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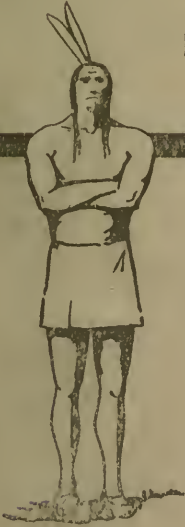
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"A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants." Macaulay

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FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy,
Pioneer Achievement



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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 1

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An Indian Gave Masonic Distress Sign

Several years ago Capt. W. R. Russell furnished us the following narrative. Captain Russell died at his home near Harper, Texas, in August, 1912, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years:

"On the night of July 2, 1859, a party of Lipan Indians crossed the Frio near the present town of Leakey, and killed an ox belonging to John Q. Daugherty. We rallied twelve of our rangers, Capt. W. R. Russell, H. M. Robison, Clint Rain, R. M. Ware, George W. Patterson, Dan Turney, H. P. Courtney, Nat Lambert, Pete Bowles, J. Q. Daugherty, John Williams and Bill Bishop. We took the trail of the Indians and about 2 o'clock p. m. we came to a bluff about four feet high on the side of a mountain over which the trail led. We placed a rope around the haunches of our horses, one at a time, six or eight men would pull on the rope from the top of the bluff while one man held the bridle and all that could get hold would push and lift from behind. In this way we succeeded in getting all of our horses on top of the bluff unharmed, and pushed forward on a hot trail. As we approached Nueces river we discovered where the Indians had stopped and barbecued their beef. At this point they had abandoned a mare with lockjaw. We pused on to the Nueces where a heavy rain came upon us, literally wiping out every vestige of a trail and soaking us to the skin. When the rain had ceased we moved on to a high place and camped for the night.

The next morning was clear and Robinson, the trailer, leading out. When we had gone about five miles we again struck the trail, and that night we camped where the Indians had camped the night before. There the Indians had peeled the bark from large Spanish oak trees and had drawn several pictures, using burnt sticks for crayon. We followed the trail all the next day and that night we camped within two miles of the Indians. Early next morning, not taking

time for breakfast, we were in the saddle and a two-mile ride brought us to the top of a high bluff overlooking a large mott or grove of timber growing almost beneath. Here we halted and heard the Indians talking, and one seemed to be hacking on some hard substance with his knife. It was evident that they felt secure and were arranging their camp for a long stay. We quietly prepared for action, and sent our horses back about seventy yards in charge of Lambert and Courtney, while the rest of us cautiously moved down to the lower end of the bluff, descended and stealthily advanced into the mott only to find the Indians gone. We took up their trail and followed them about three miles, when we found them in camp, and, proceeding with more caution, we advanced into a low bottom covered with Spanish oak and other growth, alongside of which was a large pool of water. I was watching the water as well as other surroundings when all at once an Indian stepped upon the bank with a paunch of water in his hand, and at the same instant he discovered me. As I raised my rifle he exclaimed in a clear, loud voice, "Lipan Amigo!" and gave me the grand hailing sign of distress in Free Masonry in an intelligent manner. My rifle fired and he never gave any more signs. So you see the savage Indians, beyond a doubt, had Free Masonry among them, but at that time I did not know what that Indian meant by the sign he gave.

Just at the instant when I raised my gun to fire on this Indian, another stepped up on the bank and was killed in his tracks by Dick Ware. Then we made a charge through their camp, which was in a deep narrow canyon with perpendicular walls of rock on either side. As soon as we reached their camp we saw the Indians running toward a large pile of rocks in the canyon, and we bent our course to a bluff on the opposite side of the canyon, from where we could take in

the whole situation. Many years before this, Mexican miners had prospected this canyon and near where this great pile of stones lay they had cut steps in the walls of solid rock, thus allowing easy egress or ingress. The Indians knew of these steps and we did not. They did not halt at the pile of rocks as we expected, but made for those steps and every scoundrel escaped. We returned to the Indians' camp and gathered up the booty, which consisted of fifteen horses, six saddles, two horse-loads of blankets, one small bag of arrow spikes, sewing sinews, punk, and \$1.12 in Mexican coin, besides a large shield, and some things that belonged to my brother-in-law, L. C. Thompson, whom they had killed in the Frio Canyon on the 7th of May previous.

We made the trip back to our horses and men, ate what scant rations we had left, and then set out for Uvalde. At sundown we found a good camping place and went into camp. About 300 yards north of us was a heavy mott of timber under a high bluff, and I think at least 500, wild turkeys went to roost in those tall trees in that mott. We took every precaution to guard against a night attack. We suspected a large party of Indians had been hanging round in our rear and watching us all afternoon. We knew that we could whip them on any ground and all we dreaded was a night attack and the stampeding of our stock.

Shortly after dark these Indians slipped into the mott I have just mentioned and through all hours of the night kept up the most outrageous noise. They howled like wolves, cried like children and grown people, and tried to imitate the cry of every domestic animal known to civilized man. This was kept up until nearly day and for what purpose, whether to draw us out, frighten us or to annoy us will never be known. Just before day their villainous noise ceased and we saw no more of the cowardly rascals.

At sunrise we resumed our march, ravenously hungry. Bear, deer and turkeys were plentiful but somehow we did not get a shot at anything until about 10 o'clock. Finding a safe place to halt, we placed nine on guard while the other three set out on foot to procure meat. These did not go far before they killed four bears, one very large, the other three small cubs, and all very fat. We remounted and proceeded to a place where we could safely cook and eat and the

twelve of us ate more than half of our new supper. That night we camped near Chalk Bluff on the Nueces and consumed the remnant of our bear meat. The next day at 11 o'clock we reached Uvalde. I hailed the hotel man and ordered dinner for 24 men. "Where are the men?" he exclaimed, but before I had time to answer he took in the situation, gave a grunt, and hastened into the house to prepare dinner for twelve men whose appetites had been whetted by long fasting and hard riding.

Last Indian Raid in Denton County.

My father, Sevier Fortenberry, was killed and scalped by the Indians Oct. 30, 1868, the last white man killed by Indians in Denton County.

In January 1868, the savages came down Clear Creek and killed a Mr. Long, burned the dwelling of a Mr. Wilson, abducted a young lady, passed by Fort Bloeker, killed Joseph Munarco, captured his daughter, Mrs. Shegog; killed his infant, captured two of his nieces and a little negro boy. Several white men among the settlers, Messrs. Cogburn, Williams, Jones, Fortenberry, Holder and Wade, charged on the Indians and in the encounter the young woman's horse ran away with her. In this way she made her escape. The redskins then marched off with Mrs. Shegog and the other prisoners. At midnight a norther sprang up and they started northeast. They struck Big Elm at Gainesville and placed Mrs. Shegog on a mule, but she was so chilled that they pushed her off with the expectation that foot travel would restore her, but being too stiff to walk, two of the Indians siezed her by the hands and dragged her until she had recovered some warmth. Her comb came out and the Indians parted her hair and cut it off with butcher knives.

When they reached Elm Creek the Indians pushed her off the beast, gave her a buffalo robe and built a fire. They went into camp, but when the chickens began to crow and the people of Gainesville began to chop wood Monday morning the Indians fled, forgetting in their hurry all about Mrs. Shegog, who had in the meantime rolled from under her robe down into a ravine and made her escape. A pursuing party afterward found the baby frozen to the ground. The two nieces also were frozen to death. I don't know what ever became of the little negro boy.—Mrs. J. M. Waide, in Dallas News.

Indian Raids in Nacogdoches County

When the white settlers of Texas, composing Austin's and DeWitt's colonies, first began to erect their cabins in this wild and beautiful country, all the Indian tribes were friendly. The Comanches were the most numerous, numbering several thousand warriors. Hostilities commenced by thieving parties of Indians stealing horses from the whites; and, when caught by the exasperated settlers, were roughly dealt with. There was not much law in the country in those days regulating punishment for such offenses, and the red man caught under such circumstances was generally shot on the spot, and white horse thieves were served the same way, or strung up to the limb of a tree.

In the early settlement of Nacogdoches county a family named Hutchinson settled between the Neches and Trinity rivers, near Fort Houston. The family consisted of the old man, his wife and daughter, Anna. They lived in peace and quiet for some time, but in 1838 the Indians then being hostile, began committing depredations between the two rivers, and armed bands of minute men began scouting the country to run them out. Late one evening a scouting party, composed of nine settlers, arrived at Hutchinson's place to spend the night, expecting to go on up the country the next morning, where they were to meet another scouting party. The old man cordially invited them in, their horses were attended to, and the old lady and her daughter prepared supper.

When supper was announced, the men went back into the shed room, on the north side of the cabin, where the meal was spread, and took their seats at the table, leaving their guns standing in the corner near an open door which fronted to the south. The meal was not more than half over, when, hearing a slight noise in the direction of the south door, they looked and saw three hideously painted Indians between them and their guns. Not knowing how many more there were close at hand, they all sprang from the table and escaped through an east door in the shed room, the old man Hutchinson going with them, thinking, of course that the women would follow, but they remained behind.

The brave old lady seized a heavy iron

shovel and commenced a furious attack upon the Indians, and succeeded in beating one of them to the floor before she was tomahawked. Anna came to the assistance of her mother, but was struck on the head and fell to the floor, apparently lifeless. The savages not satisfied with this, then cut out her left breast, and left her lying on the floor in this horrible condition. They then brought some lard from the kitchen and emptying it in one corner of the house, set fire to it and left, carrying some of the guns with them. Anna Hutchinson returned to consciousness and barely escaped from the burning house. Her mother's body was consumed. The girl wandered about until morning and succeeded in getting about two miles from the house, and becoming overcome with fatigue and pain, could go no further, but sank fainting to the ground, where she was found by three rangers and carried to the nearest house, where for many weeks she hovered between life and death, but finally recovered.

Other raids followed and many of the early settlers were slain, women and children taken into captivity, homes were burned, stock driven off, and all manner of atrocities perpetuated by the blood-thirsty savages, who left a trail of blood every time they invaded the settlements.

Captain Denton raised a company of forty men and set out in pursuit of a large band of Indians which had been depredating in that section. They traveled hard and struck the trail on the Sulphur Fork of the Brazos, and followed it for several days, finally coming up with them in a bend of the Trinity river, about sixty miles below where Ft. Worth now stands. Here the Indians had a village and crops of growing corn, pumpkins and watermelons. Captain Denton's rangers furiously charged in among them and a short, but bloody fight ensued. The Indians soon gave way and fled through the bottoms, leaving many of their dead on the ground. But the rangers did not come out unseathed, the brave and dauntless Denton was killed at the first onset, and Lieutenant Stout was wounded. The village was set on fire and the stronghold of the hostiles utterly destroyed.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor.

Our frontier in 1855 was roughly bounded by the counties of Grayson, Denton, Parker, Palo Pinto, Eastland, Brown, Lampasas, Burnett, Kendall, Bexar, and southeast to San Patricio. There were a few settlements of adventurous ranchmen beyond this line, with some military posts such as Belknap in Young county and Camp Cooper some forty miles southwest. The lower reservation was on the Brazos River near where the city of Graham now stands. The Comanche reservation was at Camp Cooper on the Clear Fork of the Brazos. At this time what is now known as the Panhandle was truly an "unknown land", as was much of the western part of Texas. Something like two-thirds of the state was held by the Comanches and another tribe allied with them, the Kiowa. The Kiowa was a full brother to the Comanche in all that was revolting and inhuman and as was his brother, an inveterate thief. The Comanche is known, in Texas history as early as 1699. He was truly the Arab of the new world. His hand was against every man and every man's hand was against him. All other Indians were his enemy save his ally, the Kiowa, and he killed and scalped them whenever and wherever he could.

His depredations upon the whites began when the Spaniards first entered his territory in, say 1715, at San Antonio and other points, whom they massacred and slew for many years. Their depredations upon the Anglo-Americans began when Austin's colonists and other immigrants gradually pushed the Indians westward and northward, but they contested every foot of the ground and their withering carcasses and bleaching bones could be found in many of our frontier counties.

In 1855 the Texas Indians were settled upon the reservations as before mentioned, except the Comanches. Only five hundred of them came in and located on the reservation, the others remaining in the Panhandle country.

The Indians being on reservations and being fed and clothed by the general government, people thought they would have a long breathing spell, if indeed Indian depredations did not cease entirely, and so ventured beyond the limits of our frontier as above outlined. Quite a number of the people settled along the Clear Fork

of the Brazos, our family among the rest. This was in the year 1857. In the year 1856, there having been practically no trouble with the Indians, we thought it safe to venture out, and did so feeling a thrill of joy at having our Indian troubles finally settled. Feeling thus secure new settlers scattered over the face of the country. Each built his cabin and plowed his field wherever his fancy dictated without much regard for means of defense, more than his trusty rifle, and without apparent desire for near neighbors. This isolated condition of the settler made him almost, if not quite, at the mercy of the Indian.

Our feeling of security was short lived and we had another story to tell. Early in the year 1857 trouble broke out with the suddenness of an explosion, after which there was ceaseless warfare. People were ruthlessly slain and robbed the whole length of our frontier. In this year several Indians were killed who had with them blankets that had been issued to them at the Comanche agency and suspicion, if not something more, pointed to them as being responsible for many of the brutal murders and scalping of women and children along our frontier and the stealing of horses as well. In this year a band of Comanches from the reservation with stolen horses were attacked on the Rio Grande in perhaps what is now Kinney or Val Verde counties by Capt. Black and his rangers from Uvalde County. Several of the Indians were killed. Among the number, an Indian named Sam Houston, whom I had known on the reservation. There was one wounded, one got back to the reservation whom I saw. No question about these being reservation Comanches. How well do I remember the night when the news of Capt. Black's killing was brought to the reservation. The squaws turned out in good number on the hills and were weeping and wailing and making the night hideous.

The year 1857 was a "Black Friday." All along our frontier were horrible murders, many women and children were killed and scalped, others carried far into the wilderness, stripped of clothing and left to their fate.

The next year opened up with little prospect of improvement. Raiding

Indian trails followed out of the settlements invariably led to the Comanche reservation. Indians killed along the Clear Fork of the Brazos and Hubbards Creek had on them blankets issued to them on the reservation.

There was some suspicion against the Indians on the lower reservation as being responsible for some of the crimes along the frontier and notice was served on them that any Indian caught off the reservation would be killed and the Comanches were notified that they would be dealt with in the same manner.

Conditions had grown to a high tension, indeed to a breaking point. The cry was heard everywhere: "Run the Indian out of Texas." While the feeling was thus at fever heat, the Indians enacted another chapter of horrors which sealed their doom so far as remaining longer on Texas soil was concerned. In Jack county they surprised the Mason and Cameron families, killed Mason and his wife, scalped them and mutilated their bodies. They killed Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, mutilated their bodies, took two of their children, a boy and a girl, off with them and becoming alarmed, dropped the children and fled after having cut the little boy's throat with intent to murder him, but the little fellow recovered, and I saw him after he was grown. Also in Jack county the Indians attacked the house of Calvin Gage in his absence, killed Mrs. Gage and her mother, Mrs. Sanders, and took captive two of Mrs. Sander's daughters and a little boy. The boy was killed soon after being captured. The girls were carried twenty miles, then stripped of their clothing and left to their fate. In the same county, just after the above events, Captain H. A. Hamner was scouting in the western part with a few men and suddenly came upon seven Indians who had just killed a white woman and her infant. Captain Hamner and his men killed four of the Indians, and the others ran into the lower reservation. After Captain Hamner and his men had chased the remaining Indians into the lower reservation, in scouting around the outskirts they came upon the woman and child above mentioned. From the foregoing it was quite evident that the lower reservation Indians were either murdering along our frontier or were knowingly giving aid to those who were offending, which made them as guilty as those actually committing the murders and thefts.

The Indians were highly indignant over this killing and threatened vengeance on Jack county, and particularly Jacksboro, Captain Hamner's home. They made all kinds of demands for Captain Hamner and threatened a massacre unless he was delivered to them. News of the threatening of the Indians was heralded all along the frontier. Companies were hastily raised and hurried to Jack county and in a short time six hundred men were on the ground. There was one company from Jack county, commanded by Captain Jack Baily, two from Parker county, one commanded by Captain C. L. Jordan and the other by Captain Joe Ward; two companies from Palo Pinto, one commanded by Captain Ross Pollard, the other by Captain Jack Cureton, a company from Bosque county, commanded by Capt. Jim Norris; a company from Erath county, I think commanded by Captain J. B. Barry; one company from Montague county, commanded by Capt. Carroll. There was a company from Wise county and one from Cooke county, but I do not recall the names of the officers. These men assembled on Dillingham's Prairie in Jack county. Naturally these companies were independent units, subject to orders from no one except their own officers. In view of the fact that a battle with the Indians was imminent, the need of a commander was apparent, whereupon an election was held and resulted in the election of Jno. R. Baylor a citizen of Weatherford, as Colonel, and A. H. Hamner of Jacksboro, Lieutenant Colonel. Thus officered the little army took up the line of march in the direction of the lower reservation with the avowed purpose of running the Indians out of Texas. Upon reaching the reservation not an Indian could be seen. The Texans then moved on in the direction of Belknap. They had not gone very far when they came upon a large body of Indians protected by U. S. troops. The officer in command notified the Texans that he intended to protect the Indians at all hazards. In order to avoid trouble with the Government, the Texans moved on in the direction of Belknap. The officer who notified the Texans that he intended to protect the Indians failed to notify them that there was an ambuscade just ahead of them. The Texans had gone only a short distance when they were fired upon by a large body of Indians secreted along the road side. This opened the fight and the firing was general for

quite awhile. The Indians were using guns which had evidently been furnished them by the soldiers, if indeed the soldiers were not doing some of the firing themselves. Strange, is it not, that these soldiers who had at all times failed to give our citizens the least protection, are now found fighting for the creatures who had been killing, scalping and stealing from them? Not once in all the dreary years prior to this time were the Indians told that these same soldiers would protect the American settler at all hazards. No friendly hand had ever wrapped the American flag around him and defied the world to fire upon it. But now we find the Indian, the least useful of all the creatures who ever lived upon the earth, securely wrapped in the American flag and in effect defying the defenders of Texas to fire upon it. During the fighting five or six Texans were killed and wounded. Three or four Indians were killed dead on the spot.

During the time the Indians were firing upon the Texans, an Indian rode out from among his companions, making signs and conducting himself in such a manner as to induce the Texans to believe he bore the message of peace. Col. Baylor met him and as the Indian seemed to want to shake hands Col. Baylor obliged him by giving him a hearty shake and pointing toward the head of the column, told the Indian to go there, which he did. Upon reaching which place, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamner motioned the Indian to ride with him. In a short time, the Indian asked Hamner if he was the Captain. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamner told him he was. The Indian became quite nervous and began to raise his gun to shoot, but Col. Hamner was on the lookout and at once drew his pistol, shot the Indian and killed him. Colonel Baylor said afterwards that when he met the Indian and gave him the handshake he saw distinctly treason in his look that seemed to sugar over his villainy, that black, glistening, snake eye seemed to say: "I am going to commit damnable assassination." For this reason the Indian was made to go to the front where he could shoot no one in the back, and where, if he undertook to carry out the object of his visit, he could be promptly attended to.

By this time it was clearly apparent that the Indians were being aided by the United States troops and no attack could be made upon them without at the same time attacking the government troops,

which was never contemplated, so no attack was made, but the Indians continued to harass the Texans as they moved on. They would suddenly appear, fire on the Texans and as suddenly disappear behind the hills and timber out of sight. Finally the Texans arrived at the ranch of a man who sympathized with the Indians, but who was absent from home and who, no doubt was among the Indians, aiding them by acts and encouraging them by words. The ranchman's wife, however was very much at home. Colonel Baylor hurriedly posted his men in and around the house and in nearby suitable places for defense. The lady of the house was highly indignant at such conduct and ordered the Texans out of her home and told them they were not half so decent as the Indians. Colonel Baylor assured her that he regretted that the circumstances made it necessary for him to temporarily occupy her premises and that he and his men would abandon the same as soon as circumstances would permit. About this time, Tom Pollard was drinking water out of a pitcher. An Indian bullet struck the bottom of the pitcher, passed through the water and struck Mr. Pollard in the forehead, knocking him down and making an ugly, painful wound, which left a scar which Mr. Pollard carried to his grave.

