushing through the mass of confusion, I found myself out of the door, on the edge of a deep tank; at which moment a Mexican, who by some means had obtained an escopet, recognized me, and, in trying to shoot me, so alarmed another Mexican that he ran against and knocked me into the tank. As I fell, the escopet was fired at me and the shot tore off both the skirts of a new broad-cloth coat I had bought the day before. I dived and swam as far as I could under water and then scrambled up the further bank. The Mexicans had fled. Just as I got out of the water I met Billy, who hurriedly asked if I was hurt. I answered “No,” but really did not know whether I had been hit or not. I knew however, that I had not been disabled. I urged him to get out of town as rapidly as he could. We started, but got separated at once. There was a great breastwork of cotton bales very near the tank and extended back to the walls of the buildings. He went on one side of the bales and I on the other. Of course, we could not meet unless we went around the houses, and there was no time to do that. I knew the greasers would be after me very quickly. I went up the street as rapidly as I could until I found myself meeting a squad of cavalry prancing down the street, bugle blowing, ging-

ling spurs and clanking sabres filling the now silent night with a medley of dangerous sounds to me, just then. I did not know what to do, and so kept right on, giving the street to the soldiers. As I got about opposite to them I pulled off my hat, shook my long hair, passed my hand through it as if it had gotten wet while bathing. I had been bathing, but quite involuntarily.

"The officer in charge of the squad, asked me what all that shooting meant. I told him it was at a bawdy house, down by the river, that I supposed the boys were having some fun with the women; off they went on to the false scent, while I pushed for the chapparel as fast as my legs could carry me. I was not acquainted with the topography of the country, and had to rely on the stars for guidance, nor did I know where to go. We had no troops so far as I then knew, in that vicinity, and it was dangerous in the extreme to remain in the neighborhood. I was not uneasy about Billy, because he had not been at the shooting, nor taken any part in the killing of Gonzales and Zertuche, both of whom, died that night, as I was afterwards informed, and also Juan Rodriques, another Mexican, who was shot on the same occasion, but by whom I do not know. I shot three times, but whether Rodriquez was killed by me or his friends in firing at me, no one perhaps will ever know. The first locality I recognized after leaving the street, was the cemetery, and only recognized it by the graves and tomb-stones. There I lay down, and waited to see what would happen. In a little while I heard the squad of cavalry returning, and could clearly distinguish the words of the officer, giving orders as to the direction of the pursuit. It was folly to remain in the burying ground; the night was passing fast, daylight could not be a long time off; something had to be done, but what that something should be, was a quandary to me. I resolved to make my way to the west bank of the river, and see what my California friends could do for me. The river was very high, being three-quarters of a mile wide, swift and deep. There were no boats, or if any, I did not know where they were, and it was extra hazardous to be shipping

about the inhabited banks of the stream hunting for one. I had my six-shooter, my knife and some of the gold dollars I had in my hand, when the shooting commenced. I made my way to the bank of the river, looked at the angry stream, and calculated with great interest what my chances would be, if I committed myself to the river. Just as well go in and drown, for to stay on the east side was certain capture in the morning, and capture meant death. Quick and without showing, I pulled off my shot-a-way-tail-coat, spread it on the ground, took a monte deck of cards from the breast pocket, and made lay-out—the seven and four. This was a foolish act of bravado, but I could not resist tantalizing the greasers. I knew very well they would find it the next day. The foolishness of the act consisted in pointing my pursuers to the river as my route of escape. I searched far and wide for a log, the limb of a tree, anything that would or could aid in the water to bear me up; could find nothing; searched the banks for a good place to launch myself, but all the places seemed to be alike, and none favorable. Took my six-shooter off, made some strings, by splitting up my sash, fastened the pistol, my boots and pants about my person, and took to the water, keeping close to the shore, testing my capacity for swimming, bundled up as I was. It was soon demonstrated to my satisfaction, that that would be my last swim if I went to mid-stream. I got back to the bank with some difficulty, and then renewed my search for some substance that would buoy me, or aid to do so in the water. Nothing, absolutely nothing. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention. I had stuck my knife through the remains of my coat, and thus pinned it to the ground. I now had to go back up the river in my stocking feet to get my knife. My boots were wet and I could not put them on.

"Through caeti-chapparel thorns and broken rocks I painfully made the distance, got my knife, and with it cut a large armful of bushes, packed them together as closely as possible, and then cut up my boot tops, pistol belt and scabbard into long strips of leather, bound the bushes firmly together; fast-

ened my pistol, mutilated boots, pants and hat to the bundle of bushes. Now I was ready. Into the water I confidently plunged, feeling that with even this frail help I could cross the angry stream. The bundle of bushes would float, and gradually sink, but very slowly. While it was on or near the surface I could lean on it and float with ease; when it sank I would draw it up by my sash rope give it direction across the current, and thus, by successive raisings of the bundle, I slowly, but successfully, crossed the Rio Grande River. I reached the west bank very much exhausted, and about two miles below where I had entered on the east bank. After resting a few minutes I put on my now boot-shoes, and dressed as far as my clothes went and then, for the first time, thought what a gump I had been in not cutting off the toes of my boots and wearing them as shoes, and thus have saved my feet from the painful laceration which they received when I went back for my knife—and then I thought again. I did not have a knife with which to do the cutting, and further, that if I had cut them I would have probably tossed the tops in the river, and not have had them to bind my bundle of bushes, which had served me as a life-boat, and without which I certainly could not have passed the stream. Upon the whole maybe I was not so big a fool as I might have been.

“Daylight began to faintly show itself in the east. I was safe for the very present. My main anxiety now was to get to the house of Mr. Riddle, if possible, without being identified and reported by the Mexican citizens. I walked as rapidly as I could, and before it was yet light I entered Nuevo Laredo and began to pass through its narrow crooked streets. The Mexicans, men and women, were sleeping on beef-hides, thrown down on the sides of the street, in the open air, and every third or fourth pair or bunch of them had a dog near them. My pistol had gotten wet and was unfit for use, save as a club. These dogs are fierce and snap at one as does a wolf; will not catch hold and stay with you as does the nobler American breed. In passing along, as fast as I would get beyond the dog, he would

slip up behind me, snap my leg and run off whining, and that, too, when I had not touched him. The Mexican would lazily raise themselves up and see that I was an American and contemptuously say ‘Gringos, Gringos,’ meaning American, American,’ and that it makes no difference if the dogs do eat him up or tear him to pieces. I got a few well-planted licks at some of these villainous dogs, and I can assure you that I gave them something to whine for. Not a solitary man interposed to help protect me from those brutes or to drive them off, or even rebuke or call them away. By the time that I got through the streets I had been bitten in over thirty different places, all the way from just below my hips down to my very heels. One dog, a little larger than the others, was sitting apparently unconcernedly on a sort of low platform, and when I got near him I was bitten on the calf of the leg by one of the hairless pests; I turned quickly to kill him if I could, and struck him with all my power, stooping over to do so. At this moment this unconcerned looking fellow stuck his fangs in me behind, and I give you my word that I turned round and round, trying to get a lick at him, as many as four or five times; at last his hold tore out and he got off free of hurt. In that little moment of time I was bitten six or seven times by other dogs. I was really alarmed when I found how I had been almost literally torn to pieces by this most contemptible species of the canine race, that I would have the hydrophobia. If my pistol had been in good condition, I am nearly certain I should have shot some of these dog owners for their insulting contempt; but I was in quite enough hot water then, and I had to bear the insults these dogs and their masters heaped upon me as best I could.

“I was bloody from the waist down, and as full of pain as if a strong man had taken a pair of pincers and torn out pieces of flesh. At last, however, I got to Mr. Riddle’s house, knocked up the inmates, and stated to them in a short way all that had occurred, and asked them whether they would give me asylum for a day or two. Their response was as hearty as man could wish. They said ‘Yes; you can remain here and no

one shall take you away against your consent until we are all dead or so disabled that we cannot fight.' My dog wounds were dressed, washed in ammonia and bound up as well as possible, considering their locality; then I retired and slept for several hours, and rose much refreshed, but very sore, yet ready for anything that might present itself.

"I have never known why Zertuche did not kill me; whether a button or something else turned the bullet I cannot say, but sure it is I was not even slightly wounded by gun-shot; but the dogs gave many a one, the marks of which I bear to this very day and will carry with me to the grave."

CHAPTER VI

When Billy and Ben separated at the tank, as related in the preceding chapter, Billy made his way to the further side of the pile of cotton bales, climbed up on them unobserved, and from thence he passed to the flat roof of a vacant house, and remained quietly there through the day and until late in the evening, before he could establish communication with any friends. The sun was very hot, and the boy suffered extremely from thirst; but better the heat and the thirst than capture by the now thoroughly aroused greasers. Whether there be any kinship in blood between the Italians and Mexicans, is not a known fact, yet there is a remarkable likeness in mind and heart, so far as lasting passion and devotion to revenge are concerned. The vendetta is as well marked in Mexico, and among Mexicans, as among the children of the flowers, arched over by the clear blue skies. It is well authenticated that hates have existed between families, followed by assassination, until they have become wholly extinct in name, leaving the women only, and sometimes the females have met with the fate of their male relatives.

It is no small matter thus to become involved and find it necessary to be on perpetual guard. However, it would not be so serious if vengeance were confined strictly to the perpetrators of the act which gives birth to the malignant emo-

tions. A brother, an uncle, the father, a cousin, is near enough in blood if the man in chief may not be reached. Therefore, it is readily to be seen that Billy was in great danger, much more so than Ben supposed or feared.

During the day or two before, the company of Captain W. H. D. Carrington had marched to the vicinity and camped about three miles from town. This fact was unknown to either Ben or Billy, or perhaps they would have promptly sought the presence and protection of Texas friends.

Late in the evening some of the boys rode into town, among them Captain Joe Owens, George L. Robertson and Hardin Walsh. They were recognized by Billy, who managed to attract their attention from his aerial hiding-place. They soon learned what had occurred, and saw with their own eyes the bloody clothing of the dead men hanging on lines along the streets, which the soldiers had thus exposed to incite the Mexicans to fury and madness, and at once set to work to relieve Billy from his imprisonment. Joe Owens loafed about until he obtained the opportunity to go up to the house. He then exchanged clothes with the prisoner who came down bold and fearless, got on Joe's horse and rode out to camp with the others, while the friend came down directly and walked out towards camp. On the way he met friends with his horse.

In the meantime Ben was having a hard time of it, but we will again permit him to speak for himself:

"Julius Brown came over from Laredo and informed me of the result of the shooting, and stated further that the Mexicans were greatly exasperated, and had vowed to take me and hang me at all hazards. I well knew they would do that if they were able. He also said that it was well and generally known, that I was in Nuevo Laredo, and at the house of Mr. Riddle. How the fact became known he did not know, but that he had acted on the information himself and found it to be true. He also informed me that some of the Mexicans had already crossed over and were gone to consult with other Mexicans up the river, and that it was understood an attack would be made on the house of Mr.

Riddle the first night after everything was ready for it. I was well satisfied that the information was true, and that the attack would be made, and that speedily, and in such force as to carry all opposition before it. I did not wish to bring ruin on Mr. Riddle, neither did I wish that any of my California friends should be killed in protecting or trying to protect me if it could be helped. It was then too late to take satisfactory action that evening, but I began to make my arrangements immediately. I sent Julius across the river to the Camp of Captain Carrington, with instructions to tell George L. Robertson, William M. Grumbles, Tom Hill, Joe Owens, and Hardin Walsh, to come down the river to a well-known high point on the east bank and show themselves at three o'clock next day; to bring an extra horse, and to come well armed. In order to avoid collision that night with the Mexicans, should they get ready to attack, I went after dark into the chaparral and there remained till morning; but it was a useless precaution, the Mexicans did not come. Timing myself as well as I could, Julius having returned, and informed me that the boys would be on hand, I went to the agreed point, but could see nothing of my friends, nor indeed any living soul. My movements had been too open now to return to Mr. Riddle's, it was necessary to cross the river, and if need be to take to the chaparral, and by patient and cautious traveling gain the camp of my friends. There were no boats, but there was a good flat log on the bank that would serve every purpose. Julius and I launched this log, straddled it, and made good time across the turbid stream. When nearing the shore, what was our consternation to see a troop of Mexican cavalry about half a mile off and gazing intently at us. I had no doubt but that I had been recognized, but I was greatly puzzled to see them standing still, when they, if they wanted me, should have been in a rapid motion. The mystery, however, was quickly solved. In the next few moments our friends were standing on the bank opposite where we were about to land, they had become confused in a canon and was displayed in aiming at the point.

"The Mexicans had seen us and our friends also, and this evident concert of action and meeting us, put Mr. Mexican to thinking, and not being able to think correctly, when riding rapidly, they had stopped to unravel what they did not understand. The delay enabled us to form a jointure with our friends and thus, what a moment before was the nettle danger, was now the flower safety. I felt decidedly better when I found a good horse under me, and strong, intrepid friends around. I was not afraid then, let the Mexicans do what they might, they could but kill us, and while I should regret the involvement on my friends, an open field and a fair fight, was all I could ask, and although they outnumbered us, five to one, we did not intend to run. The officer came up closer, and requested I should surrender, saying no harm should come to me; that all he wanted was to do his duty, arrest me, and turn me over to the civil authorities. I said to him that when I wanted the law to have me, I should come and turn myself over to the Sheriff. He insisted, but I declined his polite request, and said to him, 'remember Goliad, where the brave Fannin and his command were murdered in cold blood, after they had surrendered. I cannot consent to my own assassination; and Mr. Officer, remember the Alamo made eternal in glory by the death of Crockett, Bowie and the heroes, who died with them. That is the way we fight; you may kill us, but we will not surrender. Now if you want me, come and take me. If you will go away, we will not molest you, but if you go, you must go at once, the parley is ended.' This officer, I think, was really a good-hearted man, his conduct subsequently proved him to be so. He said that rather than shed useless blood, he would desist and return to town; that perhaps when I had reflected, I would submit, and subject myself to the law.

"The immediate, actual, pressing danger was over; but that fact did not prevent me from exercising the greatest caution to prevent surprise, capture, and death. We made a wide circuit, leaving Laredo to our left, and safely arrived at our destination, the cavalry camp of Captain Carrington. The men and sub-

ordinate officers were glad to see us, and were willing to protect us to the full extent of their force, but the captain apparently took a different view of the matter. He did not give us orders himself, but sent us word that, if the authorities at Laredo made demand on him for us, he would consider it his bounden duty to deliver us, if we were found inside the limits of his camp, and that he was sure such demand would be made; that he thought it would be better for all parties if we would absent ourselves at the earliest possible moment. This advice, suggestion, order, or whatever you may call it, was, I think given as a friend, desirous to see us safely out of the range of Mexican treachery and malice. Upon this hint we prepared to act. During the day I understood that the Mexican cavalry would be out that night, with the intention of demanding us from the captain. While we were willing to absent ourselves and go entirely away, yet the persistency of the Mexicans in trying to obtain possession of us, for no other purpose than to massacre us, began to have an effect which, if cultivated a little further, would become actually dangerous. I began to grow tired, and I resolved, if they did come out after me that night, I would put a taste in their mouths, as Tom Sneed would say, that would leave the twang there for a long time. Late in the evening it was ascertained that the Mexican troops were ready to march, and would be out towards midnight. They were nominally in the service of the Confederate States. I suggested to some of our friends that, if they would go with me, I would waylay the road, and kill as many of the yellow devils as I could. The suggestion was received with favor, and we made our preparations accordingly; but somehow, or somehow else, after we had been gone an hour or so, it was bruited about where and for what we had gone. The captain at once sent an express to the Mexicans that they would be ambushed, and to stay away. We had gone out and positioned ourselves splendidly, and would have done excellent execution. The boys on the express to the Mexicans did not come by us, but took another road which came into the one we

were on, some mile or two south of us. It was our intention to let the Mexicans get right opposite to us, and then empty our shot-guns and six-shooters into them at point-blank range. The boys who went to warn the Mexicans took their stand at the forks of the road, and waited for the troop of soldiers. In a little while they came, but instead of giving the message as directed, they fired their pistols in the air. The Mexicans ran one way and the boys the other; and that, too, directly towards us. We heard them coming, and got ready to give them a warm reception, believing they were the Mexicans; but just before they came within range I heard one of them say, 'Stop, August; my lariat-rein is down and dragging.' I was horribly shocked to think how nearly I had come of being the murderer of my friends. They passed on to camp, and in all probability have never known to this day in what danger they were that night.

"This venture for safety having failed, arrangements were at once put on foot to get away from that section of country. I sent runners to Colonel Ford, with a fair statement of my surroundings, with a request to extemporize a detail for me to go to the interior, but I did not wait for authority, being confident that it would come, and therefore suggested a point of rendezvous where the messenger and I would meet. Julius did not accompany me—there was no reason he should—and Billy concluded that he would remain with the command, as there was no reason that the law should molest him. Indeed, if I had had a chance to live through a trial before a jury I should have surrendered, but the excitement was so great, and the exasperated bitterness towards me so uncompromising on the part of the friends of the dead men, that any of them would have shot me down could they have caught me unarmed. The money I had won was left in the house where the shooting had occurred, except the gold dollars; some of them were lost in the fight, some of them in the tank, and others scattered here and there, until I had but twenty-seven in my pocket, and how and when they got there I do not know. I bought me a little wild

Mexican mule for fifteen dollars, and rigged him the best I was able from odds and ends, and mounted him, but in less than six seconds I was over his head. Though small, he had the peculiar power of 'bucking' with such skill and vigor that no man could ride him, unless he was hampered and shackled so that he had no use of himself except to go straight ahead. I cut a forked stick and used it as an anti-martingale, placing the forked end under the jaws of the mule, so he could not lower his head. He was then about as stiff as if he had been of stone; but I hired a half-breed Indian to lead him, and, by dint of deep spurring and unmerciful lashing with a quirt, I got him to move forward. He soon warmed up and gave out kindly action. These little animals, when conquered, come down to their work with a will and are seemingly almost tireless. They will readily travel from sixty to seventy miles a day with a man on them, weighing half as much as they do. My Indian did not accompany me more than ten miles. The mule admitted me to be master. I removed the stick, and away we went. I felt very lonely, and my mind was full of dreary thoughts. Hunted as a wild beast by men hungry to murder me. Alone in a waste covered by cacti (commonly called prickly-pear) as high as young trees, and in thickets covering acres of sand; and, where this growth had not taken the country, chapparel grew, with thorns long and hard enough to penetrate to a man's heart should he be thrown on them. Wild cattle had made trails here and there, which, followed, would, as a general thing, lead to water. As a matter of course this is characteristic of the country only when you are crossing it.

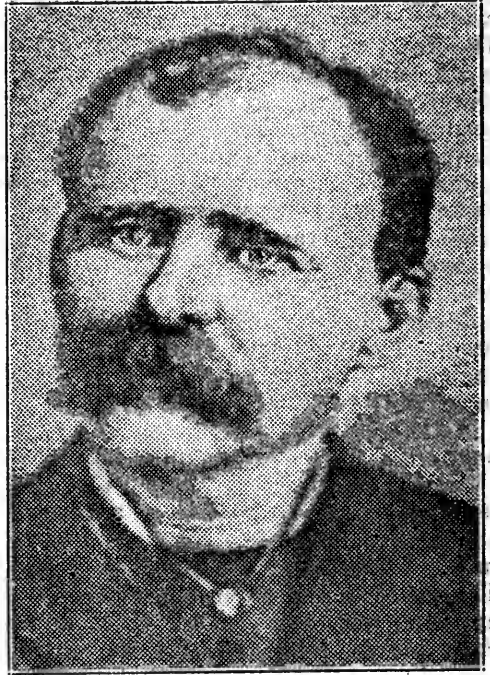
"There are very good roads running from point to point, east and west, but I did not have any undue desire to get into the roads and follow them, because I very well knew that the Mexicans had not given over the hope of overtaking and capturing or killing me, and the roads would be patrolled and pursuit made on them. I met my friend at the appointed place. He brought with him the anticipated detail orders from my kind and brave colonel, and also the

pleasing intelligence that by pushing through a hard day's travel, I would be able to overtake a strong party of friends, who were being conducted to Houston, Texas. I was anxious to meet this body of men, and therefore tarried but a little while with my friend. I made the ride, and late at night overtook the party. They had regular sentinels out. The party was commanded by Captain Wm. Armstrong, of Travis County, who seemed to be very nervous when I was conducted to his presence. It seems that he had heard of the killing, and had information that the Mexicans were following him. I saw instantly that I was an unwelcome accession to his force. The truth is that he was weak; most of his men were invalids returning home, others were deserters whom he had to keep under strict guard, while still others were Federal prisoners he had in charge. He was frank enough to say that he traveled very slowly, had heavy responsibilities on him, and could not afford to have with him a man whom a superior force was probably seeking, and to capture him would attack, if the man was not surrendered; that in view of all the circumstances he should surrender me if the Mexicans came up and made the demand on him. While hurt and mortified at the time, I see no reason to blame the officer. He had no right to risk the safety of all that was entrusted to him in order to try to accord protection to me, which protection it is doubtful he could have given, no matter how willing, had he been assailed. He informed me, however, that there was another party in charge of a train of artillery, on a lower road, under the command of Captain Robert Gardner, and that if I would move promptly and rapidly I could join him. He offered to let me have a good horse, but this I declined, preferring my little mule, who now seemed to understand and sympathize with me. I did, however, secure a better saddle and other trappings for my dumb friend; the ones I was using had begun to rub the hair off, and soon would work their way into his flesh. My dog wounds gave me considerable pain, but I am a stoic in great measure, and endure bodily ills without murmur. I was really more anxious about my mule

than to alleviate my own sufferings. I left the camp of Captain Armstrong about three o'clock at night, taking the southern constellations as guides. About daylight my mule suddenly stopped, threw his great ears forward, and listened. I could see nothing, hear nothing; but the mule refused to move, although I gently spurred him. The intelligence of this mule was remarkable. His action, while it did not astonish, yet it surprised and caused me to hesitate and reflect. I jumped off of him and laid flat down with my ear to the ground. I could then distinctly hear the sounds of horses feet—three, four, ten—more than I could count, in their confusion. The sound was plain enough at first, and had I dismounted in time I could probably have told approximately the number of horses, whether ridden or not, and by what people, Mexicans or Americans.

"But it was too late; the sounds became fainter and fainter until stillness was all about. I had learned two facts, however, that had significance to me, there was quite a number of horses, and they were moving rapidly. I mounted and involuntarily said: 'A Daniel come to judgment,' and my mule was then and there christened 'Dan,' a name of which he was full worthy if ever mule was. He no longer hesitated, but was ready to start at a gait of six or eight miles an hour. The moment to move had not come, it was needful for me to find out something as Dan had put me on the qui vive. I waited until it was good daylight and then struck forward so as to cross what I supposed to be the line traveled by the horses we had heard. It was found in an old road that had been abandoned. The tracks were made by horses wearing shoes, therefore were not wild, and they had evidently moved two and two together. Unridden horses do not travel that way. I knew of no business that would bring our cavalry in that direction, and cause it to travel at that rate at night; the conviction was naturally and firmly fastened on my mind that the Mexicans were still after me, and in their pursuit were displaying unusual energy and bravery; but how had they obtained the information to follow such a distance, and so nearly on my trail as to overhaul

me in a wilderness. I was not willing to believe, indeed did not believe, that any of my friends had given me away; the truth was no one knew of my whereabouts, further than that I had started



BEN THOMPSON

to strike in with the party of Captain Armstrong. The fact that I had been forced to leave him, could not have been communicated to my enemies. The mystery of this pursuit has never been solved, it remains with the dead past, and will there sleep forever. Accident may account for it, but did not then, nor does it now.

"I had a general idea of the country, and now had to pass through the same character of growth I had been in the day and night previous; and those who have never traveled through it can have no conception of what it is nor the almost impassable barriers presented. But Dan and I were equal to the occasion. Poor fellow, the thorns tore him grievously, but he would stand with them in his quivering flesh, until I could push those that threatened me out of the way. It was my intention to

ride fully sixty miles that day and night, which, if accomplished, would bring me to the road Captain Gardner was on. It was late in the night when the road was reached. I drew a long sigh of relief, dismounted, and found by examining the sign on the ground in the road, I was in the rear of the artillery train. The day had been long and hot, and the night not much cooler. I was very weary. My wounds pained me greatly; turning and twisting in the saddle to dodge limbs and avoid thorns, had opened the severest one afresh, while those of minor importance down the leg were entirely raw. I selected the place cleanest of brush, some distance off the road, unsaddled Dan and laid down, holding the lariat of the mule in my hand. I could trust Dan, but not so far as to turn him loose, as I often did in after days with perfect security.

"Dan had the advantage of me. He could eat the rough stunted grass, and slake his thirst by munching the succulent cactus, although it has a thousand sharp thistles or thorns to every square inch. I was more thirsty than hungry. The pains of my wounds took away my appetite, but every one of them with their bloody tongues, cried for water. I learned a lesson from Dan. I took the cactus apple, and carefully peeled it, cutting away the thorns and then sucked the moisture from it; this gave the sweetest relief. I then cleaned some of the broad leaves of the outer rind and thistles, crushed them into a pulp, and applied them to my wounds. They proved to be very grateful to my feverish and raked body. In a little while I was sound asleep, and so remained until broad daylight. Bright and early I began following the trail of the train, and about ten o'clock overtook it. I found Captain Gardner, a warm hearted man, a brave officer, a true friend. I concealed nothing from him, not even the suspicion that the Mexicans were not far off. He only had seven men, including three negroes. One of the men was the lamented Bird Holman, who a year or two afterwards was killed by lightning, in the midst of his family, in the vicinity of Austin. He was a Christian gentleman, whose death was deeply deplored. He was sick and returning home. An-

other was an Irishman, Pat Sullivan, a true patlander, full of good humor, kindness and courage. Still another, a Scotsman, Ed. McComb, than whom the Highlands never saw a braver; the fourth, and last man, was an American, John McClung, insensible to fear. The six of us made a host, the five by nature, and I by necessity. Captain Gardner bore himself toward me as kindly as a brother, put at my beck and call one of the darkies as body servant, the first I ever had, and always treated me as friend and guest. His bread being broken and his salt eaten, he could be counted on to live or die, as the exigencies of his friend might demand. After the short halt, occasioned by my coming, the line of march was resumed, and traveling a few miles, we nooned at a well in the desert, took the usual siesta, and again commenced our travel. Later in the evening, I saw a large house in the distance, on one side of the road, and suggested to Captain Gardner, that I would ride over and see whether I could not get some milk, butter, chickens or other useful things to add to the larder. He acquiesced, and Dan soon had me on the ground. I made my business known, and was fortunate enough to obtain as much as I could well carry. When I was about to leave, the rancher said that a body of Mexican cavalry had halted a short distance away, and the officer had been to the house making enigmatic inquiries, that from what he could gather he was in pursuit of a man who killed some Mexicans at Laredo. The inquiries were doubtless without meaning to my gossiping friend, but they were terribly intelligible to me. I left the ranch, and rejoined my friend Gardner, as soon as decency and proper regard for dignity would permit, I emptied my budget of news. 'Oh, well,' said Gardner, 'I reckon we can stand them off. If they come they will not approach before night. We will travel on leisurely, find the best point to receive an attack, and then bivouac, and see what we shall see.'

"His nonchalance was marked and gave me confidence. Evidently he had no fear, and why should I, who had faced death many times, have any? I was not afraid, but, to some extent, nervous.

To fight, and die, would not have been seriously objectionable, but the thought came over me, producing its effect, that these men wanted to capture, not to kill me outright. No matter, we went on until about four o'clock, and camped on a most favorable piece of ground, a salt marsh in the rear and on the wings. You see, we had no thought of retreat; the design was to have the enemy in front alone, and in that position decide the contest should he attack. Hours passed away. I had slept, after taking my turn as sentinel, and was lying out in the open air, gazing at the stars wonderingly, and trying, in my feeble way, to gather auguries as to my wit or good fortunes in the days to come. In the past, hardships and dangers had run together in my young career as naturally as substances combine which have chemical affinity; would the future be kinder? Was fate my enemy? Could destiny have doomed me? This sombre train of thought was abruptly cut off by the clear ring of a pistol shot, disturbing the quiet stillness, and echoing back from the distant hill. In a moment I was alive to the situation, sprang to my feet, pistol in hand. We had not long to wait—for a truth the Mexicans were in front and after me. This I knew some undefined instinct. While that shot reverberated I could hear my name mingling with the retreating sounds. Could it be that I was growing cowardly? that I was afraid of capture? of death itself. If so, the weakness had short life. I was by the side of Gardner instantly, and more than willing to do what he might order.

'The men were called, the artillery loaded in the quickest order. The flagman from the Mexicans rode up and delivered his message to Captain Gardner. It was to this effect: 'We know that you have Ben Thompson in camp. He is a murderer, having killed our countrymen, without cause, at Laredo, after having robbed them. He fled from justice, and is in your camp. He must be delivered to us now, or we will charge you, and put to death you and your men.' Captain Gardner was a true, firm, brave man. He listened to the demand. He smiled, he laughed—he was mad. He said to the messenger: 'Tell your com-

mander to come here; I will speak to him only.' The man left and the commander came. When he came up, the captain said: 'What do you mean by such demand and threat as you have sent to me?' He repeated about the same in substance as his messenger had delivered. I wish you could have seen Gardner. He was black as night, and fixed as fate. His words rung out like stricken steel: 'If you want this man-murderer, as you call him, charge and take him! He is here, and here he shall stay until I and my men are dead.' The brutal Mexican departed, uttering deprecations that sounded like determined threats to murder. We were not idle. The cannon were in, all things gotten ready to kill whom we could kill. The Mexican, true to his vindictive nature, and urged on by revenge, ordered his followers to make a charge, and they made it. They made but one. We had six pieces, and each was fired, first and last, at close and distant range. I fired two of them myself. Of all the races ever seen made to the rear, I do believe those Mexicans made the best. They fled, and as there is a hope within me, I do not believe they halted for rest or food until they were on the banks of the muddy, angry Rio Grande. The Mexican is afraid of cannon. They think the damage is as great as the noise is loud. None were killed, or even hit, so far as I know, but the sound of the venomous guns was enough. From that day I was not disturbed. No man followed, and no further effort was made to arrest or molest me.

"Gardner—God bless him, wherever he may be—was friend, brother, companion to me until we parted—he on his way, I on mine. He went on the line of duty, I to see my young wife. I found her not expecting, but glad to see me. With open arms she greeted the murderer. My aged mother took me to her heart, and weeping, said: 'My son, have I lived to see you again. Angels keep you.'

"Oh, how sweet is rest! Wife, mother, and a new-born child to call me father."

CHAPTER VII.