At this time there was one Indian who was making himself particularly conspicuous. He wore a frightful savage-looking headgear of buffalo horns and feathers in great profusion. Colonel Baylor and Charley Goodnight were standing near each other when suddenly this Indian came in sight, gave his shield and headgear a defiant shake and at the same time gave the savage war whoop and started off in a run for shelter. Colonel Baylor said to Charley Goodnight: "Charley, watch me knock that fellow off his horse." At the crack of Colonel Baylor's rifle, a handful of feathers and a horn or two dropped out of the Indian's headgear. Whether he was seriously hurt or not was not known, but after that shot the "big Injun heap" did not defy the Texans again. This last shot by Col. Baylor ended the fight at the lower reservation. Since no attack could be made on the Indians, the difficulty of holding irregular troops together became quite evident and by squads and companies they began to leave for home.

Col. Baylor went to Jacksboro with the companies from that county. Shortly after his arrival there, news came to him

that a band of Comanche Indians with a large number of horses were fleeing out of the settlements, going in the direction of the Comanche reservation. Col. Baylor hurriedly gathered a few men and went in pursuit and when within ten miles of the reservation the Indians were overtaken and in a desperate fight six of the braves were killed and the others fled to the reservation where the government soldiers would protect them. In this fight no Texan was hurt. The Indians lost all their stolen horses, which were later returned to their respective owners by Col. Baylor.

The attack on the lower reservation was made in May, 1859. In the following August the general government moved the Indians of each reservation to Fort Cobb in the Indian territory. We were hopeful that this move would make the Indians less red of tooth and claw, but it was a vain hope, for they continued to outrage our frontier for many years thereafter.

From what I have already written of the murders, scalping and thefts and the carrying into captivity of women and children and the hundreds of other such happenings that could be truthfully mentioned, one can easily imagine that the class of people who made up our frontier would not longer submit to such outrages committed by people living at their very doors, without a fight. Our own state could not protect us because of our long stretch of frontier and the general government would not protect us, so we were left to our own resources. It was a case of which should survive—white man or Indian—and we had little doubt about the final outcome.

After the trouble at the reservation, for the removal of the Indians out of Texas grew stronger on the part of the which I have just described, the demand frontier people. Governor Runnels of Texas urged this course upon the general government.

For several years before the attack on the lower reservation there was a bitter feeling between persons who favored the Indians and claimed that the reservation Indians were not committing the depredations along the frontier, and those who were against the Indians and claimed that the reservation Indians were committing practically all the murders and thefts. The one faction was known as "The Indian Man" and the other as "The White Man". Even early in 1858 the feeling

between the two factions was intense. Early in this year the Indian men, in cold blood, waylaid and murdered a man by the name of Collins, because of his very pronounced anti-Indian sentiments. This man Collins was killed near where Fort Griffin now is, at his home. During the year 1859 Capt. H. A. Hamner published a newspaper at Jacksboro, known as "The White Man". This paper was very bitter against the Indians on both reservations and bitterly denounced the men who were in sympathy with the Indians, especially Maj. R. S. Neighbors, who was the agent-in-chief and who it was claimed was responsible for the government troops defending the Indians in the citizens' attack on the reservation.

The whole frontier was a blaze of excitement. The white man's faction was determined that the Indians should leave Texas and The White Man did good service in keeping that feeling alive and posting the people all along the frontier.

After the conflict at the reservation, Governor Runnels attempted to learn at first hand the facts concerning the trouble between the Indians and the citizens and to adopt whatever course might be necessary to protect the frontier people. For that purpose, he appointed as commissioners, George B. Erath, Richard Coke, John Henry Brown, Joseph M. Smith and Dr. Josephus M. Steiner, with instructions to visit the agency and the surrounding country and report the result of their investigation. About this time the fact was made public that the government would in a short time remove the Indians to the vicinity of Fort Cobb, north of the Red River. The commissioners reported to the governor such facts as justified citizens in their attempts to run the Indians out of Texas and determined him to take steps to protect the people against depredations by the Indians, and especially during the period of their removal to this end.

John Henry Brown was appointed Captain of two detachments, aggregating one hundred men, and ordered to take position in such manner as to enable him to compel the Indians on both reservations to remain within their limits. Captain Brown had not been long in his camp near the Comanche reservation when a large body of Comanches attacked him. After desperate fighting the Indians were repulsed with the loss of eleven of their number and two of Brown's men wounded.

In August 1859, under an escort of three or four hundred cavalry and in-

fantry the Indian swere escorted to their future home in the Indian territory. Notwithstanding the fact that Captain Brown and his men followed closely in the rear of the Indians and the presenee of a large body of government troops, a big band of Comanches left the main body and fled to their friends in the northern part of the state; the others were safely landed at Fort Cobb.

On his return from Fort Cobb in September, 1859, Major R. S. Neighbors was killed in Fort Belknap by Ed Cornett. Later on and, I think, in the same year, 1859, Ed Cornett was killed in about the same way he had killed Major Neighbors. Why did Ed Cornett kill Major Neighbors? I have been asked that question many times. Of course, I do not know why. I only know of a few facts which tend to soften Cornett's act, which I briefly give:

It is a fact that a few months before the trouble at the reservation before described the Indians invaded the premises of Ed Cornett in his absenee and carried Mrs. Cornett away captive and she was never again heard of. It is also true that Major Neighbors had caused the United States troops to defend the Indians against the Texans when they attempted to drive them out of the state. It is also true that Major Neighbors accompanied the Indians when they left Texas for their home aecross Red River. It is also true that Major Neighbors was strictly in sympathy with the Indians and minimized what they had done along our frontier and was bitterly opposed to the course pursued by the Texans. Ed Cornett disagreed with Major Neighbors on all these questions, as did nearly all eitizens in that section. Those facts, coupled with the fact of the captivity of his wife, which in itself was enough to render his mind ineapable of cool reflection and, perhaps, the bitter feeling existed between the two faactions-Indian men and White men-was the cause of the killing. Cornett shot Major Neighbors as he was walking in the streets of Belknap, with both barrels of a double barrelled shotgun, loaded with twelve buckshot in each barrel. The shot struck Neighbors in the breast killing him instantly. Cornett was about thirty feet distant when he fired the shot. Personally, I think the killing of Major Neighbors was about the greatest misfortune that could have befallen our northern frontier. I think he could, by his influence over the Indians, have prevented large-

ly the horrible murders of men, women and children along our northern frontier for many years after his untimely death.

After the outbreak of the Texans against the Indians early in 1859, before mentioned, our ranch was doomed. I have previously mentioned that the Indians made two raids, seeking a scalp they failed to get. Late in 1859, the Indian men decided to try their luck on scalps, since the reward offered seemed to be void of results, so they invaded our ranch. There was no one there except our foreman and two negro cow hands. The foreman at the request of the invaders walked out to where they were unarmed and some fifty yards from the house, where he was completely at their mercy. The invaders at once leveled their guns on the foreman and began a tirade of abuse and made many threats to kill him and his boss if they did not leave the country. The name of our foreman was J. V. Howell, a 100 percent American, honest and upright. He did not know the men and had never harmed them, neither by word nor deed. Joe Howell did not leave the country until he got good and ready. He joined the first company raised in Parker county, and served to the close of the war between the states.

There was, as before stated, a bitter hatred between the soealled White man and the Indian man, and from this there resulted four deaths in the years 1859-60 to-wit: R. S. Neighbors, Collins, Ed Cornett and Chaneellor King, three of whom were anti-Indian. Some of these killers went to their friends the Comanches, in the Indian territory, where they ranked as neither Indian nor white man, but as squaw man, which rating is about that of a mulatto negro, who was neither a white man nor a "nigger". After the close of the war between the States, the bitterness above mentioned was largely dissipated and the frontiersmen presented a solid front to their ancient enemy, the Comanehe and Kiowa, until the Indians were subdued. I have not overlooked the "rustler". He was a late addition to our frontier.

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Ben Bickerstaff, the Noted Desperado

By T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas.

Ben Bickerstaff was a fruit of the war. Although he was instinctively a gentleman, high-strung, and of pronounced social ideals, his becoming a "bad man" was one of evolution in the popular sense. His father lived several miles east of Sulphur Springs, Texas, and Ben entered the Confederate Army with all the fiery ardor of youth. One of his acquaintances in conversation with me, vouchsafed the statement that "Ben was a red-hot southerner." At the close of the war, Ben's fortunes led him to Louisiana. The Freedman's Bureau, the nearest fort of the U. S. Army (known in popular phraseology at that time as "Yankee Forts") served to give the negroes an exalted idea of freedom and many of them began to "put on airs", the result being a clash with the Southern whites. In one of these encounters, Ben Bickerstaff shot a negro. The result was that the Federal officers were soon after him and in these troublesome times no Southerner believed that he could get justice before a court dominated by "carpet-baggers" and seal-wags."

Ben escaped across the line into Texas, getting a few men around him, and set up a camp in the bottoms of White Oak Creek, about four miles northwest of Sulphur Springs. The inevitable result happened. The U. S. Army decided to establish a fort at Sulphur Springs, within four miles of Ben's camp. A train of supplies was started towards Sulphur Springs as a basis for the fort. This was in 1866 or 1867.

The train arrived at a point on the prairie west or northwest of Sulphur Springs. It was suddenly surrounded by some unknown parties. The mules were taken out of the wagons, the wagons were drawn up close together with all the supplies, the harness taken off the mules and placed in the wagons, the torch was applied and in a short while the wagons, harness, government supplies, etc., were in a smoking ruin. The next day there were many visitors at the scene and one of these told me that all that was left was some ashes, smoke, wagon tires, and the iron work of the wagons. The unknown parties had decamped with the mules leaving the drivers on foot as a rather severe warning. This act was charged to Ben

Bickerstaff and his followers, but it was never established. The nearness of his camp to the scene of the holocaust naturally led to this conclusion.

As a sidelight on Ben Bickerstaff's character, Colonel W. B. Wortham, now of Austin, Texas, and ex-State Treasurer, relates that he lived in Sulphur Springs in his youth and owned a pony that disappeared. Knowing Ben Bickerstaff's character, he mounted a horse one day and ventured to interview Bickerstaff in his camp on White Oak Creek. Mr. Wortham relates that after giving his name to Bickerstaff, he was asked, "Are you a son of Col. Wortham of Sulphur Springs?" Billie replied that Col. Wortham was his father. Bickerstaff then instructed him to inspect some horses that were tied a short distance from camp and report to him whether his pony was in the bunch. Billie inspected the horses and found his pony among them. He reported to Bickerstaff and the head of the outlaws said to one of his men, "Give this boy his pony." Billie Wortham was then given his pony, and took him back to Sulphur Springs and related the event to his friends. He acknowledges to this day that to his chums he told an ungodly tale which placed him in a position of holding up Ben Bickerstaff and his gang, and taking his pony from them singlehanded. However, he told the truth of the matter to his father, who attributed the incident to Ben's kind disposition.

The U. S. fort was soon established at Sulphur Springs after the burning of the wagons, and the troops made it too hot for Bickerstaff and his followers to remain. Accordingly, they next appeared at Alvarado, Texas. From his camp near Alvarado Bickerstaff was wont to make forays on the town, shoot it up, and take what he wanted in defiance of the authorities. By this time Ben had become a ruthless outlaw and had gathered around him men who were of the same type. His friends believe that he had reached the outlaw stage by gradual steps, none of which could possibly have been foreseen.

While in East Texas Ben Bickerstaff had been associated with Cullen M. Baker, one of the bad men produced by the war. Bickerstaff was known as a

graduate of the "Cullen M. Baker School of Bad Men." While camped near Alvarado he changed his name to Thomason, and had as a companion a man by the name of Thompson, a former resident of Alvarado, Johnson county. Bickerstaff and Thompson had been camping several months near Alvarado, and it was their habit to visit the town late in the evening or during the night, to shoot up, and rob wherever they pleased. Their repeated crimes and hold-ups became unbearable and some determined citizens organized for the purpose of putting an end to this reign of terror. They had their guns ready, loaded, and secreted, and on April 5, 1869, the fray took place.

About sun-down Bickerstaff and Thompson were seen coming to town. As they neared the hitching post they saw all the men running into the stores and places of business and shutting the doors. The two desperadoes attributed this to fear on the part of the people, and with their pistols in hand they advanced. Bickerstaff was heard to exclaim in a loud voice, "Rats to your holes, D— you." Both Bickerstaff and Thompson rode up to the hitching-raek, tied their horses, and had just turned from their horses, when the fusilade of buck-shot was rained on them from men concealed in the nearby stores. It seems that the citizens were more anxious to kill Thompson than Bickerstaff on account of the fact that he had been a former resident of Alvarado, and had turned against his old friends and acquaintances. Thompson fell dead at the first volley, and I heard it said that forty-two bullets pierced his body and clothing. Only three hit Bickerstaff, one of these striking him in the right eye and bursting the ball thereof, but notwithstanding this, he raised himself on his elbow and fired shots at individuals and at random. Later the men crowded around him and he conversed with them for some time, cursed Thompson for dying so easily, talked very freely to the crowd, and at one time exclaimed, "You have killed as brave a man as there is in the South."

For awhile it was suspected that some townspeople of Alvarado were in collusion with Bickerstaff and Thompson but nothing was ever proved and this impression finally died out. Photographs were taken of the two dead outlaws in the street, and I had a copy for years but it disappeared and I have not been able to find it.

Under date of August 27, 1868, Major

General J. J. Reynolds in charge of the five military districts for the state of Texas issued special orders, No. 16, in which he offered a reward of \$1000.00 for delivery of each of the following named persons:

BEN F. BICKERSTAFF

CULLEN M. BAKER

BOB LEE

Cullen M. Baker was killed a few months after this order was issued. Ben F. Bickerstaff was killed April 5, 1869, and Bob Lee was killed in Fannin county in late spring or early summer of 1869 by the federal soldiers and two citizens.

As a sequel to the killing of Bob Lee, it can be stated that one of the two citizens who aided the federal soldiers in the killing of Bob Lee was killed three months later by Bob Lee's twelve-year-old son, in September, 1869.

Major David Doole.

Maj. David Doole, who platted the National Cemetery at Fort Sam Houston, a veteran of the Civil War, the Indian wars and the Mormon Rebellion, the oldest Mason in Texas in point of service and for a half century a resident of Southwest Texas, died August 17th, at his home in Mason, at the age of 91

Major Doole was born in Belfast, Ireland, November 25, 1832, and came to the United States with his parents when he was 8 years old. The family settled in New York State,

At the age of 18 he enlisted in the army and served throughout the war as a member of the union forces. After the close of the war he was sent to Arizona, where he participated in some of the early fights with the Apaches and other tribes of the Southwest. He also aided in subduing the Mormon rebellion.

Later he was discharged from the army and was made post trader at Mason. He held this place for two years and later opened a general merchandising establishment at Mason, which he operated until his retirement from business 20 years ago.

Maj. Doole became a Mason in 1853 while serving in the army in New York State. He was a member of the Master Masons and also the chapter and for many years was district grand master.

He is survived by three sons: David Doole Jr., of Austin; Dr. Paul T. Doole of Eagle Lake, and Holmes Doole of San Pedro, Cal.; three daughters, Mrs. Bernice Finley of Fife, and Mrs. Kate Camp of Douglas, Arizona.

Complete Version of the Sam Bass Song

Frontier Times has received a number of requests from subscribers, asking for the song, "Sam Bass." Recently we found this song in the Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News. It is believed to be the complete and correct version. Thirty years ago this old song was heard around every hearthstone and beside every campfire on the range. Many of our older readers remember the tune:

Sam Bass was born in Indiana,
It 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 fair.

Sam always coined the money
And spent it mighty free;
He always drank good liquor
Wherever he might be.

Sam Bass had four companions,
Four bold and daring lads,
Jim Murphy, Jackson, Underwood,
Joel Collins and "Old Dad."

Four bolder, reckless cowboys
The Wild West never knew;
They whipped the Texas rangers
And chased the boys in blue.

Sam left the old Joel Collins ranch
In the merry month of May,
With a herd of Texas cattle
The Black Hills for to see.

They sold out at Kansas City
And then got on a spree.
A tougher lot of cowboys
You seldom ever see.

They started back to Texas
And robbed the U. P. train,
Then split up into couples
And started out again.

Joel Collins and his partner
Were overtaken soon,
And with all their hard-earned money
They had to meet their doom.

Sam Bass got back to Texas
All "right side up with care,"
He rode right into Denton,
His old friends 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 "Arkansaw" for short,
He was killed by a Texas ranger
Who thought it was great sport.

Jim Murphy was arrested,
And then released on bail.
He jumped his bond at Tyler
And hit the Terrell trail.

But Major Jones had posted Jim,
And that was all a stall—
It was a plan to capture Sam
Before the coming fall.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock
July the twenty-first,
They filled poor Sam with bullets
And emptied out his purse.

Now Sam is a decaying corpse.
Down in the Round Rock clay,
While Jackson's on the border
A-trying to get away.

Jim Murphy borrowed Sam's good
money
And did not want to pay,
So he set out the game to win
By giving Sam away.

He sold poor Sam and also Barne
And left their friends to mourn.
Jim Murphy will a roasting get
When Gabriel toots his horn.

Some think he'll go to heaven,
For none can surely tell,
But if I'm right in my surmise
No doubt he'll go—the other way.

The Ill-Fated Schniveley Expedition

John Warren Hunter, in Hunter's Magazine, 1911.

In the fall of 1866 Jacob Schnively, an enthusiast in mine prospecting, and Col. William C. Dalrymple of Williamson County, created a stir of excitement among the people of the then Western and Northwestern border, over the alleged discovery of a very rich gold mine in the mountains on the Rio Grande. Mr. Schnively represented that he had prospected for gold in the Sierra Mountains and that he had discovered one of the richest mines on the continent in those mountains below El Paso and on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. In proof of his assertion he kept on display a fine collection of galena, quartz and various samples of mineral, all extremely rich and which, as he claimed, had been taken from the vast deposits with his own hands.

But to develop this mine and to garner its untold wealth, required some capital, and a good number of men, and in order to enlist able-bodied men in the enterprise, he offered to give each man who enlisted in the expedition and remained faithful, a share in the mine and also an interest in the land which was to be located by certificate. Colonel Dalrymple was among the first to become interested in the proposition. He was an old Indian fighter, an experienced frontiersman, and a man of considerable influence. Schnively's plan was to organize a company of thirty or forty men, but Colonel Dalrymple argued that ten men of his selection would be sufficient to overcome any hostile opposition on the part of Indians and that the smaller the number the greater the value of each stockholder's share in the mine. His contention prevailed and he selected the following men to accompany the expedition:

Mose Carson, an aged brother of the celebrated Kit Carson; Tom Jones, Tom Holly, John Cohen, Abe Hunter, Malcolm Hunter, Warren Hunter, Temp Robison, "Bud" (W. H.) Robinson and A. Whitehurst, ten in all, and each one a frontiersman of known courage, marksmanship and endurance. Mr. Carson was quite old but still active and full of energy. He was in the Mier expedition in 1842 and was one of the number who escaped execution at Salado by drawing a white bean.

The story of this first organization, the start upon the expedition and its signal

failure is best told by Mr. W. H. ("Bud") Robinson, who was shot and killed at his home near Fort Chadbourne on the Colorado, in 1911.