It is impossible to express the sense of relief and quiet that fill a man when he returns to his home, however humble, after long periods of absence, engaged in exciting scenes and surrounded by dangers. The gentle touch of the wife's hand, the low, musical voice of the dear mother, the hushed stillness about the house, the bounding hound, even the playful cat, combine together and appeal to the nature of man—to elevate and refine him. A more devoted wife than Thompson's does not live, and his mother is of the old style, and they idolize him notwithstanding his waywardness, course and constant engagement in wild adventures and violent conflicts. He remained closely at home for many days, seldom being on the streets, and then only hurriedly, when he would warmly greet his many friends making inquiries about the absent boys in Virginia and on other debatable grounds where men and brethren met in deadly strife. Many he learned to be dead, yea hundreds—some on the field of battle, others by the hand of lingering disease; while yet others had returned home, mutilated by grievous wounds, or more slowly wasting their lives away at Johnson Island, Camp Chase, and other points, prisoners to the Federals. War is merciless; it delights in human blood, in the sacrifice of human life. It is not so much to die if death come on the battle-ground, when hope for victory is high and every nerve strained to overcome contending foes, the rattle of musketry, the deadly concert of the ringing rifle, the thunder of cannon, flash of sabres, gleaming bayonets, plunging horses, falling men, running blood, make a scene in which man forgets himself, loses his identity, and dies without a thought or regret; but when disease grasps him and for months holds him in the camp hospital, and then claims and takes his life, far from home and friends, the soothing attention and carressing affection of those who love him is a fate too horrid to dwell on. The true horrors of war are seen and felt among the sick and the wounded, not on the hard-fought field, the hastily extemporized hospital that lies a little

away from where the battle rages, presents the most fearful sight that can be brought before the human eye.

Thousands of dead men on the field raises a shudder in the beholder; they are dead, and do not suffer. Hundreds of pale, emaciated men in hospital awake a cry of sympathy. But when strong, healthy men cover the ground, armless, legs missing, hips torn away, balls through the breast, eyes shot out—while they moan in pain and writhe in torture, the extreme view of war's cruelties is seen, and drags from him who sees convulsions of horror. Several arms and legs are heaped in piles; those who die under the knife are thrown aside by the attendants of the steel-hearted, iron-nerved surgeons; the ground saturated with blood, as it flows from the tables. In a little while the odor arising from the fast-coagulating gore maddens men, and attracts flocks of vultures, which circle above, flapping their long black wings, greedy for the rapidly decaying flesh. Such scenes have been seen hundreds of times within the last twenty years, created by sectional hate between a people descended from a common ancestry, who had fought shoulder to shoulder at Bunker Hill, Trenton, King's Mountain, the Cowpens, Yorktown, and on a hundred other glorious fields, against a common enemy, joining together in the loud shouts of victory, when battles were won, and the soil freed from the insolent invading foe.

The duties of Ben's detail did not permit him to remain in idleness, enjoying comfortable repose, basking in the smiles of his wife and doting affection of his mother. It was needful that every man who was able to bear arms should be urged to enlist, and take part in the common defence. Colonel Ford had detailed Thompson to raise a company and join the regiment of Colonel Beard, to operate in the Northwest against the Indians, who were becoming turbulent and dangerous, and also to depredate on and capture the large trading trains that passed between Independence and St Louis, Mo., to Santa Fe, in New Mexico. This was an important service, and required men of undoubted nerve, with fidelity and endurance. No men on earth are more hardy

than the men of Western Texas. Raised on horseback, and accustomed to long and arduous journeys, they can eat and sleep while riding. The animals themselves, the native mustang, seem formed by nature to endure, with a tenacious vitality well fitted for the scenes in which they act so important a part. They are tireless, subsist in good condition on dry stunted grass, and travel long distances without water. It would be interesting to describe this breed of animals, their origin and habits, but the scope of this work forbids.

For some reason Thompson did not wish to be the captain of the company, preferring the subordinate position of lieutenant. Colonel Beard accordingly commissioned him in that rank, and, at his request, gave the captaincy to John Rapp—a man Ben thought well qualified for the position, and whom he had known a long time. They commenced to enlist men, taking young men, soldiers who had been wounded and recovered; men who were absent from the East and could not return to their commands because of blockaded rivers and the presence of intervening lines of the enemy. They were meeting with success. At that time there was a company called the "home guards" at Austin, regularly organized, constantly "on duty" to do nothing but draw rations from the commissary and clothing from the quartermaster's department. There were many good men in this organization—old men, invalids unable for field service, cripples—but there were many others who were shirks and cowards, lazy and worthless—who, under one pretext or another, had obtained exemption papers from corrupt or careless medical examiners. The "Dodger," in the "Fool's Reward," presents a fair sample of many of these exempted men, only they had not the virtue of being conscientious Union men. Some chewed and swallowed red brick dust, and had hemorrhage from the lungs; others irritated their eyelids with caustic; while still others were bent with rheumatism, walked with sticks, groaning as they moved, and stood half doubled at dress-parade—every subterfuge that cowardice could invent, every excuse liar could conceive, every artifice to which a cra-

ven could resort, was each in turn brought into requisition, and through it enrollment in the home guards was secured and rations and clothing from the departments obtained. But this cowardly meanness did not characterize all the men in the home guard—far from it. Some of the best citizens belonged to the company, and desired to do all that lay in their limited power for the welfare of the people and safety of society. The shirks and sneaks were the busy-bodies who annoyed soldiers when at home on furlough or detail, gave false alarms, saw danger in the bark of every dog, originated and reported defeats, and kept women and children in perpetual fear and excitement.

Captain L. D. Carrington was captain of the company of home guards in Austin at this time. He was then and is now one of the oldest citizens, and among the best, most honorable, brave and just of men, patriotic, energetic and vigilant. He is the brother of Captain W. H. D. Carrington, whose company was at Laredo, and before mentioned. He was appointed provost marshal of the city, resigned his captaincy of the company, and was succeeded by Captain Wheat. Thompson and Rapp began to meet with difficulty in getting men, because of reports put in circulation by the "dead beats" in the home guards. It was falsely stated that the expedition was an individual enterprise, and was intended to operate against our own people, the cotton exporters and the importers of merchandise. The reports went so far as to say that the banks in the city were one of the objective points in the mind of Col. Beard and those who were enlisting men. To these slanderous reports, Thompson paid no attention, but kept on the even tenor of his way. When questions were put to him by those who desired to enlist or had curiosity on the subject, he answered them quietly, candidly and truthfully, and in general his answers were satisfactory. Rapp was hot-tempered and did not bear patiently these aspersions on his motives, intentions and designs. There was a very violent member of the guards by the name of John Coombs, desperate and fearless, insulting and aggressive. He had a special animosity toward Cap-

tain L. D. Carrington, and sought on various occasions to provoke Capt. Rapp into a difficulty, knowing him to be a friend of Captain Carrington. Rapp avoided him as far as it was possible to do. Coombs avowed himself as the author of the reports which assailed the good faith of the expressed intention of raising the Rapp company for the Beard regiment. One evening about sundown, Rapp was in at the beer hall of John Wahrenberger, the corner above the post office, the clock corner, as it is now called. Some few friends were taking beer with him, when Coombs came in, more or less under the influence of drink. He began at once to abuse, malign and slander his old captain, L. D. Carrington. Rapp did not respond, thinking perhaps the matter might pass without trouble. His patience and forbearance resulted in no good. Coombs, fretted at the silence of Rapp, said in the most insulting way, "Captain Rapp, the proposed commander of robbers, what do you say as to the truth of my assertions in regard to the honor of L. D. Carrington?" Rapp said, "Mr. Coombs, it would be better for us not to discuss that matter at this time. You will excuse me;" and started out of the hall. Coombs had on two sir-shooters and a knife—a walking arsenal. He at once drew and cocked a pistol, with the evident intention to shoot. Rapp grabbed the weapon, and in doing so caught it about the hammer. Coombs pulled the trigger, the hammer pinned the left hand of Rapp between it and the tube. Coombs wrenched the pistol away and tore out the flesh between the thumb and forefinger of the hand. Persons interfered, but Coombs had drawn his knife and attempted to use it. Rapp, using his right hand, sought to stay the weapon, and singularly enough he was severely cut in that hand in exact counterpart with the wound in the other. Rapp had the thumb actually split off from the forefinger in each hand, which well nigh disabled him in both. No further damage was then done. Coombs was taken away, and Rapp had his wounds dressed by Dr. J. M. Litton, an old citizen and skillful surgeon.

In the course of a couple of hours. Rapp went to Ben's house, and stated

what had occurred, he up to that time being ignorant of the difficulty, and asked him to go with him. Rapp, to the Brown Building to get some clothes, to replace the bloody ones he had on; he further stated that he was informed that Coombs had gotten some of the home guards together and intended to arrest both Thompson and himself; why or for what he did not know. Ben got his pistol, but it had no load in it. His wife and mother begged him not to go, stating that he would get into trouble, and perhaps become seriously involved, but expostulations were in vain. He saw that there was a necessary difficulty ahead, and the sooner and prompter it was met, the simpler it would be, or at least the quicker it would be over. He took his pistol, and went to the gunsmith, George Todd, and requested him to load it. Todd had no balls, but took a bar of lead and beat it into proper shape and size, and loaded the pistol in good style, it was received back and the friends walked up the street to the clock corner, on the way to the Brown Building. It was then night and very dark. When they got to said corner, Giles H. Burdett, a planter and old citizen, rode up, and recognizing Rapp, by the light from the inside of the beer hall, hailed him and had a short conversation. While they were talking a negro boy who belonged to Emanuel, a Jew, walked up to Thompson and said, "Mr. Ben, that man Mr. Coombs and about twenty more men with him, are in the alley behind the livery stable of Mr. Miller, have hitched their horses there, and say they mean to kill you and Captain Rapp." Just then Coombs and his men came out from the alley, exclaiming: "Where are the — of —, let them show themselves." Burdett disappeared. Ben called to Rapp and said, "Come on, Captain Rapp, you hear those men;" Rapp responded, "I come." Instantly Coombs and his party opened fire with guns. By the light thus created, Ben saw a man quite near him, behind a post, and shooting at him as fast as he could revolve his pistol. It was no use to stand still, the fight was on hand. Thompson rushed for the man behind the post, reached him, shot him, and turned instantly and shot another man, who was on a horse, and appeared

to be directing the fight on his side. The fall of Coombs, the man who was behind the post, and serious wounding of the man on horseback, demoralized the attacking party; they fled in every direction. Ben walked across the street toward the Sampson corner, and there met R. R. Robertson, a gentleman, still a citizen of Austin. He asked what was the matter, why all that shooting at him, Ben, and in defending himself, he thought he had killed one man, and possibly two, but did not know who they were. Ben went on to the Red Brick House, where a hotel was then kept by Captain John Stringer, revolved his pistol to a proper point, and then started back over the street, calling out, "Come out and fight like men, and don't skulk behind corners." No response was given, except by one man, who had obtained a lantern, and was going out to see what damage had been done. He cried out lustily and plainly, "for God's sake don't shoot this way, you have already killed everybody but me." Thompson turned on his heel and walked toward home. He did not see Captain Rapp during the fight, nor again that night. When he reached home he told his wife and mother what had occurred, but did not know exactly what execution had been done. As a natural consequence, they were grieved and frightened. He assured them that what he had done was necessary self-defence, and that no right thinking man could either attach moral or legal blame to him. At a later hour, Ben Miller, a yellow negro, came down, running to inform Ben that the people uptown were raising a mob to hang him. He asked what was the result of the shooting. Bill said Mr. Coombs had been killed and another man seriously wounded.

The mother and wife were filled with terror and consternation. They imagined they already heard the footfall of many approaching men. They implored Ben to go away to a place of safety. He was inclined to stand his ground and try the game of death with those who might come with intent to do him harm; but their importunate entreaties overcame his resolution, and he went up to Mrs. Sterzing's, the mother

of the present city collector; there he remained till the morning. When his wife came to him he gave her his pistol; she took it to Todd, had it reloaded and returned it to him. He then went out on the street, walked up to the office of the Prevost Marshal, talked with him, again went on the street, and was approached by the City Marshal, W. H. Sharp, now dead, but remembered by all the older citizens. Mr. Sharp said:

"Mr. Thompson, I have a warrant for you."

"What for?"

"For killing John Coombs."

"Well, that is all right. When do you want me for trial?"

"I don't know, but I must arrest you and take bond."

"That won't do, Mr. Sharp. If Coombs is dead I can't give bond. I do not propose to go to jail, but will appear at any time and place for which the examining trial may be appointed; but I shall not disarm or go to jail."

Whether satisfied or not, the officer did not seek further to arrest, molest or interfere with Thompson, but sought Captain Rapp and took him into custody. For Thompson to have surrendered himself to the officer would, under the existing circumstances, have been tantamount to yielding up his life. As long as he retained his arms he felt that he could make such resistance as would dearly pay for his life if he lost it. But disarmed and jailed, he could be made an easy prey to the moloch of excitement.

A day was set for the trial of Captain Rapp. He was defended by Charles L. Robards, Esq. The examination was prolonged for eight days, at the end of which time he was granted bail by the Justice, Mr. McLoughlin, in the sum of two thousand dollars. When bond was allowed to Rapp, Mr. Robards asked that the case against Thompson take the same course, and no objection being made, it was so ordered. The bonds were readily given. Public sentiment became satisfied when the circumstances of the killing were known, and it was shown that the shooting was in self-defence. It will be as well to say, here, that Thompson repeatedly appeared for trial, according to his bond, but was not

tried until after the war, being defended by the eminent lawyers, Hancock and West. The result of the trial was an acquittal by the jury without leaving the box.

Thompson and Rapp continued their recruiting, raised splendid company, and joined the regiment in camp near the City of Waco. But the regiment never marched on its mission; the Indians became quiet; the fortunes of war were rapidly pushing the Confederacy to a collapse; it was evident to the least observing that the end could not be far off; General Grant could no longer be resisted, and Sherman was marching to the sea. The Government trembled, and even the far-off private soldier could feel it shake. Defeat of the armies and conquest of the country were so certain that the bravest men hesitated to throw away their lives in a hopeless cause. In routine camp life day succeeded day until the end came. The regiment was disbanded, and officers and men found their way to their respective homes, wondering what scene would be next enacted. The waiting on the part of Ben was not of long duration. The womb of the times was about to give birth to hydra-headed trouble to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

The war was ended. Thousands of disbanded soldiers, broken in fortunes, desperate in mind, chagrined, mortified, and reckless, flooded the State, to find their families and friends in more straightened circumstances than they were themselves. Wives, sisters, and mothers wan and faded by anxiety, poverty, and toil; children, or brothers and sisters, little fellows when strife opened, had made a long stride toward man and womanhood, but from necessity ignorant and uncouth in comparison with what they would have been differently situated, insulting, and domineering; Federal soldiers occupying every town and city, with posts through the country; the white population regarded by them with malignant suspicion, while the fires of hate flamed hotly in the hearts of the conquered. No man was bold enough to look without apprehension into the face of the future; the stubborn

resistance made by the Southrons through the long four years, the hecatombs of friends and relatives, steeled the hearts of the Northern people against the Southern people, and the unfortunate assassination of Mr. Lincoln, with which the Confederates had no more to do than they had in the Crucifixion, heated the steeled hearts, and deprived us not only of sympathy, but even of mercy itself, which stood by with dry eye, no matter what degree of ill was measured to us. From the first the negroes thought they had the right to possess themselves of what property was left, and in many localities the question was seriously discussed by them whether or not they would not take our wives from us and marry our sisters. It is said the hot sun inflames the blood—makes the temper fractious and passionate, cultivates impatience, overbearing disposition that brooks no opposition. However this may be, this people exhibited a degree of forbearance, and acted the life of submission, unseen, unknown, and unheard of in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, after mingling with Norman blood.

The military orders issued and enforced in June, 1865, were most rigid, and in their execution galling almost beyond endurance. For the least offense toward the now enfranchised, ungovernable negroes, many of our oldest were thrown into jail, and there kept in confinement until the stench and vermin were unendurable, producing malignant fevers that resulted in death. More than one instance of this character could now come by doing so. Many men who had played prominent parts during the war as colonels and generals expatriated themselves rather than risk the fierce persecution that time and temper foreshadowed. Flournoy, Terrell, Shelby, Bee, Price, Jackson, Watkins, Green, and a host of others fled to Mexico and other climes. The policy of Mr. Johnson is believed to have been exactly that which Mr. Lincoln would have recommended and enforced, through his great popularity and decision of character, had he lived; but the former had no power to do what would have been an easy task to the latter.

(Continued Next Month.)

The Seven Wells of West Texas

Mrs. J. A. Mobley, in Dallas News. July 2, 1926

About 260 miles west of Dallas and six miles south of Colorado City on Champion Creek are located the "Seven Wells," natural curiosities. Though seemingly of not sufficient importance to be mentioned in geography or in Texas history, these wells are as wonderful and mysterious in their history and formation as many of nature's productions that are a household world in America.

Seven Wells consists, as the name indicates, of seven large, moderately deep wells. The north and south Champion Creeks come together in a formation of sandstone. There are about eight acres of this rock formation through which the creeks flow through a deep and narrow cut or gorge. On this sandstone formation or table of solid rock, these wells are located. They are about the size of an ordinary dug well and are as round and symmetrical as if they had been laid off by a compass and dug out by the hand of man, but all can be fathomed.

In the early days it was thought that at least one was fathomless, but time and investigation proved this to be a mistake. These wells are always full of water. They have never been known to go dry—even during the severe drouths to which West Texas is subject. As years go by the smaller cavities or wells on this rock deepen some several feet since the first settlement of that part of Texas, more than forty years ago.

The source of their unfailling supply of water has through the passing years remained an unsolved mystery. There is always water below them in the creeks.

The wells have been visited by people from many lands, but their origin remain as great a mystery as when the "paleface" took possession and the Indian warriors roamed monarchs of our land. As far as is known, no real scientist has ever examined them.

Near these wells are small caves on the walls of which are Indian hieroglyphics, pictures of men, horses, terrapins,

tepees, bows, arrows and buffalo. These earwings thirty or forty years ago were very plain, but since the settlement of the country they have been badly defaced and are very dim.

Leading to these wells, over the solid rock formation, are the famous buffalo tracks or trails. There are four or five of them—part of which run parallel with the creek, while some run across other trails. These trails run over some of the highest points of the rock as well as the lowest, which is a direct contradiction of the theory advanced by some, that these trails were formed by water running over the rocks.

The footprints of the buffalo are as plain as if made in fresh mud today. Each buffalo seems to have stepped into the track made by the leader. Evidently these footprints were made ages ago, when the ground was either mud or soft rock, and have been hardened by time or some geological change in the earth.

As Colorado City claims these wells as her very own, perhaps a short history or review of this city, one of West Texas' earliest settlements, would not be amiss. The wells are at present owned by U. D. Wulfjen, a pioneer of that section, and to him, as well as Mrs. J. G. Merritt of Colorado, we are indebted for much of our information as to the present condition of the wells.

About or nearly fifty years ago, when the wealth of the East and many parts of the Old World poured into West Texas and established large ranches. Colorado City was founded and was known as the home of "Texas cattle kings." John L. Doss came to that part of Texas in 1876, and is still a resident of Mitchell County, having owned a drug store in Colorado for forty years or more. According to his recollection, the first settlement made in Mitchell County was a store made of buffalo hides on Champion Creek, about four miles above Seven Wells, in which supplies were sold and traded to buffalo hunters for buffalo hides. The man running this store was

Henry Jacobs, but where he came from is not recorded.

About the same time Uncle Pete Snyder, the founder of the town of Snyder, in Scurry County, had a store of the same kind on the banks of the Colorado River near the present site of Colorado City. The first house made of lumber was built across the street from the present passenger depot of Colorado. The lumber in this house was freighted from Old Round Rock, Texas, on an ox wagon by Dunn, Coleman & Co. of Coleman City, and was occupied by Dunn, Coleman & Co. as a general merchandise store, with H. J. Rogers in charge. He is conceded to be the first citizen of Col-

The last Indian raid was in Colorado. 1876 or 1877, when Marshall Sewell was killed on Tobacco Creek in what is now Borden County. Colorado City was settled by a very superior class of people, most of them coming from Virginia, Kentucky and other "old States."

Even at that early period Seven wells was a trysting place for the generous and dashing "cattle king" and his "sweetheart," as well as for the booted and spurred cowboy, who vied with his employer in his admiration for and chivalrous deportment toward the few young ladies, who at that time graced this frontier town.

A Fight in the Big Bend

H. J. Bowles of San Antonio, in Range and Field for June

On a hot summer day in 1886 I was riding all day up Faslengas Creek from mouth of Grand Canyon on Rio Grande River. Rozell Pulliam was with me. We had been down to visit Rozell's father, Uncle Bill Pulliam, who camped down there to keep our cattle out of Mexico. We reached the Old Dobie Walls about sun down—this was G-4's Headquarter Camp. Captain J. B. Gillett was foreman, but at this time he was away visiting his family in El Paso, leaving Pink Taylor in charge. Captain Gillett was one of the very best foremen that ever lived, too, by the way.

As Rozell and I rode up to camp we saw some of the cowboys preparing supper, others attending to horses. Also we saw two Rangers there, Bass Outlaw and Joe Meyers. I was acquainted with both of them so I asked: "What are you Rangers doing here?" They said, "Some horses have been stolen up country and we are looking for the thieves." They told all the boys that except Pink Taylor. They told him confidentially that old man Hereford had been killed by Jim Davenport at Marathon; called him out to his gate and shot five times. Mr. Hereford had fired Jim, and every one supposed that Jim had killed him for that reason. Jeff Davenport, his brother, was working for the G-4 outfit.

That is why the Rangers came, thinking that Jim would come to where his brother was working.

After supper we made down our beds and went to sleep. About ten o'clock that night Jim Davenport rode into camp, he and his horse starving for water. He got off his horse, started for the water bucket hanging under the arbor. About that time the Rangers awoke and saw him and said, "Halt!" Jim had his Winchester on his arm and he threw it in position, he and the Rangers firing at the same time. There was an old camp wagon standing there and the Rangers got behind it, and shot over it and Jim squatted down and emptied his gun. He would have killed the Rangers had it not been for the old wagon. As it was he hit both of them with shattered lead glanced from the iron on the wagon. After all had emptied their guns Jim walked off in the dark and the Rangers came back to their beds for more cartridges, then the battle was over.

Rozell and I were sleeping near the wagon and during the firing I thought the boys were shooting at pole cats, as the "varmints" had been coming into camp at night. Seems as though I was the last one to wake up. I could see no one but the two Rangers at the wagon.

One of the bullets from Jim's gun hit the ground near our bed and knocked gravel all over us.

John Ward came running by me and I said "Hold on, John! Tell me what's the matter"! John kept going toward the horse corral. As he would not stop I got up and started after him, catching him at the corral. I asked, "What's all the shooting?" He said, "Don't you know Jim Davenport and the Rangers have been fighting?" After the fight it took some thirty minutes for all the boys to get back to camp. Then we picked the shattered lead out of the Rangers' heads. The Rangers pressed all of us boys into service, some to guard Jim's horse which was lying down with the saddle on. They sent John Ward and me out to look for the Rangers' horses.

Next morning Bass Outlaw said: "You will find Davenport shot. I think I hit him in the stomach the second shot." The Rangers started back to their headquarters the next morning. Jim was out on a hill, full two miles of camp. After they left he came into camp, and sure enough he was shot, flesh wound in side low down. The boys cooked him some "grub", gave him a fresh horse and he went on to Mexico. In crossing the river his horse drowned so he had to get another one. He also lost his pistol in the river.

The next day Pink Taylor and I with 40 head of horses, including Jim's horse which belonged to Half Ranch, started to the general round-up at Marathon, Texas. When we got within two or three miles of Marathon we were driving our horses after dark, when all at once several men threw their guns down on us and told us to halt. We asked them what was the big idea. They said they were guarding all roads for Jim Davenport. We laughed and told them Jim was in Mexico by that time; told them about the fight at Dobie Walls; first they had heard from Davenport. We told them that we had his horse with us. This verified our story so they all quit looking for him. Jim was afterwards captured by Bill Johnson in Mexico, brought back and sentenced in El Paso—given only five years. Some wanted to acquit him, but compromised

by giving him five years. The evidence showed that he did kill Mr. Hereford because he had been fired from the ranch. The Big Bend was wild and wooly "them" days.

The names of the cowboys in camp that night were: Pink Taylor, Jeff Davenport, Jack Duncan, John A. Ward, Henry Reynolds, Rozell Pulliam and myself, and the two rangers, Bass Outlaw and Joe Meyers, and Jim Davenport. Pink Taylor lives in Louisiana; don't know where Jeff Davenport is; Jack (Dick) Duncan was hanged by the neck 'til dead, at Eagle Pass for killing a family—tying rocks to bodies and throwing them in the Rio Grande River; John Ward lives in Sonora, Texas, deals in fine Angora goats, has some of the finest stock in the country. Henry Reynolds has a stock ranch in the Alpine or Odesa country. Poor Rozell Pulliam was killed by Jim Gillespie in Alpine about 1912. Bass Outlaw was killed by John Selman about 1896—Bass was deputy U. S. Marshal at the time, John Selman was constable of Precinct No. 1. In some way the two officers clashed and shot it out. Don't know where Joe Meyers went to; Jim Davenport was killed at Cotulla, Texas by Captain Will Wright about 1899. Will was justifiable; don't think he was ever indicted.

Eugene Cunningham, the well known author and magazine writer, of El Paso, says: "Through the kindness of Captain J. B. Gillett, I have just seen my first copy of Frontier Times and I feel that, as a working historical and outdoor fictionist, I just have to express my appreciation of the little magazine and my thanks to you for getting it out. Please enter my name on your subscription list." Writing under a later date Mr. Cunningham says: "I am reading your account of Ben Thompson with all the interest you expect me to own. It is odd that so lurid a character gets, usually, no more attention from current writers than does Thompson. Kingfisher, for instance, is far more widely known and he was nothing much, by comparison with Thompson. Still, the picturesqueness of his *nom du guerre* may well have something to do with his 'circulation.'"

The Hanging of John Slimp

Written for Frontier Times by D. B. Smith, Bonham, Texas

In Coryell and adjoining counties of Texas just after the Civil War there was no law. The best citizens were forbidden to hold office and the few carpet-baggers and freedmen were either too ignorant to render such service or too corrupt to enforce the laws. Many large slave holders had refueged from the older states, bringing their slaves and settling the large river farms and there the negroes were freed. Many whites came from somewhere and used these negroes, ignorant and unscrupulous, for their own selfish interests.

Many horse thieves and cattle rustlers had so depleted the farmers' and stockmen's herds that patience ceased to be a virtue. On many a morning, even in busy harvest time, the farmers' teams were not found and many calves never came up for the milking. It was not the day of wire fences so the out ranges were common property which each settler had free access to.

In order to protect their own stock and families, the best citizens organized a Vigilant Committee. Their objects were to recover their own stolen stock, drive out the thieves and to scare the negroes so that they would behave themselves and work for a living, not stealing a living from the neighbors.

This scribe came from the old states soon after the Civil War, and was brought up in those Central Texas counties. He left home at the early age of sixteen and for several years he roamed with the cowboys of that country and often rode with this Vigilant Committee. He worked for an old ex-Confederate soldier who was one of the chiefs among the elder men of this committee.

Before any severe remedies were meted out to these outlaws, the older heads investigated the accused and saw to it that no injustice was done to any one so far as it was possible to do so. Before this scribe left his home he saw the burning home of the Greens in Coryell County who were accused of being at the head of the worst set of horse thieves that ever infested these counties. He also remembers when a Mr.

Hall was called to his door on Station Creek and shot dead by some of these rustlers who suspected that he would appear against them in court the following week.

When a thief was suspected, and sufficient positive proof was obtained, the Committee sent a bench of the younger riders to order the thief to leave the country. Most of them did so at once, but a few would not do so, or would return in a short time to again pester the farmers and stockmen. Then many were caught and summarily executed. That Leon River country around Moffatt is bluffy. The bottoms and the brakes are clearly outlined and no country was then more suitable for stock raising or for cattle rustling. There were places where stock could be secluded for months, away from the high-ways, where but few persons ever passed.

A man was living there whom every one called "Old Slimp", but his name was John Slimp, at least that was the name he called himself, though no one knew his real name. This man lived on a leased place alone up the river from Moffatt, Bell county, across the river north of the lower Belton and Gatesville road. It was an old settled place with a small farm in the bottom and a large pasture, for that day, fenced with cedar rails and poles. There was good grazing and plenty of water in this pasture and it was practically secluded from the other settlements. The owner of this place was killed in the Civil War, and the mother and children had moved away to her relatives, leaving the farm vacant. Just how Old Slimp had gotten possession of this place was not known, but he had lived there alone for several years. He raised corn and feed stuff in the bottom and was supposed to buy and sell cattle for a livelihood. After he was suspected of stealing cattle, one of his neighbors finding the hide of his missing yearling on a pole in Slimp's back yard, the Vigilant Committee ordered him to leave the country. He left, but in a few weeks he returned and thereafter he rarely

left his hut without being heavily armed. At Moffatt he often remarked that he would make it warm for any who attempted to molest him. One neighbor, while searching Slimp's pasture for his lost yearling, was fired on from ambush. The calves and neighborhood yearlings kept coming up missing, while Old Slimp, with a negro who lived on his leased place, kept driving off bunches of cattle to market, though no man could be found who had ever sold Slimp any cattle.

The older men of the Committee held a council and thoroughly discussed the matter, then ordered the whole Committee to assemble at a certain place up the river on a definite night. Just a few days before this meeting, a neighbor was fired upon and wounded while passing Slimp's house by some one in a nearby thicket. This brought matters to a climax, for the Committee must take action or the settlers would be in danger at any time. The sentiment of the country was unanimous that Old Slimp was at the head of the thieving and must be put out of the way.

The man this scribe worked for then was captain on that night. He was a captain under Price in Missouri, and later under Forrest east of the river, and was experienced and as brave a man as ever shouldered a gun in defence of his country, but a good man and as tender as a child. This scribe was one of six who was detailed to approach Old Slimp's house just after dark and to watch his movements. We found him at home and so notified the Committee some three miles up the river, four of us remaining to keep Slimp spotted. Old Slimp must have suspected something out of the ordinary, for just after the two boys had left to notify the others, he came out, saddled his horse and rode away from his house down the river. By pre-arranged plans, for on such night raids every possible detail was discussed beforehand, that no unforeseen mishap could occur, this scribe fired in the air, then another boy on the other side of the road answered by a second shot, this making Slimp retrace his steps to the stable, and there leaving his horse saddled he went to his huts. The stable was over a hundred

yards from his house down the hill adjoining thick brush. This scribe, being chief scout on that occasion, ordered his comrade, James M., to get to the stable to prevent Slimp from getting back there, and another one, John W., was ordered to go north to meet the full Committee and report the state of affairs.

The Committee halted a safe distance from the huts and divided into four squads, each under a lieutenant with full and positive orders from the captain, W. C. The writer was ordered to join the captain as one of the special six men to do the work. At the rendezvous lots were cast to fill all these positions so that no one was asked to volunteer for this special service. Every log, door and window of Slimp's house and the whole premises were fully known, as this scribe had been detailed a few days before to get this information in the absence of Slimp.

We six approached this two-room log house in two groups, and one of each carried a cedar post. At the whistle signal, the two doors were bursted down and a voice from the rear called out: "Mr. Slimp, come out." To the surprise of all, Old Slimp came to the door and asked: "What do fou men want?" The four grabbed him, two on each side, and led him from the house. About three hundred yards from the house, up the river on the left, a monster live oak sent out a limb that reached nearly to the road, and there all halted, the oak looming up in the twilight.