"In January, 1867, Colonel W. C. Dalrymple, E. V. Schnively, and Mose Carson, who was then 87 years old, came to my fathers' ranch near old Camp Colorado. They were organizing a party to go a gold prospecting trip to a certain described mountain 40 miles east of the Rio Grande and not a great distance from Fort Quitman. For some time prior to the coming of these gentlemen, there had been nothing doing in our section of the country. The Indians hadn't been down in the settlements for quite awhile and times were awfully dull, more especially was this the case with those of us who had been used to fighting either Indians or Yankees. Dalrymple and Schnively wanted men to go with them on a gold hunt; Schnively knew where the mine was located, he had been there and had samples of the pure stuff to show. There was gold in endless quantity and untold wealth awaited each man who became a member of the expedition. The trip promised excitement, adventure, and a better knowledge of the vast region that bordered on the Rio Grande, and this, taken in connection with the prospect of great wealth and coffers of gold, induced sixteen of us to enlist for the expedition and we were ready to be off at once. Besides the three already mentioned there were Dr. McReynolds, Warren and Abe Hunter, Tom Jones, Tom Holly, my brother myself, and a man by the name of Greenwood. There were five other men whose names I have forgotten. You must bear in mind that forty-three years have elapsed since that time and my memory is not as clear now as it was two score years ago. Each member of the expedition was required to furnish his own mount, arms, ammunition—everything, and was to share equally in the ownership and profit of the mine, with the required equipment and a good supply of provisions we met at Camp Colorado, organized and took up the line of march for the new El Dorado, and proceeded without mishap until on the morning of February 3rd, we came to the old overland stage road—then a grass grown trail—on the North Concho about where

Sterling City now stands. We followed along this dim stage road and had gone only a few miles when we ran across a trail but recently made by a bunch of horses and leading off in a northwest course. Tom Jones and I were riding some little distance in the rear and those in front, having examined the trail, decided it was that of a bunch of mustangs and passed on. When Tom and I came to the trail we decided to give it a more careful inspection and after following it a few hundred yards we were convinced that it was made by a large party of Indians, whereupon we left the trail and galloping up to Col. Dalrymple and Schnively, I told them of my observations. They advanced the idea that it was a trail made by wild horses which were quite numerous in that section at that time. I pointed out the fact well known to all plainmen, that mustangs never kept in a bee-line course, nor did they ever travel in single file, but zig-zagged more or less to the right or left, while horses ridden by Indians were always guided in a straight course and did not sway either to the left or right. I further told Col. Dalrymple who was in command of the expedition, that I believed we were in danger and that we were entirely too careless, and urged him to have the men and our pack horses kept in closer marching order. Old Mose Carson advised greater caution, but Dr. Reynolds antitalized me by saying that I was too easily excited and was ready to be scared by every mustang track that chanced to appear in our path. 'All right, Doctor,' I said, 'you'll learn to distinguish the trail of a herd of mustangs from that of a bunch of Comanches before any of us are much older and if you don't hear the war whoop before sunrise tomorrow, I'll be very much disappointed. That trail is fresh and this minute some of the bead-eyed scoundrels may be watching us from one of those peaks in the distance'.

"During the remainder of the day better discipline was observed; the men kept closer together and nearer our pack animals. Late that evening we camped on what was then known as Bat Creek, but ever since the time we camped there it has been known as Kiowa Creek, and which flows into the Concho river. We kept a close watch over our stock all night and remained in camp until 11 o'clock next day in order to give our stock a chance to graze, having been tied up and under guard all the night before. No

Indians having appeared by this time, the trail had subsided and our vigilance was supplanted by the usual neglect and carelessness that follow men inured to danger. The men mounted and set off without any regard to order and our leader showed about as much indifference as some of his men.

"Holly and Greenwood were mounted on mules and were the last to leave camp. Tom Jones and I were slightly in the rear of the main party which reached a point about six hundred yards from where we had camped when we heard the yells and the screams of Holly and Greenwood, calling for help. On looking back, we saw two columns of Indians coming single file over the little rise near the camp we had just abandoned. Each band was led by a chief and they were coming pell mell and yelling like demons right on the heels of Holly and Greenwood who were howling for help and making tracks for dear life. Greenwood was belaboring his mule, fore and aft, with a heavy breech-loading rifle while Holly was laying on manfully with the steel ramrod of his enfield musket. Being the nearest to them, Jones and I wheeled our horses and were soon at their side. This checked the foremost Indians for an instant and saved our two comrades. Although in close range, the Indians did not fire on us when we hastened to the relief of these two men, and why they withheld their fire has always been a mystery I could never solve. There were at the lowest estimate, two hundred of them, well mounted, while we were but four, and they could have easily dispatched us before our comrades could have reached us.

"And right here I want to say that during the Civil War, then but recently closed I had participated in fifty-two battles and had served under some of the most skillful cavalry officers in the Confederate army east of the Mississippi, but I had never seen a commander handle his troops with the judgment and skill displayed by a Kiowa chief on that fateful occasion. During this hard fought battle, which lasted the rest of the day—say from 11 o'clock until after dark—that chief's maneuvers were in full view and his tactics won the admiration of every ex-Confederate soldier in our little band. Altho' within easy hearing distance, we never heard him give a word of command. A motion of the hand, the pointing of his long lance, or the flourish of his highly

decorated shield, seemed to be as clearly understood by his warriors as his words of command could possibly have been. He was decked out in all the paraphernalia of savage warfare, was mounted on a superb bay gelding and seemed to rank the Comanche chief whose costume was less pretentious and who bestrode a very fine gray.

"Instead of firing on us when we reached Holly and Greenwood, this Kiowa chief seemed to hold up, giving us time to rejoin our comrades who had started back to our relief, and when we had rallied and had made ready to give them a hot reception, he led his men in single file and in perfect order past us, and when he reached a point due west of us and with the utmost coolness and precision formed his men—fully one hundred—in a hollow square. At the same time, and while this movement was in progress, the Comanche chief with about the same number of warriors, led his men back a short distance and drew up in line, their intention, evidently, being to cut us off from the Coneho, which was not very distant, and as we soon realized, afforded our only means of defense and ultimate escape, as we were outnumbered more than twelve to one.

"When the Kiowas formed their hollow square they advanced and opened a heavy fire, or more properly speaking, a heavy discharge of arrows, as only a few of them had guns. I counted only four guns in the entire outfit but several had pistols and nearly or quite all carried lances. Each of our men was armed with either an Enfield or Spence rifle and carried from one to two six shooters and when the Kiowas advanced within our reach, we began to empty their old saddles, but the Kiowa chief held his men steady in line, at the same time employing his shield to ward off the many shots we fired at him. 'Shoot that chief!' came from every man in our party, but he seemed invulnerable behind that shield. Captain Schnively lost his head and ordered us to dismount and fight on foot, but some of the men cursed him for being a fool. Col. Dalrymple shouted to the boys: 'Stay on your horses boys, draw your pistols and we'll charge 'em!' and with a yell we went right in among them, shooting right and left, and they broke. As we dashed in among them, Tom Jones' horse was killed and as he fell Jones recovered his feet bravely in time to parry the thrust of a lance in the hands of an Indian mounted

on a splendid horse. Seizing the bridle reins Jones shot the Indian and mounted his horse.

"When we made this charge we had to leave our pack animals for the time being without protection, seeing which the Comanches made an effort to capture them but when they saw their allies, the Kiowas repulsed, they swung round and joined forces. This enabled them to rally and to once more present a bold front. Seeing that our stock were scattering and were liable to capture and that there was a possibility of getting them to the creek, Col. Dalrymple ordered me and my brother to round them up and try to get them to the creek and then turning to the men he said: 'Boys, the scoundrels ain't whipped yet; we'll have to go right in among them again, and the pick of the herd and one hundred dollars in gold to the man that gets the chief!' The Colonel led the charge, but they held their ground with dogged determination. Several of our horses were killed and more than half our men were wounded more or less severely in this hand-to-hand struggle. Col. Dalrymple received a lance thrust through the fleshy part of the arm just below the shoulder, and when the Indian attempted to withdraw it, the barbs of the blade caught in the tendons and muscles of the arm and held fast. Warren Hunter, seeing the Indian tugging at the lance, shot him and his horse having been killed he seized and mounted the fallen Indian's horse. When we, my brother and I, saw the desperate mix-up and that it was going hard with the boys, we abandoned the pack animals and hastened to their relief. Our comrades were gradually yielding, that is giving back, and the Indians were slowly closing round them. They tried to cut us off but we went in with a whoop. The boys were somewhat scattered, every man fighting on his own hook. Col. Dalrymple was holding his own, although encumbered with that lance which was still hanging to his arm. When we left the pack animals and started to his relief, and failing to head us off, six Indians got in between us and Dalrymple, thus cutting him off. By this time his gun and pistols were empty and his only hope was in tall running. He made a break with the lance dangling from his arm, and the six Indians close in after him, my brother and I following right on their heels shooting and yelling. This race was continued for about three hundred yards when the Indians finding themselves going too far

from the main body and our fire getting too hot for them, gave up the pursuit and making a eirenitous run, rejoined their comrades. Here we found a rallying point for our hard-pressed men and around which the boys soon gathered. It chanced to be near the creek or river which after all was no other than a small stream at this point. The boys fell back to this point fighting, and when we had all collected, the Indians made another charge but were repulsed. As they fell back they rounded up our pack animals, thus capturing all our packs and provisions. In this charge they wounded my horse, rendering him unfit for further service.

"When the Indians fell back, we felt that the worst was yet to come. We had killed and wounded a large number of their warriors, several of their horses and being desperate over their losses and having us at all disadvantages, doubtless they would never give up the contest so long as one of us survived. We improved the time allowed us in preparing for the final struggle which every one of us believed was near at hand. We assisted Colonel Dalrymple from his horse, (he was a large, fleshy man), released the lance from his arm and bound the wound with a handkerchief. He begged for water and I went to the creek near by and brought water in my hat, of which he drank copiously. By this time Tom Jones had found a more secure place, a little ravine or gully that entered the Coneho, and to this point we hastened. The banks were very low and while they afforded little protection, it was safer there than out in the open. While all this was going on in our locality, the Indians dismounted a number of their bucks and placed them on a high bluff on the opposite side of the creek and overlooking our position, while another party occupied the bed of the creek in our front. Those on the bluff were about 150 yards from us and while they were getting in position several of them bit the dust and we could see their comrades dragging them to the rear just beyond the crest of the bluff. I had cautioned the boys lying close to me to never shoot at a shield as it would be a useless waste of ammunition, but to always take aim at the hips, the legs or the lower part of the abdomen, just below the lower rim of the shield.

"In our first charge we had killed the Kiowa chief's fine horse and now, mounted on another steed we saw him marshall-

ing his braves and by this we knew they were preparing for another desperate charge. Col. Dalrymple had somewhat regained his fighting strength and said to us: 'Boys they are going to come at us again. You fellows be good and ready, keep cool, lay low, select your Indian as they come up, hold a bead on him, and don't fire until I give the word and then if they don't stop let every man rise and with back-to-back we'll sell out.' With fierce yells and the shaking of shields and lances the Indians came down in a furious charge and it seemed to me that Dalrymple would allow the Indians to ride right over us before giving the order to fire and thinking that an arrow may have knocked him out, I glanced over my shoulder to see what had become of him. I saw that he was all right and had just got my bead on one of the charging rascals and when they were within thirty feet of us, Col. Dalrymple yelled 'Fire!' and from the confused mix-up that followed the roar of our guns, I think every man in our outfit emptied a saddle. Some of the riderless horses actually ran over some of our men, who had risen to a stooping posture after the first fire, and were still pumping lead into the fleeing savages, most of whom milled around long enough to recover a few of their dead and wounded. Our deadly fire had completely staggered them for the time being, but after a short respite they rallied and came again and met with a second repulse which was more serious, apparently, than the first.

"The Kiowa chief rallied his men for the third and last final charge. They were in full view and we watched the chief while he rode up and down his line. Owing to the distance we could not hear his voice but could see his vehement gestures, all that indicated that he was delivering to his braves one of his most eloquent exhortations.

"During all this time we were not idle, but rather making every preparation for the onslaught. The first excitement of battle that too often addles men's heads and in which they become unnerved, had worn off and each man was cool and confident, although suffering from wounds more or less severe and each member of the party was being tortured with a consuming thirst for water, yet, we were sure of whipping the red scoundrels. And here, even in this dire extremity and in the face of impending death, the humorous jest was not lacking. We saw the

chief suddenly wheel and lead off, his men following, but when they reached a point one hundred yards from us, every Indian turned tail, threw his shield over his back, and sped away as if the devil himself were at his heels reaching for his top-knot. Finding himself alone, the chief shook his lance defiantly at us, cursed us in Spanish as 'eabrones,' and 'hijos del Diablo,' then wheeling his horse he lit out after his skeedadling braves.

"During these three charges, those who occupied the bluff, annoyed us incessantly. One of them had an Enfield rifle and nearly every shot brought down one of our horses. To silence this fellow was of the utmost importance, and we didn't have to wait very long for the coveted opportunity.

"When the third charge was repulsed the enemy changed tactics. Those in front retired beyond view and later, numbers of them were seen gathering with them on the bluff, while still others, who had dismounted, were attempting to crawl upon us through the tall grass. Several of their dead still lay in the grass in our front and these they wanted to recover either by stealth or strategy. They crept uncomfortably close to us but not one of them dared show his head. They discharge darrows almost straight up in the air so that in their decent they might strike some of us, point foremost. For a short time the air was filled with these missiles, but owing to a high wind that blew out of the northwest, they were deflected and carried beyond their intended mark, although many of them fell near us, some coming down with a force that broke the shaft. This unusual target practice lasted nearly an hour. While this 'sky shooting' was in progress some of the men saw the grass moving against the wind in our front. Evidently an Indian was crawling up to tie a rope about the body of a dead comrade that lay where he fell, and a close watch was kept on that particular point. Presently a feather was seen bobbing up and down and a little later a black head was raised as if to get his bearings. There was a shot—and another dead Indian.

The Indian with the Enfield on the bluff was next disposed of. He was perched behind a rock or boulder on the brink of the elevation and we had wasted a lot of lead trying to put him out of business. I had tried to pick him off several times and had failed, but finally I got the distance down fine and drew a bead

on the little opening by the boulder where he stuck his head when he rose to fire, and when his black noggin darkened this opening, I let drive and knocked the whole top of his head off. When the ball struck him he made a wild leap, fell over the ledge and rolled to the base of the bluff. This silenced the long range Enfield, but not until about all our horses were killed.

The sun was setting. The Indians withdrew over the hill, and Tom Jones, Abe Hunter, my brother and I walked over the battle ground to see how many dead the Indians had left behind and to count the puddles of blood the thirsty soil was drinking up. Two Indians reappeared on the bluff and fearing a renewal of the attack my brother and Abe Hunter hastened back and prepared to make breast works of dead horses. Jones and I continued to prowl the battlefield. The Indians had got all our baggage, killed our horses, leaving us afoot. We had been wounded and were a long ways from home and wanted scalps—something to show for the powder we had burnt. We went to where the Indian with the Enfield had rolled down the bluff and found his carcass where it had lodged at the foot of the cliff. As before stated, my shot had left no scalp worth taking. I stepped the distance from the last blood pool in our front and found the distance to be one hundred and ten steps.

From the actions of the two spies on the bluff, Col. Dalrymple concluded that the Indians were preparing for a night attack and he called us in and ordered every man to prepare for another battle. The sun had gone down, and a little after dark the snake-eating thieves crawled sufficiently close to send arrows into a horse and mule—both staggering under wounds that would have proven fatal—and finished them. Thus, out of one hundred and twenty-six horses and mules, we had not one left.

A little later we heard the Indians prowling along the base of the bluff, doubtless in search of a dead comrade—but they didn't find him! About an hour later a coarse, raucous voice called out from the bluff: 'O yez!' No reply was made and after waiting a moment, the same voice proceeded to make us a speech. The wind was unfavorable, but we could hear and understand enough of his bad Spanish, intermixed with his own lingo, to give us to know that he was "cussin' us out" for being cowards and thieves,

He said the Kiowas were brave and always fought bravely in the open, while we hid behind trees and in gullies. He wound up by telling us to go home and stay with our squaws. That was the last we heard of that band of Indians.

"After this valedictory from the hill-top, all became still except the voices of the night winds. While a few of us, some standing, others with their ear to the ground, kept watch, or rather kept alert for every noise, as it was too dark to see an object forty feet away, others were engaged in dressing up each other's wounds the best we could. Fortunately no bones were broken and no one was entirely disabled. About ten o'clock we decided to make the attempt to leave. Dr. Reynolds insisted that our best course was down the creek, but Old Mose Carson and others, pointed out that the Indians would expect us to take that course and would be waiting in ambush for our coming. Nearly every man had his plan and it began to look as if no two could agree. Dr. Reynolds persisted in his plan of going down the creek until we struck the old stage road, but finally I said to him: 'I have been led by crazy fools long enough, and now I propose to go in the lead for awhile, at least. Even if I am a strippling and get seared at the sight of a mustang trail, if you fellows will follow me I'll take you home and furnish you all the grub you want' To this they all consented, and crawling on our hands and knees a short distance we got up and struck out into the hills. Just before day we came to the Concho river and finding a dense thicket, we lay up all day. All this time we hadn't eaten anything since the morning before, and we were weak from fighting, loss of blood, the night's travel, and naturally were ravenously hungry. As fortune would have it, late that evening a small herd of buffalo came in sight and, being on the windward side, Tom Jones and I, taking advantage of the brush in places and high grass, got near enough to bring down a buffalo cow, which proved to be a great relish to our half-famished party. After having feasted on buffalo meat half raw and without salt, we struck out and traveled all night and at daylight stopped in a thicket, lay up all day and when not asleep we were feasting on roast buffalo meat.

"The next day weary, footsore and almost exhausted, we came in sight of the Twin Mountains, a noted land mark 10 or

12 miles above the confluence of the North and South Conchos. We sent Abe Hunter and Tom Jones ahead to secure relief at Tankersley's ranch on Dove Creek, but when nearing the ranch they came upon old Rieh Coffey and a party of men and wagons enroute to the salt lakes on the plains where they expected to procure supplies of salt. Mr. Coffey sent us a good supply of provisions and the next day we reached his camp, where we separated, the Colonel and his party going to Fort Mason and the rest of us hit the trail for home. Col. Dalrymple and Sehnively told us to go home, rest up, get a new mount and be ready to start early in the spring. They said they were going to reorganize and would have about 100 men in the expedition with wagons and a good supply of beeves on foot, and that we would whip every tribe of Indians that opposed our march. Tom Jones, Tom Holly, my brother and I left the crowd and started afoot early in the morning and faced a heavy downpour of rain until 1 o'clock. Then it changed to sleet and a freezing norther. We had neither coats nor blankets, and Jones was bareheaded, having lost his hat during the fight. Late in the evening we built a fire, dried our clothes and warmed our almost frozen limbs. We finally reached home without further misfortune.

"Captain Sehnively rode a beautiful gray horse, a noble animal, and one of the most intelligent of his species I ever saw. He was greatly attached to his master and at night in camp was allowed to go foot-loose and untethered, and on the appearance of the least danger he would run to his master's pallet. During the battle this horse was shot by an Indian concealed behind a bush. As the animal fell Sehnively killed the Indian with a holster pistol, then turned his attention to the horse, which made three attempts to rise, failing in which he turned his great lustrous eyes upon his master and with an appealing look that spoke louder than any words ever uttered by mortal tongue, gave a whinny, low, pitiful and almost human. In a moment the noble steed was dead, and Captain Sehnively wept as a little child.

"The lure of gold still beckoned us on and our late experiences only served to inflame our minds with a desire for further adventure, and, notwithstanding our late discomfiture, we were ready to make another effort to reach the reported gold fields in the hitherto unexplored moun-

tainous region along the Rio Grande. We quietly organized a large party and started out equipped for a long and hazardous expedition. Our wagons, drawn by oxen, were laden with tools, arms, ammunition and provisions, and in addition we started a bunch of beef cattle to fall back on in case of scarcity of game. This was in April, 1867, and the last outpost at which we camped was Ben Ficklin, near which place was camped a body of United States soldiers where later was established Fort Coneho. Ben Ficklin had been fixed upon as our place of rendezvous. While here, Ben Gooch and others from Fort Mason passed along with a herd of 500 beeves they were driving to New Mexico. We told Gooch of the dangers ahead, related our previous experience and urged him to hold his herd until all our men came up and then join forces and all proceed together. Later, a man by the name of I. W. Cox came up with a herd of 400 beeves, also enroute to New Mexico. He had eight or ten men in his outfit, and among them was a man and his wife in a wagon, moving to New Mexico. We tried to induce Cox to wait and join us, but he also refused. He said he had fought Indians all his life and that he and his men could lick any gang of redskins that crossed their trail.

"Gooch started out a few days before Cox came along, and when he reached the head draws of the Coneho, the Indians ran into them, killed some of their men, and carried off all their cattle. They crowded Gooch so close that he had to take to the brush, where the Indians surrounded him and tried to get him to come out and have a 'talk'. They told him he was 'un buena hombre,' a 'heap good white man,' and that they were 'buenos amigos.' But, as Gooch afterwards told us, he hadn't lost any Indians or Indian friendship and at that particular date he wasn't hunting for any new acquaintances among that tribe.

"Failing to induce him to come out, and dreading the big double-barrel shot gun and the two Colts revolvers Gooch carried with him into that thicket, the Indians went off and left him.

"With the Gooch outfit was a man and his wife moving to Fort Sumner. When the Indians attacked the layout, captured the herd and ran Gooch into the brush, they turned their attention to the wagons, one of which was the mover, the other belonging to the

mover. When the attack on the herd was made the mover tied his oxen to the mess wagon, while Gooch's driver turned his oxen loose, and the two men and the woman took refuge in one of the wagons and fought the Indians off until nightfall, killing and wounding several of the painted scoundrels. Some time after dark, and while the Indians were yet all around at a safe distance, the occupants of the wagon heard a noise at the rear of the vehicle and supposing it was an Indian trying to crawl in, the mover blazed away with an old Enfield. The shot grazed the side of the intruder's head and took off his ear, clean cut. He proved to be one of Gooch's men who had been cut off and chased into a thicket where he lay hidden until after dark when he made his way to the wagon. He said he would have made his presence known, but the Indians were so close he was afraid they would hear him and send an arrow through him before he could get into the wagon.

"Along towards day, these three men and the woman abandoned the wagons, stole past the Indians and after great suffering reached our camp at Ben Ficklin. They had walked over 50 miles without a morsel of food. We supplied them with provisions and means by which to return to the settlements.

We finally pulled out from Ben Ficklin and followed Cox's trail which led in the direction we wanted to proceed. We kept close watch and our journey to the Pecos was without incident worthy of note. When our vanguard approached that stream they discovered that somebody was having trouble and heard shots and yells that indicated that a fight was in progress which, in the end, proved to be a large party of Indians besieging Cox's camp. We rallied and were on the eve of making a charge, when the Indians discovered us bearing down on them, picked up and left double quick. When Cox reached the Pecos and had gone into camp, the Indians in great force attacked him, killed several of his men and captured his beeves and all his horses except one old pony. There chanced to be an old adobe nearby with only the bare walls standing, and into this ruin Cox and his remaining force sought refuge and where for three days and nights they had defended themselves and had repulsed charges of the savages. During the first days' fight the lady who accompanied the outfit with her husband, was desperately

wounded with an arrow and when we came to their relief she was in a state of delirium from the effects of pain, thirst and high fever. No food nor water had passed the lips of these people during the three days siege. During the day they were consumed by the burning sun and the night brought no rest as every man had to stand to arms and maintain the utmost vigilance. For three days and nights, they had held their own against fearful odds and it will never be known how many savages fell during this time but the number must have been considerable. The Indians had burned their wagons and when we came up they had nothing except their arms and the clothing they wore. We supplied their wants, bound up their wounds and provided an outfit for their return to the borders of civilization. The names of the brave men who were with Cox ought to be preserved and handed down in history, but it has been so long ago that I have forgotten all but that of their leader, I. W. Cox, and that of their heroic woman, Mrs. Hoyett.

"From the Pecos the expedition went forward and finally reached Eagle Springs, not a great distance from the Rio Grande. This was to be our camping place, as Mr. Schnively had told us that the gold mine was in the vicinity of these springs. He said he had first received information from a dying soldier touching the existence of gold in that region and later he had prospected and found the mine. He knew right where to go to point out the location, so he said, and we were all jubilant and hopeful when we found ourselves at the end of our long journey and so near, as we had been led to believe, a mine of gold that would make millionaires of us all. We had no sooner pitched camp and watered our stock than a small party, led by Mr. Schnively, struck out in search of the mine, while the remainder stayed to perform camp duty. This party returned late in the evening without having made any discoveries. The search was resumed next morning and was continued day after day until the entire surrounding country had been thoroughly prospected, but not a trace of gold was found. We then moved down near the Rio Grande and prospected through that mountainous region with no better success. We next returned to Eagle Springs disheartened, deceived and disgusted. The men were on the eve of wreaking their vengeance on Schnively, who, they believed had

never before visited this inhospitable region, but had conceived the idea that there were rich mines in that section and under false pretenses persuaded them to join his expedition, his only desire being to have a strong escort to protect him while prospecting. My father, Col. Dallymple and General Hardeman counseled moderation and their admonitions prevailed. Here the expedition closed and the company disbanded, some returning home, others going to Arizona and California, I being one who went to the Golden State. Captain Schnively went to Arizona and was killed by Apaches a few years later while prospecting along the Gila river.

"Among the one hundred who composed this expedition, there were a number of men whose names at that time were well and favorably known over the State, and among them I recall Captain Aron Cunningham, of Comanche; General Hardeman and Colonel Lane, of Austin; Captain Carrington of Bosque county, and Dr. Bunnells of San Saba."

Our good friend, Captain Henry J. Brown, formerly of Texas, but now living at Santa Rita, New Mexico, sends in another list of subscribers to Frontier Times, and writes us as follows: "Mrs. Jack Howe, who lives here in Santa Rita, is a grand daughter of T. L. Odom, who worked with George Hay, Amasa Clark, Kit Stanford and many other old timers of the fifties and sixties in Bandera county. My father, Rufus E. Brown held his cattle at Ranger Camp Flat, about six miles above Bandera on the Medina River, in 1853 and 1854, and moved from there to Eagle Creek north of where Center Point now is. Then in 1855 he moved to Flat Rock Creek, two miles east of Comfort, where he lived until 1883, then he sold out and drifted west, landing in the Mogollon Mountains on the Gila River, where he was killed by a falling tree October 27, 1887. He was a life-long friend of P. D. Saner, Grandma Reese and her family, and many other old timers of Bandera and other counties."

WANTED—Volume I of Frontier Times, Numbers 1, 3, 5, and 7. Will pay \$1.00 per copy, or will buy an unbound set complete containing all 12 copies.—T. U. Taylor, University Station, Austin, Tex.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

Last Indian Raid in Southwest Texas

San Antonio Evening News, May 25, 1924

Texas' last Indian raid took a toll of two lives. United States troops followed the raiders into Mexico, whence the Indians had come, and killed six of the seven bucks in the raiding party. In April, 1881, a party of Lipan Indians looted the house of John M. McLaurin about 10 miles north of Leakey, and killed his wife and Allen Lease, a 16-year-old boy. United States soldiers at Fort Clark (now Bracketville), under Lieutenant Bullis, were notified and they followed the band into Mexico, surprised them in camp near the Santa Rosa Mountains, killed six braves and captured a small boy and a squaw.

Mrs. Chas. M. Harpole, of San Antonio a girl of 5 at the time of the murder of her mother, tells of the tragedy which was indelibly stamped upon her memory.

"My father left home early on the morning of April 19 to go to what was then called "The Ditch" (now Rio Frio), where there was a general store, for supplies and medicine. After noon my mother took my two little brothers and me with her to the garden to oversee some planting that she wanted done. After a while she heard a noise at the house, and thinking that some hogs had gotten into the yard, sent Allen Lease, a boy working for us, to the house to run them out.

"Allen started up the hill, and whether he saw the Indians or turned to close the garden gate, I do not know. He was shot through the head from the back and died instantly. My mother was shot through the hip, so she called to me to take my little 3-year-old brother and run to the fence and try to get away. She reached the fence and climbed on it in her attempt to get over it and down into the river bed, but was shot again. The Indians seemed to think she was dead and did not notice us children, but continued robbing the house.

"Soon my mother raised up to see where we were, and an Indian shot her twice more, making five wounds she had received. When the Indians left, I went to the house and brought a dipper of water for her. I then started to the nearest house for help. I came upon George Fisher and his wife down the river a little way where they were fishing. Mr.

Fisher took me to a neighbor's house where he left me with the women and children who had gathered there to remain while the men went on the trail of the redskins.

"My father returned at sundown to find my mother still lying in the garden as I had left her with the two little boys. She lived only a few minutes after father found her. At the house everything had been taken or broken."

H. J. (Tobe) Edwards, then a boy of 17, was one of the company of white settlers who followed the Indians for several miles, and then surrendered its task to Lieutenant Bullis and his men who had been notified at Bracketville. He tells the story of the trailing of the Indians.

"I heard of the killing of Mrs. McLaurin and Lease when I returned from Uvalde, and was told to meet at the McLaurin place that night and take the trail from there. When I arrived at the house a company of men was already preparing to take the trail. We saw where the house had been plundered, all the mattresses emptied of feathers, and every bit of clothing had been taken away by the Indians. Upon investigation we saw signs which proved that they had been around the place for several days. Up on the bluff in front of the house we found signs of their camp."

This bluff overlooks the surrounding country for miles on every side, and from the top the Indians had been able to keep watch for a great distance both up and down the river. They had seen McLaurin leave home, had also watched as Frank Sanders and another man rode up the cañon later in the day, and then when they saw Mrs. McLaurin go with the three children and Lease to the garden they descended.

"Our men trailed the Indians from the top of the bluff in front of the house, and for several miles they were rather hard to trail," Edwards continued. "We had found a deck of cards, a cow's tail, and a woman's dress. At the mouth of Joy Creek, near the Nueces River, we found where they had killed a beef. A man, known as "Old Man Joy," who lived in a cave near there and for whom the creek and cave were named, told us that he had heard the shot, but had not gone to see

who had fired it. The Indians stole some horses at Spring Creek, which made them much easier to trail.

"Up to this time there had been 16 men in our party, but here we separated into groups of four and went in different directions. In my bunch there were Bill McLaurin, brother-in-law of the woman who was killed; Hugh Coston, a man named Coryell, and myself. Four other men joined our party over on the Neuces, Nick Colston, Sam Rainey, Jim Walky and his brother, whose name I can not recall.

"We came to a little church out in the woods, where they were holding services. When we rode up Parson Edwards came out to learn what we wanted. He turned to his congregation and said, 'Friends, I sure hate to disappoint you, but these Indians have got to be followed, so we will just put off this meetin' till some other time.' A meeting place was arranged for the men who volunteered to help us, but the four mentioned in the foregoing paragraph were the only ones who appeared.

"Someone proposed that we notify Lieutenant Bullis at Fort Clark, so we sent a man with instructions to report to him that night. He stopped on the way, however, so Bullis did not get word until next day, and then he could not leave until the day following. We waited there all day and until 2 o'clock the next day without food, so when the soldiers did not come, we went to hunt something to eat. While we were gone the troops came and took up the trail where we left it."

Lieutenant Bullis and his men followed the Indians into Mexico, surprised them in camp, killed six warriors, captured a squaw and a little boy. One of the Indians escaped, however, so the soldiers hurried back across the border to avoid a fight with neighboring Indians who might be notified by him. The old squaw told the soldiers that she had come regularly with this band of Indians to that country every moon for 20 years. These raids, she said, were primarily for the purpose of stealing horses. They kept her captive for months and finally sent her to the Indian Reservation in Oklahoma. She also told the men that had it not been for her the children would also have been killed.

"I was only 17 when the raid took place," said Edwards. "I thought when we started out on the trail that I could

whip the world, for I was carrying a dandy new improved center-fire rifle. They had just come out. The rest of the men were carrying those old government guns which had been issued to the Minute Company of which I was a member. This company was for the purpose of protecting the settlers against the Indians. John Avants, who was lieutenant of our company was gone at the time, so I appropriated his gun and saddle for the pursuit. My bunch was gone 13½ days. It was 10 days after we returned before we got word of what Bullis had done."

On April 25, 1881, the San Antonio Express published in its news columns the following account of this raid:

Rio Frio Texas, April 25, 1881.—On yesterday, about forty Indians visited the upper part of this cañon, fifteen miles above the point and killed Mrs. John McLaurin and Allen Reiss of Uvalde while in the garden near the house at work. When they discovered the Indians, Mr. Reiss started to the house to get his gun, but was shot down before he could reach it. Mrs. McLaurin started to run for her life and was shot down also. Her three little children were with her, and the oldest, six or seven years old, when her mother fell ran to the house and taking a pillow from the bed placed it under the lady's head and then placed the two small children by her side, and started for G. W. Fisher's house to give the alarm. Little Maud, when she was in the house after the pillow, says that it was full of men, "big black men." They did not seem to take any notice of the child. They destroyed everything in the house of any value, even the sewing machine.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Send C. O. D.—Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

WANTED—Books on Sam Bass. "Authentic History of Sam Bass and His Gang," by a citizen of Denton County, Texas, published in 1878; 143 pages. "A Sketch of Sam Bass, the Bandit," by Charles L. Martin, published in 1880; 152 pages.—E. P. Lamborn, R. R. 2, Leavenworth, Kansas.

WANTED—Copy of the "Life of Ben Thompson." Anyone having copy for sale please write Frank Caldwell, 108 E. 17th St. Austin, Texas.

The Seven Sisters, Daughters of Texas

By Frances Poindexter in Houston Croniele.

No other state can pluck the laurels from the brow of Texas when it comes to a longevity-producing climate; at least, not so long as "the seven Meek sisters" born and reared in the Lone Star State, and ranging in age from 66 to 95, continue hale and hearty, and all but two of them in their native environment, to bear witness to the health-giving qualities of Texas ozone.

The father of this notable group of sisters was Colonel John Meek, who, according to Mrs. Young, at one time owned the greater part of Hood County, Texas. In or around Paluxy, Texas, 13 children were born into the Meek home, 10 of whom lived to maturity. Two brothers still live in Texas, 80-odd years "young," but this story is of the seven sisters, who are: Mrs. Orlena Erap, 95, of Morgan's Mill, Texas; Mrs. Rachel Brooks, 93, of Paluxy, Texas; Mrs. Margaret Ethridge, 89, of Paluxy, Texas; Mrs. Cammie Woods, 86, Los Angeles, Cal; Mrs. Eugenia Graham, 80, Clyde, Texas; Mrs. Armitia Young, 67, Hollywood, Cal., and Mrs. Sarah E. King, 65, Granbury, Texas.

Mrs. Young, the sixth of this remarkable septette of sisters, moved to California a number of years ago.

"Two years ago I managed to persuade one of the other girls, Mrs. Woods, to come out here, but I can't budge the rest of them," she said. "They think there's no place like Texas, and I reckon they'll never get far away from old Paluxy.

All of the sisters are widows except one, Mrs. "Billy" Graham of Clyde

Each of the seven sisters is a grandmother, and most of them are great-grandmothers.

"In fact," went on my informant proudly, "we had a reunion 23 years ago, when my father was still living, and he had 365 descendants gathered around him at that time, including three complete sets of five generations each in the lot. It would take a mighty big hotel to hold us all now if we should get together."

When questioned as to the secret of their rugged health, Mrs. Young said:

"Well, I guess it's outdoor life and plenty of hard work that's made us all so strong. Most of us children were girls, you know and after the war we all had to pitch in and help father make

things go. We lived the simple life, early to bed and early to rise," and we still cling to our old habits. Oh, yes, we drink coffee and tea, and we live just about like other folks."

Mrs. Young expressed the wish that I could talk with her oldest sister, who could tell me a lot about the family.

"But if you think we girls are so wonderful," she avered, "you ought to have known pa."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in her daughter, Mrs. J. P. Berne, who occupies half of the duplex at 1225 Serrano Street, Hollywood. "Grandpa surely was a wonder. I can remember when he was about 92 years old that he had just come in from a long horseback ride over his land and one of my aunts remonstrated with him for being gone so long without telling them where he was going. She was afraid something might happen to him.

"Humph," sniffed Grandpa, "I've managed to 'tend to my own business this long; I guess I can keep on doing it."

"My father died when he was 97 years old," went on Mrs. Young, "but he probably wouldn't have passed away as young as he did if he had n't happened to an accident. One day, when he was 94 years old, he was out rounding up cattle on his ranch and was thrown from his horse. We didn't realize that he was seriously hurt, and he was soon on his feet again, but the doctors said, after he died, that his last sickness was caused by an internal displacement that must have resulted from that accident. Otherwise there was no organic trouble, and he was found in every respect."

Mrs. Young lives on the second floor of the Serrano Street duplex, out past the Fox Studios, in Hollywood, and runs up and down stairs like a girl. She does her own washing and ironing.

She had just returned from her orange grove at Pomona, where she spends much of her time supervising the gathering of her citrus crops. She delights in well-bred chickens, and her ruddy cheeks and bright eyes testify to the fact that she lives a wholesome outdoor life. Her abundant auburn hair is only slightly streaked with gray, and she looks not a day over 50. She was delighted to talk with someone from her home state.

Ex-Rangers Hold Reunion at Menard

The Texas Ex-Rangers' Association met at Menard August 13 for its fifth annual reunion. The old boys were royally entertained for three days, and besides the members of the Old Guard who were present thousands of people were there from different parts of the state. A great barbecue was given, at which more than two tons of meat was barbecued for the last day. It was a great gathering, and old boys of the frontier greeted comrades they had not seen in half a century. They swapped reminiscences and experiences with each other, and recalled many an exciting chase after Indians or outlaws, or recalled battles in which they participated while in the Ranger service. In the early days it was the Texas Rangers and the Minute Men who drove the Indians back, and broke up the gangs of outlaws and other lawless characters that infested the western and the southwestern portion of the state. In a few years all the original Texas Rangers will have passed on, but the record of their heroic achievement will remain as a lasting monument. Officers for next year are: W. M. Green, Meridian, Major; N. N. Rogers, Post, Captain; A. T. Richie, Comanche, First Lieutenant; W. H.

Roberts, Llano, Second Lieutenant; Ed H. Wallace, Fort Worth, Adjutant; Miss Ruby Green, Meridian, Secretary-Treasurer; J. O. Allen, Cookville, Chaplain; C. M. Grady, Brownwood, Color Bearer; W. Y. Luke Weatherford Assistant Color Bearer. The following members registered at this reunion:

NAME	Company	Year	Age
J. R. Renick, Comanche, Texas.....	D.....	1870.....	25
Ed H. Wallace, Fort Worth, Texas.....	D.....	1878.....	19
H. E. Conn, Floresville, Texas.....	D.....	1874.....	20
A. T. Richie, Sidney, Texas.....	D.....	1874.....	25
R. C. Roberts, Willow City, Texas.....	D.....	1879.....	21
Matthew C. Henson, Brownwood, Texas..	Connell.....	1875.....	20
C. M. Grady, Brownwood, Texas.....	E.....	1875.....	20
L. H. Cook, Bangs, Texas.....	D.....	1877.....	24
R. D. Routh, Brownwood, Texas.....	C.....	1874.....	20
S. P. Elkins, Tishomingo, Okla.....	Swisher.....	1871.....	27
C. L. Ware, Fort Worth, Texas.....	E.....	1874.....	
C. E. Taylor, Brownwood, Texas.....	C.....	1874.....	20
Samuel B. Boggus, Stephenville.....	McAdams.....	1873.....	18
W. A. Spencer, Atoka, Okla.....	McAdams.....	1873.....	19
D. W. Wonsley, Hanley, Texas.....	B.....	1870.....	21
C. Bierschwale, Harper, Texas.....	Sansom.....	1870.....	19
P. H. Rice, Rattler, Texas.....	B.....	1870.....	20
N. N. Rogers, Post, Texas.....	D.....	1875.....	20
L. T. Arnold, May, Texas.....	P.....	1879.....	24
W. M. Green, Meridian, Texas.....	A.....	1874.....	20
Dan W. Roberts, Austin, Texas.....	D.....	1874.....	35
W. P. Smart, Brady, Texas.....	McCoy.....	1867.....	23
James G. Odiorno, Johnson City, Texas,...	B.....	1870.....	18
C. H. Young, San Angelo, Texas.....	A.....	1874.....	29
C. W. Allen, Elk City, Okla.....			
I. Sieker, Dallas, Texas.....			
B. F. Gholson, Event, Texas.....	Williams.....	1858.....	15
John O. Allen, Cookville, Texas.....	D.....	1874.....	24
M. R. Chetham, Whom, Texas.....	E.....	1874.....	24
Dr. P. H. Chilton, Comanche, Texas.....	F.....	1878.....	24
J. E. Baird, Carpenter, Okla.....	Taggat.....	1865.....	17
F. C. Striegler, Fredericksburg, Texas.....	L.....	1870.....	22
J. D. Paris, Eden, Texas.....	K.....	1871.....	19
Henry H. Baker, San Antonio, Texas.....	Sansom.....	1871.....	19
J. W. Thorp, Floydada, Texas.....	E.....	1874.....	35
P. S. Carter, Gorman, Texas.....	E.....	1878.....	25
W. W. Lewis, Menard, Texas.....	D.....	1874.....	19
Mart G. Coyle, Houston, Texas.....		1877.....	
Reuben Allison, Fort Worth, Texas.....	D.....	1878.....	19
T. N. Lockhart, Menard, Texas.....	Alexander.....	1872.....	20
W. H. Roberts, Llano, Texas.....	D.....	1880.....	18
W. B. Traweck, Snyder, Texas.....	D.....	1874.....	21
W. B. McLane, Winters, Texas.....	E.....	1879.....	21
W. T. Vavin, Eden, Texas.....	Hall.....	1878.....	21
F. F. Bihl, Ft. McKavett, Texas.....	Harvey.....	1872.....	28
A. W. Moursund, Fredericksburg, Texas..	B.....	1870.....	25
J. T. Latham, Carlsbad, New Mexico.....	L.....	1870.....	20
A. F. Cox, Paint Rock, Texas.....	Hezell.....	1870.....	18

Was a Survivor of the Nueces Battle

San Antonio Express, August 31, 1924

Out of Kerrville, in the heart of the "hill country," came the news the other day of the death of Capt. Henry Schwethelm. To the average reader the item conveyed possibly nothing more than the passing of another of the early pioneers who apparently thrived on the hardships that are a part of the blazing of the trail through which civilization shall flow.