The captain asked Slimp if he had anything to say. At first he flatly denied any knowledge of wrong-doing and did not know what these men was there for or wanted with him. The captain then ordered the rope to be put around Slimp's neck, his hands tied behind him and his feet hobbled. Then the captain said: "Slimp, you have one minute to live." Then he realized that death was near, and began to beg. He acknowledged shooting Grimes and way-laying Miller, also confessed to the killing of a neighbor back in Mississippi before the War with whom he had a misunderstanding, then fleeing to Texas. Then Captain B. told him that was enough, but he would be given a few

minutes to pray if he so desired. He fell on his knees and out-prayed any man this scribe ever heard before or since. He confessed to God all his crimes and wrongs and begged for mercy like a little child begging its parents. Many of the Committee were in tears. Then he paused. The captain said: "Slimp, are you ready," and he answered: "Captain Bill, I am ready and willing to go; goodbye. I do not hate you men." Then the captain said, in a low husky voice:

"Men, pull the rope."

Slimp's body shot up six feet above the earth. There were two groans, some writhings, then the body swung limp in mid air. With not a word, with just a few whisperings, the fifty Committee men dispersed in all directions and an early passer-by the next morning reported to the Justice of the Peace at Moffatt that a man was hanging from a live oak limb across the river near the Slimp huts.

Last Raid of the Comanches

South San Antonio Epitome, 1924

The dead body lay on the floor inside the house. His clothes were bloody from gunshot wounds. By his side knelt his mother and sister, weeping. A few minutes before the father had left the house hurriedly to help to trail the Comanche Indians who had killed the boy.

Thus begins a tale told by T. J. Meredith who moved to Kimble County in 1876 and witnessed the raid. Mr. Meredith moved to San Antonio eighteen months ago and now lives at San Jose. Mr. Meredith, then 20 years old, was one of the first to reach the scene and participated in the lively chase which followed.

The raid occurred at the Kountz home, near Junction, on December 24. It was the last fatal raid by the Indians in Kimble County.

Being an eye witness to this raid, Mr. Meredith tells his story in realistic style. He says there are many people now living in Junction, who will recall the coming of this late raid. In fact, one sister and two brothers of the murdered Kountz boy now live at Junction.

This band of Comanches had come upon two boys of the family as they herded a small bunch of sheep near home. They shot Isaac Kountz dead at once and tried to capture his younger brother. Isaac was 16 when killed while his younger brother with him was 10. They may have wanted the younger boy to hold for ransom, or, possibly, to rear up as a member of their tribe. Anyway, one warrior made a determined effort to capture him. He ran his horse into the

rail fence and snatched off the boy's hat as he went over the fence. This boy, Sebastian Kountz, is now living at Junction.

Directly after killing Isaac and chasing Sebastian over the field fence, the Indians drove their herd of stolen horses off northward at a rapid rate. As already stated, the father had gone away hastily to notify his neighbors.

After leaving the Kountz home on the South Llano, the Indians made a wide detour of Junction. They traveled north and crossed the North Llano. Continuing north up Elm "draw," they came to Gentry creek. Here they turned east toward main Llano, which they forded at Beef-Trail crossing. From this point, they turned south. Their route then passed up Sycamore creek, around the head of Johnson's fork of the Llano, 25 miles east of Junction, and took a forty-mile passage over the Divide and down into the "breaks" of the Guadalupe river.

On leaving his ranch on the South Llano, the father of the murdered boy secured aid from his few neighbors and set out to keep on the trail of the Indians. In following thus, the posse came on the dead body of a son of the Speer family who lived three miles from the Kountz ranch. He had been out to bring in his father's horses when he was killed and his horses driven off.

A few miles beyond the Speer ranch, the pursuers sent a messenger on the run to notify the Rangers at Bear Creek on the road to Fort McKavett. Mean-

while the settlers kept on the trail of the Comanches. The rangers came from about fifteen miles away and intercepted the tracks of the settlers on the Junction-McKavett road.

It was found by the rangers, who were experts on this kind of work, that signs left behind indicated there were about twenty warriors who had some forty stolen horses with them. Some of the settlers recognized their own horses which were shod.

In this race to overtake the Indians, the rangers were at a disadvantage. The Indians could travel both day and night while the rangers could travel only in the daytime and make sure of being on the trail. Again, the savages had enough horses to take a fresh mount at any time; the pursuers had but a single mount to each man.

Handicapped as they were, the whites sought to use strategy. Seeing the Redmen were going in a circle, ten men were sent by Captain Roberts under Lieutenant Denman to cut across the circle and head off the fugitives. At one time they found a trail of horses, but soon gave it up since only unshod tracks were found. For three days these ten rode strenuously but to no avail. They then returned home. It was with these ten that T. J. Meredith went.

Captain Rogers and his men held on the direct route taken by the Indians and rode steadily and persistently forward. In order to save time they did not send a courier ahead of the main body, as is usually done, to avoid ambush. They knew this plan was a challenge with death.

Refreshed with a night's rest, the rangers used increased speed the second day out. The trail now showed more plainly than heretofore. One of the stolen horses, exhausted and footsore, stood by the side of the trail. Soon after passing the shattered horse, the rangers came upon the remains of a colt killed and eaten by the Comanches. The blood of the colt showed it had been slaughtered but a few hours before. The thought of soon coming upon the miscreants gave stimulus to the chase. The rangers now galloped ahead faster than ever before. An hour after passing the colt, the Indian sentry left behind to

cover their trail was seen riding up a knoll about a mile straight ahead. The rangers stopped till the sentry passed behind the crest of the knoll, then put on a burst of speed to come up to him before he should be aware of their presence. On reaching the top of the hill, the rangers were discovered by the sentry who made his fresher horse leave them further behind. Realizing the Indian would outrun them, Captain Rogers ordered his men to shoot.

However, the distance was too great to kill the sentry and he got away out of sight. Then, in turning around a cedar brake, the rangers saw the sentry again just as he dashed into the band and herd of stolen horses. Like a flash, the band scattered, each Indian going in a separate direction. Immediately the canyons and forests swallowed them up. Most of the stolen horses were then recovered by the rangers. It was reported a few weeks later that these same Indians had come together again in Bandera county and that they had stolen another bunch of horses and driven them off to Mexico.

Mr. Meredith is one of the few men living who took part in the chase. He is well known in Kimble County, having been justice of the peace for precinct No. 1 for 20 or 21 years and having served as county commissioner for fourteen years. He also was a county trustee for two years. He came to San Antonio for his health and is now living at San Jose.

Frontier Times is printed about the 15th or 18th of each month, preceding the date of issue. In other words the August number is printed the middle of July. If you fail to receive your magazine by the first of the month, first look at the date opposite your name, and if your subscription has not expired please advise us and another copy will be sent to you promptly.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Negro Mother Murders Her Own Child

Written for Frontier Times by James Hatch, San Antonio, Texas

I note in the July issue of Frontier Times where Mr. J. E. McDowell of McLouth, Kansas, makes inquiry as to a woman being legally executed in Texas, he having read of such an incident in a New York magazine. I have lived in Texas a long time, and I believe I am correct in making the positive statement that no woman was ever hanged in this state, although there have been several instances where women have been tried for murder.

In 1864, I accompanied my mother to the home of Captain Thomas Decrow, who lived on Matagorda Peninsula, where we spent a month. Captain Decrow's home was known as Decrow's Point, and was located on the extreme end of the Peninsula. The Decrow family consisted of Captain Thomas Decrow, Elijah Decrow, brothers; Mrs. Thomas Decrow and her aged mother, and three grown daughters of Captain and Mrs. Decrow. They owned several negro slaves, among them being a bright mulatto woman about twenty years of age, who had a baby boy about two years old. There being no white children in the Decrow home the entire family made quite a pet of this negro child. After dinner each day the Decrow girls would give him a bath, dressed him in dainty clothes, and combed his long curly hair which hung in ringlets, and then rocked him to sleep and laid him on his mother's bed.

One day, after we had been there about a week, the mother of the child told the young ladies that she wanted to give the child its bath and put it to sleep herself that day, and she was given permission to leave the dinner dishes and attend to the child. She went to her room, and a half an hour later a negro man rushed into the house calling loudly to Captain Decrow that the negro woman, Mary, had chopped the child's head off with an axe. We rushed to the woman's room and saw her standing with the blood dripping axe over the child. She had, while it slept, slipped a block of wood under its neck and had severed the head at a single

blow. The negro man who brought us the news had discovered her just as she struck the blow with the axe.

Although she attempted to strike with the axe those approaching, she was quickly overpowered, but she fought like a demon, badly biting three of the men who held her. A large underground cement water tank had just been completed by Captain Decrow, and she was lowered into this tank for safe keeping until it could be decided what to do with her, and one negro was left to guard her. The next morning Captain Decrow and several negro men carried her to Matagorda and turned her over to the authorities there. Court had not been held in Matagorda since the beginning of the Civil War, but a judge and jury were gotten together to try this murderess. The jury found her guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced her to be hanged, but a stay of execution was ordered when a physician discovered that she was expecting to once more become a mother. She was placed in jail at Matagorda to await the birth of the second child, and after it was born she was kept in confinement to nurse the infant. She was still in the Matagorda jail when the Federal army took charge of affairs at Indianola, when she was liberated and later married a negro soldier who took her away.

With the exception of Miss Tot Decrow, all the members of the Decrow family were swept into the Gulf and drowned in the cyclone of 1875, when the port of Indianola was destroyed and a thousand people lost their lives. Miss Decrow was saved on a raft by Henry Nichols, Jr., who was the only member of the family of Captain Henry Nichols, Sr., to survive that awful storm.

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Let's Save the Texas Longhorn

For three quarters of a century the fame of the Texas Longhorn has been spreading until today it has world-wide significance, but the species is now almost extinct. A few ranches in South Texas may have descendants of the original Longhorns, but they are scarce. A few days ago Colonel George W. Saunders, president of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, in conversation with the editor of Frontier Times, in reference to the fast diminishing tribe, endorsed J. Frank Dobie's suggestion that the state set aside a reservation for the Texas Longhorn, and believes that immediate steps should be taken to keep the breed intact like the buffalo, as zoological specimens, etc. Now comes The Cattleman of Fort Worth, Texas, with a ringing editorial on the subject of their preservation, which we publish below:

THE TEXAS LONGHORN.

The old-time Texas Longhorn has traveled along the trail to extinction until, it seems, all of his breed may soon be rounded up in the same corral with the pre-historic mammoths and other strange creatures of the dim past. But the Texas longhorn came of hardy and tough-sinewed stock, he was a sort of pioneer of the Southwest and he will not pass into oblivion so easily. It is now planned to establish a herd of Longhorn cattle in the Wichita National Forest Reserve, Oklahoma, under the direction of Will C. Barnes, old-time cowman and at present in the forestry service of the United States Department of Agriculture. Mr. Barnes' idea is to preserve the breed just as the buffalo has been preserved from extinction. His idea is right, but the location for the herd is wrong, according to J. Frank Dobie, the well-known western writer. Mr. Dobie claims that the Longhorn belongs more to the Texas ranges than to any other region. He explains that the Texas cowboy began his career 90 years ago; the Longhorn made him, and the Longhorn and the Texas cowboy are now inseparably associated with each other. With this as his text, Mr. Dobie

writes a well-deserved tribute to the Texas Longhorn:

"The Texas Longhorn could hold his own against any creature that the wilds produced. His legs were long and his skin was tough. He could walk for days in search of grass and water, if grass and water failed where he was ranging. It is claimed that the longhorns saved Texas during the dark days following the civil war. Between 1866 and 1895 something like ten million head of cattle, valued at \$200,000,000, were driven out of Texas, and most of them were of the Longhorn breed."

These are some of the reasons why the Texas Longhorn should be preserved and why, incidentally, the breed name deserves a capital letter. All old-time cowmen of the Southwest will approve of the idea to save the Longhorn from extinction, even though it may be difficult to obtain typical specimens of the breed for the foundation herd. If there are Longhorn bulls and cows anywhere in the Southwest as rough, as tough, as longhorned, as steel-sinewed and as rangy as the Texas Longhorns of 50 years ago, they are mighty scarce.

Ira D. Gray, of Jacksboro, Texas, writes: "Through the kindness of some one I received a copy of Frontier Times, which I appreciated very much. My father settled in Jack county in 1857, I was born in Jack county in 1859, and have spent practically all of my life here. As far as I know I am the oldest male citizen born in this county now living here. I was too young to take any part in the Indian fights, but about the right age to get several scares when they were in on their raids. In the July number of Frontier Times I see a letter from Mrs. M. C. Gray, giving a write-up of the Salt Creek Indian fight. Her husband, whom she speaks of being shot in the fight, was my brother. She wrote me some years ago about his death, which occurred in New Mexico. I have not heard from her for several years, so naturally supposed she was dead. You can imagine my surprise when I read her letter in Frontier Times."

Frontier Posts

The following information about frontier posts in Texas was furnished us by Col. M. L. Crimmins, retired, of Fort Sam Houston, and was taken from the "Army Register for 100 Years, 1779-1879," by Hammersley:

BELKNAP (Fort) Texas—On the Red Fork of the Brazos River, eight miles above its junction with the Clear Fork of the Brazos. Established June 13, 1851. Abandoned September, 1867.

BLISS (Fort) Texas—three miles east from the town of El Paso. Established February 11, 1848. Destroyed by Texans in 1862, but since re-occupied by United States. In 1879 the fort was moved to Hart's Mill, in west El Paso, and in 1890 it was moved to its present site in Northeast El Paso. The reservation now consists of 5691.78 acres.

BRAZOS RIVER (Post) on Clear Fork of the Brazos River, about 75 miles southwest of Fort Belknap and about 250 miles northwest of Austin. Established November 14, 1851. Abandoned April 6, 1854. Was also called Fort Phantom Hill.

BROWN (Fort) Texas. Adjoining the town of Brownsville. Established March 28, 1846.

CHADBOURNE (Fort) Texas. On Oak Creek, 30 miles from its junction with the Colorado River. Established October 28, 1852. Abandoned December, 1867.

CLARK (Fort) Texas. On Las Moras Creek, near its source. Established June 20, 1852.

COOPER (Camp) Texas. On Clear Fork of the Brazos River, five miles east of the mouth of Otey's Creek. Established January 2, 1856. Abandoned February 21, 1861.

CROGHAN (Fort) Texas. On Hamilton Creek, 14 miles above its mouth. Established March 18, 1849. Abandoned December, 1853.

DUNCAN, (Fort) Texas. Adjoining town of Eagle Pass on the Rio Grande. Established March 27, 1849.

If you fail to receive your copy of **Frontier Times** promptly, kindly notify us and another copy will be sent you.

In Memory of Jeff Connolly.

Where as, death has again invaded our ranks and in response to the summons, one of our comrades, Jeff Connolly, has crossed over the divide, and

Whereas, We now desire to express our appreciation of his worth as a man a citizen and a member of our organization, The Old Time Trail Drivers of Texas, and we further desire to extend to his bereaved family our sincere and heart felt sympathy in this dark hour of their lives.

Resolved, that in the death of our beloved comrade our Association has lost one of its faithful members, his community a citizen whose first thought was ever for the welfare of those about him. As a citizen he was patriotic and public spirited, as a neighbor he was kind and considerate; as a friend, he was faithful, unselfish and true, and as a man he was courageous and ever manly.

To his bereaved family we now extend our most profound sympathy. We realize that no words which we may speak or write will soften the blow which has fallen, or diminish the sorrow which has clouded the lives of those who loved him most, but we wish to give you the assurance that we are sorrowing with you in your hour of sorrow, and to express the hope that the Great Overseer of all herds may comfort you, that He may move the clouds which darken your way, and that He may fill your lives with peace.

Mr. Connolly died at his home near Lockhart, Texas, June 25, 1926.


J. W. JACKSON.

CHAS. ADAMS.

W. E. LAUGHLIN.

GEO. W. SAUNDERS.

Bill Wootan, of Klondyke, Arizona, writes: "I was born and raised in Llano county, in the good old Lone Star State. I left there forty years ago, and have lived in Arizona thirty-nine years. I have seen the war paint on the Comanches and the Apaches, and have heard their war-whoop more than once. I will send you a write-up of some of my experiences when I get a little spare time."

 Read Frontier Times.

OLD FORT DUNCAN.

Fort Duncan, near Eagle Pass, Texas, was one of the frontier posts which has quite an interesting history, and Mrs. W. A. Bonnet, of Eagle Pass, sends us the following sketch, which we are glad to publish. Mrs. Bonnet says:

I see in the last issue of Frontier Times you mention frontier posts and when they were established, but you do not mention our old post, Fort Duncan, or Camp Eagle Pass, so I am giving you a little of its history. In 1848 troops were camped on the Rio Grande, about three miles below the present post, and were in tents there. In 1849 the troops moved to a goat camp called California Camp, and named it Fort Duncan for Colonel Duncan. It is now known as Camp Eagle Pass. While they were building the rock houses, which are still in use, a detachment of troops would be sent out to drive off the Indians while the men could quarry the rock with which to build the fort.

In 1863 the Federals and Confederates had a skirmish here at the edge of the post, and a few years ago while a drain ditch was being dug the skeleton of a man supposed to have been killed in that skirmish was unearthed. General Sheridan was stationed here, while he was a lieutenant just out of West Point. Colonel Robert E. Lee often came here to inspect the post.

From 1861 to 1865 the Confederates were in possession of the post, and this was the only port of entry never closed. General Joe Shelby, the last Confederate, crossed the river here on July 4th, 1865. In 1866 General Shafter was in charge of Fort Duncan. In 1883 the troops were ordered away from this post, but in 1886 they were sent back. 12,000 troops were stationed here when we expected trouble with Mexico. Now there is only a caretaker.

The old fort has come down the stream of time from the days immediately following the Mexican War until the present day, and much historical interest is attached to it. In the early days distinguished generals and statesmen frequented the place, and it has been a prominent fort in times of disturbances in Mexico and has served for training camp purposes for different wars, at

one time having many thousands of soldiers stationed with it, but in recent years it has been losing its prestige and has dwindled down until there is not much but the memory of better days left with it.

Lost Nigger Mine.

It is likely that the volcanic regions of Brewster County will be explored for gold some time in the early future, as it is known that a vein of gold ore (free milling) was discovered about 25 years ago by a man now deceased. Recently when D. M. Bennett was visiting relatives in Oklahoma, he talked with Judge Alexander Gullett of Tishomingo, who informed him that his son ran onto a vein that assayed higher than the free milling ore of the Klondyke region of Alaska, and that he intended to come back to the Big Bend and explore the country that his son claimed contained the gold ore. Others exploring the Big Bend have also found small gold nuggets and other valuable mineral outcroppings. The story of the Nigger gold mine is being revived, and many claim that is true, instead of a legend as many of the present residents believe. In the dim past, it is said, a negro rode into a Big Bend ranch with his saddle pockets filled with gold nuggets, which he would trade off for food, clothing and other provisions. He could never be prevailed upon to tell the whereabouts of his brass mine—as he called it. He finally disappeared without revealing his secret, but on down through the years, parties have gone into the Big Bend wilderness in search of the "Nigger Gold Mine." Who knows but that Judge Gullett's son ran onto the same vein? A thorough exploration of the "Terra Incognita" of Texas, as the Big Bend is frequently called, might reveal rich mines now undreamed of. Besides the mineral outcroppings, many unusual freaks of nature have been discovered in the past few years, such as prehistoric petrified forest, rare specimens of plant life, caves and odd looking creeping things.

If you have any old newspaper clippings dealing with Frontier history, send them to Frontier Times.

The Passing of a Pioneer Mother

Written for Frontier Times by Hon. A. J. Durham, Sabinal, Texas

This article is a loving tribute of respect to a dear, good, pioneer mother, wife, Christian, friend and neighbor, who went about doing good, whose life was a benediction to everyone with whom she came in contact, and her foot prints will remain upon the sands of time for long years to come. She left the shore of Time on April 19th, 1926, and we do not have to guess as to where she will spend the never-ending eternity. Her abiding faith in her Master and her love and devotion to her fellow-travelers over the highway of Time gives a complete answer to that most of all important question and assures us that she has joined her good, noble husband in the land that is fairer than day. The following incident will suffice to reflect in concrete form her faith in her Master as exemplified by her works and the proper conception of a Christian's duty. On one wet, disagreeable Sunday morning she went to her church, as was her custom, and nobody else came. She waited sometime and no others coming, she read a chapter from her Bible, knelt down and prayed, arose and went home.

Eliza Ware was born on September 25th, 1841. She came of heroic parents clear back to Revolutionary days—and before. Her father, Captain William Ware, was under General Sam Houston at San Jacinto, where he rendered to his chief and to the cause of Texas Independence valuable and effective service. Her grand father, Colonel John Crane, was a playmate and companion of Houston and fought together with him in the War of 1812-14 in the command of General Jackson and acquitted himself with great distinction. Both Crane and Ware took prominent parts in the war for Texas Independence, both raising companies and skillfully led them in battle. Mrs. Fenley's father was one of the first to cross the line when Ben Milam called for volunteers to storm San Antonio, materially aided in the capture of General Cos, was wounded at Verimendi, and was present when the gallant Milam was killed. Captain Ware was a man of distinguished ability, a

man of action, a patriot all the time and with a heart fully grown and highly developed as the following incident will exemplify. Upon one occasion he noticed a private soldier in his company without a shirt, and immediately took off his own shirt and gave it to this private, simply saying that he, Capt. Ware, had a coat. This incident is just to show that this dear, good woman came by her fine traits of character and exemplary life by inheritance from her ancestors and this splendid example was practised upon every occasion through her long life, in her church, in her home, in her community and deeds radiated from her in giving her best without reserve.

Her father was the first man to prospect the Sabinal Valley, or Canyon, in 1851 and we can only commend his eye for beauty, taste and judgment when he selected this most beautiful valley for his future home. This magnificent scenic grandeur and primitive loveliness, teeming with game of almost every kind, with land as rich as the Nile valley and watered, by the Sabinal river as clear and sweet as ever was made by the Grand Architect of the Universe—this was where he chose to settle and raise his family.

He brought his family back with him the next year and with him, or about the same time, came Gideon Thompson, Aaron Angling, John Davenport, Robert Kinchloe and perhaps others. From this little settlement grew the town of Waresville, which has grown and expanded to the present live little city of Utopia. It was in this little community that Mrs. Fenley spent all the best years of her life, and where the imprint of her noble character will remain, and her memory will be cherished for generations yet unborn. When quite young Eliza Ware married Joel D. Fenley, who was born in South Carolina, and whose forebears took a prominent part in the American Revolution. His family traditions were, and are entirely honorable and patriotic, whose integrity was without reproach, an inspiration for right and square dealings to

his family and his friends, and to know Mr. Fenley was to honor and respect him. He passed to his reward twenty-seven years ago, at the age of about eighty years, and the career of a good man was closed.

Mrs. Fenley's parents died when she was just a child and she became the "little mother" to her three younger sisters and remained their "mother" and adviser until after their marriages and in the raising of their families. Her youngest sister died from a rattlesnake bite some time in the middle fifties.

In the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fenley there was carried out to the last letter the making of a home for every one passing that way, and today, we who know something about those noddle, big-hearted early Texans, thank God for the free, and open hospitality of those early Texas homes. Though they were so unpretentious, and the food, in many instances just such as the country afforded, the raiment coarse and patched; yet there were honest, sincere hearts sheltered under the common garbs and we felt welcome when we chanced to stay over with these good people.

From the beginning Indians had been present in the community but had not been considered more than a common nuisance, but they became dangerous and the country was infested with them, and danger was on every side.

A colony was formed by the settlers and such precaution was taken as was possible under trying circumstances. A community fort for protection and defense was built just above where the town of Utopia now stands, and when Indians were reported, all the settlers and their families would take refuge within its protecting walls. This fort was built in the form of a hollow square, with port-holes that enabled the settlers to shoot from each corner in two directions and at the same time be protected from the fire of the Indians.

The Indians having lived in this beautiful valley from time immemorial knew all there was to be known about it, and also knew the people who lived there and kept up with all their doings. This enabled the redskins to avail themselves of every advantage.

As I have said, it was the custom

among the settlers that when danger appeared from Indians, to gather all of their families into this fort for protection and upon one occasion, when all had gathered there, it became necessary for Mrs. Fenley and Monroe Fenley, just a boy who is still alive, hale and hearty at 85 years, to go to the Fenley home to see after the live stock. They both rode a small pony, Mrs. Fenley riding in front. The pony threw Mrs. Fenley three times, but Monroe Fenley says he was only thrown twice. He suggested to her that she allow him to ride in front, as he could ride the pony and she could hold onto him, but she refused because it would place him in greater danger.

Upon more than one occasion every man, woman and child were housed in the Fenley home when the Indians were making a raid in the community. The Indians attached the home of her brother-in-law and sister, Robert Kincheloe, on Little Green and Mrs. Kincheloe received fourteen wounds and was left for dead by the redskins, while Mrs. Bolen who was staying with her, was killed. As soon as this atrocity was learned by Mr. and Mrs. Fenley they went in haste to see what could be done, carrying with them their baby, who was dangerously sick with diphtheria. Mrs. Kincheloe finally recovered and lived to a good old age.

Mrs. Fenley's father, Capt. Ware, narrowly escaped death by a band of Indians, who slipped close to where he was at work and concealed themselves in a thicket near Mrs. Fenley's home, Mr. Ware barricaded himself as best he could and killed the first Indian to lead the attack on his position. At this deadly fire the Indians retreated and were satisfied to steal the horses and drive them off before the eyes of Mrs. Fenley who had been a terrified witness to this fight.

Some times the horses would scarcely be put out to graze before they would be stolen by the Indians, and many times the cattle would come up with arrows sticking in them.

Mrs. Fenley lived through the days when life was a hazard every day. She saw the blood-curdling savage attack upon the settlement and heard the hair-

raising yell of the painted warrior who sought the life and scalp of her loved ones. We, who come after her, do not, and cannot appreciate the heroism of those sturdy, resolute pioneers whose sacrifices and hardships has made this a safe place to live. The whole story of her beautiful life would furnish enough thrills to the reader if it could be correctly written, and it is a great misfortune that all the history, made by those heroic men and women of those early days cannot be compiled and written that future generations might know how, and by whom this fair land of ours, in Southwest Texas, was redeemed from the Indians, thieves and renegades who infested this part of Texas in those never, to-be forgotten days.

Mrs. Fenley was the mother of eight

children, six of them still living. Mrs. S. E. Davenport, P. M. Fenley, Mrs. J. M. Kincaid, Mrs. J. E. Webb, Jeff D. and Hollis Fenley all of Uvalde County except Mrs. Kincaid and Mrs. Webb, who live in San Antonio.

Mrs. Fenley almost knew the Bible by heart, she was a staunch believer in the Son of God, she accepted Him as her Savior in early life and lived her christianity throughout life and now she has gone to test the realities of her firm belief and we know that she will find her mansion prepared for her to enjoy without end, by Him whose blood paid the penalty for the sins of us all, while the memory of 'Aunt' Eliza will still be loved and revered by every one who knew her.

Cowboys Are Real Men

J. Frank Dobie, in Dallas News, July 11, 1926

In his remarks on the cowboy as a "brawnymán," quoted in the literary page of The Dallas News for June 27, James Stevens seems to think that in order to have brawn a man must be "a bully tough." He complains that the cowboy is really no match for the team hands with their "pickhandle and bottle-throwing battles, and the gun and knife play of the gamblers and yeggs who infested the headquarters towns of the big railroad jobs." People who know something about the range and the men of the range have of late years been expressing their contempt for the spurious fiction and the Tom Mix pictures that have red-lighted the cowboy as a fire-eating Alkali Bill with a six-shooter in each hand and another one in each bootleg. Now comes along Mr. James Stevens and complains, not at the silly ideal held up by Hollywood and "popular" magazine syndicates, but at the cowboy for not realizing that ideal. The yeggs and teamsters he knows have realized that ideal and he wants them to have the credit. If a man of the great outdoors is to come up to Mr. Stevens' ideals of heroism he must be a cave man, a regular section crew blackguard. For him the man must not only be strong,

but display his strength in a brutal way. All of which makes me suspect that Mr. James Stevens is a very weak man.

But he goes further. He asserts that the cowboy is not only lacking in brutality but that he is lacking in physical fitness; that he is "stooped, flat-chested, thin-shouldered and bow-legged," and that "his spirit is meek and mild." Such statements were probably made to gain notoriety, and it certainly is a form of littleness to pay them any mind. An old-time range man—and the term includes both cowboy and cowman—would probably ride off in silence if he heard the screaming accusations, for if he were a top hand, a superior cutter, a genuine bronco buster, a fine judge of cattle, he always left it to some one else to say so. In making this retort I want to be considered as "some one else" and not as a rodeo star or a "Saturday evening cowboy."

The genuine old-time cowboy—not the occasional one who has done most of the talking—was, it is true, somewhat bow-legged. But his legs were strong; if he held on to a pitching horse he held with his legs and not with his hands. It is also true that he did not like to work on foot, but even fifty years ago he was

beginning to build fences and to work with mules and scrapers in making tanks. Then when it came to "mugging" yearlings and throwing down bulls and cows he had on foot to outwrestle the world. Moreover, he often prided himself on his running ability. Lee Russell of Fort Worth is one of the best-known cowmen of Texas. If any doubting reader will sometime get one of Lee Russell's friends to tell of the time out on the Texas-New Mexico line when Russell ran afoot 100 yards against a race horse and won the bet, he will have at least one concrete illustration. Lee Russell is around six feet tall now and must weigh over 200 pounds, but there is not an ounce of surplus flesh on him.

It is true that the old-time cowboy frequently had a "saddle stoop," but the use of the shoulders in riding and roping and constant living out-of-doors made cowboys as nearly "leather-lunged" as any class of men in America has ever been. As a kind of answer to the whole James Stevens tirade—especially to the sentence in which he says that a bookkeeper would not find the job of a cowboy any more "heroic" (by which Mr. Stevens means "brawny") than his own, I want to quote from a letter that I received a few months ago. It is from one of the best-known cowmen of the Big Bend country. This cowman used to be a "brush popper" in South Texas; then he went out on the plains and worked for big outfits. He has handled horses by the thousands, cattle by the tens of thousands, and cow hands by the hundreds. He has ranched in Texas, New Mexico and Old Mexico. I call him a representative man of the range. His letter was not written for publication.

A RANCHMAN'S LETTER.

"... For months now I have been on the go, seldom spending two nights at the same place.... It is a queer thing how any human can get kick out of days of hard riding in the wind and snow, no shave, no bath, half of the time sleeping cold and with just enough to eat, but a man can get the kick and enjoy the life.

"I left my outfit with R—to finish gathering my big steers and made a date two weeks ahead to meet them between

our Martin place and the Keith on a certain morning, he to send a man ahead to meet me if all was well. I drove in a cold drizzle from up in New Mexico all day and most of the night. I worried a lot that night, for the weather was nasty and I feared a stampede or a broken-trap fence. But next day when I got to the creek below the Keith at 9:30 against a cold drizzle, my Mexican was there with my horse and a "muy bien, senior" (all is well, sir).