Schwethelm, however, was different. He weathered the anxiety and toil of pioneering, and more than that he got the thrills that come with the baptism of fire when a country is at war with itself. He was one of the two men escaping the Nueces River Massacre, of which a monument now stands at Comfort is the mute reminder. Others who survived that grim onslaught of men, under the Confederate banner, have passed on.

Last year the story of that early day tragedy was related by Capt. Schwethelm to Albert Schutze of this city, who was induced to visit this hardy pioneer by Alex Brinkmann of Comfort, who has been collecting much of the historical data of the early settlers in the hill country. Capt. Schwethelm's biography as written by Mr. Schutze, and in which the Nueces River tragedy is fully set forth, is given below:

Heinrich Joseph Schwethelm was born in Duesseldorf, on the Rhine, Germany, on the 4th day of September, 1840. When he reached the age of 10 years, his parents emigrated to America, and it was this particular birthday he remembers so well, as he celebrated it on board of the emigrant vessel, and that he suffered all day with a terrible case of seasickness. They landed at New Orleans. Coming by boat to Indianola, Texas, they made their way to New Braunfels, where they arrived in November, 1850.

After his parents had settled in New Braunfels, young Schwethelm was sent to the English school at that place which he entered January 1, 1851. Mr. Schwethelm spoke with fondness of his teacher at this time, a Mr. Paul, an Englishman by birth, and a fine scholarly man. The most of his schoolmates were boys that had attended the school prior to his arrival and were a great help to him in assisting him to acquire the new language of which he was entirely ignorant. Af-

ter six months attendance he became quite handy and in 12 months efficient in its use, speaking the language better than in after years. The rules of the school were very strict in one point, which was that the children were to converse in English only during school hours and in presence of the teacher. They had full liberty to speak their mother tongue at home and elsewhere. He attended this school one year and then attended the German-English school at Comal Town, just across the Comal, which was taught by Mr. Harms, who was also a good teacher, which he attended for two years.

As his home was somewhat distant from this school he remained overnight at the teacher's home during bad weather, and Mr. Schwethelm, in reminiscent mood, recalled the pleasant comradeship he had formed with little Anna Harms, the teacher's only daughter at the time. In 1853 his father moved to the Martinez, where his father had bought a place. This new home was about 12 miles from San Antonio on the Seguin road. His father had become farmer and stockraiser. In 1854 his father was struck by the gold fever, and with about two dozen San Antonians left for Sacramento, Cal., leaving his wife and son, the only child, on the farm. After the first year of his absence the Martinez creek had dried up entirely on account of a severe drouth. Mrs. Schwethelm wrote her husband that she thought it advisable to sell out and she would join him in California as they had to haul water for stock and home use, and it had become quite a burden. But her husband answered her letter and advised them to hold out another year as he was making money at the time, and would then return, which he did, and he then sold out and bought a farm at Comfort Texas, to which place they moved in March, 1857.

Up to this time the boy had helped his mother and spent most of the latter years as cowboy and farm help, not having acquired any trade. Having almost indulgent father his life was free and easy in those days. In the fall of 1857 he joined the Ranger force of Capt. H. L. Nelson at San Antonio, his age being 17 years. The main incentive to join the Rangers was the salary, which at that

time amounted to the munificent sum of \$35 per month; provisions and horse feed thrown in. Quite an inducement at that time. Arms and horse were furnished by the recruit. Although his enlistment lasted only four months, when the company was mustered out again at San Antonio. Schwethelm experienced some thrilling adventures under this command. The neighborhood of Goliad and Helena, where this company operated at the time, was infested with a lot of rowdies and Mexican cut-throats and it was quite a job to handle this class of desperadoes. In a fight with an outlaw band 15 Mexicans were killed, the Ranger company not suffering any loss.

After being mustered out, he remained with his parents for a short while and then enlisted in the ranger force commanded by Capt. John W. Sansom, from Curry's Creek, below Sisterdale, in 1858. The company had its camp at a location known as Ingram. The company consisted of 35 men. A great deal of lawlessness existed in this part of the State at the time in the way of cattle stealing, rustling, and even murder, by individuals and bands. An atrocious crime was committed during this time, when a gang of bandits hung three inoffensive Germans on Johnson's Creek above Ingram. The bodies were then thrown from the bluff into the creek below, about 50 or 75 feet. William Tegener, a brother of Judge Fritz Tegener, whose name will appear later in this narrative, was one of the victims. The rangers could do nothing towards the capture of the perpetrators, as they were unknown and had fled. Schwethelm was in Sansom's command six or seven months when he was mustered out in 1859 at Kerrville. He then remained at home more or less until the Civil War began.

On the 19th of March, 1862, he married Miss Emilie Stieler in D'Hanis, who has ever been his faithful helpmeet and consort. They celebrated their golden wedding in 1912 on their ranch, eight miles from Kerrville, on the Fredericksburg road. Three stalwart sons were the issue of this marriage, all alive and doing well.

The German element in the counties of Gillespie, Kendall, Comal and Kerr were not in sympathy with secession and opposed to slavery, and there were instances where several Americans were of the same mind and thought; consequently when the Governor of the State issued a proclamation that all persons who would

not take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States would have to leave the State within thirty days, a group of the younger men met at a certain place and after a conference agreed to leave the state for Mexico.

They arranged a final meeting to assemble at Turtle Creek, about 15 miles west of Kerrville, on August first. At the appointed time, 68 young men, the oldest not more than 35 years of age, fully equipped with rifles and six-shooters, the rifles mostly of German make, and mounted on good horses with pack animals; met at the designated place. Fritz Tegener was elected commander of the troop, and on the following morning they broke camp early and leisurely wended their way to the Rio Grande. Feeling secure from being followed or intercepted, they were in no particular hurry and passed away a good deal of valuable time. Instead of making to the place of security in four days, they jogged along at the rate of only five to ten miles a day, spending a great deal of their time in hunting for game, which was plentiful enough. Some of them, being fond of wild honey, searched for wild hives of bees, and took things easy in a general way. Mr. Schwethelm was opposed, as well as several others, to this unpardonable delay, and openly expressed themselves about the matter. Tegener laughed at their fears, being over-confident that they were not being followed nor their whereabouts known. Some of his followers were not pleased at Tegener's optimism, but, realizing their duty to obey their commander, reluctantly submitted to the situation. Had Tegener heeded their warnings, this narrative would not have been written.

On the first night of the meeting the horse of one of the troop members had become unhobbled and made his way back to Tegener's Creek, where Tegener had a sawmill, and being followed by the owner until caught, was the cause of the trouble that occurred later. As the owner reached the mill he got his horse but had involuntarily run into a gang of Duff's company, who halted him, and questioned him as to where he came from, where he intended to go, and finally exacting the truth from him about the Germans. They then compelled him to go back with them and show them the camp where they had assembled, and the direction they had then taken. His captors had received some inkling of the departure of the Germ-

ans, and accidentally stumbling on the German, who, by the way, was somewhat "green", having recently arrived from Germany, took him along, following the trail of Tegener's troop. This was easily done as the Germans had some 80 horses and traveled in regular formation. Duff's company consisted of 125 men, who were in pursuit, and contrary to the leisurely traveling of their prey, were doubling their time and on August 9 came close enough to use precaution in proceeding with the attack they had in contemplation.

The Germans under Tegener arrived close to Nueces River and had gone into camp at a nice place, where there was fine water and grass, and the commander had joyously exclaimed that this was an ideal place to stay the next day, that day being a Sunday. Several among his troops and Mr. Schwethelm in particular, vigorously protested against this stating that they had been dallying along too easily and furthermore some of the members of his command had observed two horsemen on a distant hill apparently on a reconnaissance of some kind. Mr. Schwethelm and two of his messmates threatened to abandon the troop and make their way to the Rio Grande.

That night 28 of the German troop gave up the trip and returned to Fredericksburg and vicinity, by taking a new route from that by which they came, and managed to evade anyone in pursuit, but some of them were shot or hung later during the war.

Answering the remonstrances of Schwethelm and others, Tegener agreed to start the next morning, and promised them they would not unsaddle their horses until they were over the Rio Grande. In the meantime their pursuers had spotted their camp and made arrangements for attack. The Germans had placed on guard four of their number during the night. About 3 o'clock in the morning the Germans were aroused by the shooting in the proximity of the camp which proved to be the death knell of two of their guards, Ernst Beseler and Leopold Bauer of Comfort. The other two guards thereupon came rushing into camp. Every man was then ready to repulse the expected attack. But not until daybreak and after the killing of the guards had there been any movement made by Duff's men. The latter, in the meantime, hidden by the cedar brush, had encircled the camp and

all at once a volley of shots poured into the trapped Germans.

Duff's voice was heard to exclaim, "Charge them, boys, charge them! Give them hell!"

The space the Germans occupied was partly open, whilst that of the attackers was hidden by cedar bushes which were quite thick where they were concealed.

The Germans immediately answered shot by shot, but although thorough marksmen, were at a disadvantage, being more exposed than their opponents. Duff's men kept on firing and were soon overcoming the little band who were at their mercy.

The firing on both sides lasted for about an hour. Duff's men, meeting with a larger loss than expected, owing to the excellent marksmanship of the Germans, had withdrawn to where they had left their horses. The unfortunate German who had unwillingly betrayed his comrades was killed in the melee whether by the Confederates or his friends is not known. Out of the 40 members of the German contingent 23 had been killed or wounded. The 17 remaining, after a hasty consultation scattered in various directions and finally made their way home in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg with a few exceptions. Among the latter were Messrs. Schwethelm, Kusenberger and Graf. These three agreed to proceed to the Rio Grande, arguing with their comrades that by going back they were likely to be killed anyway, and as they only had about 40-50 miles to reach their goal, started across the Neuces, tramping on foot, without food, and afterwards without water, hiding during the daytime and making as much headway as they could at night.

As the trio left the battlefield and were about 10 miles from same, they crossed the road leading from Fort Concho to Fort Clark, and as Mr. Schwethelm was somewhat acquainted along this road, he knew that a Major Riordan owned a ranch in the neighborhood and told his comrades that he would reconnoiter and see if he could get some provisions.

His comrades wanted to go along, but he explained to them that if they were to approach the place by that number, suspicions might be aroused. It was only about one-half mile when Schwethelm reached the place, and asked for something to eat, which was given him and being questioned, invented a story that he had come upon one of Joe Ney's hay

wagons who was furnishing Fort Clark with hay from D'Hanis, and having gotten off to find a deer to kill, had become lost. As he sat down to eat the meal placed before him at the dining table, two men rode up, tied their horses and entered the house. One was Dr. Downs from Fort Clark and Captain Duff, the leader of the Confederate company.

Major Riordan asked them where they came from, and Duff answered they had just come from a fight on the Nueces, and that Dr. Downs had been called by courier from Fort Clark to dress the wounded. When Major Riordan had asked if the fight had been with Indians, Duff answered:

"No!—with a bunch of d—d Abolitionists!"

Mr. Schwethelm hearing this, as he was in full view of all present, asked the question: "Well, did you get them all?" and Duff answered: "Well, nearly all." Schwethelm's position was a dangerous one and he put this question to allay suspicion. He then learned from Dr. Downs that Duff's company had lost 10 men killed and 45 wounded and afterwards learned from the same source that half of the wounded died after they reached Fort Clark. When asked about the wounded on the other side, Dr. Downs stated that when he wanted to dress the wounds of the Germans, Duff's men said: "Never mind, we will attend to them," and they thereupon went to the battleground and shot every wounded man in the head, a deed which was commented upon later "to have been remarkable good marksmanship by Duff's men."

The dead on both sides were left to bleach in the sun and only in 1866 the friends and relatives of the slain sent three wagons to the battlefield and gathered all the human bones, and, remarkable as it may seem all the 23 skulls of the Germans were found. The expedition was headed by Mr. Schwethelm after his return from the U. S. Army. The bones were taken to Comfort, Texas, and buried there, and a large monument erected, having the names of all of the victims graven thereon. It has been the custom for many years to hold memorial services on each 10th of August for 50 years, when the custom was dropped.

To return to Mr. Schwethelm at the Riordan ranch. Learning from the conversation at the time, that there were eight wagons, loaded with Duff's wounded coming down on their way to Fort Clark,

Mr. Schwethelm asked Duff if he could get a ride to his destination, but was refused, which was what he wanted him to do, but realizing his danger when the wagons should come up, and were supposed to be only a mile behind (of Duff and the Doctor), so he stated that he would travel on and try and catch up with Ney's hay wagons. As soon as he was hidden from view from the house he started in a run to where his comrades were waiting, and appraise them of Duff's men being near and they hastened away as fast as their legs could carry them. Mr. Schwethelm told his friends that as he was just going to take a bite to eat, Dr. Downs and Duff came in, and his appetite had suddenly left him, and he nearly choked when he tried to take a hasty swallow of coffee. Mr. Schwethelm stated that he learned afterwards, when the war was over, that Duff had said when he told them he was going to travel on, that they should have held him, as he might be one of the escaped abolitionists, but Mrs. Riordan informed him that she knew him to be one of Ney's hay men. It furthermore came in evidence that Major Riordan was in sympathy with the Union cause, and his wife had come to the rescue, of Mr. Schwethelm in time, by intuition that things were different than they looked.

After the first night's travel, the trio began to feel the pangs of thirst until they finally reached a waterhole with a dead cow lying at the edge. They remained at the side of this water-hole all day. Towards evening they heard the approaching tread of horsemen, and retired to a hill close by and secreted themselves there. As they had surmised, two horsemen passed within close range of them without discovering them, and after they had passed, they immediately took up their tramp during the night. On Wednesday morning, August 13, they reached the banks of the Rio Grande just at sun-up. All three of them did not have any real food from the day they fled from the battlefield up to this time, with the exception of some cactus-pears, which gave all of them a severe case of fever. They managed to swim across the Rio Grande, and after proceeding a short distance inland, they came up to a Mexican goat herder, who taking them for Indians, ran off, and notified the captain of a Mexican frontier company, similar to the Texas Ranger companies, who was stationed in the neighborhood, about 30 miles above Piedras Negras, telling him

that the "Indios" were coming, whereupon the captain ordered a detachment of 25 men to accompany him and sallied forth to meet the red-skins. When coming near enough, the "capitana" ordered his men to halt, and he rode towards the supposed Indios to parley with them.

Mr. Schwethelm handed his rifle to Kusenberger and advanced towards the captain. Being conversant in the Spanish language he explained the reason for their being there, their exhausted condition, and asked for help in the way of food, of which they had not partaken since the 9th day of the month, Saturday night. The captain comprehending the circumstances, took them in charge, ordered three of his men to dismount and, tendering the mounts to them, took them to his camp. Before arriving there they stopped at a Mexican hut and the capitano ordered the woman to furnish the sufferers with something to eat and a cup of coffee, which was greedily devoured by the almost famished trio. They were then escorted to the camp of the Mexicans, where they were well taken care of and remained one night. Having had a good rest, they set out on foot the next morning headed for Piedras Negras. On their way they managed to procure food at the isolated ranches, and by night camped within a mile of Piedras Negras.

Entering the place the next morning they had the good fortune to meet up with an old friend, Adolph Real, a brother to Casper Real, who lived on Turtle Creek. Mr. Real was overjoyed at meeting them and took them to the boarding house where he was staying. Desirous of reaching Monterey, the trio, without funds, sold Carl Graf's six shooter to Mr. Real, who was preparing to return to San Antonio, with two wagon loads of flour, which he had bought about a hundred miles from Piedras Negras, and which had cost him all his ready cash, so he was only able to pay \$15 down and agreed to hand the other \$15 to Mr. Schwethelm's father as soon as he returned to San Antonio, a promise he duly complied with.

After a two days' stay in Piedras Negras they left for Monterey, fully provisioned and with money enough to pay for provisions as soon as theirs were gone. About 150 miles from Piedras Negras, at a place called Lampazos, the first man they met was a negro, who was much astonished to meet up with Texans as they were to meet up with a negro in the land of the Montezumas. He had been there

eight years and had run off from slavery in the United States and had come as far as Lampazos and stayed there. He was called "Doctor" by the Mexicans, for what reason could not be established. He directed the trio to the alcalde, but before they entered the presence of this august personage, Schwethelm had instructed his companions to act in the same manner as he did, and to keep their mouths shut and their eyes open, believing in the doctrine "When in Rome, do as the Romans do!"

The Mexicans in the neighborhood were devout Catholics, as evidenced by numerous Catholic pictures and statues. Mr. Schwethelm was a Catholic himself and when the three entered the room of the Alcalde he took off his hat and with bowed head made the sign of the cross, with both of his companions following suit. He then mumbled something unintelligible, which should be taken for a prayer, his attendants also imitating him as directed.

Addressing the Alcalde, upon whom this performance had made a strong impression, they were cordially received by the Alcalde, a wealthy man, who invited them to stay as long as they wanted to. But they left there for Monterey at the expiration of the second day, and when within 40 miles of Monterey met up with Carl Griesenbeck, on his way to San Antonio, with whom they camped that night. He informed them that friends of theirs were expecting them at Monterey, having received information that they had escaped from the Nueces fight and were somewhere in Mexico. Before meeting up with Griesenbeck, the Texans met a Mexican caballero, gorgeously dressed, and riding a fine horse with elaborate trappings, and Mr. Schwethelm hailed him and asked him in Spanish how far it was to Monterey. Looking down upon the foot passenger, he asked: "Apied? Quin sabe! Muy lechos!" (Afoot? I don't know! Very far.) He evidently did not know the distance himself. Leaving Mr. Griesenbeck's camp at 5 o'clock in the morning, they arrived in Monterey at 1 p. m. The three had made the trip from Piedras Negras to Monterey in 12 days, a distance of 300 miles, and remember this was made afoot.

At Monterey they were joyously received by Dr. Dressel, a wealthy jeweler of the place, and taken care of in hospitable fashion. They remained in Monterey a week, and not desiring to become a

burden to their friend, concluded to march to Matamoras, opposite Brownsville. Mr. Dresel had made up a collection amounting to \$24, and each one of them had received a new suit of clothes. Mr. Schwethelm, who had received the money gave each of his partners \$8, and they began their journey of 300 miles, the same way they had been traveling and since they had crossed the Rio Grande their wanderings had all been during the daytime. They made this tramp in nine days. Arriving at their destination, they were directed to seek out the United States Consul, who received them cordially and assigned them to quarters, as well as regular meals.

In the course of two weeks, refugees from Texas began flocking into Matamoras until 76 men had been assembled. This sudden influx was caused by deserters from a company of Confederates in Brownsville under the command of Capt. Kampmann. The latter had arrived in Brownsville with 110 men, and the following night after their arrival 90 men left him, leaving him with a remnant of 20 men only. The United States Consul had chartered a schooner and 76 men went aboard with the intent of going to New Orleans and there enlist in the Federal Army under Gen. Ben Butler. These men arrived in New Orleans on October 26 and enlisted the next day. Before enlisting they were addressed by Gen. Butler, who told them they did not have to enlist unless they wanted to, and should not hesitate in saying so. Mr. Schwethelm then told him that they would enlist on certain conditions, and the first of them was that they wanted to enlist in the cavalry, as they had done enough walking to last them a long time. Furthermore, they wanted to enlist in a Texas company, and, lastly, they wanted to elect their own commanding officer. Butler then asked them if they had a military man amongst them. This question had to be answered in the negative. The first two requests were granted by Butler, but as to the third he said this would be impossible, as it was against the rules of the military government. He then instructed them to elect Lieut. E. J. Noyse, whom he had known since his boyhood, as their captain, and they then could select their subordinate officers. The men consented to this arrangement and were then mustered in as Company A First Texas Cavalry, United States Army.

To the disgust of Schwethelm and Kus-

enberger, their friend Graf did not enlist, and confided to them that he had some money and being a carpenter by trade, he expected to go to New Orleans in his line. Asked by his comrades where he got his money, he produced a \$20 gold piece, which he had sewed up in his pants at the belt and which he had all the time since leaving home. That Schwethelm and Kusenberger felt outraged was natural, as he was the one who had to be helped the most in extreme trouble. He was a poor shot with a six-shooter and rifle and they therefore bartered away his six-shooter to Adolph Real. In swimming across the Rio Grande these two had to take him along between them as he could not swim; they had begged alms and received them, which they shared equally with him, and to think, when they were in direst need for a little money to improve their condition, Graf had the \$20 gold piece carefully tucked away about his person and kept mum! This revelation was the straw that broke the camel's back, but it only cemented the comradeship between Schwethelm and Kusenberger. Remaining in New Orleans for about two weeks, Graf, finding no work and having spent his money, applied for enlistment in the company in which his former comrades were enrolled, but as soon as these two became aware of this they raised objections to his becoming a member of their company, and succeeding in their efforts, Graf was mustered into another company which had no relationship to the First Texas Cavalry.

They were encamped in New Orleans until September, 1863, until 10,000 men were sent to Brownsville, with the probable object of taking Texas as a whole, but this idea was abandoned, the leaders believing it to be a move not advisable. They remained in Brownsville about six months and were then transported back to Louisiana. The trio went along in this expedition. Schwethelm and Kusenberger were sent out on scout duty occasionally but never participated in any battle or fight of any consequence. In 1865 they were sent to San Antonio overland and were mustered out in the latter place. All of the Texas contingent then returned to their homes to the great relief and joy of their families.

Mr. Schwethelm then took up ranching until 1867, when he was appointed by Governor E. J. Davis to form a frontier battalion of Rangers and made captain of this. Capt. Schwethelm then organized

a company of 20 men at Johnson's Creek, near Ingram. Times were still unsettled on the frontier, and the western part of Texas was mostly troubled by Mexiean horsethieves who came over from the Rio Grande. Although Indians were still roaming the country in isolated bands they were not near as troublesome as Mexiean horsethieves, disguised as Indians. This company existed until 1877, and Capt. Schwethelm' emmanded it during the entire time. The company consisting mostly of Germans, broke up at that time, and Capt. Schwethelm then returned to his ranch life. Since that time he held no official position except as County Commissioner for a time and then again as sheep inspector for quite awhile.

In concluding this short biography of Capt. Schwethelm, the writer, owing to the pressure of time, has been unable to go into details of the various exciting incidents that occurred during Captain Schwethelm's career as a Ranger, the object being to get a statement of the most memorial event, the fight of the Nueces, in which the captain was an active participant and was given in the modest and conservative way of the old gentleman. No mention is made in a braggadoeio way, of how many men he has personally killed, no hairbreadth escapes from death are recorded, the only event of this kind that Captain Schwethelm mentioned was when he was asked if he had ever been wounded, was, that during the Nueces fight, a bullet from one of Duff's men, passed through his hat making a furrow through his long hair without touching his skin.

There is no intention sought to reopen any bad feeling amongst those who might yet be living on the "other side" or their descendants; that existed during those stirring times, but simply an effort to keep the record straight. In this respect this particular fight, and the murdering of the Union men at the time, has been differently described, and as to the fate of the wounded denied by partisans opposed to the Germans, but in 1907, a participant and survivor of Duff's command in this particular fight, a Scotchman by birth, R. H. Williams, published an interesting book in England, whence he had returned after the Civil War, entitled "With the Border Ruffians, Memories of the Far West. 1852-1868," which fully describes this fight and the conditions in general during those troublesome times. Mr. Williams was a rancher on the Frio

River, an ardent adherent of the Confederacy, and enlisting in San Antonio soon after the beginning of hostilities, was placed in Duff's command.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—We have a copy of Mr. Williams' book, "With the Border Ruffians," in our library, and at some future time will give his version of the Battle of the Nueces, which will prove highly interesting to readers of Frontier Times.)

Death of Elder John S. Durst.

Elder John S. Durst, for more than 40 years a resident of Junction, Texas, died at his home in that city, on Sunday, August 31st, after an illness of several months. In making mention of the death of this grand old man, the Junction Eagle said:

"Hundreds of friends throughout this entire section of the State was made sad last Sunday when the death of John Sterling Durst was announced. For several months Mr. Durst has been in ill health and had recently gone to Houston for an operation, but was advised that nothing could be done for him, and he returned home to pass the last few days with his friends with whom he has labored so long.

"Deceased was born in the Old Fort at Naeogdoehes, October 20, 1841, his father having been a pioneer of that section, where, at the outbreak of the Mexiean war, he was representative from Texas at Monclova, which was then the capital of the Mexiean State of which Texas was a part. He had also been an Alcalde under the Mexiean government. A few years later, the family moved to what is now Leon County and the father of the deceased named that county when it was organized, in 1846, for Captain Alonzo de Leon. At the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Durst volunteered his services to the Confederacy and served throughout the war as a captain. At the end of this struggle, he took up his ministerial work and for more than sixty years he has been active as a minister in the Church of Christ.

"In 1880, he came to Kimble County where he resided until his death. At this time there were few settlements in this part of the State, and in the forty-four years he has lived here, he has taken a part in the earving of the present day civilization by an active interest in educational, civil and religious affairs. In the early days he carried the gospel into the remotest parts of this section of

the State and is known to the early settlers for a radius of many miles. In 1876, Elder Durst married Miss Lilla Kittrell, and to them were born five children, all of whom survive: Mrs. Norma Farmer, of Junction; Miss Austin, K. G., and S. O. Durst, of Junction, and Leon Durst of Kansas City. Mrs. Fannie Putegnat of Brownsville and John M. Durst who died here some six years ago, were children by a former marriage. The funeral services were conducted at the Junction cemetery where interment was made. All the children, except Leon, and Mrs. Putegnat were here at the time of their father's death. Elder Wesley Hoover of Eden conducted the services and W. C. Bradshaw read a final statement written by the deceased just before his death. One of the largest crowds ever attending a funeral service here, was present Monday. District Court recessed for the occasion and many friends of the family from neighboring towns were here."

L. A. Franks, a Pioneer.

L. A. Franks, pioneer resident of North Pleasanton, fought Indians in the neighborhood of San Antonio when he was just a boy. Once when Mr. Franks was quite young the community that stretched from the Gallinas to the Benito creeks, embracing ranches without fences and towns without postoffices, decided to celebrate in the style, the Fourth of July.

Mr. Franks and a friend started from the Martin ranch, where the dance and celebration were to be held to a settlement twenty miles away to hire a fiddler.

As they left the ranch they met a cowboy of the Martin outfit who reported that Indians, thieving and murdering, were coming towards the ranch to steal the big stock of mustangs and horses that served the place on the trail. From their journey for a fiddler the two men turned back to arouse the ranchers to their danger. Ten men were mustered and armed and the little army rode out to meet the thieving Kiekapoos. One and one-half miles from the Martin ranch, near Leon creek, the red men and the white men met. There were 36 Indians, double on splendid horses and well armed.

The ranchmen rode into the battle like cowboys into a stampede. Mr. Franks said, and chased the Indians purely through bravado. Because their powder supply was short, the captain of the frontiersmen urged his men to "save the

balls." The big Indian chief heard the message of the white captain, and obtained an inkling that all was not well with the enemy. In the midst of the fight the big warrior faced his men about and gave battle.

Three of the white men were killed and five wounded, but the Americans won the hand-to-hand combat. The Kiekapoos could not best the courage of their weaker foe. A Fourth of July celebration was turned into a funeral for heroes who died that a nation's independence might never be downed.

Mr. Franks drove cotton wagons during the Civil War, followed the long-horned steer and the maverick over unfenced prairies in the early days, and still lives in the location of his boyhood home.

Mr. Franks always counted Indians. He was taught to count everything, for in the days when fighting men were scarce and fights frequent, it mattered much whether there were ten men to be met, or twenty. Once Mr. Franks had to threaten to shoot his companion who would not tarry to count Indians, riding single-file towards them. Mr. Franks covered his companion with one gun and with the other counted his enemies until he had the number to take back to camp.

Near the woods where Indians once council fires, Mr. Franks makes his home today. He is a pioneer figure of several counties, with a clear and interesting memory, and his recollections bring back old times when "men were men and every gun a law."—San Antonio Light, July 30, 1924.

Capt. John E. Hess, of 3520 Ross Ave., Dallas, writes: "Have you heard anybody say anything about an Indian fight at Deatur about 1874? I was traveling in a Concord buggy with two good horses for T. J. Frank, a hardware man of Dallas, with another man from Illinois, who was seared almost to death when they showed us the place where it was claimed a big fight with Indians had taken place the day before. We were also shown an Indian saddle which had been taken in the fight. From there we had to go to Fort Worth and didn't see a house between the two points. My Illinois companion was frightened almost to death. I do not know if there was anything to that Indian fight. Those people there may have taken us for tenderfeet, which was true of the Illinois chap."

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS
By J. MARVIN HUNTER

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 PER YEAR

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With this number Frontier Times enters its second volume, with most encouraging prospects. The reading public, especially those who are interested in the narratives of our pioneers, has given this little magazine a place in the channels of present day literature, and it has become, during one short year, a recognized publication of merit. Starting out last October with a blank book we have today over 1,000 appreciative readers on our subscription list, and every one of them a booster for Frontier Times. We have no promises to add to those we made at the start, other than that we are going to continue to make Frontier Times interesting and well worth the subscription price of \$1.50 a year. We are constantly adding to our wonderful collection of historical data, which is already of great quantity, so our readers should have no uneasiness that the supply of material which goes to make up this magazine is liable to "play out." Just now we are negotiating for a larger and faster press to add to our already well-equipped printing plant, in order to take care of our increasing business. To establish a magazine of this kind and place it on a permanent basis requires time and the expenditure of considerable money, and in arranging all of these details the publisher of Frontier Times has adopted a conservative and economical policy. As business justifies the magazine will be enlarged and improved, but not until the time arrives. We are not altogether satisfied with the typographical appearance of our little magazine, but our readers are satisfied with the contents of it, so for the present no change will be made in either the size or dress. We appreciate the good words that have been given us, and we hope ere another volume closes that we will enroll several thousand new subscribers. Ten thousand in three years is our goal.

Mrs. Emma L. Lee, Louise, Texas, widow of the late Capt. B. P. Lee, writes us: "I enjoy reading Frontier Times very much, and cannot do without it, for I think it one of the grandest books I have ever read."

Captain J. B. Gillett of Marfa, writes: "Mrs. Gillett and I had a fine trip to the North and East this summer. We were gone from home just three months. Took in the Kentucky Derby at Louisville on May 14, and from there went to Tennessee and Virginia, where we visited a month; then went to Washington, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Baltimore, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, returning through the Great Lakes to Albany, New York, down the Hudson by daylight boat to New York City, where we spent two weeks taking in the sights. From New York we traveled by steamer to Galveston and then out home by rail. My book 'Six Years With the Texas Rangers,' is still selling like hot cakes. The first edition will soon all be gone. The second edition will be revised some and the price will be raised to \$4.00 per copy."

This from Frank C. Patten, Librarian of the Rosenberg Library at Galveston: "I want to let you know that we appreciate having Frontier Times in our library. It seems to me very fortunate for Texas that you are taking so much pains to gather up this pioneer material to put in printed form."

E. A. Brininstool, the nationally known author and magazine writer, of Los Angeles, Calif., writes: "I enclose my li'l old dollar and fo' bits for another year of Frontier Times. I would not miss an issue for the cost of a whole year's subscription. You are doing a mighty fine work, and I hope you get a million subscribers. Keep 'er humping!"

We are always glad to get letters from members of the Old Guard. Here's one from Capt. C. W. Allen, of Elk City, Oklahoma: "I am receipt of Frontier Times, and have read it with much interest, so much so that I am sending a check for \$1.50 for a year's subscription. I would love to read all back numbers for I know they call to memory many incidents of frontier life. I am now past 73 years of age. Joined Capt. M. R. Green's company of Rangers at Comanche, Texas, Tom Dailey first lieutenant, winter of 1873."

Cleve Law of Santa Ana, California, sends in his renewal to Frontier Times, along with three new subscriptions, and says: "I have very much enjoyed reading your magazine, and hope you will get the 10,000 new subscribers."

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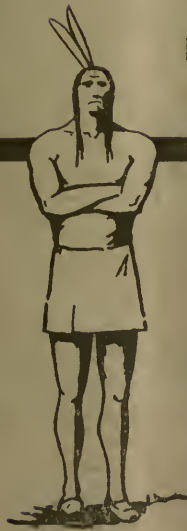
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FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy,
Pioneer Achievement



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Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1924.

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Gerome W. Shield, the Fearless Sheriff

From Fortieth Anniversary Edition, San Angelo Standard.

The popular conception that the early west was populated to a considerable degree by "bad men" rowdies and tough characters in general is all wrong.

Gerome W. Shield, resident of Tom Green county since 1883, hide and animal inspector from 1888 to 1892, sheriff for four straight terms ending in 1900, and always a cowman comes to the defense of the old-timers, if any defense be needed.

"There never was a biggerhearted set of men," said Mr. Shield. "Maybe be a bit rough in their talk and their idea of a good time not what it is today, but most of them were quiet, respected decent men and were honest. When they told you anything you could depend on it. Their word was their bond. Boys in from the ranches those days didn't swagger around with guns on, whoop and yell and shoot up the town like you'd think, judging by the way shows are put on now during old-timers' parades. The men who settled their fusses with six-shooters were not many. The bully who showed his gun generally was easily handled.

Curbing cattle thieves both while hide and animal inspector and while sheriff and running down the men who in June 1898 held up the Santa Fe passenger train at Coleman Junction were some of Mr. Shields achievements while in public office. His friends say that during his eight years as sheriff he never failed to get a man for whom he had a warrant, although some were fugitives for several years. Mr. Shield is believed to be oldest living ex-sheriff of Tom Green county.

Born in Panola County, Mississippi, March 22, 1864 and now 62 years old, Mr. Shield and one brother, Walter F. Shield, who lives at McAlister, Okla., are the only survivors of a family of five boys and four girls. George was the youngest of the boys. He came to Texas in 1869, the family settling in Hunt county, then moving in 1874 to Trickham, Coleman county. It was from there that Mr. Shield came to Tom Green county

June 3, 1884. He worked first on the William Hewitt ranch on Live Oak creek, now in Coke which a brother, Lee Shield, later purchased. Lee Shield sold his interest in 1886 and Rome Shield remained on that ranch until 1888 when he was elected hide and animal inspector and moved to San Angelo.

Mr. Shield's books show that during the four years he was hide and animal inspector he inspected an average of 50,000 head of live stock annually. The fee was 3c per head. Every animal that was moved out of the country or was butchered was inspected, and the amount of work required is shown by the fact that Tom Green county then comprising what are now Coke, Sterling, Irion and Reagan counties. Mr. Shield was elected sheriff and tax collector in 1888, polling approximately 1700 votes to his opponent's 162. He succeeded the late J. Willis Johnson, Sr., and was thereafter re-elected three times never having opposition.

It was on Friday night early in June, 1898, that the Santa Fe passenger train was held up at Coleman Junction. The day before, Ed Dozier, ex-sheriff of Concho county, telephoned Mr. Shield that he had seen four men traveling east and if there was any trouble reported it could be attributed to them. The men rode a dun horse, a grey and two bays. By this description of the mounts, Mr. Shield knew who the quartet was. About ten o'clock that night he received a phone message that the Santa Fe had been held up at Coleman Junction and was asked to go there. Instead, Mr. Shield phoned Perry McConnell, Sutton county sheriff at Sonora, and asked him to work toward San Angelo to meet him in an effort to intercept the robbers.

The men who held up the train were Bill Taylor, his brother, Jeff Taylor, Pearce Keeton, and Bud Newman. All lived in the Sonora and Junction country and operated along Devil's River and the Llano. But for R. E. Buchanan, of Fort

Worth, then live stock agent for the Santa Fe and now general livestock agent for that road, the robbery might have been successful. But when the train stopped longer than usual at the switch leading onto then the north end of the "Y" opening onto then the main line to San Angelo, Mr. Buchanan investigated and learned it was a holdup. Dropping from the rear coach and resting his gun on the side of the car, he opened fire.

The robbers had ordered Engineer Jim Stanton and Fireman Lee Johnson out of the cab and had started with them back to the rear of the express car to detach the baggage and mail and express car from the passenger coaches and run that part of the train some distance up the track. In the exchange of shots Lee Johnson was mortally wounded, dying the next day in a hospital in Temple. Keeton was shot in the right leg and Bud Newman's right elbow was shattered by a bullet. Sustaining these casualties the would-be robbers fled on horseback.

So badly was Keeton wounded that the broken bone of his leg protruded through the flesh, but despite this he rode almost 140 miles to a sheep camp on the head of the North Llano river, the four fugitives swimming their horses across the Colo-

rado river when it was bank full.

Accompanied by the late D. R. Hodges, then a deputy sheriff, Mr. Shield rode to Sonora and was in that town by daylight. There they were joined by Sheriff McConnell and deputy Henry Decker. Heading out on fresh horses the officers rode all day and did not let up when a heavy rain began to fall. About 10 o'clock Sunday morning they reached a sheep camp, located in a draw, and rushed it. Bud Newman ran for the brush, but a bullet from Rome Shield's gun splintered a picket over his head as he started through a fence, caused him to turn back and surrender. Bill Taylor was not in the camp.

In the trail of three of the robbers Newman turned state's evidence, was acquitted and began search for Bill Taylor, for whom a reward was offered. Taylor was captured and lodged in jail at Coleman, but made his escape. A second time he was run down and again made his getaway. Then he and Newman met one day on a ranch below Sonora and in the duel that ensued Newman was killed, Taylor becoming a fugitive in Mexico. The other members of the gang were convicted in trials at Coleman and were given life sentences in the penitentiary. Keeton was afterwards pardoned.

Young Man Falls Victim to Indian Cruelty

By A. J. Sowell, in San Antonio Light.

Among the early settlers in Frio county was Major Allen, who lived near Old Frio Town, on the east side of the river. At the time of which we write, May 6, 1873, his nephew, Ranse Brown, was on a visit to the Allen ranch. Brown was from Lockhart, Caldwell county.

On the morning of the date mentioned, Ranse Brown in company with his cousin, Billy Allen, went out about six miles north, up the Frio river, but several miles east of it, to look after some horses. Maj. Allen told his son not to go out without his pistol loaded, but the boy said there were no Indians around and that he did not have time to load his pistol. Our readers will remember that pistols in those days were of the cap-and-ball type and took some time to load. Powder had to be poured into each chamber, balls placed and ramed down, and caps put on the six tubes. Young Brown had his pistol well loaded.

Upon arriving in what was called the range of the horses the two young men began to look for them but soon discovered a band of Indians in about 100 yards of them riding up out of a draw among some low bushes. The boys at once wheeled their horses and ran and the Indians came after them, one of the redskins in the lead having a single-barreled pistol which carried a large ball. He soon came close to Brown, who was in the rear, and, loading the pistol, fired at him, breaking his back. The ball struck the small of the back just above the cantle of the saddle. He fell from his horse to the ground, and Billy, who was only a few yards in the lead, reigned up his horse with the intention of trying to get his cousin remounted, but Ranse said "No my back is broken. Save yourself."

Young Allen then turned his horse loose at full speed and made his escape

and gave the alarm. Fourteen men soon collected to follow the Indians,

Among the party were Demps Forrest, one of his brothers, the two Gildea brothers, Bud and Gus; James Crosson, Billy Allen, Ed Massey, Lee Garner, Rufe Ridley, Lee Tremble and Bill Daugherty.

The men went on the run and soon arrived at the scene, James Crosson and Gus Gildea being in the lead, first dismounted at the body of Brown. He was on his back and stripped of all his clothing, except his undershirt which was very bloody. Twelve wounds were on the body—two arrows in the left eye, one arrow in the throat, one arrow in the breast, one below the right nipple in the ribs and a lance wound under the shoulder blade. The last was a large wound and part of the lungs had been dragged out by the lance when it was withdrawn. There were six bullet wounds, one large and five small ones, the latter evidently having been done with Brown's pistol. He had shot one of the Indians supposed to be the one who shot him. Close by was a pool of blood on the ground where the Indian had fallen, and about 200 yards from this place an Indian had been buried and prickly pears piled up over the grave. The bloody undershirt of Brown was taken off by Gus Gildea and buried under a huisache bush.