"I took my horse and rode out on the hills south and just as I rode up a hill overlooking a long, smooth, narrow canyon, I met the lead of the herd and old Manchaca 'holding them down.' Every man in his place, quiet and orderly, wet and cold; and a red ribbon of cattle a mile long or more could be seen dimly through the cold mist. The cattle were plainly bent on going somewhere, and then back of them the remuda came into sight. Those old steers represented about \$75,000. Many a hard day's work and night's worry could not possibly pay their debt. The men represented only \$1 per day and faithful service. Still, as I sat on my horse and took the whole situation in, I got a thrill that only my kind of a darn fool can get.

"Well, the old-timers in the game are passing. Their worth and courage made them a distinct type. As descendants of the type we naturally admire them, but my observation has been that they have always been admired by all classes of people who come in close contact with them and had opportunity to see them closely."

Such men were not yeggs; they were not toughs of the rail head variety. In "The Trail Drivers of Texas" a woman wrote these words: "I believe I could walk along the streets of any town or city and pick out the real cowboy, not by his clothes especially, but because one can always notice that he has an open countenance and almost innocent eyes and mouth. He is not innocent, of course, but living in the open, next to nature, the cleaner life is stamped on his face. His viccs leave no scars, or few, because Nature has him with her most of the time."

Do you read Frontier Times?

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

Entered as second class matter October 15, 1923, at Bandera, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1876

Frank H. Bushick, Commissioner of Taxation, City of San Antonio, Texas, writes: "Someone has been good enough to mail me the July number of Frontier Times. It contains so much good frontier history and reading that this single issue alone worth the price of a whole year's subscription. Enclosed find my check for \$2.00 for which give me credit for a year's subscription and for the balance send me back numbers. The unique and original character of your magazine has a distinctive interest for us old Texans, for I find in it narratives of people and events not preserved through any other source and this makes Frontier Times first class reading for the present and worthy to be bound in book form for the future." In a later communication Mr. Bushick says: "You are doing a valuable and most interesting work in republishing so much old historical matter that is rapidly going out of date and would otherwise be lost. The Ben Thompson narrative is an example of what I speak of. I once had a copy of the book but lost it and tried in vain for years to get another copy. Your Frontier Times serves up just the sort of reading we old Texans delight in because it takes us back over so many dim trails of memory which were about to be lost and forgotten."

Mrs. Mary Daggett Lake, of Fort Worth, writes: "I am deriving much pleasure from Frontier Times. It is always stirring and one feels one can always rely on its authenticity. For a long while I have had in mind sending you some of my Tarrant county history articles, but do not seem to get to it. You may be interested to know that I am writing a comprehensive (I hope) volume of history of this section, which I hope to have ready for publication within a year. Tarrant county is rich in colorful historical material. The fact of the old army post of the 'Days

of Forty-Nine' being here only adds to the glow that hangs about the place. Fort Worth is also the place where the pan joins the handle of the spirit of the great west, and best of all, it has so far retained its individuality. It has always been a cow town, still is, and I am hoping it will always be no less than it is now. True, we have painted our court house dome a shining silver gray, but surely we shall not be judged too harshly for this in Texas. Our New York friends think this is the last straw, however, and refuse to listen to explanations."

Bandera's First Sunday School.

A short time ago the following original copy of the proceedings of a meeting held in Bandera in 1868, was handed to Frontier Times by Mrs. B. F. Langford, Sr., of Bandera, relict of the late lamented B. F. Langford, Sr., of Bandera. Mr. Langford, "Uncle Frank," as he was affectionately called by all who knew him, was connected with Sunday school work in Bandera from the organization of the first Sunday school until his death, which occurred in 1923. Following is the report mentioned:

"Bandera, Texas, April 18th, 1868.

"It was deemed necessary by the citizens of the Town of Bandera and vicinity that a Sabbath School should be established in Bandera.

"According to appointment a meeting was held at the meeting house when the following proceedings were had.

"The Business of the meeting was begun by an address by A. J. Potter, Preacher in charge of the circuit, explaining the importance of Sabbath School and the obvious necessity of one being established in this place, at the conclusion of which the following officers were chosen: Sam'l Koeningham was appointed Secretary for the day to copy the proceedings of the day. Then Sam'l Koeningham was appointed Superintendent. B. F. Langford was appointed Secretary and Librarian, and D. Bush was selected for treasurer and collector. There being no further business the meeting adjourned with the understanding to commence school on the following Sabbath."

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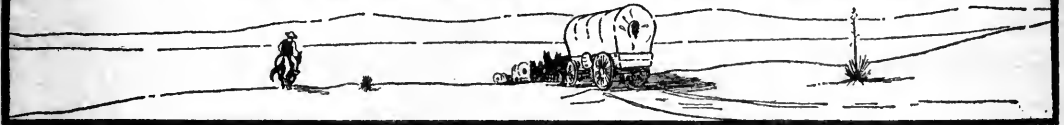
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The Irish Progenitors of Texas

Roy Miller, in *Gulf Coast Magazine*, in 1906

WITHIN the narrow confines of San Patricio and Refugio Counties, which border the coast immediately north of the city of Corpus Christi, in the far gone days of yester years have been enacted some of the most thrilling events that adorn the pages of the yet untold history of Texas; events that tell a story of patriotism, perseverance and fortitude that finds no parallel in the annals of any nation—things that almost stagger credulity.

Texas boasts of a history which for its splendid achievements and noble examples has not yet been approached in any quarter of the world in ages past. Her Alamo, her Goliad, and her San Jacinto will remain forever fresh and green in memory's book for generations yet unborn to conjure with. Men may come and men may go, but the sacred recollection of Texas heroes and their deeds will live forever.

But as thrilling and as inspiring as were those achievements of Texas heroes which told in song and story, are as familiar to the student of history as Bunker Hill or

Gettysburg, the half has never yet been told. For there is a story of early Texas days which though yet untold, challenges even the gruesome sacredness of the Alamo and the magnificent stories of San Jacinto. An astonishing declaration? Yes, so it is, but let the reader suspend judgment until he has heard the story. Let him first consider this: That there are worse things in life than death, that it is sometimes easier to die than to live and that death which rescues men from torture and sin is often a blessing in disguise.

Men will fight and die for a flag. Yes, for that emblem of home and motherland will they walk forth to the canon's mouth, into the very jaws of death, and when

"all gashed and gory and stretched upon the cumbered plain," and their life's blood slowly ebbs its fitful course, smile and sing because the nation has been saved. What is it? It is what we call patriotism; it is that sublime emotion which, tuned and pitched on high by martial stir of fife and drum, drives men

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Cowing Soon: The Life of Captain Jack Hays, Texas Ranger. Never before published. Written in 1878.

to death. When they die monuments are erected to their memories, they are called patriots.

But there was a day in Texas when no flag unloosed its folds to the breeze when no martial music roused the souls of men, and yet there were men who fought and died and yet more lived, to preserve the homes they had built in a foreign land.

Listen to the story. It is a story of men who followed "the sign of the cross" into the wilderness, and under its protecting arms laid the foundation upon which civilization might erect her temple magnificent and where government might take her seat.

If there is one institution which more than any other has inspired men to great things in the world's history, that institution is religion. For government men will suffer, for home and land they will die, but for religion they will live lives of never-ending torture, when death would be as but a refuge for the weary soul. This unwritten story of Texas tells of men whose lives were a monument to a religion, men who followed "the sign of the cross" to a foreign land, and there lived and died beneath its shadows that their children's children might enjoy the exalted state of personal liberty and religious freedom which is vouchsafed to all mankind in Texas today.

More than two hundred years ago, when the ownership of Texas was an undetermined question between France and Spain, the latter nation set herself to a plan whereby she hoped to indelibly stamp the likeness of herself and her institutions upon the disputed territory that its possession would drift to her as a matter of course. In that day and time, even as today, the supreme institution of authority and power in Spain was the Roman Catholic church. It was the life boll of the State no less than the vitalizing influence of its people. It looked to the Holy Church for the solution of its social and political problems. It was the foundation upon which the nation had been established, and it was likewise looked to for the means of extending the nation's power.

The plan which Spain adopted to effectually and permanently establish her

authority in Texas was, therefore, conceived in religion. Franciscan friars were sent from Spain and Mexico, then a Spanish province, into Texas, and by the close of the eighteenth century they had erected a chain of missions from the Sabine river on the east to the Rio Grande on the south. This era is commonly known in Texas history as the "Mission Period." In the year 1790, when the completion of the mission of "Our Lady of Refuge" at Refugio brought this period to a close, Texas, then spelled Tejas, was firmly annexed to Catholic Spain, both religiously and politically.

At the dawn of the nineteenth century, aside from a handful of soldiers of fortune, who had drifted to Texas in search of wealth and buried treasure there were, practically speaking, no white men in Texas. Meantime, Mexico grew, prospered and became powerful. Her people wearied of the rule of the mother country and longed for independence. In the year 1823 the power of Spain was overthrown and the Republic of Mexico was born.

Conscious of a new-found power and exalted even to the point of arrogancy, the new republic forthwith began to cherish the dream of empire. There to the northward was that great wilderness called Tejas, with her marvelous resources and possibilities which, although now smouldering in dormancy, needed but the trade winds of colonization to fan them into consuming flame. And that land Mexico decided should be the scene of the exploitation of her dream. She would hold out enticing inducements to such new-comers as might fit her fancy and fulfill the obligations she might impose, and she would hold them in safe subjection by compelling their obedience to stringent laws which would insure the supremacy of Mexico forever.

In the prosecution of this colonization scheme the two fundamental conditions to which colonists had to subscribe, and to which all other considerations were made secondary, were that the colonists should (first) be of "the Catholic apostolic Roman religion" and (second) that they should swear allegiance to the Republic. As an inducement

ment the government promised to each colonist who would meet these conditions a grant of land. With a view of facilitating colonization, extravagant grants comprising thousands of acres were offered to a few individuals who would assume the role of "empresarios" (colonizers), and undertake the task of inducing others to take advantage of the government's offer.

Two or three years after the birth of the Mexican republic, four Irishmen came to Texas as agents for a number of Irish Catholic families who were dissatisfied with that condition of affairs at home which would not permit an adherent to the Catholic faith to own land, with a view of looking over the situation and investigating the opportunities for home-building in Texas. These Irishmen were James McGloin, John McMullen, James Power and James Heweston. They were evidently pleased with the prospect, for they immediately proceeded to Saltillo, then the capital of the State known as Coahuila and Tejas, and made application to the governor for grants of land upon which they agreed to colonize several hundred Irish families who would, of course, be willing to subscribe to the conditions of the Mexican colonization laws.

McGloin and McMullen received a grant of land located on the north bank of the Nueces River, about fifteen miles from the mouth, in the county now known as San Patricio, and Power and Heweston secured a similar grant surrounding the Mission of Refugio, at the present site of the town of Refugio, the capital of Refugio County.

Concerning the early history of the McGloin and McMullen colony, the sources of information are somewhat meager and obscured by the passing of years. Some old moth-eaten and time-worn records now on file in the county of San Patricio, however, indicate that a colony consisting of about forty families landed at a point called McGloin's Bluff, now known as Ingleside, on Corpus Christi Bay, in about the year 1830. The newcomers immediately set out on foot to the colony site, which was called San Patricio de Hibernia (Saint Patrick of Ireland), about twenty miles inland.

Respecting the Power and Heweston

colony, the records are fortunately clearer. About ten years ago, a litigation involving the validity of the title to a large tract of land which was included in the original grant of the Mexican government to Power and Heweston, brought forth an interesting statement from one of the then survivors of the original colony that, now preserved in the court records of the county, sheds a flood of light upon the time-dimmed mysteries of the early turbulent days when history was young in Texas. The story is gleaned from the testimony of Mrs. Rosalie B. Priour, now deceased, who at the time the statement was made was 70 years old and who was, as 8-year-old Rosalie Hart, accompanied by her father to Texas with the colonists. Divested of the interrogatories and the repetition that usually infest statements, Mrs. Priour's story is as follows:

"I was born in County Wexford, Ireland. I do not remember the parish in which I was born, but it joined the parish of Ballagarret. After waiting some time at Liverpool for our ship to start for America and after spending Christmas at Liverpool, we embarked upon our ship and started for America shortly after Christmas of the year 1833 or in the early part of 1834. My father's family and myself came to America as colonists from Ireland with Mr. James Power, Sr.

"My father's family, together with all the colonists who came over on the same vessel with me, settled in Refugio County, in the town of Refugio, upon lots donated to each head of the family. Mr. James Power held meetings at the house of his sister, Mrs. O'Brien, in Ireland, where he told his friends and acquaintances that gathered there about America and the advantages to be secured there by Colonists, and among other inducements told them that each family, or head of family, would receive a land grant of one league and one labor of land from the Mexican government, and that each single person would also receive a land grant, but of smaller quantity. Mrs. O'Brien, sister of Mr. James Power, also came to America as a member of the colony.

"The only relations Mr. James Power had with whom I was acquainted in Ire-

land were his sister, Mrs. O'Brien, above mentioned, and her husband and their children. I think Mrs. O'Brien had three or four boys and three girls. The only names of her children that I can now remember are those of her sons, Morgan O'Brien and John O'Brien, and her daughters, Agnes or Aggie, and Mrs. Bowers, whose Christian name I have forgotten.

"Farming was the occupation of Mr. O'Brien and his family, his son Morgan being about 23 years old, and his son John about 15 years old when they left Ireland, as well as I can remember. The family of Mr. O'Brien, as well as all the rest of the colonists who came to America on the same vessel on which I came, were tenant farmers, none of them ever owning any land in Ireland. Their object in coming to America was to secure lands of their own, my recollection being that under the law in force in Ireland at that time, no Catholic was permitted to own land, with only a few exceptions.

"My father's family started over to America in a ship containing about 350 persons, colonists.

"Those colonists embarked on one of the largest sailing vessels afloat in those days, starting from Liverpool to America.

"I was born August 1, 1826, and at the time of the departure of the ship from Liverpool was about 8 years old.

"I cannot say what arrangements were made between Mr. Power and other colonists, but I think it was the same as he made with my father. Mr. Power was to charter the ship and land us at Copano, Texas, for a certain sum of money, payable in Liverpool before we would embark. I have often heard my father and mother say that all the other colonists made the same arrangements and the same payments for their passage to America. Each head of a family provided himself and his family with provisions and supplies enough to last one year and brought it along on board the ship, including farming implements, etc., all of which was paid for by the colonists themselves. The colonists were all farmers, with the exception of four or five, who came out as hired men and servants.

"My recollection and understanding which we sailed from Ireland had three masts. I do not remember the dimensions of the ship, only that I often heard it aluded to by my parents and others as one of the largest ships going.

"My recollection and understanding from my parents and others is that Mr. James Power, Sr., had made a personal canvass in various parts of Ireland in search of colonists who would come to Texas with him and accept land grants offered them through him by the government of Mexico. Texas being at that time a part of Mexico. The colonists assembled at various times in various ways in Liverpool, preparing to embark on the ship at the time fixed for sailing. I do not remember how long we had to wait in Liverpool for the sailing of the ship, only that it was during the Christmas holidays of 1833, for the vessel departed from Liverpool very soon after Christmas. Most of the colonists who came over with Mr. Power are long since dead. Among the few now living, so far as I know, are the following: Mrs. Peterson, now living in Corpus Christi; Mr. Wm. St. John of Refugio; Mr. Redman, in Refugio county between Refugio and St. Mary's the O'Dochartys, two old maid sisters according to my understanding, still living at the Mission. (All of these survivors are now deceased.)

"The voyage from Liverpool to New Orleans was in the main uneventful, except for a severe storm in the Bay of Biscay, when all the passengers were ordered below deck and hatches fastened down. My father having been a custom officer or "water-guard" at Cork, Ireland, I was accustomed to the water and not afraid of the storm, so I concealed myself in one of the old hatches and remained on deck throughout the storm. On the ocean I remember seeing a very large vessel following close to our vessel for several days, and that the colonists were alarmed for fear we were being pursued by pirates, until finally the other vessel came in bidding distance and proved to be a friendly merchantman. Our ship was so crowded that all the available space was occupied by the colonists, who furnished their own bunks, or beds, and their own

provisions, and did their own cooking and household duties, the same as they did at home. I remember that on reaching the coast of Florida our captain was afraid to venture through Florida straits on account of the great size of the ship, and to avoid danger coasted around the island of Cuba into the Gulf of Mexico. While passing out and owing to the great heat of the sun on the ship's deck, my little sister, Elizabeth Hart, then about 5 years old, received a sunstroke from which she soon died and was buried at sea, which occurrence I remember very distinctly. She was a great favorite with the officers and crew, and my parents were unable to prevent her from staying on deck in the hot sun.

"Our ship was sixty days out of sight of land and about two months and a half in making the trip from Liverpool in New Orleans, but the voyage in the main was a very pleasant one, and all of the passengers kept healthy. After reaching New Orleans all the passengers remained or had their headquarters on the big ship, where we had to wait, to the best of my recollection, two or three weeks, before we were transferred to the two schooners that brought us to Aransas Pass. One of them, named the Wild Cat, made the trip in twenty-four hours. I cannot remember the name of the other schooner which my father's family came on, but it was about forty-eight hours making the trip. On nearing Aransas Pass, we could see the schooner, the Wild Cat, and that it had run ashore.

"Col. Power ordered the captain in my hearing, at the point of his pistol, to change his course and avoid running his vessel aground. But after casting his anchor for the night, the captain of our schooner weighed anchor and in the night also ran our schooner ashore. My understanding at the time of the grounding of the schooners was, and has been ever since, that both of them were unseaworthy and heavily insured, and their owners had arranged with the captains to wreck them in order to obtain the insurance money. Luckily, no lives were lost by the grounding of the two schooners, and the remainder of the colonists were transferred by lighter to Copano, where the old Mexican custom

house then stood. It was a small brick house near the shore of Copano Bay, but the building has since been destroyed. My impression is that this building stood near the mouth of the Mission River.

"After the grounding of the schooners off Aransas Pass, an epidemic of cholera, supposed to have been contracted in New Orleans, broke out among the colonists. My recollection is that about 250 persons died and were buried at sea. A child of Mr. St. John's brother of Mr. Wm. St. John, now at the mission, died, and though sympathy for the grief-stricken parents and their horror of burying their child at sea, I remember seeing my mother and Mr. Paul Keogh take the child in a little boat to St. Joseph's Island, where they buried it. After burying the child, Mr. Paul Keogh fell sick with the cholera and died on St. Joseph's Island and was buried there by my father. After an absence of about forty-eight hours from the schooner my father returned. As soon as my mother and I saw him, we were frightened by his gaunt and distressed appearance, and we could see that he had no nourishment except water, which he found by digging with his spade on St. Joseph's Island. After my mother and I had administered to my father's wants, he was taken suddenly ill and died about twenty-four hours afterwards, and one hour after our landing from the lighter at Copano, where he was buried by my mother and a Mr. Hart (no relation to my parents), who was already living in Texas and happened to be at Copano.

"I saw them wrap my father in a blanket and bury him. I was very sick and lying on a pallet with him when he died. I thought at first that he was only sleeping, but when I tried to awaken him, I found he was dead.

"For some reason which I do not now remember, we had to remain about two or three weeks on the schooners after we were grounded, waiting for the lighters to transfer us to the landing at Copano. After landing there we were put under quarantine and guarded by Mexican soldiers about two weeks on account of the cholera epidemic, amid the greatest suffering and distress. Finally we were hauled on ox wagons

from Copano to the Mission Refugio.

"Most of my information as to the support of the colonists after we reached the Mission was obtained from my mother and other members of the colony, but I remember seeing the colonists working their fields, planting their crops and making their living in various ways. At first most of them farmed together in one large field, which they fenced together in the land of the river by way of convenience and economy.

"If the colonists had not brought supplies with them it would have been impossible to have obtained even the necessities of life at that time in Texas, to say nothing of luxuries. The manner of life of people in Texas in those early days was very simple and very much the same in all the families of my acquaintance. On our arrival at the Mission, a Mr. Quirk, had a lumber house of one room, which was for many years the only lumberhouse in the colony, as lumber could not be procured even to make coffins, and the dead were buried in blankets."

The Irishmen who with their families had accompanied the empresarios to America had come bent upon building homes in a new land, where freedom was as free as the air they breathed and where no tyrannical hand was to wrest from them the right to own their own homes and worship the God of their choice according to the dictates of their own consciences and they immediately set to work to improve the opportunity. The terrible trials and tribulations, the awful hardships they endured for more than a decade, no pen will ever picture, for those who suffered long and much have long since gone to the better land where no trouble is. Devastated first by shipwreck, then ravaged by pestilence, the few remaining colonists never daunted, entered upon an existence of torment and torture which was even worse than the horrible end of their friends.

Happily the colonists had brought with them a limited supply of actual necessities with which to stay the hand of starvation. They also brought with them a few implements with which to till the soil. These, with their courageous, never-failing hearts, constituted

their entire inventory of assets.

Indians and marauding bands of lawless Mexicans far outnumbered law-abiding men in Texas in those days. The colonists were hence compelled to live on the community plan. At San Patrio and Refugio, they cleared small plots of land and planted and harvested their crops together and divided the proceeds. Corn (Indian maize) and sweet potatoes were the principal crops. Other necessities, such as sugar and coffee, were procured from Mexican traders, who were willing to exchange for such commodities as the colonists produced.

Except for occasional ox carts, a luxury enjoyed by only a few traders, there were neither vehicles nor means of motive power. But the land was over-run with great herds of wild mustangs, and with their help the Irish ingenuity of the colonists was not slow to solve the problem. Immense pens or stockades were made by implanting heavy branches of trees side by side upright in the ground. Reaching out in a diagonal direction from each side of an opening in the corral wings were constructed in a similar manner, sometimes extending for a distance of a mile or more. When this contrivance was completed, it had the appearance of an immense funnel with a catch basin at one end. A herd of wild mustangs that might be grazing in the vicinity would then be stampeded and rushed headlong into the funnel until the pen at the other end had been filled. The opening in the latter would be closed upon the captive animals. It was only rarely, however, that the colonists were able to successfully pacify their captives, and the general rule was to catch the youngest colts, feed them on cow's milk which the kine would unselfishly dispense in the same manner as to their own offsprings, and then train them as they grew older. This was the origin of the modern Texas cow pony, which holds the distinguished position of being the toughest and often most refractory member of the genus equus.

Here we pass a few years and come to the time when Mexican oppression was becoming unbearable and when the colonists were getting out from under the yoke.

When the Mission at Refugio was completed by the Franciscan Friars, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, they christened it "Our Lady of Refuge," and well, indeed, was it named. Behind its ponderous walls of three-footed stone, the Mission colonists and the exiles from San Patricio sought refuge and found it. The Mexican army shortly arrived and readily appreciating the impossibility of a quick evacuation of the fortress, took up its position on a little knoll about two hundred yards east of the mission, a few hundred feet north of the point where the Gulf Coast Line bridge now spans the Mission River.

Under the cover of the night a courier left the Mission and started across the country to Goliad, a distance of about thirty-five miles, to convey the news of the invasion to the Texas patriots who were assembled at that point under Fannin. This emissary shortly returned with a company of soldiers under Captain Ward, whom Fannin delegated to protect the colonists at the Mission.

In the meantime, however, the Mexicans had evacuated their position and Ward, presuming that they had been effectually frightened and beat a retreat, proceeded down the Mission River to attack some Mexican ranches. He had no sooner started, however, than the Mexican army reappeared and resumed its former position. This time it brought with it a four-pound cannon, which soon began to play havoc with the Mission, within which the soldiers were sheltered. The walls at first resisted the bombardment, but under its continued violence soon began to weaken and crumble. Fannin was again communicated with and implored for aid. Capt. Aaron B. King and a gallant band of twenty-eight men immediately set out to the Mission's rescue. Meanwhile, however, the four-pounder continued its unrelenting tattoo upon the Mission's walls. One by one the great stones that stood implanted in the walls as though they had been there forever, crumbled to dust. If help should not soon arrive, that magnificent structure would totter to the ground and all help would be lost. Help did not come and

there was only one alternative—to capture the four-pounder.

As the shades of the evening began to fall, six men, five dare-devil Irishmen and one German, the only foreigner among the refugees, kissed their wives and babies and stepped out under the golden sun of the dying day and gazed across the intervening space whither they were going to what seemed certain death. Grim, death-defying courage was written in their faces and a prayer was on their lips. Their lives and the honor of their loved ones were the prizes at stake.

The Mexican army was at its evening meal, with no thought of such a reckless move on the part of their enemies, whom they had already condemned to death. Stealthily and silently the stalwart six stole to where the cannon stood. They had loosened it from its anchorage and were about to make their escape undetected, when the Mexicans, yelling like fiends possessed, were upon them.

Of that remarkable battle between six adopted sons of Texas and that army of 500 Mexican soldiers history gives no account, but if the story, as related by one who received it from her father, who was one of the dauntless six, can be relied upon, it must take its place in history as one of the most marvelous incidents in military annals. For half an hour the battle raged, and Mexican after Mexican bit the dust never to rise again. The people in the Mission, two hundred yards away, witnessed the combat from the narrow windows and prayed the God of their fathers, for the love of whom they had deserted their homes in their native land, to be merciful to them and to look with favor upon their contest.

History relates many instances of obvious divine intervention in warfare, but no story of ancient, mediæval or modern times savors so much of the miraculous as does the story of that terrible struggle before the Mission Refugio early in the year of 1836. For the God of Nations heard the prayer that was lifted to His throne.

Suddenly the sound of the battle ceased. An awful silence reigned, broken only intermittently by the groans of the injured and the wild curses of the

dying. The heavy doors of the Mission flung open on their rusty hinges, and through the hallowed portals walked, unharmed, the heroic six, dragging behind them the captured cannon. What a mighty cheer that must have been mingled with the long penned-up tears of joy, echoed and re-echoed through the vaulted interior of that sacred structure, like the song of that heavenly host in old Judea on the memorable morn twenty centuries ago.

Strange and incredible as it may seem, only one of the valiant six suffered so much as a scratch from the encounter, and his, a mere flesh wound in the face, soon healed.

The next morning the remnant of the Mexican army withdrew and the colonists went out to the scene of the conflict of the night before to bury the enemy's dead. In a narrow ditch surrounding the crude fortifications the enemy had improvised, three hundred Mexicans were buried.

Meanwhile, Capt. Aaron B. King and his band of twenty-eight were hurrying to the Mission's succor. In the eager zeal of their battle against time, they plunged headlong into Melon creek, a few miles from Refugio, and when they emerged on the other side, they discovered, to their sorrow, that their entire supply of ammunition had been wet and was therefore useless. While they were deliberating upon the best course to pursue, a band of Mexican rancheros, faithful to the home government, and under the leadership of a wealthy Mexican ranchman by the name of Carlos de la Garza, appeared and, taking the helpless band captive, set out to the Mission to deliver them into the hands of the Mexican troops. They had proceeded but a short distance when they were met at a point about four miles north of Refugio by the retreating Mexicans. Capt. King and his men were at once turned over to the blood-thirsty fiends, whom it did not take long to determine the fate of the prisoners. What form of ignominious torture was meted out to King and his unfortunate followers the world will probably never know. At all events, their lives were sacrificed at liberty's altar, and weeks later, when the battle of San Jacinto had been

fought and the Mission refugees felt secure to desert their place of safety, the dry bones of King and his men, all that had been left by the beasts and fowls were brought to the Mission and laid to rest under its protecting walls.

There was an elderly lady living at Refugio who more than sixty years ago, as a young lady, together with her sister, was captured by a band of Indians. In accordance with the custom of their race, the redskins at once proceeded to initiate their captives into the mysteries of their order by shaving their heads and divesting them of their clothing. Without a pretense of any more serious indignity, the prisoners were placed on horses, behind their captors, and a start was made in the direction of the camping grounds. The lady who now lives at Refugio so persisted in slipping from her mount that she was finally left behind. She was fortunately rescued by her brother, who had missed her, and organized a searching party. Her sister, however, was carried to an Indian trading post where, in due time, and in pursuance with the Indians' commercial customs, she fell into the hands of a friendly trader, who saw to it that she was returned to her home. Excepting for the indecorous initiation, she was little the worse for her experience.

Today? Well, today is about the same as yesterday, only a little different. The dauntless men and women who braved the terrors of the wilderness to find a home and a religious freedom, are no longer there, but the same blood is there. Yes, it is there and, stalwart and stern as the Spartan's, it will probably remain there forever.

Today the names that appear most conspicuous among the citizens of San Patricio and Refugio counties are the same as those which stood high on the roll of honor seventy-five years ago. The McGloins, the Powers, the O'Briens, the O'Connors, the Welders, the Gaffneys, the Foxes, the Shellys, the Dorseys, the Lamberts, the Heard's, and scores of other names as familiar half a century ago, are leading citizens of both counties.

Fighting With Sibley in New Mexico

Written by John Warren Hunter, at San Angelo, Texas, in 1910

S. W. Merchant was born in Texas and was raised in Titus county, near Mount Pleasant.

When the war broke out between the states, Mr. Merchant, then in the vigor of a joyous young manhood, was in El Paso Del Norte, and when the Federal troops were withdrawn from the frontier posts of Texas, early in 1861, he and a few others were employed to take charge of Fort Bliss, near El Paso, and to look after the post and the property belonging thereto. In February, 1861, Bethel Coopwood, the two Holden boys and a man by the name of Winn and S. W. Merchant set about and organized a body of troops known as the "Arizona Spy Company, with Bethel Coopwood as captain. This company was made up of 64 men, who, like Mr. Merchant, were seasoned to border life, and were ripe for any adventure, however daring or desperate. They were all Texans and many of them bore the scars of many fierce conflicts with Indians and border ruffians.

From the date of the organization of the Arizona Spy Company until the disastrous termination of the Sibley invasion of New Mexico in May, 1862, these Rough Riders of the border were almost constantly in the saddle—

"Trailing and scouting,
Fighting and routing,
With never a thought of the morrow."

Their operations extended far into New Mexico and Arizona and their deeds of heroic daring while in continuous warfare with Apaches, renegade Mexicans and white men would fill a volume with a record of American valor that in thrilling interest would far surpass all the annals of knight errantry and medieval chivalry.

In the organization of the forces to unite the Sibley expedition, Captain Coopwood's company was attached to Col. John R. Baylor's command, and their first smell of Yankee gun powder was at Mesilla, New Mexico, August 3, 1861. At this place the Confederates were attacked by a large force of the

Federals, who were repulsed with heavy loss and driven to the fort.

The day following, the enemy, under Major Lyon, set fire to the buildings in the fort and set out on retreat. His forces consisted of 400 infantry and 80 cavalry. These latter were pursued by 130 Texans, under John E. Baylor, and captured.

The battle of Valverde was fought Feb. 21, 1862. Colonel Canby had 1,500 troops in the action and was badly beaten. Col. Steele commanded the Texans, whose numbers were far less than Canby's. The fight opened early and lasted all day. The hope of Canby was in his battery of six guns, commanded by a Captain Mc-Rae. This battery wrought terrible havoc in the Confederate ranks and Col. Steele saw that the only hope of a complete victory lay in the capture of those six guns. Several charges had been repulsed. Finally Baylor's men were put forward and after a hand to hand conflict around these guns, the enemy gave way, but not until the gallant McRae and his brave gunners had fallen around their pieces. The capture of these guns turned the fortunes of the day, which in consequence of the failure of the New Mexican Volunteers to repulse the Texans' charge, could not be retrieved. Colonel Canby retreated to Fort Craig.