The Indians were followed but made their escape, although the boys sighted them at a distance, traveling rapidly. Night put an end to the pursuit and the men returned to the body of Brown, one man having been left with it. The body was tied on a horse and carried back after night. It was washed and laid out on Major Allen's gallery, on planks laid across carpenter's saw horses. Gus Gildea and others sat up during the night with the body, and it was constantly dripping blood from the wounds.

The evening after burying young Brown, eight men started out to survey land in Bill Daugherty's pasture, Mr. Jewell being the surveyor. On Tuesday 40 Indians came into Frio Town, having passed down the country by Blackaller's and Louis Oge's ranches, and before they got into town they attacked a little ranch where the Germans lived. Mrs. Graham took an infant in one arm and led a boy seven years old by the hand and went to town half a mile distant. The Indians shot arrows at her and pinned the baby to her side, killing it but not badly wounding the mother. The

Indians evidently did not know the town was there, for they ran into it while in pursuit of Mrs. Graham. Old man Billy Massey was run onto and killed by an Indian who jerked him up in front of his horse and held him there until he had scalped his head and face, the beard being long and thick. The hair of his head being long and gray. After this was done the body was thrown back on the ground. There were but few men in town and they commenced firing on the Indians, who retreated to the graveyard on a hill and there dismounted to fight, having some of their number killed and wounded by the fire from the settlers. There were not men enough to attack their position and the Indians finally left, going west. On Wednesday they were followed as far as the Leona river, but they made their escape. These were strange Indians and did not know the country. They were Mesealero Apaches.

At Indian Bend the surveyors were run into and great excitement prevailed for a few minutes. The Indians first came upon Gus Gildea some distance from camp and ran him in and he fired several shots at them. Some of the men were under the river bank fishing, and Lee Trimble ascended a scaffold when he heard the Indians coming and Gildea giving the alarm of "Indians", but just as they dashed up within a few yards and Gildea was dismounting and Mr. Jewell was snapping at the Indians, Trimble fell off the scaffold without firing and the Indians dashed on and were out of sight before the men under the bluff could get up to where their guns were. Trimble said that he attempted to turn so as to aim his gun better and fell backwards.

At the Todas Santos ranch, on the creek of the same name, the Indians rode between the house and cow pen while some women were in the pen milking. But the women hid among the cattle and the Indians did not see them, although they looked over the fence. When the Indians passed the women called to John Pranglin, who was near, and he shot several times at the Indians, but the latter made no halt, keeping on out of the country. This was early in the morning and occurred 40 miles from where the Indians had ran into the surveyors. The women in the cow pen were Mrs. Julia McKinney and her daughter, Independence, who was the wife of George Daugherty.

Over the Goodnight and Loving Trail

Annie Dyer Nunn in *The Dearborn Independent*.

It was a strange funeral procession, that which followed the Goodnight and Loving trail in 1867 from Fort Sumner, New Mexico, to Weatherford, Texas, a distance of 700 miles. Oliver Loving, the first to find an outlet for Texas cattle, had made his last long drive; and the western frontier with its trackless wildernesses and featureless wastes of prairie would know him no more.

The casket, in which lay the remains of this great pioneer, was carried in a wagon drawn by a mule team. Nine cowboys on horseback rode in front of the wagon and nine behind; these were followed by the chuck wagon and remuda. This escort was the Goodnight and Loving outfit which had delivered 2,500 head of steers into Colorado and now were homeward bound. The sad journey was singularly peaceful; not an Indian was seen during the whole time.

The first trail over which Texas cattle were driven to northern markets was blazed by Mr. Loving in 1859. Beginning in Palo Pinto County, Texas, it extended through the western cross timbers, on through Northwestern Texas and into Colorado as far as Denver.

During the Civil War, Mr. Loving ceased to drive his cattle north, but resumed in 1866. His cattle, during the war, were sold to the Confederates, but they never paid the \$150,000 due to him.

In regard to conditions at the close of the Civil War, Emerson Hough says:

"The Civil War stopped almost all plans to market the range cattle, and the close of the war found the vast grazing lands of Texas fairly covered with millions of cattle which had no actual value. They were sorted and branded and herded after a fashion, but neither they nor their increase could be converted into anything but more cattle. The demand for a market became imperative."

In 1866 Charlie Goodnight, afterward one of the leading cow men of Texas, finding himself with plenty of cattle but no money, determined to push out to northern markets. Oliver Loving declared the project impossible. The Comanches and Kiowas, fierce nomadic tribes were prowling through the western country. Loving stated out that no trail herd could escape them. Of this Goodnight

failed to be convinced, and in the end Loving decided to go with him, taking a herd of his own.

In New Mexico and Colorado there were no cattle. A man was fortunate to be able to rent a milch cow for \$5.00 a month. At Fort Sumner, New Mexico, the government was needed. Goodnight and Loving proposed to supply it.

In 1866 they surveyed the Goodnight and Loving trail, perhaps the most famous of all the old cow trails. It began in Young County, Texas, and extended southwest to the Pecos River; here it turned northwest, following the course of the river four hundred miles to Fort Sumner and beyond. It then crossed the divide between the Platt and the Arkansas rivers seventy-five miles east of Denver. It ended at the mouth of Crow Creek.

The first part of the trail down to the Pecos was through good country with plenty of grass and water, but along the Pecos it was bleak and forbidding. There was little grass and the only semblance of tree life was the wild mesquite. In speaking of this country Colonel Goodnight recently said: "The Pecos country was the most desolate I had ever explored. The river was full of fish, but besides the fish there was scarcely a living thing, not even birds and coyotes." The country was again good along the upper Pecos and in Colorado.

Such was the trail over which Loving made his last drive. The events of this drive deserve a prominent place in the history of West Texas.

Loving and Goodnight had now entered partnership—an ideal one, since Loving knew the trail and its ways, and Goodnight knew men and cattle. Both were men of high honor and courage. Loving was fifty-five years old; Goodnight thirty-five.

It was in June, 1867. The outfit consisted of twenty-five hundred head of steers and eighteen men. From the first the Indians were a constant menace. They attacked the outfit at the fork of the Brazos River, stampeding the herd and wounding one of the men. On the lower Pecos they again attacked and succeeded in getting away with three hundred and sixty head. An unsuccessful attempt was made to recover them.

The outfit had gone one hundred and fifty miles up the Pecos when Mr. Loving having seen no further signs of Indians, decided to take one of the men and ride on ahead to secure the government contract for furnishing beef to New Mexico, which was to be let at Santa Fe. His partner did his best to dissuade him from this perilous venture, for two lone men would have little chance against the Indians, who might surprise them at any time. But Loving was determined. He asked Bill Wilson, a trailsman, who having but a few head of cattle attached them to the large herd, to go with him. Wilson agreed. Loving could not have selected a better man, for Wilson was a brave and genial man.



BILL WILSON,

Known as One-Armed Bill Wilson, who was with Oliver Loving at the time Loving was wounded. Bill Wilson gave the editor of Frontier Times an account of this fight which coincides with the story here given. Mr. Wilson was in San Antonio in 1920. He died in 1922.

Promising Goodnight that they would travel entirely by night, resting and hiding in the daytime, they set forth. They rode good horses and each man was armed with two pistols and a rifle. They had traveled but two nights when they grew weary of these arrangements, especially as there were no signs of Indians; so, throwing caution to the winds, they continued the journey by daylight.

They had immediate cause to regret this decision, however, for on the afternoon of the first day they saw a large

band of Indians loitering across the plain to the south of them, apparently shooting prairie dogs. The white men left the trail and dashed toward the breaks of the river, their only hope of protection. Even as they started the savages gave pursuit. A mad race followed but the white men reached the river first. They tied their horses to some bushes and ran behind a sand dune on the bank of the river and into a spot which offered good protection. They had barely done so when about six hundred Comanches swarmed into the breaks.

A small arroya had cut a notch eight or ten feet from the edge of the water to the sand dune, the men were safe from the arrows of the redskins. There was only one direction from which they could be reached and that was from across the river; but their guns kept this space clear. They were further fortified by a bend of the river above them and one below them. The Indians, perceiving that they could not reach the men without imminent danger to themselves, asked for a parley, and the men decided to grant it. It was arranged that Wilson, who could understand the Indians, should go out and talk to them while Loving stood guard to keep any who might be lurking in the brush on the river's bank from shooting his comrade in the back. The two men were several yards from their hiding place when Wilson thought he heard the snapping of a twig.

"There's an Indian in that brush now," he warned.

"No, there isn't," Loving replied. "You are just scared." As he said this he started toward the bushes. Across his left arm he had a holster with two pistols which he had been carrying over his saddle horn.

The main body of Indians was about 150 yards away at the foot of the sand dune. Wilson kept a keen eye on the bushes which Loving was approaching; for he knew that if there was a demonstration from that direction, the other Indians would charge. Loving had gone about twenty yards when an Indian rose from behind the bush and leveled his gun at Loving. Wilson's shot shattered the silence simultaneously with that of the Indian. The Indian dropped behind the bush and Loving staggered toward Wilson.

"I'm killed," he gasped. "Take my gun and do the best you can with it."

At that moment Wilson saw the In-

dians from the foot of the hill charging them. He emptied his own gun on them; then seized Loving's and emptied it. The savages were repulsed and the white men again got to cover.

As Wilson lay beside Loving waiting tensely for anything that might happen, he observed a slight movement of some tall weeds a few feet away. He knew that an Indian was creeping through them, parting them with his lance as he advanced. The Indian came nearer and nearer. He was about to poke his head from the weeds, when a huge rattlesnake roused up right in front of him.

The reptile gave a loud warning and then glided off in the opposite direction which was toward Wilson. To his unspeakable horror it came to his side and quite chumily coiled itself. His life now hung by a thread. If he fired at the Indian, who, he knew, was even now leveling his gun at him, the noise would cause the snake to strike; but Wilson feared the snake more than he did the Indian, so he remained perfectly still. The Indian then fled from the uncanny scene, evidently frightened by the performance of the snake, for this was the sort of thing which aroused the superstition of the old-time redskins. Wilson remained rigidly still and presently the snake glided into the bushes.

About dark the Indians led the horses away, and with them went all the provisions possessed by the trailmen. Night came on and their perilous vigil continued. What must have been Loving's thoughts in those terrible hours, as he lay facing death, separated from his friends by hundreds of miles

Believing that he could not last till morning, he insisted on Wilson's trying to escape before it was too late. Wilson decided to make the attempt.

"Tell Goodnight to get word to my family, telling them how and where I died," said Loving. "If I can, I will keep the Indians off until he gets here; but if I see that they are about to take me, I will commit suicide to escape their torture."

Wilson consented. When the moon went down, shortly after midnight, he divested himself of all of his clothes except his undergarments and slipped into the river. Across his shoulder was one of Loving's guns, the only one in their outfit that fired a metallic cartridge. Loving had forced this gun upon him knowing that the others would not shoot after being in the water, and his only

hope was to swim down the river, but he was so handicaped with the gun that he almost drowned. Seeing that it was impossible to carry it any farther, Wilson left it sticking in the sand under the water where the Indians would not be apt to find it.

A hundred yards down stream he knew that he was surrounded by them, but they had not discovered his presence. One sat on horseback in the middle of the stream, splashing his foot in the water. So absorbed was he in this play that he did not see the white man, who, a few feet from him, was drifting by in the shadow of the smartweeds which drooped over the edge of the bank.

Farther down stream Wilson left the river and set out across country in the direction of the herd. The sandy soil seemed barren of growth, save that of every variety of sand bur. These brought exquisite torture to the barefooted traveler. There followed a never-to-be-forgotten march of three days. Faint from hunger, going hours without water, for at times he was far from the curving river, he trued on in the blistering heat of a July sun, which parched the burstrewn sand beneath his bleeding feet. The second day he found the end of a tepee pole and this he used as a cane.

By the third night he was almost exhausted, and barely able to drag one lacerated foot after the other. To add to his discouraging situation, a pack of wolves began to follow him. He was afraid to sleep because of them. Their skulking forms were ever near, and all of Wilson's efforts to drive them away proved unavailable. No better idea of his plight can be gained than from his own words: "I would give out, just like a horse, lie down and drop off to sleep. When I woke up the wolves would be all around me, snapping and snarling. I would then take the tepee pole and drive them away, but when I resumed my journey they would drop in behind me. I kept this up until daylight, when they left me."

He struggled on until noon, when he reached a hill which he felt sure the herd of cattle would pass. Barely able to move he crept into a sort of cave which had been whipped out by the play of the wind. In this he was protected from the burning sun. In a few hours the herd arrived, and Wilson staggered out of the cave. "He was the most terrible object I ever saw," Colonel Goodnight relates. "His underwear was stained with mud, his tongue

was swollen by thirst, his eyes were wild and bloodshot; and every step he took he left blood in the track."

Goodnight made immediate preparations to go to Loving's rescue. With six good men, mounted on the best trail horses he set out. All that night it rained torrents and it was so dark at times that the party was forced to halt until a streak of lightning would momentarily light the way. At four o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the place where Wilson said that he and Loving had left the trail.

On a mesquite bush close at hand was a small piece of paper pinned to a thorn. This was recognized as a leaf from Loving's notebook which he always carried in his saddlebag. On it was a drawing—a bit of Indian cynicism—of an Indian and a white man shaking hands. Oddly enough, the white man was wearing a silk hat, a thing at that time unknown in West Texas.

About two hundred yards north of the trail the party discovered the tracks of Loving and Wilson; whereupon they dashed across the prairie toward the river. The silent hills gave no clue to what had occurred. It was evident, however, that the Indians had been gone but a short time, for the bank of the river was still wet in places where they had climbed out of the stream. It looked as if they had not found Loving.

One afternoon, two weeks later, when the Goodnight and Loving herd was within seventy-five miles of Fort Sumner, Goodnight was riding ahead to see whether there were Indians in the vicinity when he saw a man riding towards him. Believing him to be an Indian, he maneuvered around a hill, keeping out of his sight, and came up behind him. Then he recognized him as a white man named Burleson, who had a herd just behind.

Goodnight informed him of Loving's death.

"Why, Loving is not dead!" Burleson replied. "He is at Fort Sumner, recovering from his wounds. He sent word to you to leave the herd and come to him."

All that night the faithful friend rode toward Fort Sumner and arrived there the next morning, making the distance of seventy-five miles in fourteen hours. He found Loving walking about with his arm in a sling and feeling confident of recovery. But his friend was apprehensive after examining his wounds.

The next morning after Wilson's departure, Loving discovered that he was

much better. The wound in his side, which he had thought fatal, was not really serious. Meantime the Indians continued to deluge the ravine with arrows and stones, none of which reached him. They dug tunnels through the sand dune to within five feet of where he lay; but they dared not put their heads over the bank to get an accurate shot at him. Repeated attempts were made to reach him from across the river, but after losing two of their men, they desisted. Two days and nights they kept him in the ravine. Then he escaped by way of the river,

Since the herd had had ample time to arrive and had not done so (this delay was due to the outfit's having halted to rest the cattle), Loving decided it had been captured by the Indians. So instead of going down the river to meet the cattle he went up it to a crossing in the faint hope that some passer-by might find him. He reached the crossing two miles up stream. Here a clump of chinaberries grew; and under these he lay, ill and exhausted. His water-soaked gun would not shoot; otherwise he could have killed some birds for food. Many long hours passed with Loving growing constantly weaker; and with no cessation of his intense pain. The only way he could get water to drink was by dipping his handkerchief, which he had tied to a stick, into the stream two feet below. Three days and nights went by in this manner, when at last his indomitable courage failed him, and he was overcome by a heavy stupor.

At noon the third day he was aroused by someone standing over him. When he became thoroughly awake he saw that the newcomer was a white boy. He was a German traveling from Fort Sumner with three Mexicans. He had come upon Loving while looking for firewood.

Loving was taken to the covered wagon, where the Mexicans fed him corn-meal gruel. For \$250 Loving hired the men to return with him to Fort Sumner.

When they were fifty miles from that place, they met Burleson, who was riding out for news of his herd. Upon being informed of the situation, he rode back to town as fast as his horse could carry him, sending the government ambulance and doctor to take care of the sick man. Loving lived for some days after reaching Fort Sumner; but the care his wounds received was not of the best and blood-poisoning resulted. "So passed as good a man as ever lived," in the words of Bill Wilson.

Some Early Coleman County History

Old Timer, in the Coleman Times.

W. W. (Bill) Hunter, now living in Santa Anna, is one of the last survivors of the sixties in Coleman county, at which time there were but few people who had ventured this far west. There were a few families living near Camp Colorado, the Government army post, which was first established in 1857 as a temporary encampment on the Colorado River. The troops remained there only a short time and moved to Jim Ned where a fort was built. The walls were of adobe and lumber for flooring and shingles for covering were hauled from the East in wagons drawn by oxen.

Mr. Hunter attended the first reunion of the Coleman County Pioneers' Association held in Coleman County on July 4, 1924. He was 74 years of age April 11, 1924. His wife, formerly Miss Fiveash, has lived in the county since 1865, when she, at the age of eight years, came with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Fiveash, and settled on Mukewater Creek in the southwestern portion of the county.

Mr. Hunter was ten years of age when he arrived at Camp Colorado in 1860 with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maleom Hunter. The Hunters left McNary county, Tennessee in 1856, staying four years in Grayson county before moving on toward the setting sun. Maleom Hunter became the first County Judge of Coleman county before permanent organization, serving under appointment of Governor E. J. Davis, while Coleman was attached to Brown county for judicial purposes. He later served as judge under the permanent organization in 1876. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Maleom Hunter are buried in what is now Eureka church yard, on Mud Creek, in the eastern part of Coleman county. Maleom Hunter died in 1871, his death being indirectly due to a lance wound received in a skirmish with Indians on Dove Creek in 1868. The wound healed but he never fully recovered from it.

Mr. Hunter says he is not very apt at remembering dates, but he remembers that the Jim Ned country during the sixties was, to all appearances, a paradise, with wild game abounding in every direction. There was little underbrush in the valleys and along the streams at the time the county was one vast expanse of hill-

lock. Buffalo, deer, antelope, and turkeys were everywhere. Among the early settlers around the old fort were R. C. (Cuffy) Morgan and F. M. Alexander whose occupation was to hunt wild game for the soldiers' meat ration. Mr. Alexander in later years became night police in the town of Coleman.

Buffalo Branch, in the eastern part of Coleman county, was so named because of the herds of buffalo that ranged there and Bee Branch was so named because of the wild honey always found there. Mr. Hunter says he has sat in one place and killed as many as sixteen buffalo.

Among the early settlers in and around the army post on Jim Ned during the early sixties and who later became permanent citizens, Mr. Hunter calls to mind L. D. Saint Claire, Dudley Johnson and family, Mr. Christmas, John Sheem, Rev. H. M. Childress, Methodist minister; Johnnie Rhoads, the Clayton family, L. D. Greaves, R. C. (Cuffy) Morgan and family F. M. Alexander, Joe Byers, (a bachelor), Pete Callan and J. J. (Baldy) Callan.

Cuff Morgan had charge of the wagon trains that freighted material and supplies from San Antonio to the army post on Jim Ned.

L. D. Greaves came with the troops as guide and was later sheriff of the county.

J. J. (Baldy) Callan was in charge of the commissary at that army post and later captained a company of Rangers.

Jesse and Dudley Johnson, Jr. served the army post as ffer and drummer.

Joe Byers, a bachelor, lived with Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Johnson and served the army as a guide. He was killed by the Kickapoo Indians in the historic Dove Creek fight. He was scalped and his head severed from his body and placed on a pole.

Jeff Morgan, as Mr. Hunter remembers, was the first white child born in Coleman county. James Callan, now living at Menard, was perhaps the second white child born in the county.

Luke Williamson, later county clerk of Coleman county, married Annie Johnson. Peter Callan, first postmaster at the town of Coleman, married Jennie Johnson. Captain J. M. Elkins, yet living on the Jim Ned, not far from the old army post, married Emma Johnson. They were

daughters of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Johnson, one of the first families of Coleman county.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hunter were married in 1871. Mr. Henry Sackett of Camp Colorado, next friend of the groom, was an attendant at the wedding.

Mrs. Hunter, as a girl, remembers seeing as many as 150 hostile Indians in a bunch. She remembers the incident of 1870 when Indians made a raid in the Mukewater settlement and killed Jacob Dofflemier.

Mr. Hunter remembers distinctly the Indian raid in August, 1873, which occurred on Sand Creek, about ten miles east of the present town of Santa Anna, in which Mrs. Williams and baby were killed and her nine-year-old daughter carried away by the Indians. Mr. Hunter was on the scene a short time afterward. Assisted by Bill Adams of Brown county, he got 32 men together and followed the Indians to the headwaters of the Brazos River. The rescuing party suffered greatly from heat and lack of water and food. Captain J. M. Elkins and other members of the rescuing party found the body of the girl wrapped in a piece of buffalo hide and suspended from a mesquite tree on the headwaters of the Brazos.