In the battle Mr. Merchant was desperately wounded in the arm and side. With others in like condition he was taken to Socorro, where he and his stricken comrades were captured by Canby's men. Shortly after their capture orders came for their removal to Fort Craig.

The more seriously wounded were furnished transportation but those able to get around were forced to walk. The first day's march covered 18 miles and Mr. Merchant says that on account of his wounds and weakened condition he suffered extreme torture. Late in the evening they reached Canby's headquarters and were lined up in front of the Federal colonel's tent. While waiting for they knew not what, a group of

unmannerly scoundrels in Federal uniform began to make sport of the prisoners and taunting them with a string of scurrilous epithets reflecting on Texas valor. One of the Texans stepped forward from the ranks and told the main spokesman of the Yanks to shuck his jacket and get in the road. Said he: "I am a prisoner and wounded, but I'm a Texan, and I can whip any Yankee son of a gun (he didn't exactly say gun) in the whole Yankee army." Mr. Merchant said to his irate comrade: "Go after him, Bill; I'm about played out, but I can keep the dogs off and help you a little." The Yankee backed square down, and from that time there were no more sneers in that camp for the wounded Texans. After waiting a tiresome length of time, Col. Canby showed up and invited Mr. Merchant and another prisoner into his tent. He inquired into their condition and expressed sympathy for them and told them that he would send them back to Socorro; that he regretted that he had not transportation for all, but he would provide Mr. Merchant and two or three others with a spring wagon for the return trip. Mr. Merchant was greatly impressed with Col. Canby's solicitude, and says he was a most kind and humane officer.

Shortly after their return to Socorro they were taken to Albuquerque and held there until the 18th of May, on which date 114 Texan prisoners were paroled. It seems that the Federals were anxious to get rid of them, and immediately after being paroled they were hurried off under a Federal escort. Five Mexican wagons and teams, eight mules to the team, were employed by the Federals to haul their baggage and supplies. The men had to walk. At the close of the first day and while alone with the mess in camp, Mr. Merchant said to his messmates: "Boys, walking is said to be cheap, but I prefer to ride. My feet, like yours, have gone to the bad, and this thing of having to tramp like a steer or trot all day like an unweaned colt, to keep up with those wagons, has made me so tired that I have about decided to bolt the platform and organize a party of my own and quit tramping around after these booted and spurred Yanks. I think I'll ride awhile. Would

you fellows like to join my company,"

The boys all agreed that the conditions were hard, but they could see no alternative. Mr. Merchant then unfolded his plan. "You see," said he, "we are going down the Rio Grande valley. The melting snows in the mountains have put the river almost from hill to hill. You remember as we came up from Texas, the vast quantity of cottonwood poles and logs we saw at Alamosa. Well, we will reach Alamosa about noon tomorrow and there I propose to slide out, give the guards the dodge, build a raft and set sail for El Paso. The river is on a tear and once aboard a good, staunch raft made of seasoned cottonwood logs, light as cork, almost, we'll beat pony express time and be in El Paso before this sleepy escort misses us from the ranks. I know there is a world of risk to encounter and it's going to take nerve and backbone, and I've been with you fellows long enough to know you have all that and now all I ask is that if you go into this thing you'll stick. It will be easy to dodge the guard. They call the roll every morning and pay no more attention to us until next roll call. You saw how the men were stringing out over a mile along the hot, dusty road today, and the guard looking after their own comfort, not ours."

The messmates addressed by Mr. Merchant were Davis, Tanner, Rapp, Jim DeSpain and two brave, trusty Mexicans, Jose and Vincente, seven men including Mr. Merchant, and these agreed readily to the proposed plan of escape.

"Now," said Mr. Merchant, "let every man get ready for the occasion. We'll find out which wagon will go in the rear tomorrow. Have your baggage carefully done up and put it on the hind end of the hindmost wagon so it can be easily taken off while the wagon is moving. Try to secure all the arms and ammunition possible. We'll need them. When we get to the river at Alamosa, the outfit will have to be ferried over. I will get my duds and go on across. You boys get yours at the ferry while the wagon is waiting, and come on over into town behind the outfit. But you've got to be cautious."

It is needless to say that the boys fol-

lowed instructions. Rations for several days had been issued and these with their little blankets and bundles of clothes had been carefully placed in easy reach when the start was made next morning.

When the river was reached Mr. Merchant crossed over with the advance wagon and pushed on up to the little town of Alamosa. He came to a vacant store house on a corner where the road made an abrupt turn, and a block further along the road turned abruptly again. At a glance he saw that this vacant house on the corner afforded a splendid hiding place, since a man could drop out and step into the house unobserved. Mr. Merchant called at the next door and a Mexican lady who responded to his call informed him that she owned the vacant house and that it was for rent. He told he wanted it for only one day and was willing to pay one dollar for its use for that length of time. The lady agreed to the proposition, received the dollar, handed over the keys and Mr. Merchant became a housekeeper for the time being. Through a crack he watched the Texans troop by, saw the wagon pass, the escort had preceded them to town, and at last his messmates hove in sight, straggling along, and when they came up he admitted them to his new quarters, locked the door and all lay snug until the next morning, by which time the command was several miles away.

A deal was soon made with the Mexican owner of the cottonwood timber and a double-deck raft, 12x14 feet was soon constructed. The logs were placed close together and with the aid of an auger, borrowed from a generous Mexican, binders were placed transversely and secured with stout wooden pins. To make the craft yet more secure ropes were secured and bound about the logs and binders. Two boards were purchased and these were fashioned into rudders, securely mounted with lashings of rope. On taking an inventory of their arsenal it was found that two old escopettes and two sixshooters, with a fair supply of ammunition, made up the armament of this river-going craft. The two pistols and a small flask of powder and 40 balls belonged to the captain of the vessel, Mr. Merchant. When the baggage, pro-

visions, arms and other naval supplies had been carefully stowed away on the upper deck of the raft, these daring navigators bade good-bye to the crowd of friendly Mexicans which had come down to see them off, and committed themselves to the raging tide of the Rio Grande Del Norte.

As before stated, the river was full. It covered all of the lowlands and in many places it was over a mile wide. It was late in the afternoon when the men set sail and they had been told that 30 miles below (by land) the great falls would be encountered, but they were assured that as the river was very high, these falls would prove to be no obstacle.

For the first 20 miles the novel craft glided smoothly and swiftly, with the great current, and proved responsive to every move of the rudder. Being disabled by his wounds, Mr. Merchant sat on the upper deck and gave directions. "Beats walking, boys," said he, and all were agreed on that point.

About 3 o'clock in the morning the river narrowed down between high cliffs and the raft, like a thing of life, sprang forward with bewildering speed. The crew realized that all would be lost should their frail craft strike an obstruction; nothing could live in that surging, swirling mass of angry waters, and with strong arms and willing hands at the rudder sweeps, they kept the raft in mid-stream. They had gone but a few miles when a low roar like that of a gathering cyclone fell upon their ears. As they swiftly sped along this roar increased in intensity until they had to shout in each others ears to be heard. It was the awful voice of many waters as they poured their mad surges over the falls. Onward like a bird the little craft with human cargo sped towards the maelstrom of the north. Daylight appeared above the abyssmal gorge through which they were plunging with lightning speed; gradually the walls receded, the river broadened, and the waters seemed to pause for the final plunge. Far in the distance down stream a wall of white reared its crest amid the surrounding mist and clouds of vapor. It was the rebound of the waters after having passed over falls. According to

previous directions, the men at the rudder held the craft straight for the gulf, head on, and when the crisis came every man held fast for dear life. The raft seemed lifted from the waters into the air and then the mighty plunge. Like some playful water fowl, it seemed to dive under the wall of water that rolled high below the falls, and having passed this, lightly sprang to the surface and bounded away with its half-drowned passengers, but minus its rudders, which had been wrenched from their lashings by the mad waters. Everything in the way of baggage, arms, provisions, etc., had been securely bound to the raft the evening before and these were all safe except for the soaking. The two escoptes had become thoroughly soaked and as the men had no way to draw the charges, they were utterly useless and were thrown overboard. Some distance below the falls the river became more placid and a landing was made at the mouth of a canyon. Here clothes and blankets were dried, breakfast prepared and a brief rest enjoyed before resuming the voyage. Mr. Merchant dried and reloaded his pistols, a wise precaution which the sequel will show. Re-embarking, they cast adrift on their rudderless craft, wholly at the mercy of the merciless stream. The valley widened as they proceeded and a side current carried them from the main channel far out on the submerged plain, where they hung up.

The current carried the raft with a grinding, grating swash upon a hidden obstruction and when soundings were taken it was found that the water was a little more than waist deep. The men divested themselves of their shoes and went overboard to disengage the raft, but with their united strength, they were unable to make the least impression. The raft seemed to have become immovably fixed and held as in a vise. Mr. Merchant, being incapacitated for any violent exercise, remained on the upper deck, and while the men were laboring in the water for the release of their ark, Mr. Merchant, always on the alert, discovered a body of men on the eastern shore and called the attention of the boys to their presence. These men were closely watching those about the

raft and after a short time they were seen to descend from the hillside, wade into the water, and advance towards the Texans. When near enough to be plainly scrutinized, Mr. Merchant said, "Boys, they are Indians, Mescalero Apaches, there are sixteen of the scoundrels and hell and high water is going to mix here in less than fifteen minutes. They've left their bows and arrows over there on the hill but they've got their knives and lances, and they're out after scalps. Look, they are circling around to get in below us in order to intercept our raft when we get it afloat again. You boys hold up until this thing is settled; if they attempt to board us, I'll turn these irons loose and there'll be some dead Injuns floating round here."

The Indians approached within easy hailing distance and took position below the raft. With brandishing lances and yells they defied the raftsmen to turn their craft loose and come down and fight. They were in water that came a little above the waist line and in challenging the Texans they employed their limited vocabulary of Spanish and English, besides their own lingo. Cabrones, Cobardes, Gringos, Ladrones and Diaboles were the choicest epithets flung in Spanish at the beleaguered voyagers and these were returned with accumulated interest by the Texans.

Mr. Merchant made no display of his two pistols, but gave them shot for shot in the war of words, shook his fists at them and motioned them away. Seeing no display of arms of any kind, the savages evidently concluded that these men were unarmed castaways at their mercy, and that it would be an easy matter to lift their scalps. At any rate, they began their advance on the raft. Mr. Merchant says: "I waited until they came within close range. I was a good shot with a pistol; I had twelve charges and I was determined to make every one count. On account of the water they couldn't advance very fast, but they made all the noise they could, every mother's whelp yelling and cussin' us. I allowed them to come within about 30 yards and this silence on our part seemed to inspire them with the idea of an easy victory. I singled out the foremost buck who seemed to be the

chief or leader, and suddenly raising my pistol, I let drive and at the crack of my gun he went out of business and before the others could duck under the water I winged another painted rascal. It was amusing to see these braggarts getting away when they saw and heard that gun. They grabbed the dead Indian and dragged him along through the water as one would tow a log. They also assisted the second one I shot to get beyond the range of my artillery, and they never halted until they got back to dry ground. This wounded rascal was badly hurt, I know, from his actions, and I know I hit him just where I aimed, and I am satisfied that they had to leave his filthy old hulk hidden away somewhere in those hills."

"When the Indians reached the hills, we renewed our efforts to release the raft and after a great deal of labor got her afloat once more. The current carried us along near the shore on the north side of the river, exposing us to renewed attacks of these savages and as we had no rudder, we were powerless to steer clear of them. They followed us along the shore several miles and every time we were carried within bow shot they sent a shower of arrows towards us. Some of them had guns and it seems they singled me out for slaughter for the reason I suppose that I had settled the hash with two of their braves. And they came mighty near getting me. I wore a broad brimmed, stiff Mexican hat and a ball from one of their guns struck the front part of my sombrero near the band and, glancing, tore through the skin of my forehead, making a slight wound, the scar of which you see yet remains to remind me of my voyage of discovery down the Rio Grande. This was the last shot fired at us by the Indians. The current changed and carried us toward the west side of the river and beyond their reach. The valley seemed to narrow as we swept along and the waters became more swift. It was near sundown when we approached a place where the current seemed to divide as if separated by an island, although there was no island in sight. To the right was a great drift, seemingly a mile in extent; to the left the water was comparatively open. Our raft was caught

in the current and driven like a catapult against this accumulation of driftwood and with such force that our upperdeck and everything on it was swept away and swallowed up in the angry waters. We all managed to hang on, but when we came to the surface our raft had been swept of everything and we only saved a pair of saddle bags belonging to one of the men, which he had held on to, and my boots which I had on my feet. Our blankets, grub, and the men's shoes—everything was gone."

"As luck would have it our raft struck within a few feet of the submerged island and when we found shallow water we set about devising some plan to get our ark afloat once more. Our idea was to get ashore and abandon the voyage and make it in to some settlement where we could find relief. We had not eaten anything since morning, now all our grub was gone and we had no idea how far we were from anywhere. With super-human effort we got the remains of our raft once more afloat but Davis, who couldn't swim a lick and Tanner a good swimmer, swore by all the powers they'd never take chances on that raft again. I told them there was no other chance under the sun for them to get out to dry land, that we couldn't think of leaving them to their fate nor could we think of remaining there in the midst of that waste of waters. I reminded them of their agreement to stick to me through thick and thin, but they were resolved and no argument or persuasion could move them, and so we could do no other than to get aboard and float away and leave those two brave boys standing in the water knee-deep on that submerged island, a thousand miles from nowhere, without arms, without provisions, without shoes and in the heart of a region infested by savages. But it was their stubborn choice and there was no alternative.

"The current carried us a few miles and our raft hung up again. By this time it was getting dusk and we saw that we were within half a mile of the shore. The water was not very swift and we decided to leave our ark and wade ashore. Mr. Rapp was the tallest man of the crew but he couldn't swim. It was decided that he should lead the way

and make soundings. To avoid a mishap we bound a rope about his waist and held the loose end in our hands so that if he got in water beyond his depth, we could snake him out. Thus secured, Rapp jumped overboard, expecting to find himself in water probably up to his neck, but he struck where the depth was about one foot, giving him a severe jolt. We all followed and by advance and retreat and meandering around in the darkness to keep in shallow water, we finally reached dry ground on the north side of the river and, ascending a hill, we lay down in our wet clothes and slept soundly until sun-up the next morning.

"The men's feet had become terribly lacerated while wading around in the river and trying to reach the shore and when they awoke the next morning their feet were badly inflamed and swollen. After leaving Davis and Tanner and while floating down the current, I discovered an object ahead which I took to be the body of a dead man hung up against a snag, but when we came up I found it to be my roll of blankets that had been lost in the wreck against the big drift. These blankets were torn up and used for bandages for the boys' feet.

"We set off early and shaped our course down the valley. The sun poured down its blistering rays, the low hills and canyons we had to cross were glowing like a furnace and this, added to the pangs of hunger and the intense pain occasioned by lacerated feet, made this day's travel one to be long remembered. Jose, one of our faithful Mexicans, had formerly been wounded in the ankle and early in the day gave out and we had to carry him along over that painful journey.

About 3 o'clock in the evening we saw far down the valley a smoke rising from a dense cedar brake. We kept well under cover until we came within a half mile of the spot, when we saw a few horses on the plain not far from where the smoke issued. Here I left the boys concealed from view and started out to investigate. Climbing an eminence I discovered that there was a small encampment in that brake, but could not see any one around and couldn't tell wheth-

er it was Indians or Mexicans. I whistled to the boys and when they came up we held a council of war and decided to charge that camp. We were almost dying of hunger. We were afoot and almost naked and our feet were worn out. We had two pistols only, but the boys could get sticks which, at a distance, would look like guns to an Indian. We would charge that camp. While making ready for the charge, we saw a man come out in the open and going in the direction of the horses we had seen on the plain. He was on foot, wore an army hat and a blue blouse. This man could not be a Mexican, we knew at a glance he was not an Indian, and surely he could not be a Yankee. We hailed him. He seemed surprised and puzzled. He called, and three others from near the camp came out to him. Making a long story short, they were friends and comrades and we were saved. They were Col. Steel's men from Fort Filmore, and twenty of them were doing scout and picket duty along the upper Rio Grande.

It was 4 o'clock perhaps 5, in the evening, when we found food and rest among those gallant Texas boys. About sundown the picket guard reported two strange looking beings coming down the valley along the route we had traversed. It was Tanner and Davis, the two stubborn dare devils we had left at the wreck the evening before. As I have said, Davis couldn't swim a lick but Tanner was an expert swimmer. The two did not seem to realize their desperate situation until we had left them alone amid the roar of the rushing waters of the Rio Grande. But they soon came to their senses. Tanner was devotedly attached to Davis, who was a man of a herculean build. Tanner was a small man with muscles of steel and the courage of a lion. He set to and gathered sticks and poles from the drift. These he bound together with the ropes taken from the wreck of the upper deck of our raft. He then made Davis mount this frail, improvised raft to which he attached a rope or tow line and, taking this rope in his teeth, he swam from tree to tree to the shore where they landed about 9 o'clock in the morning. Tearing their clothes into strips, they bound up their lacerated feet and set out on their weary

march down the valley, leaving a trail of blood along those burning hills and rocks where the feet of white men had never trod before.

"We remained in this camp until we had recovered from our hardships sufficient to proceed, after which we were furnished mounts and went to Fort Fil-

more, which place we reached several days in advance of our comrades that we had left under escort at Alamosa.

"I don't know that any of the men who were with me on that perilous voyage are yet living. Jim DeSpain may possibly be yet in the land of civilization. When I heard from him last, he was in the bee business on the Nueces."

Rich Coffey, Early Day Ranchman

Written for Frontier Times by Col. Lewis Gingery, Los Angeles, California

In 1873, the New York Clipper had a story of the Lew Ginger Pioneer Minstrels at Fort Concho, in Western Texas, one of the military posts forming a line from Western Nebraska through Kansas, the Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), and through Texas to the Rio Grande, guarding the frontier settlements from the hostile Indians, in which it was estimated there was in the country adjacent to those posts over one hundred and fifty thousand warriors of the Cheyennes, Kiowas, Apaches, Comanches, Arapahoes, and other less prominent tribes. As I am the man who organized the Pioneer Minstrels which made the tour of the posts playing to the soldiers over half a century ago, I will relate an incident of the remarkable trip. On our way to Fort Concho, which was a hundred and fifty miles beyond any civilization, we stopped at the Coffey Ranch, at the mouth of the Concho, where it entered the Rio Colorado. This was a cattle ranch which Richard Coffey, commonly known as "Uncle Rich," and four or five of his stalwart sons started several years before our advent into the country. They had many a brush with the savages, but always beat them off, as the ranch buildings were heavily stockaded on all sides. The Colorado on both sides was heavily wooded and abounded in game, such as deer, wild turkey, and occasionally panther and black bear. Uncle Rich invited us to stay a few days at the ranch and hunt and fish, which we were glad to do and we enjoyed it immensely.

Uncle Rich and I became great friends. One evening he said: "Son, sposen we take our fishing tackle and go up the

river a little ways, where I know a fine place for channel cat. They bite fine when it's moonlight." From our supply of "anti-snake bite remedy," i. e. a demijohn of brandy, I took a half pint bottle and Uncle Rich cut from fresh beef several pieces to use as bait. About eight o'clock we started up the river, and had walked a half mile when Uncle Rich said. "Here Son, is a fine deep hole where we can git all we want in no time." Before commencing operations, Uncle Rich took a good pull from the bottle, then fixing the poles and lines and baiting the hooks it was not long before we were landing some fine channel catfish. I was anxious to hear Uncle Rich tell of some of his skirmishes with the red men, and so prevailed upon him to sample the brandy again, which he did. He told me of his starting the ranch with a few hundred cattle, and with the aid of his sons, the herd soon doubled in numbers. He was in the midst of telling me of his first encounter with a raiding band of Comanches, when he stopped suddenly and listened. An owl hooted some little distance up the river on the same side we were on. It was answered by another on the opposite side. Uncle Rich said: "Son, did you hear them?" I said, "Do you mean the owls?" "Son, them's no owls. They're Injuns. Let's ske-la-lcte." We had quite a string of fish staked to the bank and I said that I would get the fish. He said, "To H— with the fish. Come on, we'll get out o' here."

By this time there were more hoots on both sides of the river, but none below us on our side, but below on the opposite side we heard one or two. It was

a bright moonlight night and we were making good time for the ranch, with Uncle Rich in the lead.

About a quarter of a mile from the ranch we had to run through an open space where there were no trees and the moon made it as light almost as day. The river here was not very wide and an arrow came whizzing through between Uncle Rich and I, and I saw it quiver in a tree within a few feet of us.

We soon reached the ranch and everybody got ready to give the redskins a reception. It was not long before some thirty Indians appeared at the mouth of the Concho on the opposite side of the Colorado from the ranch. They made no hostile demonstrations, but danced and shouted for a little while, then disappeared.

Uncle Rich said that it was only a little thieving party out for stealing horses, "All the same," said he. "if they had cotched us son, they would have made a nice bonfire to roast you and me in."

Uncle Rich Coffey was a typical western ranchman, honest and generous and was well known throughout that country. There may be one or more of his splendid sons yet living, though he would be in his eighties by now. If so and he should see this story, I wish he would write to me. My address is, Col. Lewis Ginger, Keswick Hotel, 312 South Flower St., Los. Angeles, Calif

The Violin and the Fiddle.

The violin is the poet laureate of music—violin of the virtuoso and master, fiddle of the untutored in the ideal art. It is the aristocrat of the palace and the hall, it is the democrat of the unpretentious home and humble cabin. As violin it weaves its garlands of roses and camelias; as fiddle it scatters the modest violets. It is admired by the cultured for its magnificent powers and wonderful creations. It is loved by millions for its simple melodies. One bright morning, just before Christmas day, an official stood in the executive chamber in my presence as Governor of Tennessee and said: "Governor I have been implored by a poor miserable wretch in the penitentiary to bring you this rude fiddle. It was made by his own hands with

a pen knife during the hours allotted to him for rest. It is entirely without value, as you can see, but it is his petition to you for mercy. He begged me to say that he has neither influential friends nor attorneys to plead for him; and all that he asks is that, when the Governor sits down at his own happy fireside on Christmas eve with his own happy children around him, he will play one tune to them of this rough fiddle and think of a cabin far away in the mountains, whose hearthstone is cold and desolate, and surrounded by a family of poor little helpless, ragged children, crying for bread and waiting and listening for the footsteps of their father." Who would not have been touched by such an appeal? The record was examined, Christmas eve came. The Governor sat that night at his own happy fireside, and his own happy children around him, and he played one tune to them on that rough fiddle. The fireside of the cabin in the mountains was bright and warm. A pardoned prisoner sat with his baby on his knee, surrounded by his happy children and in the presence of his rejoicing wife. And, although there was naught but rags and squalid poverty around him, his heart sang,

"Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

—Bob Taylor.

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Life and Adventures of Ben Thompson

By W. M. Walton, of Austin, Texas—Published in 1884

(Continued from last month.)

On his return home from Waco, where his regiment was disbanded, he remained quietly, molesting no one, attending to his own business, until the arrival of the First Louisiana Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Badger, who afterward had much to do with politics in that State, to the dishonor of himself and to those for whom he spoke. On the day after his arrival at Austin, which occurred in the latter part of May or first of June, 1865, an order signed by him was issued, ordering the arrest of Thompson. No crime or offence of any kind was mentioned in the order. He was arrested and placed in the Travis county jail—then one of the vilest dens in which a human being was ever confined—dark, without ventilation, and reeking in filth—a disgrace to any people who would permit it to be used even for the confinement of the worst criminals, whose guilt was admitted or not denied. With no charge of crime, no allegation of offence, no effort to fasten on him wrong doing, he, Thompson, was by virtue of existing power and a tyrant's will, arrested by a file of soldiers, in contempt of law and right, and confined in prison. He and his mother besought the aid of men of influence, position and no little authority—John Hancock, Andrew J. Hamilton, James H. Bell, Dr. Phillips, E. M. Pease and others, men of note and mark, whose Union records were bright as burnished gold and whose honor had never been and was not then impugned—but they were powerless, miserably so, even as the weak old woman who knelt and prayed, wept and humiliated herself at the feet of hate, to learn why her son was imprisoned, shut out from the light and branded as a felon. The military was obdurate, could not be moved by reason, persuasion sympathy or tears. The mother and influential citizens failing to retrieve the son from prison, it was needless that the young wife, with children arms, should go and bathe the feet of Badger with tears wrung from her bleeding heart. They had to submit. What did weakness in

the presence of power ever do but submit? They did submit. The two, wife and mother, toiled and slave'd constantly for the necessaries of life, yet daily went one or the other to the dark precincts of the prison, to bear to the yet brave-hearted son and husband such palatable food as they could obtain, and cheer him with their presence to bear, to wait, and to hope. The prison discipline was exceedingly strict. The constancy of the guard, regularity of the relief and formality were unusual.

But, however cautious tyrants may be, no matter how faithful their tools, there is a break in every armor. Achilles was invulnerable save at the heel, Caesar had his Brutus, patriotism was struck near the heart through the trusted Arnold, religion has her apostates, and the Savior himself had Judas. Why, then, should not the fourth-rate tyrant Badger have those under him who would foil him in his low and brutal and hellish instincts? The wise, the great, the good, were hushed into silence when he spoke or ordered—the low and mean alone of him had audience.

Maximillian was struggling in Mexico to sustain himself, in the false and desperate position in which the diplomacy of Napoleon had placed him. The downfall of the Southern Confederacy had opened the door to recruit soldiers of fortune, who believed themselves without homes or country. Even in the strictly, doubly, guarded jail, agents found their way to Thompson. His condition suggested to them the feasibility of enlisting him in the wild venture of establishing Maximillian on his throne. Tho' confined he was not destitute of means of information, nor was he ignorant of the current events on the outside. He sounded those who had him in charge, faintly, cautiously, indirectly first, and then more nearly; four sergeants had charge of the guard about the jail, two of whom, Benito Gomez and Jasper Spain, received his approaches kindly, the other two repulsed him. Gomez was a Louisiana raised Spaniard and adventurer, who held his place only

because it paid him, he was accessible to the influence of money. Spain was a Georgia scalawag of Connecticut birth, who floated on the surface of events and drifted into the first Louisiana regiment toward the close of the war, and in recompense for some dirty service to Badger was appointed a sergeant over better men, some of whom were negroes. Such was the material Thompson had to use, to accomplish his liberation from an imprisonment, that daily become more unbearable. The details of their conversion to his cause need not be stated; they were bought and paid their price. It was well understood that on escape of Thompson he was going to Mexico to join the forces under General Mejia, a partisan of Maximilian. A commission as lieutenant had already been prepared and was in the hands of Captain Gilly, to be delivered whenever called for. When either of the sergeants mentioned were on duty they so managed that Ben should be released from the chain that fastened him to the wall of the jail, and on several occasions he was permitted to go outside and even up town, at night. It was necessary for him to confer with some friends and make arrangements, as far as was in his power, for an extended absence from his wife, mother and country. However improbable it may appear under the circumstances, yet it was true that Thompson had some friends who were as faithful to him, as death is sure to all; he knew who they were, and knows them yet. The tyranny of Badger would have been fully paid off and that promptly had not these friends restrained the injured man, they convinced him that successful justice to Badger, would probably result in great and renewed hardship to the people. He let the tyrant alone and addressed himself to the task before him. The two sergeants had concluded to go with Ben when he escaped, and to induce several of the men to accompany them.

CHAPTER IX.

While these men served as instruments to operate through, yet they were not implicitly trusted. Arrangements were

completed for the exodus. The party was to consist of eight—Ben, the two sergeants, and five enlisted men. They were all given to understand by Thompson that the ride would have to be fast as guards were stationed at the several quarters of the city, and patrolled the streets day and night. A military roundabout and cap were procured, which, with dark pants, served very well to pass Thompson as a soldier on a starlight night. Sunday night was selected for the flight. There were two places at which to cross the river—one a ferry at the foot of Congress avenue, and the other a rather deep ford some distance up-stream. Thompson, who was riding Dan, went by the ferry, the others preferred the ford. They met at the foot of the hills, near which is the deaf and dumb asylum. Here a consultation was holden, when and where it was concluded that one sergeant and four men should go out by Fredericksburg, while Ben and the other two would go by San Antonio, and directly on to the lower Rio Grande, designating, however, a point of meeting about sixty miles to the South and West of the City of San Antonio. The ride was commenced, and no halt was made by Thompson and his party except for short periods to enable the animals to eat. The gait of the mule was so fast that it almost ruined the horses to keep up, although they were large, strong and active. The place of meeting was reached early on Tuesday night. They remained there and in the vicinity until after dark on Wednesday night. Spain and his men did not come. Time was too precious to waste more. The three pressed on and crossed the Rio Grande opposite Matamoras on Friday, about three o'clock, and rode up into the Heroic City, where Captain Gilly was readily found, to whom Ben reported and received his commission. Sergeant Gomez and Jack Brickhouse were companions. They were both given subordinate places in the independent company of Captain Frank Mullins, which consisted of one hundred and fifty-three men, rank and file, and in which Ben was lieutenant. Captain Gilly was one of the adjutants of General Mejia, who was in command of the city.

There were in the city between five and six thousand men of all arms. General Escobedo was already in the vicinity and proceeded to surround the city, and establish strict lines of siege, as far as it was possible, but it was not feasible to close the river side. The besieged general, from his movements, did not intend to be closed in from the country if determined sorties could prevent it.

On Saturday evening a sortie was ordered and executed with fine success, the fight was terrific and savage, no quarter asked or given; the lines were broken, and many men killed. No man could be braver or more daring than General Mejia. He was at the head of his men, and in the thickest of the fight, and yet his eagle glance saw every movement on the field, neglecting no point, reinforcing, pressing, withdrawing, advancing or retreating as the exigencies of the fight demanded. The demeanor of Ben in the battle, for battle it really was, received the prompt approval and acknowledgment of the general, which was manifested by promotion on the field, to the position of captain.

If the reader does not object, we will let Ben recite the remainder of the occurrences in this chapter, which concern him personally. He says:

"After returning to the city, the ambulance corps, with flags, went out to bring in the wounded. I went along to give my personal attention to the men of my company who had been wounded, and more than twenty of these were missing. Although I had been with them but a little more than twenty-four hours, I had become acquainted with every one, and had found strong attachments to several; and some of these were missing; my promotion would take me to another company the next day, still I felt great interest in those whose bravery had procured me my promotion. We went to where the fight occurred, and found all my missing men, among them Sergeant Gomez, mortally wounded, and Jack Brickhouse (who had been hit on the head with a gun, perhaps, insensible, but not dead. The poor sergeant died during the night. Jack got well, but was killed in a fight near Camargo some months afterwards.

"Sorties were of frequent occurrence

for several weeks. I was engaged in every one. I asked permission of the general on one occasion to go to the country with about fifty men, if we succeeded in breaking the lines. He consented. I picked my men; all had good horses, not large, but active and swift. I told my comrades my design, and requested them to stay close by me—to fight in a body, so we could get away together. We went through and struck up the river, and thence westwardly. I had no particular object in view, but knew I could hurt only enemies out here; the friends were inside the city or had gone to other places of safety. We traveled about fifteen or eighteen miles in a northerly and westerly direction, when we came in sight of a train of some fifty or sixty wagons, which proved to contain commissary stores for the enemy. We had heard that the besieging army was short of provisions, and if we could destroy this train we would do a great service to General Mejia. The guard consisted of about eighty or ninety men, but they were poorly armed compared with us; but they promptly threw themselves in line, and awaited our movements. We opened on them with our rifles at about two hundred yards, and so rapid and effective was our fire that confusion among them ensued very quickly. When a few more rounds were sent into their ranks I saw they would not stand, and ordered a charge. My men responded with a shout, and, with six-shooters drawn, we dashed forward. They broke and fled. We did not follow but a few hundred yards, then returned, made the teamsters cut the mules out, set the wagons on fire, and remained long enough to see the stores destroyed. I then ordered the teamsters to mount their saddle mules and drive the others rapidly to the river, some eight miles off, and cross them to the American side. This they did. We followed, leaving the teamsters to go their own way. The river was low and the swimming but a few rods. The crossing was effected without loss or difficulty. The mules were turned over to James Mason, a ranchero, with the injunction to turn them into money and deposit two thousand dollars of it with Mr. Twohig, banker, at San Antonio,

payable to the order of my wife, and do what he pleased with the balance. I never again heard of Mason, the mules or the money. Some men are ungrateful rascals. We moved down on the American side of the river and crossed over to the city, a little after daylight, and I reported to the general the results of the raid. He was kind enough to offer me a promotion to a majority, but I declined it on the ground that I could do better service in the position I occupied; besides, I was not capable of managing a battalion.

"The siege continued, but the lines were so weak that it did not deserve the name. Sorties became tame affairs for some time, but the enemy reinforced and strengthened their circumvolating works, and the situation became alarming. The capture of the city would have ensued in all probabilities by assault had not successes by Miramon in the interior forced the practical raising of the siege for the purpose of reinforcing the retreating forces of Juarez.

"After the withdrawal of a large portion of the forces of Escobedo, the siege was only nominal, and the troops on the inside fell into lazy habits and indulged in dissipation.

"The police of the city was very numerous, inefficient and unpopular. Captain Gilly, whom I liked very much, went with me to a gambling house one night where we bet at monte until quite late, luck was against us, we lost our money, our watches, and he a diamond ring, making several hundred dollars in the aggregate. We were getting good wages and the pay prompt, our losses ought not to have been taken much to heart, but Gilly did not like it. He began drinking before the game ended, and continued so until he was three sheets in the wind, the police did not like the soldiers and I was apprehensive that we might get into trouble on our way to quarters. I therefore insisted in going right away, but Gilly delayed to take another drink and still another, and every glass made it that much the worse. I had not drunk and was therefore perfectly at myself. At last we started getting along finely, when Gilly commenced yelling, fired off his pistol, and really ought to have been arrested,

but I determined he should not be if I could help it, as he was doing no real harm. In a moment a body of the police came up and proposed to arrest him. I explained to them who he was, and proposed to prevent any disturbance and get him home to headquarters. Other members of the force came up, Gilly was noisy, tho' attempting no violence. As if by a preconcerted signal the guardians of the night presented their pistols right in our faces and thus held us still until we were disarmed; then began the march to the city jail; it was quite a distance to the lock-up. On the way we met one of my men. I said in a low tone to him in English; "Go to the camp and tell the men to arm and meet me at the market house instantly, you see the police have me and Gilly." The man left, the market house was on the way to the calaboose. I did not intend to do any harm if the men came, unless my captors refused to release Gilly and myself, this I did not suppose they would decline to do if confronted by the soldiers. Our former conversation had been in Mexican and when I spoke to my man in English I did not suppose any one of the police understood me, as they were all Mexicans; but one did understand, and made me understand that he understood me. He said: 'You will send for your soldiers to shoot us, will you, you gringos,' and with that he jabbed me two or three times under the jaw below the ear and in the throat with his pistol, and then continued: 'You send for soldiers, you scoundrel.' I never had anything to hurt me so in my life. I really felt for the moment that the fellow had punched my head off, or at least had torn a great hole in my neck. I put my hand up and felt myself. I was so mad I almost took a fit, but discretion is the better part of valor sometimes. I said to this man: 'Very well, sir; very well. I am a prisoner and you have maltreated me;' he was evidently a man of very erascible temper, and I believe he would have shot or knifed me right there and then had the general's attention not been called to the firing of guns and pistols not far away. I must return a moment to explain that firing. The man to whom I spoke and sent the message to my men blundered miserably in de-

livering what I had said. He arrived out of breath and much excited, and in speaking he got the matter all mixed. 'Capen Ben—market house—killy—Capen Ben—guns—police—quick.' The men understood that the police had killed me at the market house. They waited for no further information. Not liking the police any way, they grabbed their arms, and in undress rushed out on the street and commenced firing at every policeman they saw, and they made deadly work of it too, eleven or twelve were killed and as many wounded, and many more would have met a like fate had not the firing aroused the camps. The long roll was beaten, the general came out, the belief was that the forces of Escobedo had been reinforced and entered the city. The confusion was extreme, but the disturbance and firing being explained the shooting was discontinued and the men returned to their quarters. My punching friend darted away and so did his companions when the rapid report of firearms was first heard. I had photographed this man in my mind so that I should remember him, and fully intended to give him a piece of my mind if I met him again.

"The next morning General Mejia sent for me to explain the disturbances of the night. I stated to him truthfully my connection with it. He only said 'Very well, see to it that such an occurrence does not take place again.' The fact is the life of a Mexican policeman was not valued very highly.

"The fighting between the besieged and those on the outside, continued daily; the besiegers were getting decidedly the worst of it. No impression was made on the city. Time wore on. General Escobedo could maintain himself no longer; it became necessary to his safety for him to withdraw his troops and retreat. He did so; the soldiers then had still greater liberty; the monotony was relieved only by the excitement of gambling, the fandango, bull fights and private brawls, that resulted in nothing serious. I had saved up a few hundred dollars, which I sent to my wife, by the hands of Senor Angel Navarro, before leaving for Camargo, whither I was informed my company would be ordered with a brigade of other troops, as an es-

cort for a treasure train, that was ordered to that point for some governmental purpose. The line of march was taken up on the second day after this. We went out in fine style, all dressed in the gayest and finest Mexican clothes, high spirits, laughing, singing, anticipating a pleasant journey. Quite a number of the ladies, accomplished and beautiful, accompanied their friends for a few miles, and were escorted on return by a squadron of cavalry. My company was the advance guard on the march. No danger was looked for. Escobedo was thought to be many miles in the interior, and no other enemy in force had been reported; nevertheless I kept as vigilant a watch as if I had known an attack would be made. We marched and camped, and marched the next day until nearly four o'clock, when I was ordered to join the main body, as an attack was threatened from the rear. I hastened to obey the command, but by the time I reached the command the attack had been made, and the fight became general. I obeyed orders, and fought as I never fought before, nor since. Every man, not only of my company, but of the entire force, bore himself as if the success of the fight depended on his single arm. The attack was made by two brigades, and they stood to their work like demons gathering Christian souls. Our men fought for the train, over it, under it, around it, it was no use, the attack was too strong to resist, the fight continued till sundown; out of fourteen hundred splendid soldiers, we had lost over eleven hundred. Out of my fifty-eight, with which number I went into the fight, I now had but seventeen, and eight of them seriously wounded, the forty-one were not wounded, they were dead, and yet I had not been touched in the flesh; my clothes had many holes in them. Our commander (not Mejia, but a subordinate general, whose name I think was Ignacio Morales, but am not certain), had been struck twice, left arm broken, and a flesh wound in the side. Mules in every team had been killed. We were terribly whipped; the treasure lost. Nothing could be saved but the lives of the few who remained. It was suicidal to fight longer. The general gave the order to retreat, and in dark-

ness and silence we left our dead comrades to the mercy of the jackals and crows.

"A long and weary march under the circumstances carried us to the river. We slowly crept along the Mexican bank, ready to plunge into the water and attempt to cross if our fierce enemy came in sight; but we were not molested. To the Heroic City we again returned, demoralized, despondent and gloomy. But even worse news awaited us. Maximilian had met with the most serious reverses, his armies defeated, the fickle people rising, and some of his own generals pronouncing against him. He was on the retreat from the City of Mexico. The convocation of his council had failed. General Bazaine had orders from Napoleon to withdraw the French troops, and he was on the march to Vera Cruz.

Mejia was ordered to join Maximilian at Queretaro by rapid marches. Mejia, though a full-blood Indian of low birth, had, by native talent and fortunes of war, risen to high command, and he was faithful to the Emperor, one of the few Mexicans who did not turn traitor to him when the crisis came. He was prompt to conclude and instant in action. Volunteers were called for; he well knew that only such as would volunteer would remain faithful even to him in this hour of adversity; besides, a slow march could serve no good purpose, and would only expose him in the open field to attack and destruction by the enemy. Seven hundred and sixty-one men volunteered. I among the number. Preparations for the march were made instantly, and four o'clock in the morning named as the hour to leave the city. The news of the situation had gone abroad in the streets and confusion reigned everywhere. The Mexican is fickle, ungrateful and treacherous. They saw the certain downfall of Maximilian; no power on earth within reach could save him. Ever ready to espouse the stronger side, the soldiers who did not volunteer, joined by the citizens, were ready to deilare for Juarez and massacre those who adhered to the Emperor. They were particularly malignant towards the alien mercenaries, and I fell within that class; but the general animosity did not deter me from going, not only on the street,

but where I pleased. It is true, I had some personal friends among the natives, and was in less danger than most other aliens. I determined that before the hour of departure I would take one more round to the gambling houses and other places of amusement (they were in full blast, notwithstanding the excitement). The truth is, my finances had again run low, and I was bound to undergo whatever danger there might be in order to try to fill my purse. The gambling failed me. I came out poorer than when I went in. I drifted around with my friends, and at last entered a fandango hall and was soon engaged in dancing with the handsomest and most graceful senorita I ever saw, and in my life I have seen many. I danced as if there was no hereafter. Oh, how she enjoyed it! As we passed a couple who attracted considerable attention by the energy they displayed in their movements, my eyes encountered those of the man. The recognition was mutual and instantaneous. He was the man who had punched me with the pistol. That, however, was not the place or time for me to have an explanation with him. I went on with the dance, but I did not lose sight of my quick motioned friend, although I did not wish him to see that I had my eye on him.

"After a time the dance ended. My partner was seated, and, as is customary, I asked her what wine, confection or ices I should bring her. Before she answered, this man touched me on the shoulder and asked me to step outside the door with him. I excused myself on the plea of the lady. The devil was almost jumping out of him through his eyes. He insisted, but had stepped back a pace or two, as if he expected me to comply with his request. I again said 'No, you will excuse me.' He then had his hand on his knife. He seemed to hesitate a moment, but only a moment, drew quickly and dashed at me. I was just in time; a step sideways and backward avoided the blow. I struck him on the head with my pistol, and then, as rapidly as thought, shot him four times. I don't think he even moved after he fell—and he commenced falling at the first shot—nor did I shoot after he touched the floor. The sound of the re-

port had not ceased before I was out at the door and in the dark. Pursuit was made, but I was some distance ahead, and safely reached the quarters of General Mejia. His kindness will never be forgotten, nor even grow dim on the records of my memory. I explained to him. He said: 'Never mind, we will soon be far from here.' He handed me two rolls of gold—two thousand dollars—and remarked: 'Every man must be his own commissary.' It was verging on to three o'clock. The general had not slept, nor did he propose to do so. I wrote to my wife, and also dispatched a note to Nestor Moxan at Brownsville, then law partner of Judge Stephen Powers, asking him to send over and get my mule Dan and keep him for me. I was then ready for the ride, let it end where or how it might. Nestor Moxan was as brave a man and true a friend as ever stood in the breach where danger was hurled from within or without. He was afterward killed in a duel with de Pana y Pana, on the West bank of the Rio Grande River, in sight of where I was born.

'Four o'clock came, and every man was ready—gun, pistol, knife, lasso, jerked beef, prepared corn, water gourd, active horse, brave heart, and love for General Mejia, who rode at the head, brave, as faithful to the Emperor, as we to him. 'To Queretaro to succor the Emperor,' cried he; 'my comrades follow, endure and fight with me.' The distance was three hundred and sixty miles as the crow flies—somewhat further as the roads ran. I have been on a great many rides, but this was the most energetic, determined, constant and compact I have ever participated in. The distance whatever it was, submitted to us in less than ninety-six hours, and but twenty-three of the men fell by the way—they from exhaustion, and not from want of will to do or attachment to our glorious leader. We entered Queretaro on the fourth night a little after twelve o'clock. I am no admirer of emperors or kings, as such, but when the dignity is embodied in a grand personage, no man can fail to accord some degree of homage. Mejia was entitled to see and speak to his chief, whom he idolized. I could go where Mejia went. I was his close follower

and humble friend; he recognized and treated me as such. I heard the greeting between these men. It was full of fidelity on one side and gratitude on the other. I am not able to forget the impression Emperor Maximilian made on me. His presence was the magnificence of human appearance. I will not try to describe him. He knew that a few hours would decide his fate. Escobedo, the late antagonist of Mejia, the revengeful enemy of the Emperor, with a large force was in hot pursuit of the now fleeing head of the nation. Queretaro was the final point of retreat—this, all who reasoned, knew.

'Escobedo, flushed with victory on many treacherously fought fields, followed, like the waves of the sea, relentless, and if animate insatiate. The interview and consultation between the Emperor, Miramon and Mejia had hardly ended before the dread flag of Escobedo, the champion of Juarez, appeared with demand for unconditional surrender. Surrender was death; defence impossible. Maximilian tried to retrieve a fatal step. His capitol was his strength; he had unadvisedly left it, and now sought to regain it. Escobedo—impatient, fiery, impetuous—had not waited for a reply under his flag. Preparing to assault the wall, he was met with open-handed treachery; the defences were yielded, and before the Emperor was even aware that other than truce was meant he and his generals were surrounded by Escobedo's best and most trusted men.

'The Emperor, Miramon and Mejia were prisoners, with no hope of rescue. 'Not so the men, though weary to death by the long and desperate ride. Jean Lefebre and I determined to escape if we could. The capture of the Emperor and his two trusted, most trusted generals, Miramon and Mejia, gave a confused rejoicing to the enemy that permitted escapes that would otherwise have been impossible. We did escape from the town, changed our horses by force, or fraud, if you choose to call it so, and fled in the direction of Vera Cruz, whither we knew General Bazaine had withdrawn the French troops, the desire of our lives was to reach and get inside the French lines. The ride towards

Queretaro, under Mejia, was to succour the imperiled Emperor; now it was to save our own lives—no longer useful to the chief, but dear to us. Our lives! What will we not do to keep them—unless, worthless, depraved as they may be—Vera Cruz, Bazaine, the French.

“Two hundred and eighty miles; no American, no Frenchman, who was not friend to Maximillian; the country aroused; every Mexican an enemy, and none but Mexicans on the line of flight. How we reached the protection of the tricolored flag and rested under the folds of Fleur-de-lis, I never knew and will not try to tell.

“History has recorded the fate of the captured, and of him who hesitated. Better had it been to then die than in after years, by solemn trial, be declared traitor to his country and his race, and, by the ruthless hand of executioner, despoiled of the insignia of rank and honor.

“Slowly dragged along the toiling column; the wounds of the wretched soldiers re-opened; the strong and robust became pale and emaciated; the tropical sun reached and scorched them to the marrow; they fell, and died where they fell; thousands were reduced to hundreds, and hundreds to tens, and yet the march continued.

“I had, by great effort, fought blighting disease, and beat it back from me, while thousands died on the march, but at sight of the city, energy gave way and I was seized with the most malignant type of the yellow fever.

“After we joined the French it was a matter of serious and earnest thought with me as to what course I should pursue. To Vera Cruz I must go; this I knew; but after reaching there, what then? My mind recurred to my early dream of seeing the Pacific slope, and trying my fortune there; the desire, re-awakened by the memory of the dream, was not impossible of gratification. I had the money, and all I had to do was, when comparative quiet should be restored, to pass back to Queretaro to the great City of Mexico; from thence to Mazatlan, and onward to San Francisco. It was feasible. By day and night the thought, the hope, the dream danced through my mind I had resolved; I

would do it. But when the fever struck me I saw my hopes fade as the shadows lengthen in the rays of the descending sun. The conviction fastened itself upon me that this sickness would end in death. I had seen thousands die; so few recover in sickness so deadly as mine. But I did not die; the sickness was long, and I rose a skeleton. Months had elapsed. The French were gone, and I, indebted for my life to the noble Sisters of Charity, Sister Josefa having had special charge of me, who there, as the world over, are the most devoted and unselfish women who live. When I was sufficiently recovered to think and to look about me, I found my money greatly decreased, though I know as I live that all the missing coins had been expended on me in my sickness and invalidism; besides, a stray newspaper, the New York Herald, found its way to me, and from it I learned that civil government had been established in Texas, J. W. Throckmorton elected governor. My heart longed for home. There was no barrier to my return; no reason why I should longer expatriate myself. I had done nothing for which I was afraid to meet the gaze of twelve jurors and hear the charge of any honest judge. I returned, and was again clasped in the arms of my wife and to the heart of my mother.”

CHAPTER X.

When Thompson returned from Mexico, after his severe illness at Vera Cruz, he found it only partly true that the civil law had been fully restored. It is true that Governor Throckmorton had been installed, but Congress was seething and boiling like the cauldron of the witches in Macbeth, and the elements thus on fire, although political, were as varied and incongruous as the ingredients boiled by the witches.

The military had not been removed, but were in abeyance until the Congress could overcome, depose, or drive from office President Johnson, or else pass the desired measure over his veto should he interpose it. It was not seriously questioned in any quarter, North or South, in or out of Congress, that the State governments already erected and in suc-

cessful operation would be torn down, and the lately rebel region placed under guard, protection and management of the military. A discussion of the merits of these pending measures has no place here, but the affect of thme, when they were finally passed, is remembered by all who have looked into the history of the times. For many years the people were slaves, ruled over by tyrants who administered a despotism.

It was at such a time that Thompson returned to his home. There was then against him in the civil courts indictments for the killing of John Coombs, before mentioned, and also for the wounding of two other men, of which, by the way, he had no more to do than the reader himself. The military had had him in arrest before, and he knew the tenderness of their touch. So he, by the advice of friends, kept out of the way for a short time. In doing so he was under the protection of a relative in the county.

He frequently came to the city at night to see and consult with attorneys. They gave him safe advice and urged him to get into no further difficulty until the present ones were disposed of by the courts—to even submit to wrong and injustice, and manifest cowardice rather than further involve himself. He resolved to pursue this course, but it was very full of stir, business and excitement. He concluded one day to come to the city, hoping that he could do so and return without molestation. His horse was a very fine one, thoroughbred, swift—full of spirit and in splendid condition, save that his feet were tender and needed shoes. He came to the outskirts of the city; stopped at the house of a friend, sent down town for what he wanted to purchase, and also sent his horse to the farrier to be shod. His saddle was elaborately mounted with silver, as was the bridle—the housings were of long, beautiful black hair, plaited into highly dressed and pliable leather—the whole constituted an attractive out-fit, and would challenge observation and inquiry from almost any one. It did attract attention and evoke inquiry, from the soldiers who were then camped north of the capitol; they learned who the owner was, and without any legal authority

concluded to arrest him, having knowledge as they did of his escape from jail and carrying with him two sergeants and three enlisted men, as before related; but in order to accomplish the arrest, no one, two or three, were willing to undertake it. It was necessary to concert measures and lay plans. To do this, took time. In that time Thompson had heard that some of the soldiers had been inspecting his horse, and that something was on foot. He made ready to fly or fight, as the case might be. His horse was guarded by a soldier while the others were getting together and preparing to make the arrest. Thompson went for his horse himself; he was dressed in a thoroughly Mexican fashion—blue pants, with silver cords down the seams, buckskin jacket, embroidered in a hundred beautiful figures, wide stiff brim, low-crowned hat, with a golden snake coiled around it, as a band, and about his waist a red sash covering his pistol and hiding it. He presented the appearance of a young swell Hidalgo; on a gala-day, in expectation of subduing the heart of some obdurate Senorita. He was right at his horse and hold of the bridle-rein with his left hand, while he grasped his pistol in his right, before the soldier realized what the flashily dressed Mexican was doing. As soon as he recovered from the surprise, he said: "Hold on, Mexico, what do you mean?"

"What is that to you," replied Thompson.

"You can't take that horse."

"Why not, he is mine."

"Who are you," said the soldier, seeing that it was an American dressed like a Mexican.

"I am the owner of this horse, let him loose," the soldier had caught hold of the bridle on the other side.

"This is Ben Thompson's horse," somewhat excitedly remarked the soldier.

"I know it," replied Ben.

"Then I arrest you," exclaimed the man, and moved as if he would take hold of Thompson, and drawing his pistol at the same time. But Thompson as quick as thought presented his pistol at the soldier's breast and said in a tone that admitted of no hesitancy on his part, "Give me your pistol, or I shoot!" The

soldier, so taken by surprise and at such great disadvantage, prudently handed his pistol to Ben, before he knew what he was doing, and stepped back as if recoiling from the almost blazing mouth of the pistol, releasing at the same time the bridle-rein. Thompson leaped in the saddle and rode rapidly away toward the Cedar Mountains, the soldier standing perfectly still and silent, as if stupefied at what had occurred. Thompson, when some hundreds of yards away, stopped, turned round, and waved his hand to the astonished man, threw the pistol to the ground, again waved his hand, and rode off, seemingly as unconcerned as if the scene passed through had been played on the stage, and had in it or to it no serious result. The roads northward, the direction Thompson went, ran through lanes with large enclosures on either side. The rider continued his way, and after a time entered this system of lanes, not fearing pursuit, nor, indeed, not thinking that any would be made; but he was mistaken. Once or twice his horse acted as if other horses were not far off, but the action was not decided enough to cause Thompson to make any particular observation as to who or what was near; but the third time the horse gave notice, his rider looked to his right and saw a squad of cavalry passing at a run through the enclosure, with the evident intention of cutting him off. At about the same moment another squad approached him from the rear. The situation was dangerous. The fence on either side was staked and ridered; the squad in the field could cut him off; that in the rear was coming straight on as fast as the men could ride over a rather bad and muddy road. There was but one mode of escape, and that was through the field to the left, and thence to the woods. He rode to the fence, quickly threw off the rider-rail, then retired to the further side of the lane to give his horse all the impetus possible, and at the fence he went. As he neared the point of the leap he gave rein to the noble animal, put the cruel spurs into him, and the fence was cleared at a bound. He then fled across the field, but soon discovered that he was not yet safe, for there was still a third squad of cavalry, and they

were in position on the outer side of the field he was crossing. He turned his course for the upper end of the enclosure. At this point he was between two and three hundred yards ahead, but there were three parties after him. They saw he would escape, in all probability, unless they could disable him or his horse. He had the advantage in distance, ground, and horse; they, in numbers and arms. The right squad had two fences to cross; the one in the rear, the muddy lane to pass along; the left had rocks, trees, and undergrowth; while the fugitive had an open field and soft ground to traverse, and a fence to leap. Thus the race continued for a space of time, when the pursuers, giving over the hope to capture, commenced to fire, and kept it up for over three-quarters of a mile. The bullets hit seemingly in every place save where designed; the rider nor horse was touched. He approached the fence; it had to be passed, or else he would have to double on his track, and that was not feasible. The fence was high and strong, but not ridered like that along the lane. It was neck or nothing. Again he gave free rein and appealed to the merciless spurs. Into the air the horse rose, and over the fence, as the rider thought, and gave a yell of triumph and defiance; but the right hind foot of the horse struck the top rail, and threw him almost broadside on the ground. Then came the most un-earthy yells from the pursuers. The hair rose on Thompson's head at the sound; but the horse rose, the rider still on it, and ran as if conscious of danger and death. Again the guns opened, and the soldiers fired as rapidly and with as deadly aim as if they shot to save their own lives or the integrity of a country they loved. However strange it may appear, out of more than five hundred shots none took effect in the fugitive or his horse. The soldiers, on their return, freely admitted they had fired more than five hundred times, but loudly praised the energy, horsemanship, and courage of Thompson, and claimed that he had a charmed life or wore an impenetrable coat of mail.

After leaving the point where his horse had fallen, it was but a few paces to the forest, consisting of large and

small trees, berry thickets of cedar bushes, briars, vines and other undergrowth. He was safe whether the soldiers followed or not, but they did not follow, they returned to camp, while Thompson took proper precautions to protect himself. He had to go some miles further before he reached his retreat. His noble horse soon began to show signs of great distress; he dismounted, rubbed him, lead him, but he was barely able to reach the stopping place. The next morning he was badly string-halted in the leg, the foot of which had hit the fence rail, and besides was very sensitive to touch about the eyes. He eventually went blind, and became utterly useless and worthless, but his master took as good care of him then as he had in the days when he could run and leap like a deer and had an eye as keen as an eagle's.

This adventure caused Thompson to see his attorneys, and insist, as court was at hand and all the State's witnesses within easy reach, that he should be tried, let the issue be what it might, knowing, as he said, that he could not longer submit to the treatment he was receiving from the soldiers; besides, he could see, from the signs of the times, that all the pretense or shadow of civil authority would be quickly swallowed by the military.

There was great reason and strength in the view he presented, and it was concluded to bring on the trials. They were had and he was acquitted, as has been stated in a former chapter, and Thompson was again free, with no indictment against him in any court for any offence, and when chaos came, as it did in a little while, there was no pretext for those in authority to molest him.

CHAPTER XI.

Thompson now being no longer under the embarrassments of indictments, charge of crime, or pursued by the military, again commenced his dangerous life of gambler. His money had been exhausted, and he had to commence the world with nothing except the reputation of a dangerous man and tolerable skill to play the various games of cards

at which money is won and lost. He remained at home with his family and mother for some weeks, in which time he husbanded his winnings and in time had enough to justify him in going on the "run." He did so, and directly found himself in the city of Bryan, a thriving town on the Houston and Texas Central Railway.

The uncertainty of government, the demoralizing results of the war, the overbearing nature of the carpet baggers and scallawags and the stupid audacity of the freed people, who had been flattered and grossly imposed on by those who wanted their support, all taken together resulted in a sea of trouble, discontent and insecurity, whose waves were often tinged with blood. Men, white or black, Union or rebel, were killed daily; the killing was among all hands, not confined to any color or sentiment. The advantage, however, was with the black or Union men, for power was with them, the tribunals presided over by their friends, the laws strained to favor them when arraigned or prosecuted for high or low crime. The late rebel was a suspicious character to those who had for years opposed him. He had but little expectation of any favor from any source. The executive, the courts, the military commissions, the military itself were all against him.

Among other persons with whom Thompson gambled at Bryan was a man by the name of King, and because of his great size was called "Big King." He was proprietor of the "Blue Wing" saloon, a noted place because of the desperate characters who made it their centre. He was an inveterate gambler, full of push, dash and unluckiness, but had managed in one way or another to buy and own the "Blue Wing." Among others who were there at the time was John Watson, subsequently sent to the penitentiary for the killing of John Eikel in the City of Austin; Dan Gallagher, who was afterwards hung by a mob in one of the territories, and Bill Johnson, who now resides in Austin, a reckless, brave, open-hearted, loud-talking, generous gambler. Big King and Thompson stuck at a game of monte, the latter dealing and former betting; the dealer won all the money, the better had

"Well, Ben, you beat me," said King.

"Yes, luck was against you, but we had a long siege of it," replied Ben; they had then played all night, without stopping, commencing the evening before some hours by sun.

"I am tired and sleepy now, and must rest awhile," said Thompson, and began to gather up the money and paraphernalia of the table.

"Hold on," said King; "I'll tell you what I'll do. I will put up the 'Blue Wing,' just as she stands, the property itself, the fixtures and stock, against one thousand dollars, and play with you until one or the other wins the whole."

Thompson replied: "I am very weary, but you shall have the game. Go out and have a deed made, and we will put it and the money together, the winner to take both. Oh, here comes Henry Coffield, he can fix the papers."

Coffield was a young lawyer, who, not having much to do, spent much of his time about the saloons and gambling houses. He has greatly risen since then, and is now Mayor of the thriving and beautiful town of San Marcos, situated in Hays County. He sat down at a table, and soon had the papers ready. King signed the deed; it was witnessed, and it and the thousand dollars placed in the hands of Coffield as stakeholder. All being ready, Thompson said:

"King, you know enough about monte, about the advantages of the dealer, to know that in a set game the dealer will win unless the better has extraordinary good luck, and I feel that I shall beat you. You can withdraw the bet if you desire to—I rather wish you would—I am worn out."

"I know the game, and the chances," replied King. "You attend to the cards; I'll attend to my bets."

"Very well," said Thompson.

Thus the game commenced. Although both men were worn, they addressed themselves to the work like they had not seen cards for a week. Watson, Johnson, Gallagher, Coffield and some others were witnesses, but said not a word. Thus the game continued. No rest, no halt, nothing to eat; neither drank. The morning passed, evening ended. Night wore on; another morning came, and Big King had lost the "Blue Wing"

saloon. Without a word he turned over the keys, and Thompson was installed as proprietor, he treating to several baskets of champagne that were in the house, the people of the town taking their part in the flowing wine.

The back room was now fitted up regularly for gambling. A few nights after Thompson won the saloon the gambling tables were all running, Thompson not being present, however, when the house made a considerable winning from some strangers, who took their losses with very bad grace, became angry, charged swindling, particularly, it would seem, against Bill Johnson, drew their pistols, drove Bill into a corner, and would in all probability have murdered him had not Thompson and two other friends arrived in the very nick of time. They by presence of mind and firm demeanor, quelled the disturbance without bloodshed; but late in the night these men broke into the saloon, knocked the heads out of the barrels, broke the demijohns, and smashed every bottle, decanter and glass in the house, and emptied the cigars on the whiskey flooded floor and then fled. Thompson's "Blue Wing" flew away from him very quickly. The loss was very heavy to him in his impecunious condition.

CHAPTER XII.

While at Bryan, Thompson received information that his brother, Billy, had killed a soldier at Austin, and ever prompt, active, positive and decisive, and particularly so when this brother was concerned, he, without stopping on the way by relay of horses, reached Austin within the shortest possible time. Arriving he found that Billy had escaped, but was still in the near neighborhood and liable to be captured at any time if determination, energy and bravery attended those who desired and were making effort to arrest him.

The first step taken by Ben was to ascertain as nearly as he could, in a hurried way, the circumstances attending the killing. The military was now in full control of the departments and machinery of the State. It was almost equal to life to insult a soldier, much

less to kill one. One had been killed, and thereby the whole force aroused to a dangerous extent. As soon as Ben reached the city he saw and felt that great circumspection on his part would be absolutely necessary, or that he would be arrested on suspicion or assertion that he himself was the slayer, or had some close connection with the killing. Nevertheless his devotion to his wild brother moved him on but one line, and that was his safety—whatever might have been the facts.

He ascertained the facts to be about these: The deceased was a sergeant, and of a quarrelsome, overbearing disposition. A day or two before a negro and a soldier had a fight on the street. Billy and a friend were standing a short way off. Burke (deceased) was also standing a short distance away. A man by the name of Lawson W. Collins was in the door of his store and saw the fight. He cheered the negro and encouraged him to whip the soldier.

Standing as Collins was in the rear of Billy and his friend, and Burke, hearing the encouragement given the negro, thought Billy or his friend was the one doing so. The negro whipped the soldier. Burke came up and said to Billy: "What in the h—ll do you mean, taking sides with a d—nd nigger against a white soldier."

Billy replied, quietly: "I had nothing to do with the fight, and care nothing about it one way or another."

Burke sharply responded: "You know you cheered the negro, why deny it?"

"I did no such thing, sir," replied Billy.

Mr. Collins then said: "It was I who did what you are objecting to."

Burke then apologized to Billy for his rudeness and they went together to take a drink. That ended the matter for the time. From this occurrence an acquaintance sprang up between Burke and Billy. On the fatal night they were together and a suggestion was made by one or the other that they would go down to a disreputable house, where Burke was more or less at home. A friend of Billy's joined them on the way, and when they entered the yard they found three enlisted men (soldiers) lying on the ground and beastly drunk.

Billy said: "Let's take these fellows clothes off and have some fun."

"Burke replied: "No, you won't do anything of the sort. They are soldiers and you fellows can't use them in any such disgraceful way. Just let them alone. Thompson, you remember we almost fought about that nigger and soldiers and if you play any of your pranks on my comrades we'll fight certain."

"You make a very serious matter out of nothing, sergeant. I meant no harm, but thought we would have a little fun, and at the same time learn them a good lesson not to lie around drunk," replied Billy.

"Well, that is none of your business; you just let soldiers alone. Any one of them is as good as your brag people here," remarked Burke, in a sullen and displeased tone.

"Very well," said Billy. "I'm sure it would make no great difference to me if they were to drown in the gutter, or be eaten up by the street hogs."

Nothing more was said, but the three walked into the house and took seats in the parlor. The proprietress was not at home, but two or three of the boarders were there, as was also the negro cook woman. Burke commenced a conversation with the cook, and continued it for some time. In the meantime Billy, complaining of being sleepy, went off to one of the rooms and retired to bed. In the course of an hour, Burke, apparently for the first time, discovered that Billy was absent, and turned round to one of the boarders and said, in an abrupt, angry voice: "Where is that fellow Bill Thompson?" The boarder replied: "He has gone to bed."

"In what room?" said he. "I will haul him out, d—m him, and drive him off without his clothes, as he wanted to do the soldiers. Where is the room?"

The woman said: "Let Mr. Thompson alone; we don't want any fuss here." Jumping up, Burke went to the room where Billy was, rudely shook the door, and said:

"Get up, there, and come out here."

Billy replied: "Who is that, and what do you want?"

"It's me—you know who it is. Get up; I want to drive you up-town just as you are," said Burke.

Billy remained silent, so far as those outside the door could hear.

Burke repeated: "Open this door; or I'll break it in," and gave the door a violent kick.

Billy then said from the inside: "Burke, don't break in that door. Don't be a fool. Go on about your business."

"But, d—m you, I will break it in and drive you out, naked as you are," and with this he threw his whole force and weight against the door. It gave way with a crash, and Burke half way fell into the room, but immediately recovered himself, and began to draw his pistol, or whatever appeared to be a pistol, from the hip pocket of his pants. Billy shot him down. He lived but a few moments, and did not speak.

Knowing that the soldiers would not reason, inquire or investigate and act on the true facts, but slaughter him on sight, he at once fled to a place of security, and dispatched a messenger to Ben to advise him of the situation.

It was with great difficulty that Ben could obtain an interview with Billy; he was out in the mountains, but such constant patrol was kept up, that the boy had but little opportunity either to get out or away. Ben himself was shadowed in every movement by soldiers; this was what he expected, looked for it, saw it and acted accordingly with the utmost circumspection. He led them on more than one long and arduous ride. His object was, as far as he could, to prevent them from scenting the true locality of the quarry. He wrote a note and directed it to Billy, and gave it to Tom Neill, a dare devil young friend, with directions to carry it eastward to the Yegua bottoms in Burleson County, some sixty miles away.

In the letter were specific directions for the government of Billy's movements, until he could get to the Indian nation. Ben's connection with Neill was observed and his departure noted. A squad of men followed and overtook him in the prairie below Manor, about ten miles distant of the city; he pretendedly made great effort to conceal the note, but it was obtained, and its substance mastered; they then turned him loose, the lieutenant in charge taking him aside and saying it was all right,

that he was a friend to the Thompson's, and desire Billy to escape, then secretly slipped the note back to Neill, and saying he could go. Neill went, the squad turned back, the two parties being quickly out of sight of each other, the lieutenant then turned again, and struck for two points named in the letter, at which Billy would touch in his flight, if he followed the directions given by Ben in the letter. They rode hard and made their objective points (the squad having divided) long before Neill could reach the Yegua, and Billy could travel to where the soldiers had arrived. Billy was not on the Yegua, had not been there, nor did Neill see him or expect to do so, when he stated; he was then to the west of Austin, in the mountains. Billy, as Ben knew, was very incautious, and he was in constant apprehension of his capture, because of some indiscretion; but he was able more than once to convey word to him, although he could not get an interview. The soldiers seeing that Ben's caution was great, ceased to shadow him in the garb of soldiers, and resorted to citizens dress, hoping that he would be thrown off his guard, but this ruse was as little successful as others. By instinct he divided the scheme of his adversaries, and skillfully thwarted them, they became exasperated at him because they could not, through him, capture his brother. Many efforts were made to anger him, but his interest in his brother was a sudden condenser to every angry emotion. He could not move without being observed. His house was guarded, also that of his mother. One night he passed from his own to his mother's residence, and the guards actually set fire to her house, believing Billy might be inside.

This outrage was almost more than he could stand; but he stood it; carried his mother to his own house next day, and then went to Bastrop County, saying if he remained he would not be able to restrain himself longer. He remained in that county ten days, but the watchfulness was not relaxed; the soldiers in citizens dress, were his shadow morning, noon and night. He returned to Austin—still trying by an assumed indifference to weaken the surveillance; but it continued vigilant and constant. At last,

one day he was talking with a non-commission officer and a private, when a squad of soldiers were observed across the street, its movements indicating that something of importance was on hand. Billy being uppermost in his mind all the time, he queried carelessly of the officer, "What's up you reckon." The soldier replied, "I don't know, let's go and see." They started to where the squad was, in a saloon, but Ben halted a moment as if he desired to speak with some one—the other going on, but Ben followed, passing the door in time to hear "Bee Springs" "Thompson." He knew instantly that Billy had been betrayed, and it became imperatively necessary to have communication with him. No matter what the danger. He went and armed himself—obtained a fleet horse, mounted him, and riding eastward a few minutes, he turned towards where his brother was and rode as if death was behind, and life could be saved in the front. He knew from information, the exact locality of Billy. He found him, gave him his horse and directed him to a new asylum; he then returned to the city in a round-about way. The soldiers were greatly chagrined at the failure of the expedition, and became yet more exasperated at Ben, believing, and having reason to do so, that he was the cause of the miscarriage.

A few nights after this another expedition was sent out headed by the Sheriff. There was a leak somewhere, for quite correct information had again been received of Billy's whereabouts. This time Ben did not get even an inkling of what was going on, but eluding the soldiers, he had gone out to the "hidden boy" for the purpose of making final arrangements for him to leave the country. Billy was then at the house of a cousin, where depot Duval is, on the International Railroad, in an almost inaccessible country; but the Sheriff and his posse of soldiers made their way to the back of the field belonging to the place, and at the hour of about one o'clock, all things being ready, the order to charge and surround the house was given. Here came the boys; the fuss they made would have awakened the dead almost. Even after they got to the house itself they were long enough in

making the surround to have given full time for anybody to get away. They were not to blame, for the country everywhere outside of the field was covered with shrubs, bushes, vines, briars, prickly pears, thorns, undergrowth. Their only hope to surprise the household was to have dismounted and "still hunted" up the house, but it was not deemed very prudent to get any long distance from the horses. Ben and Billy were out and gone long before the house was surrounded.

The confusion that characterized that charge will never be forgotten by those who made it. Some lost their guns and pistols, some their hats; others were thrown from their horses; others were run over; some were knocked senseless and two had broken limbs. The next day rewards were offered for the last horses, and missing clothes, arms and accoutrements, and they were brought in from day to day for a whole week by the country people.

Billy left that night, or morning rather, somewhat earlier than he otherwise would have done, but he made a safe retreat, and arrived in the course of eighteen days in the Indian nation.

After Billy had been gone several weeks, Ben was greatly annoyed by the petty acts of a man, because of which he was compelled to appeal to the law, or else take the law in his own hands. This latter he did not wish to do, as his fair standing was under almost total eclipse with the military, and only a pretext was wanted to let him feel the weight of the mailed hand. Soldiers were still scouting here and there in search of Billy. Only a night or two before Thompson's interview with the magistrate, which will be spoken of directly, a squad of soldiers was prowling about through the mountains, pretending to be hunting Billy; but whether doing that or seeking to depredate on isolated dwellers and dwellings, will never be known. They came to the house, late at night, of an Irishman by the name of McGuire, who had been robbed on two occasions a short time before. The officer hailed, and McGuire waking, responded, and was ordered to come out. This he declined to do, asking who they were and what they wanted. Reply was

made that they were United States soldiers, and wanted him to come out to answer some questions. He again declined, saying he had been robbed twice already by persons who claimed to be soldiers, and he would not come out, and would shoot if any dared to enter. The officer ordered two of the men to dismount, break the door down, and drag the old scoundrel out by his beard. The soldiers dismounted and walked toward the door. McGuire, being satisfied they were robbers, opened a loophole near the door and fired through it, being fortunate enough to kill both men, and seizing another gun fired at those on horseback at the gate. They fled promptly, but obtaining reinforcements returned, surrounded the house and waited for daylight; then came up, took McGuire into custody and without permitting him to remove a particle of his property, household goods, clothing or money, set the house on fire and burned it to the ground; thus destroying effects, including the house, to the value of four thousand dollars, and also about sixteen hundred dollars in money. They then brought him to the city, had him heavily ironed and thrown into the "bull pen." When the messenger came after the reinforcements, he brought a note saying the shooting was done by the Thompson's. Ben's house was at once surrounded and searched, he being found fast asleep in bed with his wife. He was taken into custody, however, but next morning was released, the charge against him for the shooting being too preposterous to be used even as the basis of a persecution, much less that of a prosecution and execution—which latter they were anxious to see performed on him.

Seeing that the situation, the reader will now better understand what was commenced to be related a page or two back. Thompson went to the officer and demanded protection against the man who so annoyed him. This was refused him, on the ground that the officer did not know how to draw up a warrant. Ben would have applied to another officer, but under the circumstances which immediately occurred did not have time to do so. The same annoyance was repeated again, and Ben received information of it while talking to the officer.

This repetition was in an aggravated form, and was really unbearable. He did not restrain himself, but went home, found the person and fired at him, not intending, however, to kill, but to secure protection by frightening the man. The ball cut into the meat of the man but made no dangerous wound. Ben returned to the officer, stated in detail what he had been forced to do, and why. He then requested the officer on an admission of probable cause, to believe an offence against the law had been committed, to put him under bond to appear before the civil court to answer any indictment that might be found against him with an assault with intent to kill and murder Theophilus Brown, the man he had shot. This the officer refused to do, again appealing to ignorance of proper forms. Ben demanded to be put under the protection and security of the law, but the officer positively declined to bind him over to court.

Disappointed and angry, he went away, but was informed directly that this same magistrate was engaged in in drawing an affidavit to have him arrested for trial before the military commission. Surprised and justly incensed, he went to the officer and said to the justice, "What are you doing?" The magistrate replied, "I am drawing an affidavit against you for assault with intent to kill and murder, at the instance of General Reynolds."

"How is it," said Ben, trembling all over, "how is it that a few minutes ago you could not draw a warrant to save me from trouble, and a little later you were too ignorant to put me under bond, and you now say you are drawing a really elaborate, technical and difficult document?" and continued, "you dishonest, prejudiced old scoundrel, get up from there, get out, lock that door; and if I ever see you playing officer again I will kill you, if I hang for it." The magistrate obeyed Ben without loss of time, and when the door was locked handed him the key and dodged away through an alley. In less than half an hour Ben was in the hands of the military, and shortly after heavily, cruelly ironed and thrown into the same "bull pen" with the old man, McGuire.

(Continued next month)

Finds Sister After Sixty Years

A story, not without its thrills, pathos and keen human interest is told by the Rev. J. M. Strickland of Alvin, Texas. The occasion for the incident being related at this time is the fact that recently he found his sister, Mrs. Mary E. Forsyth, at San Diego, Cal., whom he had not seen or heard of in sixty years, and whom he supposed was long since dead.

It was in the turbulent days of the early '60's when a band of bushwhackers, under the cover of darkness, took the father of a family of ten children from their home near Cane Hill, Ark., and killed him at Fort Smith. The mother languished in illness for a month after the death of the husband and father, then passed into the great beyond. One child died before the children, driven by want, were forced to leave their home. They went to the home of their uncle, William Land, or rather to the home of his wife, for he was away in the army and soon died in a hospital at Fort Smith, and left his wife and two children. The widow bravely faced the world with eleven mouths to feed. Production was at a standstill in the South. Only a few old men, women and a multitude of children were left. Hunger stalked abroad in the land, and with hunger came disease and death.

At this time the Rev. Mr. Strickland was about 9 years old. He recalls an incident of that period that is remarkable of the pathos and tragedy. One of his brothers 13 years old, contracted pneumonia from exposure, by reason of being undernourished and scantily clad, and died. Women fashioned a crude pine box and placed the body therein. They placed the improvised coffin on a homemade slide, hitched a pony to it and J. M. Strickland rode the pony as it pulled the body of his brother to the grave. It does not require a vivid imagination to picture the tragedy and the heart-aches of those little children as they followed the strange funeral procession across the bleak hills of Arkansas on a cold winter day. The women and older children lowered the body into the grave and heaped up a mound.

The children remained with Mrs. Wil-

liam Land in Scott County about two and a half years, and finally were reduced to a condition bordering on starvation, as were many near the close of the war. Northern Arkansas was more or less neutral territory during the war, lying between the opposing armies. The government established orphanages, or refuge homes, one of these being at Fort Smith. A northern preacher named Springer was placed in charge of this home and the government fed the inmates. It was to this sanctuary that five women and twenty-one children made their way in 1865 and in the party was Mrs. Land and her two children and the remaining ones of the ten Strickland orphans.

The party started out with a small yoke of oxen, driven to an old wagon, and most of them walked. The distance was forty-six miles, and they had no food and but little money. Hogs were plentiful in the hills of Arkansas, and during the six days required to make the journey they killed three hogs, which were eaten without bread or salt. The Rev. Mr. Strickland said they cut the meat into strips and roasted it over camp fires, each one roasting his own meat on the end of a sharpened stick.

Before reaching Fort Smith the steers gave out and they abandoned the wagon, driving the steers before them into the town.

The military orphanage over which the Rev. Mr. Springer presided was a large residence, the Lathan house, the owner being absent. Mrs. Land and the children stayed there about a year, working at whatever came to hand for their sustenance. The Rev. Mr. Strickland, now perhaps 91 years old, worked in the commissary, issuing food. Three of the Strickland children died of measles during an epidemic. At the end of the year, the war being over, the refugees went North. Many of them rebelled, among them the children of the Strickland and Land families. They left the orphanage and made their way as best they could, there being only four of the ten who survived the war period, three boys and a girl.

Shortly after leaving the orphanage, the only girl, Mary Elizabeth Strickland then sixteen years old, married and moved with her husband to Kansas. Her brothers heard from her for about two months, then they became scattered and lost and never heard of each other again. Sixty years passed and now the remaining members of the scattered family are about to be reunited.

It was by the merest chance that Mr. Strickland heard of his sister's whereabouts. His son, the Rev. W. A. Strickland, was pastor of the Baptist Church at Balko, Ok. (now of Alvin, Texas), and the Rev. J. Land was pastor at the neighboring town, Morgan, Ok. His father died at Fort Bayard, N. M. He went to attend the funeral and met a daughter of Mr. Strickland's sister, who lived at Fort Bayard. Mr. Land knew something of the history of the Strickland family. Mr. Strickland's sister of course, knew the history of her mother. She wrote to her brother and they confirmed the relationship.

Mr. Strickland said his sister is the mother of eleven children and has twenty grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. She was born in 1850 and he in 1853. The other and remaining brother is G. W. Strickland of Gravitt, Ark., who formerly lived three miles southeast of southeast De Leon for a number of years. The third brother died in Texas about fifteen years ago.

Mr. Strickland is a staunch old pioneer of Comanche County. He came to Texas when 22 years old, old, making the journey with horse and wagon. He married before leaving Arkansas and brought his young wife and one child across the prairies to make their home in what virtually was a wilderness. Eighteen days were required to make the trip. He settled on the Scott farm, on Coperas Creek about eight miles from De Leon, although there was no De Leon for some years after he came. Comanche was a mere village in 1875, when he landed there, and there was no railroad west of Fort Worth. There was a store at Hazel-dell and a couple at Sipe Springs in 1875, he said, and the only churches in the county were at Van Dyke and South Leon. The last Indian raid in the county was made in 1873, he said, the red-

skins killing a man named Leslie, between De Leon and Comanche. De Leon was founded about 1878, and the railroad reached here about 1880.

Mr. Strickland has been a student and minister for many years, his pioneer ministry doubtless contributing in large measure to the molding of ideals of good citizenship and of laying broad and deep the structures of religious faith which characterizes those of his denomination throughout that section. It is said that a man's religion should begin at home. This must be true in his case, as two of his seven sons have followed his worthy example and are active in the Baptist ministry, and one is an evangelistic singer.

A Stage Hold-Up.

The stage of the El Paso line, which left Eagle Ford this morning for Fort Worth, was stopped two miles west of Deckman's postoffice by three armed and mounted men, who robbed the four passengers. During the robbery two other hacks from Fort Worth drove up, and passengers also were robbed. A fourth hack, owned by Capt. Work of Dallas, was ordered to halt, but refused, and a number of shots were exchanged between the inmates and the robbers. It is said the robbers took \$2,000 from one man and that their loot in all amounted to \$7,000. This happened on the open prairie, about fifteen miles west of Dallas.—Galveston News, May 19, 1876.

1926 Year Book.

Frontier Times is in receipt of the 1926 Year Book of the West Texas Historical Association, which was issued in June. This Year Book contains the following: "Letter, Experiences of An Ex-Soldier," by Jacob Howarth; "The Buffalo of the Plains Area," by W. C. Holden; "Early Accounts of Indian Depredations," edited by C. C. Rister; "Spanish Exploration and Settlement of West Texas Before the Eighteenth Century," by W. A. Stephenson; "Pioneers Laid to Rest," by Frank Grimes; "The 1926 Meeting," by John R. Hutto. Copies of the 1925 and the 1926 Year Books may be obtained from C. C. Rister, Secretary Abilene, Texas.

The Daring Feat of Three Texas Boys

Burnet county, Texas, had its share of Indian troubles in the early days, and many thrilling stories of Indian raids, of sleepless nights, and daring deeds of that period are related by the remaining pioneers. One of these stories is as follows:

A young boy by the name of John Tedford went out early one morning to help his mother milk, and was sent after the calves. She waited quite a long time for him to return, then decided to go up in the pasture herself. When about ready to start she heard the boy coming, uttering scream after scream, and as he neared she saw two big Indians reach down and pick him up. They bound him hand and foot and rode away at full speed, giving Comanche yells that filled the mother heart with terror.

All the white men were at that time off on an Indian chase and there were only a few boys about 16 and 17 years of age at the different homes in the neighborhood. But when word was sent out that Tedford had been captured by Indians, three boys, Billie Magill Jr., Jim Cooper and Tom Cooper, moulded bullets, got the best horses they could obtain and poorly equipped though they were for an Indian fight, except for their true American courage, they started. After riding half a day they struck the Indian trail. They discovered blood in several places on the trail and felt sure the boy had been killed, but undaunted by fear and determined to get blood for blood, in case the boy was dead, they rode on. Becoming more eager to overtake the Indians, they put whip to their horses, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon came in sight of the Indians. They were camped and had their horses loose and grazing. All of them were asleep except one, who was on guard, sitting against a tree, facing the direction from which they had come. He, too, probably had dozed, as he did not catch sight of the boys as they skirted the timber and rode around so they could attack the Indians from the rear.

One of the boys wanted to shoot the guard, but the others overruled this, and they decided to rush in, shooting

right and left and yelling "Come on boys!" to make the Indians think they had a large company. The Tedford boy was surrounded by Indians and near the center of the group, so, as they rode through Billie Magill held out his hand to the captive and he at once stepped on the rider's foot, but before he could mount the horse began pitching, so one of the Cooper boys rushed up and took Tedford behind him. All the time they were shooting and yelling, "Come on boys! We've got 'em!" The Indians were so surprised and frustrated they ran, but when they discovered there were no more white men, they began to get themselves together and made arrows fly thick and fast, but owing to the fact that their bowstrings were wet from rain they could not shoot with much force. The boys chased their horses off a mile in the direction they were going, hence the Indians were afoot for a time, but the boys soon saw that to make their escape they must leave the Indians' horses and ride for life, as the Indians, though afoot, kept close enough to make arrows sing all around them. By the time the Indians could get their horses and were ready to follow, the boys were some distance ahead. They watched the Indians as they would come over the hills and they were careful not to ride their horses down, but to keep at a safe distance. The Indians did not spare horseflesh and their horses, already worn from a hard night ride, would give out. The boys watched them and saw horse after horse fall from exhaustion until only a few were in the chase. There were about thirty to start with. When at last they saw only one brown horse, one paint and one white horse still coming, and saw they were about given out, they let the Indians come as close as they dared. Then they waved their hats in the air and told them good-bye. Putting whip to their horses they soon rode in to the settlement amid cheers and great rejoicing, and the boy was returned to his mother unharmed.

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Helped to Tame Bad Men

In the days when Texas was "wild and woolly" it took courage and bravery on the part of the peace officers to cope with the bad men of that day, when everybody carried six-shooters and the average man was "quick on the draw." There are yet living many of the old time peace officers, who can look back upon their work of ridding the state of desperate characters and take pride in their achievement, and know that they helped to make Texas the peaceable, law-abiding state it is today. Such men as Captain J. B. Gillett of Marfa, Rome Shield of San Angelo, P. C. Baird of Menard, Will Wright of Floresville, and a host of other men of the old frontier are due all honor and praise for the part they played in "civilizing" West and Southwest Texas, and running to earth that hardened class which at one time infested our land. And there is another old time peace-officer we want to make the subject of this story. We refer to Captain J. W. Cottrell, who lives at Brownwood, Texas, and is now in his seventy-third year. The Dallas News of July 11, 1926, gives the following account of Captain Cottrell's effective work:

Among the few real "old timers" left in Central-West Texas is Capt. J. W. Cottrell, who, although in his seventy-third year, would easily pass for 60.

Capt. Cottrell is a native of Baldwin County, Alabama, but came to Texas with his parents, who settled in what is now Comanche County in 1870. The valley in which they located is still known as Cottrell Valley, and their original house is still standing. Cottrell Senior died in 1890 and was buried at the Cottrell Cemetery.

When the Cottrells settled in Comanche County it was, in fact, the "wild and woolly West." There were plenty of outlaws and occasionally a bunch of Indians would come through the country, stealing horses and frightening the settlers generally. Capt. Cottrell, when a young man, helped build the first storehouse at De Leon, the year being 1881. There were only two houses between the Cottrell residence in Comanche and Dal-

las, the Bancroft Ranch house in Erath County and the house at Johnson Peak, in Bosque County. The nearest grist mill was at Towash, in Hill County, almost a hundred miles distant.

In 1886 Capt. Cottrell was appointed United States Deputy Marshal, under Marshal Paul Frick, whose headquarters were at San Antonio. In this capacity he was sent from place to place. In 1889-1890 he was among the large number of officers who broke up the incipient revolution of the Mexican Caterino Garza, which started in Duval County, or, rather, that was headquarters of the revolutionists. Garza was a native of Spain, but had spent several years in Mexico, and, becoming offended at some act of the Government under Diaz, was ordered to get out of that country. He crossed the Rio Grande into Texas, and undertook to organize a revolution against Mexico, by carrying on his revolutionary propaganda; in the town of San Diego, the capital of Duval County.

The soldiers and officers, of which first and last there were several hundred played hide and seek with Garza about one year, up and down the Rio Grande, but owing to the fact that Garza had many friends, especially among the dark senoritas, along both sides of the Rio Grande, he always managed to make good his escape. Finally, despairing of having success with his revolution, Garza left the country and went to Cuba, where he took part in the revolution in that country and in one of the many skirmishes between the revolutionists and Spanish troops was killed.

In 1891 Capt. Cottrell organized what was known as the "Cottrell Detective and Protective Association of America," the main object of which was to suppress cattle thievery which was rampant at that time throughout a vast area of the border country. The association was incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000, and every prominent cattle raiser in Texas belonged to it.

In 1900, when the Wall-Brookes-Roberts feud broke out in San Augustine County, Capt. Cottrell was sent there by the Governor to make investigations and

report. It was on the investigation made by Cottrell that State rangers were sent to the scene of the trouble, and at length one of the worst feuds that ever raged in Texas was settled.

Capt. Cottrell is a quiet, unassuming man, and never talks about the old days unless it is to a close personal friend. He was well acquainted with Bill Long-

ley, John Wesley Hardin, Ben Thompson, Sam Bass and in later years the Dalton boys. Seven wounds in different parts of his body attest the fact that he has been in many close places, and he says to cap the climax, he was captured by Villa shortly after the punitive expedition of Pershing to Mexico and kept in the Chihuahua jail four and a half months as a suspect.

James Dunn, the Texas Ranger

Written for Frontier Times by Vinton L. James, San Antonio, Texas

James Dunn was renowned as one of the most daring Indian fighters of his day. His exploits with wild Indians, and his many narrow escapes from death would make as interesting reading as the adventures of Big Foot Wallace, who was his companion in many exciting encounters with Indians.

James Dunn, while a red-headed, freckled-faced Irish boy, was, in the early '30s captured on the streets of San Antonio by Indians during one of their raids in the city. The color of his hair, and his tender age probably saved his life, for his captors stopped at the Alazan Creek, where Commerce Street now crosses it, to allow the squaws time to wash the freckles from his face and what they thought was red paint from his head. He was a prisoner among the Indians for some time, finally escaping and returned to San Antonio. While he was with the savages he became proficient in woodcraft, Indian ways and the trapping of wild game, which afterwards proved as a great assistance to him in the stirring life he was to lead.

The Council House fight in San Antonio occurred on March 19, 1840, when sixty-five Comanche Indians engaged in combat with the authorities in the city, and thirty Indians were killed and the remainder were captured. In this fight James Dunn saved the life of John James, the surveyor, then a young man twenty-one years old. A big Indian chief, after a desperate struggle, was about to plunge a knife into James, when the Indian was killed by a bullet from the pistol of James Dunn. After the battle Indians, in revenge, infested

the suburbs of San Antonio and murdered every defenseless person encountered by them and created such terror among the settlers that they were unable to work their farms in the vicinity of the Alamo on the east side of the river, and they suffered hardships for want of food. Corn sold at that time for three dollars per bushel on the streets of San Antonio.

About this time a young man named Jack Hays, then twenty-two years old, appeared on the scene and formed the ranger company which was afterwards destined to become famous and to give quiet and peace to the harrassed citizens. The requirements to join Hays' company were: "A man had to have courage, good character, be a good rider and a good shot, and have a horse worth \$100." In this first ranger company in 1840 for the Republic of Texas were Ben and Henry McCulloch, who became renowned generals in the Confederate Army, Big Foot Wallace, Kit Ackland, James Dunn and many others who afterwards became famous.

I will now give a few extracts from Henry Castro's diary. Castro was the founder of Castroville: "July 25th, 1843. Left San Antonio with five men of Captain Hays' company of rangers. Our party consisted of seven, making in all twelve men, and well armed. Camped first night at Medio Creek; twelve miles west.

"July 26th, John James, the surveyor who accompanied us, killed three bear on the Potranco Creek. Saw many wild horses. James Dunn, one of the rangers, ran them and killed one of the

stallions. Crossed the Medina river; killed two deer and one alligator. Caught some trout. Camped on the Medina."

Castro was charmed with the location of his colony, and on July 31st, 1843, his diary reads:

"I have during this excursion of seven days seen one hundred and sixty miles of country, which can only be compared to an English park, without meeting a single settlement. With coffee, sugar and flour, we lived well with the products of our hunting and fishing, and always had plenty of wild honey."

During the years of 1840-1841 Hays' company captured many horse thieves and shot several outlaws, besides scouting and fighting with Indians. During the rangers' absence on a scouting expedition, in the fall of 1842, the Mexican general, Adrian Woll, captured San Antonio, but on the return of the gallant Hays and his rangers, with reinforcements from the Seguin settlements, the battle of the Salado was fought and ended in defeat of the Mexicans. General Woll, in revenge, destroyed the city's records and arrested many prominent citizens in San Antonio and took them prisoners with him on his retreat into Mexico. Among the number were Samuel Maverick and Ludovic Colguson.

In July, 1841, Captain Hays with forty rangers was surprised at Bandera Pass by a large body of Comanche Indians, who suddenly raised up from both sides and sent a volley of bullets and arrows into the company. Many horses and men were falling from the sudden ambushade but Hays, who had never been defeated, cried out, "Stand boys, we can whip them!" After great effort and almost with defeat staring them in the face one of the rangers succeeded in killing the Comanche chief, and the Indians retreated. Hays lost several men killed in this desperate battle, and among the wounded was James Dunn.

Another famous battle in which James Dunn participated was in July, 1844, when Hays' rangers, for the first time armed with the new Colts five shooter revolvers, defeated a large band of In-

dians in the Nueces Canyon. The Indians expected an easy victory on account of their large numbers, but when the rangers on horseback met them at close range and did such deadly work with their pistols the Indians had the surprise of their life, and took to the brush, leaving many of their braves dead on the field.

A month after the battle in the Nueces Canyon, in August, 1844, Captain Hays sent four of his best scouts back to the Nueces to see if there were any fresh signs of Indians. The men sent on this dangerous mission so far from the settlement were James Dunn, Kit Ackland, Perry and Carlin. After a hard ride the party arrived at the confluence of the West and East Prongs of the Nueces, twelve miles above where the town of Uvalde now stands. They dismounted and prepared a meal, and after eating dinner Ackland laid down to rest, Perry stood guard, and James Dunn and Carlin after unsaddling their horses, took them down to the river to wash them off and to take a swim themselves. When they reached the river they stripped off their clothing and rode their horses bareback into the stream. A band of Indians was concealed nearby and was intently watching their movements, and as soon as Dunn and Carlin were in the water the Indians attacked the camp. Perry fell with three wounds, two in the body and one in the face. Ackland was also hit in three places with bullets and arrows, but he did not fall. He put up a desperate fight and shot one Indian. Perry managed to recover somewhat and he and Ackland retreated to the river. Dunn and Carlin took them across the river on their horses, and for the time they were out of reach of the Indians. There were large piles of driftwood left by recent rises in the river, where the wounded men, Perry and Ackland, managed separately to conceal themselves. Dunn and Carlin set out for San Antonio, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles. They were bareback and naked, and when they arrived they were in a most deplorable condition, being badly sunburned from riding so far in the hot August weather without clothing and saddles. Strange to say,

after a few days Ackland and Perry on foot staggered into San Antonio, a few hours apart. After careful nursing by the good women of San Antonio, these men soon recovered.

After Hays' Company disbanded James Dunn married and started a ranch on Potranco Creek, about fifteen miles west of San Antonio, where he lived for many years and had many exploits in defending his stock from Indian raids. During the Civil War he raised a company and was made captain of it. He was killed in the last battle of the Confederacy at a place called Carricitis, near Brownsville, in a fight between the forces of General Banks of the Union Army and the Confederates. So died James Dunn, a brave man, a forgotten hero, a product of San Antonio, whose body lies buried in an unknown grave far from the beautiful city which to protect in its infancy he gave the best years of his life, and suffered hardships and financial adversity, so that in future years the ones who came after could reap the benefits derived from his heroic and unselfish life.

The late Clemente Dunn, who died several years ago at San Antonio, was the son of Captain James Dunn.

Captain Jack Hays and John Twohig were brothers-in-law. Both married sisters in the Calvert family of Seguin, Texas. Captain Hays left San Antonio and went to California after the discovery of gold there in 1849. His reputation as a fighter and a fearless officer of the law had preceded his arrival there, and it is said he became the first sheriff at San Francisco, California. He bore a charmed life, and became a terror to evil doers on the Pacific Coast. Captain Hays lived to a good old age and died in San Francisco about 1884, respected and loved by all who knew him.

Santa Anna's Watch.

The passing of the 90th anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto and the many incidents in the press relating thereto, brings to mind the fact that a watch now in the possession of a Bartlett man, Chas. Malecheck, is believed to be the one owned and carried by Santa Anna during the Texas raid that ended

so disastrously for him at San Jacinto. At least it was taken from the body of the man that rode Santa Anna's black horse during the battle, while Santa Anna, himself, was hiding in common clothes in the brush, and was wearing Santa Anna's official Mexican uniform, and supposedly his watch also.

Deaf Smith and Jim Doghtry, who killed this man, knew the horse and his clothes and thought they had killed Santa Anna until after the battle. Jim Doghtry took the watch and Deaf Smith kept the fine silver-mounted saddle. This watch is of Swiss make in a solid silver gold mounted case, number 41442 and has a Spanish inscription on the inner case, and is key wind and set. It was repaired last year and is now keeping good time.

The watch has been in the Malechek family for 63 years and its acquisition is a story in itself. Years after the battle Jim Doghtry traded it and a ten dollar gold piece for one yoke of oxen, one cap and ball five-shot revolver, and the title to 700 acres of fine land in Austin county, to Captain Will Frels. Time passed and Frels became a captain in the Confederate army and Mrs. Malechek, mother of Charles Malecheck, who now has the watch, was making cigars for Captain Frels.

No one had any money and the Confederate paper was almost worthless and in order to pay Mrs. Malecheck for this work Captain Frels gave her the ten-dollar gold piece received from Jim Doghtry which he had treasured as a keep-sake, and this watch, valued at \$470 in Confederate money, but in real money only about \$16.

Thus the Malechecks came into possession of the watch and the gold piece and Charley has them both, the gold piece bears the date of 1840 and is well preserved and is now used as a watch charm. The saddle mentioned above was a typical Mexican saddle richly inlaid with solid silver with a horn some 12 inches in diameter banded with solid silver, and was afterwards traded to Adam Wangemann of New Ulm, and August Friedrich, of this place, now 80 years of age, well remembers seeing it in use when a small boy.

First Account of Custer Massacre

*Published in the Bismark, (Dakota Territory) Tribune, July 6, 1876.
The Tribune's Special Correspondent Was Among the Slain*

It will be remembered the Bismark Tribune sent a special correspondent with Gen. Terry, who was the only professional correspondent with the expedition. Kellog's last words to the writer were: "We leave the Rosebud tomorrow and by the time this reaches you we will have met and fought the red devils, with what result remains to be seen. I go with Custer and will be at the death." How true. On the morning of the 22nd, General Custer took up the line of march for the trail of the Indians, reported by Reno on the Rosebud. General Terry, apprehending danger, urged Custer to take additional men, but Custer having full confidence in his men, and in their ability to cope with the Indians in whatever force they might meet them, declined the proffered assistance and marched with his regiment alone. He was instructed to strike the trail of the Indians, to follow it until he discovered their position, and report by courier to General Terry who would reach the mouth of Little Horn by the evening of the 26th, when he would act in concert with Custer in the final wiping out. At four o'clock, the afternoon of the 24th, Custer scouts reported the location of a village recently deserted, whereupon Custer went into camp for coffee. Custer was then fifteen miles from the village located on the Little Horn, one of the branches of the Big Horn, twenty miles above its mouth which could be seen from the top of the divide, and after lunch General Custer pushed on. The Indians by this time had discovered his approach and soon were seen mounting in great haste, riding here and there, it was presumed in full retreat. This idea was strengthened by finding a freshly abandoned Indian camp with a deserted tepee, in which one of their dead had been left, about six miles from where the battle took place. Custer with his usual vigor pushed on making seventy-eight miles without sleep, and attacked the village near its foot with companies C, E, F, I and L, of the Seventh Cavalry, Reno

having in the meantime attacked it at its head with three companies of cavalry which, being surrounded, after a desperate hand to hand conflict, in which many were killed and wounded, cut their way to a bluff about three hundred feet high, where they were reinforced by four companies of cavalry under Col. Benteen. In gaining this position Col. Reno had to recross the Little Horn, and at the ford the hottest fight occurred. It was here where Lieutenants McIntosh, Hodgson and Dr. DeWolf fell; where Charley Reynolds fell; in a hand to hand conflict with a dozen or more Sioux, emptying several chambers of his revolver, each time bringing a red-skin before he was brought down—shot through the heart. It was here Bloody Knife surrendered his spirit to one who gave it, fighting the natural and hereditary foes of his tribe, as well as the foes of the whites.

The Sioux dashed up and beside the soldiers, in some instances knocking them from their horses and killing them at their pleasure. This was the case with Lt. McIntosh, who was unarmed except with a saber. He was pulled from his horse, tortured and finally murdered at the pleasure of the red devils. It was here that Fred Girard was separated from the command and lay all night with the screeching fiends dealing death and destruction to his comrades within a few feet of him, and, but time will not permit us to relate the story, through some means succeeded in saving his fine black stallion in which he took so much pride. The ford was crossed and the summit of the bluffs, having Col. Smith says, the steepest sides that he ever saw ascended by a horse or mule, reached, though the ascent was made under a galling fire.

The companies engaged in this affair were those of Captains Boylan, French and McIntosh. Col. Reno had gone ahead with these companies in obedience to the order of Gen. Custer, fighting most gallantly, driving back repeatedly the Indians who charged in their front,

but the fire from the bluff being so galling, forced the movement heretofore alluded to. Signals were given and soon Benteen with the four companies in reserve came up in time to save Reno from the fate which Custer about this time met. The Indians charged the hill time and again but were each time repulsed with heavy slaughter by its gallant defenders. Soon, however, they reached bluffs higher than those occupied by Reno; and opened a destructive fire from points beyond the reach of cavalry carbines. Nothing being heard from Custer, Col. Weir was ordered to push his command along the bank of the river in the direction he was supposed to be, but he was soon driven back, retiring with difficulty. About this time the Indians received strong reinforcements, and literally swarmed the hill sides and on the plains, coming so near at times that stones were thrown into the ranks of Col. Reno's command by those unarmed or out of ammunition. Charge after charge in quick succession, the fight being sometimes almost hand to hand. But they drew off finally taking to the hills and ravines. Colonel Benteen charged a large party in a ravine, driving them from it in confusion. They evidently trusted in their numbers and did not look for so bold a movement. They were within range of the corral and wounded several packers, J. C. Waggoner, among the number, in the head, while many horses and mules were killed. Near 10 o'clock the fight closed, and the men worked all night strengthening their breastworks, using knives, tin cups and plates, in place of spades and picks, taking up the fight again in the morning. In the afternoon of the second day the desire for water became almost intolerable. The wounded were begging piteously for it; the tongues of the men were swollen and their lips parched and from lack of rest they were almost exhausted. So a bold attempt was made for water. Men volunteered to go with canteens and camp kettles, though to go was almost certain death. The attempt succeeded though in making it one man was killed and several wounded. The men were relieved and that night the animals were watered. The fight closed at dark, opening again

next morning, and continuing until the afternoon of the 27th. Meantime the men became more and more exhausted and all wondered what had become of Custer. A panic all at once was created among the Indians and they stampeded, from the hills and from the valleys, and the village was soon deserted except for the dead. Reno and his brave band felt that succor was nigh. Gen. Terry came in sight, and strong men wept upon each other's necks, but no word was had from Custer. Hand shaking and congratulations were scarcely over when Lt. Bradley reported that he had found Custer dead, with one hundred and ninety cavalry men. Imagine the effect. Words cannot picture the feeling of these, his comrades and soldiers. Gen. Terry sought the spot and found it to be too true. Of those brave men who followed Custer, all perished; no one lives to tell the story of the battle. Those deployed as skirmishers, lay as they fell, shot down from every side, having been entirely surrounded in an open plain. The men in the companies fell in platoons, and like those on the skirmish line, lay as they fell, with their officers behind them in their proper positions. Gen. Custer, who was shot through the head and body seemed to have been among the last to fall, and around and near him lay the bodies of Col. Tom and Boston, his brothers, Col. Calhoun, his brother-in-law, and his nephew young Reed, who insisted on accompanying the expedition for pleasure, Col. Cook and the members of the non-commissioned staff all dead—all stripped of their clothing and many of them with bodies terribly mutilated. The squaws seem to have passed over the field and crushed the skulls of the wounded and dying with stones and clubs. The heads of some were severed from the body, others bore traces of torture, arrows having been shot into them while yet living, or other means of torture adopted. The officers who fell were as follows: Gen. G. A. Custer, Cols. Geo. Yates, Miles Keogh, James Calhoun, W. W. Cook, Capts. McIntosh, A. E. Smith, Lieutenants Riley, Critenden, Sturgis, Harrington, Hodgson and Porter, Asst Surgeon De Wolf. The only citizens killed were Boston Custer, Mr. Reed, Charles Rey-

nolds, Isiah the interpreter from Ft. Rice and Mark Kellogg, the latter the Tribune correspondent. The body of Kellogg alone remained unstripped of its clothing, and was not mutilated. Perhaps as they had learned to respect the Great Chief, Custer, and for that reason did not mutilate his remains they had in like manner learned to respect this humble shover of the lead pencil and to that fact may be attributed this result. The wounded were sent to the rear some fourteen miles on horse litters striking the Far West sixty odd miles up the Big Horn which point they left on Monday at noon reaching Bismark nine hundred miles distant at 10 p. m.

The men are worn out with marching and fighting and are almost wholly destitute of clothing.

The Indians numbered at least eighteen hundred lodges in their permanent camp, while those who fought Crook seems to have joined them, making their effective fighting force nearly four thousand. These were led by chiefs, carrying flags of various colors, nine of whom were found in a burial tent on the field of battle. Many other dead were found on the field of battle, and near it ten squaws at one point in the ravine.

The Indian dead were great in number, as they were constantly assaulting an inferior force. The camp had the appearance of being abandoned in haste.

The most gorgeous ornaments were found on the bodies of the dead chiefs, and hundreds of finely dressed and painted robes and skins were thrown about the camp. The Indians were certainly severely punished.

We said those who went into battle with Custer none are living—one Crow Scout hid himself in the field and witnessed and survived the battle.

The total number of killed was two hundred and sixty one; wounded 52. Thirty-eight of the wounded were brought down on the Far West; three of them died en route. The remainder are cared for at the field hospital.

De Rudio had a narrow escape and his escape is attributed to the noise of beavers, jumping into the river during the engagement. De Rudio followed them, got out of sight, and after hiding for twelve hours or more finally reached the command in safety.

The body of Lt. Hodgson did not fall into the hands of the Indians; that of Lt. McIntosh did, and was badly mutilated. McIntosh, though a half-breed, was a gentleman of culture and esteemed by all who knew him. He leaves a family at Lincoln, as does Gen. Custer, Col. Calhoun, Yates, Capt. Smith, and Lt. Porter. The unhappy Mrs. Calhoun loses a husband, three brothers and a nephew. Lt. Harrington also had a family, but no trace of his remains was found.

An Arizona Tragedy

Vida Ericson, in El Paso Times, January 21, 1911

Years ago an immigrant, weary of wandering, came upon a sheltered spot in the foothills of the Chiricahuas. Here, beside a spring he built his house and made a home for his wife and boy and girl far from the homes of other settlers. Often his work took him far out on the prairies and his wife was left alone with the children for days at a time. Aunt Diana, as she was fondly called, was loved by all her distant neighbors; not even fear of the Indians could keep the young people from riding eight and ten miles to spend the day with her and then back home again in the evening.

One bright forenoon Aunt Diana and the children were alone. She was ironing and Mary, her daughter, was busy with the morning chores. Johnny was playing somewhere in the yard. After one of her trips into the front part of the house, Mary came running to her mother and said, "Oh, mamma! there's a big ugly man coming in at the gate."

Almost at the same time a step was heard outside the kitchen door. Aunt Diana glanced up to see a wicked looking Mexican standing before the screen door. As soon as she saw him he said gruffly, "I'm hungry. Give me some-

thing to eat!" On those lonely western ranches no one is ever turned away hungry, from the door. In spite of his rough manner of speaking he did look tired and hungry. Aunt Diana soon prepared a tasty meal, but, made cautious by his manner and wicked face, she did not admit him to the house. She handed the food out to him and he sat on the door step and ate it. When he had finished he left the dishes on the step and walked away without a word. Mary watched him from the windows. He got a drink from the spring, fooled around in the vegetable garden for a time, sat down under a tree and smoked several cigarettes; and at last got up and walked along the road that led off through the oaks.

Soon after Aunt Diana put away her ironing and began to get dinner. She went outside the door, called John, picked up the dishes, turned to reenter the house. Mary was frightened by a shot fired close to the door. She heard her mother scream and turned to see her reaching for the door. Another shot rang out and her mother fell headlong in the doorway. Mary rushed to her and at the same time saw, through a window, the Mexican slinking around the corner of the house. John came running in and between them the two children managed to help their mother onto a lounge that stood near. They looked out and saw the Mexican running at full speed away from the house and across the hill. As soon as he disappeared Mary said, "Johnny, you must go for help. Mamma is shot and may die. Take the horse and go to the nearest neighbors—and O, Johnny, do hurry!"

He was soon gone and for hours and hours Mary waited alone. She closed and locked all the doors and windows. She took her father's six-shooter, loaded it carefully, and laid it on the table beside her. Her mother was partly conscious most of the time but was unable to rise and the hours dragged slowly by. "Don't be afraid, daughter," she said, "I'm going to sleep. Someone will come soon," and she closed her eyes as she became unconscious. At last the neighbors arrived. Kind hands did everything in their power but it was of

no avail. The last shot had proved fatal and Aunt Diana never regained consciousness.

The news spread rapidly. Men from surrounding ranches came in crowds. They talked in excited groups. Mary was called upon to describe the man and tell which way he had gone. Soon they separated into groups and rode rapidly away in different directions. One group found the Mexican's tracks in the soft sand at the edge of the stream. Tall grass covered the prairie and, in places, it was easy to track him. Why he had rushed out into the open prairies instead of the more secure mountain fastness, close at hand, no one knew. Neither was there any clue as to the motive of the crime.

Finally, as the five men rode through some tall grass, one of the horses shied suddenly. There, before him, the rider saw crouched down behind a bunch of grass, a Mexican with wicked face blanched by fear. Instantly five guns were levelled at his head. Two men leaped from their horses, seized him roughly, and tied his hands behind him. They placed him on a horse behind one of the men, faced about, and rode out to a slight rise of the prairie. There they halted, fired three shots and waited, the signal was repeated by the next group of men and soon all were riding at full speed back to the home at the foot of the hills.

Once there, the weeping Mary was called out. "Is that the wretch who killed your mother?" a man asked, pointing to the cowering Mexican.

"Yes, that's him, all right," Mary answered.

The cavalcade whirled and rode up the road and out of sight behind the trees. About three-quarters of a mile from the house an immense white oak tree grew beside the road. One large limb extended out over the road. Here the men dismounted. The Mexican was led beneath the tree, a rope was fastened about his neck, strong hands seized the other end and, about the same time many shots rang out upon the clear evening air. A shallow grave was made on the hillside above and there the murderer was buried without casket, tears or one friendly hand.

A Foul Murder in Mason County

On December, 1892, there was committed the foulest murder that was ever perpetrated in Mason county, Texas. Although committed thirty-four years ago, the event is yet fresh in the memories of most of the people there, who can recall vividly the thrill of horror which pervaded the public mind when the news was carried from lip to lip that Adele Kaufman, a pretty seventeen-year-old girl, had been murdered while returning home from school. The mystery of the murder of that beautiful girl is as deep and profound today as it was thirty-four years ago, although every effort was made by dilligent officers, backed by a justly enraged public, to ferret out the murderer and bring him to justice. If the red-handed murderer is still living, if he still dwells among the people of the earth, a burning conscience must inflict on him all the tortures of the damned.

From the Mason Herald of December 22, 1892, we reproduce an account of this appalling murder as it appeared on that date:

THE MURDER

Mr. Joseph Kaufman is a well-to-do German farmer residing six miles north of Mason. His family consisted of himself, wife, two sons and three daughters, the eldest being about 18 years old and the second had entered upon her 17th year. She was considered the brightest of the family and being endowed with all the noble attributes of a bright sunny nature, combined with rare personal charms, she could not be other than a favorite with all who knew her. She was a regular attendant at the East Comanche school. The distance from her father's to the school house is something near three miles, and the route to be traversed is mostly over a rough broken country, covered in many places with a heavy growth of timber peculiar to this region.

Mr. Niel Wilson lives one mile from Mr. Kaufman's and directly on the road leading from Mr. Kaufman's house to the school. The road leading from Mr. Kaufman's to Mr. Wilson's being rather

circuitous to the broken surface of the country, led Mr. Kaufman to open a bridle path through the forest on a direct line to Mr. Wilson's and this is the road, or more properly speaking, the dim trail traveled by Miss Adele Kaufman while going to and coming from school.

Last Friday, Prof. Wood's school at the Ayers school house, on East Comanche, closed for the week, and as the happy pupils bade their teacher good-bye, there was none who turned their faces homeward with more joyous heart than pretty Adele Kaufman. Her many good qualities had won for her the highest regard of her teacher and the unbounded respect and affection of her associates, and when she bade them adieu on that fatal evening, little did they dream that it was the last. Miss Kaufman, in company with the children of Mr. Wilson, reached the latter's place of abode a little after five o'clock Friday evening on their return from school. After a short stay chatting with Mrs. Wilson and others of the family, she set out for home alone and this was the last seen of her until her body was found the next morning cold in death.

When the sun had gone down Friday night and the shades of evening began to overspread the earth, Mr. Kaufman and family wondered why Adele tarried away so long. She had never loitered on the wayside, but her return from school was always prompt and punctual. She had expressed a desire to spend the night with Mr. Wilson's family and he being away on a trip to Llano, it was more than probable that she had concluded to remain with Mrs. Wilson over night and come home early in the morning. But it was Friday night; there would be no school on the day following, and besides, the dutiful child had never presumed that far on parental authority. She had never remained away without the father's consent and these facts coupled with a strange indefinable presentiment of evil, intensified the uneasiness and solitude of the family to such an extent that when

the meal was concluded, Mr. Kaufman set forth to obtain tidings of the absent daughter.

It will be remembered that Friday evening was quite cool and after sunset the sky became overcast with clouds and the night was very dark. Mr. Kaufman had not gone far before he found it impossible to proceed, owing to the impenetrable darkness and retracing his steps he decided to wait until morning to prosecute the search. The first streak of dawn Saturday morning found Mr. Kaufman following the dim path over granite rock, through mesquite flat and post oak wood towards Mr. Wilson's. Just one half mile from his house and exactly half way to Mr. Wilson's he came upon the form of his daughter, lying in the dim trail cold in death. Stunned, appalled and heart-broken over the discovery, he hastened to Mr. Wilson's and gave the alarm. In a very short time neighbors gathered at the fatal spot and tendered every aid that human sympathy could render. Sheriff Baird and Justice Garner were notified at once and in company with Dr. J. D. Beck and others, hastened to the place where the body was found. At this particular point there is an opening of perhaps 30 acres of ground comparatively free of timber. On the south is a large granite formation, covering probably an acre and elevated but a few feet above the general surface. On the north of this and only a few steps from the trail is a dense thicket of undergrowth, while to the east the surface slopes off to a small run or branch some 150 or 200 yards distant. Near the north edge of this granite surface and on a small elevation over which the trail ran where the ground is very hard and gravelly, was where the body lay.

About 4 o'clock Friday evening three young men were at or near Mr. Wilson's hunting hogs and left shortly before the arrival of the school children and went in the direction of Mr. Kaufman's. Shortly after their departure, several shots were heard coming from the direction they went and also the baying of dogs. When the body was found it was first supposed that stray shots from one of these guns had done the fatal work but upon closer examination it

was found that the young lady had been brutally and foully murdered. She was lying partly on her side with her face next to the ground. Her bonnet covered her head and drawn down over her face in such a manner as to conceal her features from view. When this was removed a most shocking sight was presented. Five gaping wounds about the head showed how completely and speedily the murderer had accomplished his horrible work. There was no sign of a struggle, all appearance seems to indicate that she had been felled to the earth by a sudden blow from a blunt instrument and the murderous blows continued until life was extinct. The murderer had evidently selected his ground on account of its firmness and he left no trace of his identity whatever.

Dr. J. D. Beck gave the body a post-mortem examination and found that a nameless crime had not been committed nor was there any evidence to show that such had been attempted.

Under a post oak tree 24 steps from where the body lay, was found the stone with which the fiend incarnate had committed the inhuman act. It had been thrown by him into a pile of leaves under a clump of small brush. When placed there it was reeking with blood as evidenced by the bloodstain on the leaves. When found, it was covered with blood and the coloring of the blue bonnet which the young lady wore. Twenty-two feet from where the body lay, was found the depression in the hard soil from whence the stone was taken. All the evidence showed that the murderer did his work hastily, and that while holding the stone in his hand, he felled his victim to the earth, and beat her head into a jelly, then casting the stone into the brush, fled.

Close by her side lay her shawl and satchel containing her books, and some five or six feet away lay her lunch basket. Her dress was not in the least disarranged, more than would follow a sudden fall of the wearer to the ground.

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The Hunters' Last Stand

From Sterling City (Texas) News-Record, June 8, 1912

While tramping over the hills in the U pasture, a few days ago, in company with George McEntire, we came upon an old rifle pit, or rather a fortification, on a point of a hill a few miles north of the U ranch. The pit or breast works, had been constructed so as to encircle a crevice between two big rocks. Large, flat stones had been set up; and while it doubtless, had been hastily done, it formed an ideal place for defense against an armed enemy. Its location and structure called to mind a story that was told to the writer many years ago by an old buffalo hunter, who operated in this country back in the early '70's. Here is the story:

"In the fall of '73, a party of ten of us were in the Big Spring country hunting buffaloes. Big Spring was a large pool of clear, cold water, in the head of a gulch, about two miles south of the present town of Big Springs, and was the only water then known in that direction until you reached the Canadian. There were no people living here then, and the only human beings to be seen in this vast solitude were the Indians and buffalo hunters, with now and then a squad of rangers. There were millions of buffalo scattered over the prairies, and it required but little exertion to find and kill as many of these fine beeves as one would wish. We pitched our camp near the Big Spring. In the daytime a part of the men would ride out and shoot buffaloes, while another party would follow and skin the carcasses, cut them up and haul them to camp, where the hides and meat were prepared for transportation. This work went on for several days with no incident to mar the pleasures and excitement of the sport, and only for the negligence of those whose duty it was to guard the horses at night, we would, no doubt, have been left to return home in peace.

"One day, one of our party reported that he had seen fresh pony tracks in the valley north of us, and our leader gave strict orders to keep a close watch for Indians. That night a double guard was put out to watch the horses, but

nothing was seen which indicated that Indians were near, and the next day the boys "rawhided" the man who had seen the pony tracks. By the next night, the men felt sure that there was no danger, and only one man stood guard. At first, he watched most vigilantly, but he became tired and drowsy and went to sleep. Soon he was aroused by the clatter of horses' feet and the yell of half a hundred Apache Indians. He did not take time to fire on the Indians nor give the alarm to his comrades, but took to his heels, and the only reason he ran was because he could not fly. The Indians quickly rounded up the horses and drove them off. The men at camp were soon up and standing with their rifles ready to deal misery to the Apaches in case they would come within range. Daylight came and found us afoot, with no help nearer than the ranger camp on the Concho, thirty miles away. It would not do to leave the camp in a body, for the Indians would come back and destroy what they could not carry away, besides it would be a hazardous undertaking to tramp thirty miles through an open country. So it was decided to send out two men to seek help while the rest of the party would stay and defend the camp. Smoke signals on the hills to the north and east told us very plainly that something was being planned for our entertainment. A hasty breastwork was thrown up during the day, and everything was made ready for a long siege; for we well knew the Indians would take desperate chances to get possession of our rifles, ammunition and supplies. During the night, not a man slept, except myself and another man—we being selected to make the run for help.

"At daylight, my companion and I, loaded with a big supply of cartridges and a canteen of water, slipped out of camp and over the hills to the southeast for the ranger camp on the Concho. We took advantage of the little cedars and scrub brush to cover our retreat. We had traveled about five miles, and be-

gan to feel that we were safe when a yell from a hill brought our hearts into our throats and our rifles to our shoulders. Four painted warriors bore down on us at full speed. We fired on them and ran for a gully just ahead of us, and reached it not more than fifty yards in advance of our pursuers. Here we agreed to sell out as dearly as possible. The Indians were armed with bows and sixshooters, and they made the air hum with arrows and bullets. Moving up a short distance to a clump of weeds which grew on the bank of the ravine, we peeped over and saw the Indians still shooting at the spot where we went over. We took a couple of shots at them and killed a horse and an Indian. The two mounted warriors then charged us with great fury, while the Indian who was dismounted, having failed to catch the dead Indian's pony, ran for his life. We fired again and succeeded in killing another horse, and his rider ran like a turkey. The only mounted Indian fled and overtook his dismounted brother, who sprang up behind him, and although we sent several "Slim Jim" bullets after them, they were soon over the hill and out of range. We lost no time in getting away from there, for we knew these red brothers were mad clear through, and would lose no time in getting the news to the band.

"Keeping close to every cover which the country afforded, we made good time, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we could see the green thread of timber on the Concho. A little later, we could see the smoke at the ranger camp about three miles to the south, and just as we were about to give a whoop for joy, we spied about thirty Indians coming over a hill about a mile away. We were on the east point of a high rocky hill, and realized that we could never reach the river, so we agreed that right there we would make our last stand. We selected a crevice between two big rocks and began to pile rocks around it. I don't think I ever handled rock faster in my life. We stood a lot of big flat rocks on edge, and by the time Indians came in range we had drunk the last drop of water in our canteen, and had piled our cartridges where we could get at them when need-

ed. During the day, as we trotted over the hills, we decided that one Apache on horseback was worth half dozen on foot; so we agreed that in case it came to a pinch, we would try to set as many afoot as possible.

"North of our little fort was rocky ground, while to the east and west the sides of the hill were so steep that a horse could barely climb it. To the south, the ground was smooth, and here was where the attack began. The warriors began riding in a circle and yelling as if all the devils in hades were turned loose. The bullets struck the rocks all around us, but we lay low and did not fire when they made their first circuit. But the next time they came around we plugged three of their horses, and their riders went sprawling on the ground. This success steadied our nerves so that we could shoot as close as if we were shooting buffalo, so we potted two of the dismounted Indians and the third ran like a seared coyote. Just as they bunched, about 400 yards in the valley, for another charge we let drive and dismounted two more bucks, who also made haste to get out of the way. The band charged us again, but we lay low until they turned, and then we set several more of them afoot. They kept this up until more than half of the band were dismounted and several were dead. Then they charged us from the rear, but the steep sides of the hill prevented the horses from going faster than a walk, and before they could get away, several more were dismounted and running for cover. As the chief of the band was rallying his braves at the foot of the hill, through our peep holes we saw the whole band stampede and break for cover. Just then we saw about twenty mounted white men coming at full speed. Soon the crack of the rangers' big sixshooters announced that the fight was over so far as we are concerned, and that we were saved. A detachment of Buck Barry's men had heard the firing and had come to our rescue.

"That night we slept at the rangers' camp on the Concho. The next day a detail was sent to the buffalo camp at the Big Spring, where it was found that the camp had not been molested, and the party was relieved.

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Volume Three Completed.

This issue of Frontier Times completes the little magazine's third volume. We are still growing steadily, surely, and while we have not yet secured the ten thousand subscribers which we have set as our goal, we are still hopeful that we will get them and are determined to keep striving. From the many letters we receive and from the many expressions of approval we get from our readers we are led to believe that Frontier Times is a popular favorite with old and young, and that every subscriber looks forward to its monthly visits. This is very pleasing to us, of course, and we work harder to make the little magazine more interesting each issue. Now we want to make an appeal to our friends, and we hope each one of them will respond promptly. We want to add another two thousand subscribers to our list during the next twelve months. We not only want these two thousand new subscribers, but we must have them if we keep Frontier Times going. We want each of our present subscribers to renew just as soon as his or her subscription expires, and besides this we want to ask each subscriber to help us secure a new subscriber. Tell your friends about Frontier Times and urge them to subscribe for it. You will greatly oblige us by doing this, and at the same time it will help to insure the success of this publication. Many magazines are being started these days, bidding for public favor, and run for a time on expenses, only to die for lack of sufficient patronage to sustain them. Frontier Times is just a plain, homely little magazine, published in a small country town in the hills of Southwest Texas. The owner of the South's largest fiction magazine told us that we would fail in our undertaking because we have not a million dollars to properly establish Frontier Times. We took issue with him right there. We are going to succeed in this undertaking for our friends, on whom we are depending

to help us circulate Frontier Times, will not fail us.

We want you to feel that this is your magazine. It is published for the pioneers and old timers, and for their descendants. It gives the true record of the deeds of daring and heroism of our pioneer men and women, and gives it in a pleasing way. This record would certainly be lost, with the passing of the years, did not Frontier Times rescue it from oblivion, for our pioneers, our old settlers, are passing off the stage of action very fast and in a few more years most of those who had a part in the making of the history of Texas, will have journeyed on to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. Help us to perpetuate the record of these men and women by helping us to make Frontier Times a permanent publication.

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