Twenty men from the Jim Ned settlement were picked up by Major Totten in his drive on the Kickapoo Indians in the West in 1865. W. W. Hunter's brother, Warren Hunter, and a brother-in-law joined Totten's command of 400 men and took part in the Dove Creek battle in the winter of 1865. Snow was on the ground and the Indians were rendezvoused in wigwams in a dense thicket on Dove Creek. It was an ill-timed charge by Totten's men, as Mr. Hunter remembers the incident told him by his brother. Sixteen of Totten's men were killed in the

Mukewater settlement, in the southeastern part of Coleman county, started up during the sixties and became one of the early trading posts of the country. Enoch Fiveash, his wife and several children were among the first settlers. Bill Franks started a store, the building being hewn out of native logs. Franks carried groceries and whiskey in stock and was a jovial fellow, always playing tricks on the settlers who came into his store. He kept bottles of whiskey and bottles of water side by side on his shelves and often fooled the wayfarers and settlers

who dropped into his trading post. When Franks was not fooling some fellow with his whiskey and water trick he was jollying him in some other fashion—and the place became known as Trick'em. When application was made to the department for a postoffice, the name of Trick'em was submitted and the department adopted the suggestion, except that the name was changed to Trickham.

John Chisolm moved cattle up the west Chisolm trail and frequently stoped his herd and bought refreshments at Frank's store. He later returned to Trick'em and bought Frank's business, which he conducted until the early seventies—May 1871—when L. L. Shield moved into the community and took over the Chisolm business. Mr. Shield later built the rock store which gave Trickham distinction during the early days. The brown walls of the old store are still standing.

As Mr. Hunter remembers the United States troops abandoned Camp Colorado as an army post later in 1862, when the Confederate troops and the Texas Rangers moved in—and the transfer was accompanied by considerable confusion. Maj. E. Kirby Smith, who was in command of the U. S. troops at Camp Colorado, was a Southern man but he refused to transfer the fort and equipment to the Confederate troops and Rangers without full and specified authority. Malcom Hunter made several trips back and forth to San Antonio before proper orders were effected, and then it was necessary to transport much of the ordnance and equipment overland to effect the transfer. Col. J. E. McCord's Regiment, two companies of Totten's Battalion of Texas Rangers and Captain J. J. Callan with a company of Texas Rangers occupied the fort at various times until the close of the war. The post was not revived after the war and Fort Coneho was then established. The present home of Mr. and Mrs. Sackett near Jim Ned Creek, was built of some of the stones taken from the walls of old Camp Colorado.

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The Story of Egg-Nog Branch

Henry C. Fuller, in Houston Chronicle.

Two miles east of the historic town of Nacogdoches, at the foot of two sloping sand hills, the road that leads from Nacogdoches to San Augustine crosses a little branch, rises apparently in the pine woods a short distance away, flows across the road and disappears among the undergrowth on the opposite side, later crossing another public road, and finally a mile or so away, mingling with the waters of the La Nuna Creek.

This little branch has been famous in its day and time, although the romance and interest that once belonged to it has faded with the years until only a lingering shadow, a memory remains. In days of old lang syne, when men looked upon the wine when it was red, and when the Old Stone Fort was in flower, so to speak, this little branch was noted far and wide as the first stopping place out of town, on the way home. It was the place where energetic hands reached into old fashion saddlebags, brought forth a bottle, poured a small quantity of ingredients into a cup, mixed it with water and tossed it down the throat at a single quaff. Or mayhap, if the drink was not alcohol, the travelers would take a drink all around from a milder form of tonic, and follow this by kneeling and drinking from the little branch, or stepping a short distance to one side and sipping from a clear and bubbling spring, that is no doubt there until this day and hour. If the pine trees, or the sweet gum trees, or any of the trees now standing sentinel at the crossing of the road at this little branch could each tell a story it would no doubt be full of interest, well mixed with romance, pathos and perhaps a goodly sprinkling of tragedy.

The Fredonian Rebellion, as it was called, took place in 1824. Hayden Edwards and his brother, Benjamin Edwards, had been given grants to a large area of unsettled lands in the Nacogdoches area by the Spanish government, and subsequently confirmed by the Mexican government, when Mexico became independent, for the settlement of several hundred families. In those days the American population of Nacogdoches was small. Mexicans predominated. Mexicans dominated the courts and alcaldes, equivalent to our justice of the

peace, were under the influence of the Mexicans. American settlers in locating claims came constantly into conflict with Mexican claimants, the Mexicans usually waiting until the American squatter had built his house and cleared a small field, before appearing upon the scene and claiming that the American was on the identical piece of land upon which he had previously filed.

When the case or cases—there were scores of them—were taken to court, they were invariably decided in favor of the Mexicans. This very thing is what led to the Fredonian rebellion. Seeing he could get no redress nor protection for his settlers, and that his contract would fail because of his inability to carry it out, Hayden Edwards, the empresario, made a direct appeal to Blanco, the head official at Monclova, and laid the situation before him. But a previous report, had reached Blanco that Edwards and his friends had taken an undue interest in a certain election that had been held at Nacogdoches, in an effort to defeat the Mexican candidate and elect the American candidate. This irritated Blanco and without waiting to investigate the matter he promptly ordered Hayden Edwards and Benjamin Edwards to get out of the colony—to leave Nacogdoches at once and not come back, on pain of being dealt with in a harsher way, should they persist in annoying the Mexican authorities.

Hayden Edwards had spent quite a sum of money on his enterprise of bringing settlers to the Nacogdoches country and so after discussing the situation with his brother, Benjamin Edwards, Martin Palmer, Richard Fields and a few other choice spirits, he decided to defy the Mexican government and set up a government of free Americans at Nacogdoches, being assured in advance, of course, that all the Americans and most of the Indians in the eastern part of the province would espouse his cause.

The Republic of Fredonia was organized at a spring a few miles west of the town of Nacogdoches, on the Bradley Road. The writer has spent considerable time trying to locate the spring where the Fredonian Republic was set up, and where, under the trees in the solitudes,

Hayden Edwards and his friends met the Indians in council and made a treaty with them, by the terms of which the Indians were to have all the lands west of a line crossing the province of Texas from where Sulphur River runs into Red River, not so very far from the present town of Texarkana, in Miller county, Arkansas, southwest to the Rio Grande, while the white people were to have all the lands on the opposite side of this line. The Fredonian Declaration of Independence was written and duly signed.

All plans of Edwards and his friends were making good progress, and perhaps all might have gone well, but for two things.

Ellis P. Bean who was acting as agent for the Mexican government, and who lived at Mound Prairie, not far from where the town of Alto, in Cherokee County, is situated, went to the Indians in that part of the county, and persuaded them to have nothing to do with the scheme. Even the Indians who had at first agreed to the plan of Edwards withdrew, and he found himself with only a few score Americans as his backers and confederates. About this time a runner reached Nacogdoches with news that a Mexican army was rapidly advancing and only a few miles distant. A general retreat was ordered, and when the Mexicans reached Nacogdoches most of the population had left the town. Quite a sprinkling remained, however, and through the representations and good offices of Bean, who had accompanied the Mexicans, the Americans were handled leniently, and after spending a few months in Nacogdoches the Mexican army withdrew.

When the Mexicans had withdrawn the refugees returned from the east side of the Sabine, and legend says they reached the little branch on Christmas Day, 1825, where in honor of the return of peace and safety and glad they were getting back home, they made a great eggnog, and gave to the little stream the name Eggnog Branch, a name that it has held 100 years. The name promises to remain a monument to the memory of the historic days of a historic period.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FRONTIER.

My husband James William Taylor, called "Tie" Taylor because he could tie a Spanish knot so securely, was born in Dallas county, Texas, in June, 1834. In

1872 he joined the Texas Rangers at Belknap, on the Brazos river, and served continuously until the Indians were driven out. His first captain was Willis Hunter, his next was Rufus Perry, and his third was Captain Nichols. One of the first battles he was in with the Indians was at Salt Creek in Young county. The next one was when the Russell family was massacred by Indians. At that time the Rangers were stationed at the old log school house in the edge of the Cross Timbers, and I, on my mare, "Fleetfoot," carried the news of this massacre to Dripping Springs to the Rangers. I also carried a dispatch to old Uncle Billie Hayes in Springtown, Parker county, where the Rangers were stationed, a distance of ten miles, and I was pursued by five Indians, but Fleetfoot and I beat them to Springtown, and there the Rangers took up the chase and killed three of the Indians.

Fleetfoot could detect the presence of Indians immediately, and would prick up her ears and become very restless. One day, in company with Mrs. Blake and her two little children, we set out to go from Dripping Springs to Uncle Billy West's in Cooke county. Mrs. Blake was riding a little cow pony. At a certain point on the road Fleetfoot suddenly became excited and showed by her actions that Indians were close, and I had to whip Mrs. Blake's pony to make him keep up. After a race of some distance we reached our destination and Mrs. Blake fainted.

Another time my father, Uncle Billy West, and I were out after some horses for a round-up, and seeing smoke arising from a thicket, we went up and peered in and found an old Indian roasting a skunk. Father captured the Indian and took him home where he kept him until the next day, and then rode with him out ten miles and turned him loose with his face set toward the frontier.

Mr. Taylor was in the battle at Rock Creek, Young county, in which Charlie Rivers was killed by an Indian arrow.

The Indians captured the Davis boys near their home in Parker county. That same afternoon, they killed Wes Higgins' boy on his way home from school, scalped him and cut him in two and left him in the road. The Indians took the Davis boys to a reservation in Kansas and kept them three years, and finally traded them to Mr. Davis for some ponies.

I would be glad to hear from any of the old timers—Mrs. Lula Taylor, General Delivery, Canadian, Texas.

An Early Day Hanging on the Frontier

T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas.

On June 13, 1868, just after breakfast a foot-traveller by the name of Thomas Bird passed our home on Bear Creek in Parker county, Texas, and asked me the distance to Weatherford, and I informed him that it was twenty miles. I remember distinctly the way he was dressed. Late that afternoon in the southern part of Weatherford while resting on the side of the road, he was shot by a negro by the name of Joe Williams. Parties heard the shot, and coming along the road they found Joe in the act of robbing the man. Joe escaped in the brush. Later on in the trial Joe claimed that he first shot at a bird and that the man disputed his word and kicked him, whereupon Joe shot him as he claimed, in self-defense. Evidence however, showed that Joe fired but one shot and nearby parties heard only one shot.

A reward was offered for Joe, and a negro by the name of Jeff Eddleman knew that Joe was fond of singing and he thought he would capitalize this liking, capture Joe, and obtain the reward. Late one afternoon he got some negro women to sit out in his back yard and sing some old negro songs. Jeff went into his cabin and took a position so that his gun would have command of the back yard through a hole in the wall of his cabin. True to form, Joe did appear from the brush within a short while and when Jeff tried to arrest him, Joe attempted to run and Jeff shot at him, the shot striking Joe in the arm near the elbow. Joe then left town, escaped to the brush, went south to Spring Creek, stole a large iron grey mare from Captain Bob Blackwell and went east, taking the old Buchanan road. The officers went in pursuit and captured Joe about twenty-five miles southeast of Weatherford, returned the mare to Captain Blackwell and placed Joe in the Weatherford jail. Dr. Millikin dressed Joe's arm and it was almost well when he was hung.

The trial came up in November before Judge Norton. He was prosecuted by the prosecuting attorney, who was assisted by Col. Joe Rushing of Weatherford whom the people had employed to assist in the prosecution. The court appointed young George Clark to defend Joe. Mr. Clark afterwards moved to Waco and became one of the leading lawyers of Texas

and was a candidate for Governor against Jim Hogg in 1892.

The trial came off in the next term of court. The jury was out thirty minutes and returned a verdict of "guilty". On November 14, 1868, Joe was sentenced to be hung on December 18, 1868. The writer and the rest of Parker county attended the hanging. It occurred about two miles west of town. The gallows was crude but effective. The sheriff, Wes Hedrick, had had two green poles, each terminating in a fork, cut and sunk into the ground securely. Between the forks a green pole some ten inches in diameter was laid. This rude gallows was erected in a valley surrounded by nearby hills and the crowd on horseback was like a cloud.

Joe was brought out of jail and made to sit on the box of his own coffin in a two horse wagon. A strong guard formed a hollow square around him and he was driven to the place of execution. He was permitted to deliver a speech and he stood on one end of his coffin box which was practically even with the rear end of the wagon. In his speech he complained of the treatment of the sheriff and the burden of the last part of his talk was condensed in the warning: "You niggers be keerful; watch whar you am gwine." After his speech the sheriff placed the black cap over his face, adjusted the noose, the driver hit the team a sharp blow that jerked the wagon from under Joe, and he was left dangling in the air. I remember distinctly that the rope stretched to such an extent that his feet came within two feet of the ground.

Tom Ledbetter, who lived south of Weatherford several miles on the Brazos watershed, was one of the guards and was pretty full of Bourbon whiskey by the time Joe was brought out of the jail. When Joe was brought to the upper landing, Ledbetter attempted to shoot him and very loudly proclaimed his intention of ending Joe's existence there and then. The sheriff, Wes Hedrick, and friends quieted him, and he was warned that he might be in the jail before night. This proved to a prophecy.

On returning from the hanging, the writer, nearly eleven years old, was riding a big white horse by the name of Fox,

that would run away at the least excitement. On the return to town the men commenced yelling and shooting off their pistols. Fox proved true to this tradition and "burned" the road between the place of the hanging and Weatherford. I know I ran over one man on horseback, knocked horse and rider out of the road and finally succeeded in checking Fox after he had reached the public square and took one turn around it. About this time Tom Ledbetter had returned from the hanging but still under the fiery influence of the fiery liquid. He was riding a beautiful grey pony that was a very fast runner. On the west side of the square near the middle, he got into a dispute with Clay or (Clabe) Williams about the prowess of his grey pony. I heard the row, rode up near and witnessed the whole affair. A yoke of steers hitched to an old wagon with a wooden tongue was standing near. Tom boasted of the many virtues of his pony and finally asserted that he could make his pony jump across the wooden wagon tongue between the steers and he wagon and never touch the steers and the wagon and never touch came out with a deadly insult: "You are a damn liar." Tom jerked his pistol, wheeled his pony around and Williams started running up a flight of four or five steps into a store. By the time he was going up the steps Tom had gotten his pony in proper position, fired two times at Williams and hit him in the hips for flesh wounds. Tom immediately wheeled his pony and started towards South Main street which leads from the middle of the square due south out of Weatherford. In 1868 there was a concrete building immediately on the right coming out from town. Just as Tom went around the concrete building into South Main he encountered a Federal officer and a troop of four or five soldiers who had just returned that day from old Buchanan. The officer had a long beard and was wearing the hated blue. Tom had his smoking pistol in his right hand and just as he turned the corner he saw the hated blue and just as he passed the officer he fired point-blank at him. Fortunately the ball went under the officer's chin almost touching his Adam's apple, but it plowed a furrow through his whiskers. Tom spurred the little grey pony into a fast run down the middle of South Main, and was a block away by the time I had come around from the west side of the square to witness the chase. Tom kept to the

middle of the road. While the soldiers, horses were tired from their long ride from old Buchanan, the men used their guns with powerful effect. While Tom could have darted into the brush within a quarter of a mile of the public square and escaped, he disdained this method and with sublime faith in the little grey pony he kept on in the middle of the road. While the little grey pony outran the horses they did not outrun the bullets from the soldiers' guns. The pony was shot in the hips, and they overtook and captured Tom and I saw them bring him back afoot while a soldier led the little horse whose hips were covered with blood. Before sundown, Tom Ledbetter was placed in the same jail out of which the negro Joe Williams was taken a few hours before.

Tom Ledbetter gave bond, placed sufficient number of cattle in the hands of his bondsmen to pay his bond and left for the West. The next spring I saw him while I was herding cattle on the north Bear Creek. He came to the herd and got dinner and I remember distinctly that in going through the brush he had torn a triangular piece out of the back of his shirt and it flapped down exposing his flesh to the sun and it was almost blistered. This was in early herding season of 1869.

Clay Williams recovered in a short while and my recollection is that the matter simply died away without coming to trial.

For a boy eleven years old the three events: the hanging of the negro, the shooting of Clay Williams, and the shooting at the Union officer and the wounding of the beautiful grey pony, made an indelible impression on my mind. I remember this: I hung that negro every night for over a month in my dreams, and even to this day I sympathize with that little grey pony.

I am indebted to Mr. N. H. Eddleman of Weatherford and Mr. John N. Frazier of Poolville for aid in preparation of this sketch.

Notice to Publishers.

Permission is given to weekly newspaper publishers of Texas to reprint any articles appearing in this magazine only on condition that due credit be given by adding the line, "From Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas." We kindly ask that our fellow publishers observe this, in order to help Frontier Times that much.

Thrilling Tales by Taylor Thompson

By Taylor Thompson.

Taylor Thompson, now deceased, was a well known printer, newspaper man, ranger, and Confederate soldier. His series of articles, dealing with his experiences on the frontier, which will appear in this Magazine, will be found very interesting.

While serving in the Texas Rangers a number of incidents came under my observation which was little thought of at that time, but which taxed the endurance of the man or men, as well as the horses they rode, to the utmost. I was astonished then, and I have often wondered since at the endurance of the common Texas cow pony on which the rangers were usually mounted. I have known a number of cases in which a man rode 100 miles between sun and sun on a common grass-fed Texas pony, and nothing particular was thought of such an achievement. On one occasion, with a detachment of twenty-six men, I was scouting to the north of the town of Bandera, in a region of country then wholly unsettled. The Medina river has its source 40 miles above Bandera, and the vicinity of the head of the river was a rendezvous for the Comanche Indians who were wont to gather there in large bodies, and then dividing up into smaller parties make raids into the country south and southwest, and after raiding different sections and stealing what horses they could gather up the different parties returning from their foray would usually get together before reaching the rendezvous.

On the occasion referred to I had divided the detachment into squads of five or six men, and we were scouting over a wide section of country, with the hope of either falling in with raiding parties of Indians or following the trails of parties who had already passed going south. The different squads of men were instructed to meet at a certain date at a point in the Nueces canyon, about thirty miles from Uvalde. On the afternoon before the date fixed for the meeting two squads of the detachment, numbering twelve men, had fallen in with each other early in the day, and had struck a fresh Indian trail going south, the Indians evidently intending to pass to the west of the Hondo creek, and after going down through the several settlements turned to the right and returned through the country west of Uvalde.

About four o'clock that afternoon my

party was about six miles east of the appointed place of meeting in the Nueces canyon, and I conceived the idea of sending a courier to the meeting place in order to warn the different squads who would meet there the next day to stay together and attempt to intercept the party of Indians we were following as they returned from the lower country.

It was rather a dangerous trip for one man to make, because he would have to travel in the night. As the Indians usually traveled in the night, when the moon was about its full, the courier was liable to fall in with another raiding party of Indians at almost any time. I always felt a delicacy in selecting a man for such a trip, and on this occasion, as I was riding the best horse in my party, I decided to go myself.

Accordingly, leaving my squad under the command of Corporal Rodriguez, with instructions to follow the trail for two days, and if they did not overtake the Indians to leave the trail and come to the rendezvous in the Nueces canyon. I left the party just as the sun was setting and started to the west. I had already ridden at least forty miles that day, and it was about sixty miles to the point of rendezvous, my route lying through a rough and broken country, wholly unsettled. My horse was fresh shod, and I had no doubt of reaching the rendezvous by daylight the following morning, provided I did not fall in with another party of the enemy or met with no other interruption.

I had proceeded about twenty miles without incident, and had just crossed the bed of a small creek margined by trees on either side, and was about to emerge from the timber on the west side into an open prairie, when I heard a sound of horses' feet. Drawing rein in the shade of the trees, I saw passing in front of me three or four hundred yards away, a party of eight or ten Indians going south.

The moon shown brightly, and the Indians and their ponies were plainly discernable. Waiting until they were out of sight, I proceeded on my way.

I knew that I had to cross another small stream fifteen or twenty miles further on, and I also knew that by the time I reached that stream any Indians that might be traveling through the country would have stopped three or four hours before daylight to allow their horses to graze, and that they would select a stopping place well covered with timber or brush.

It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when I reached the second stream, which ran through a sandy section of country, and there were no rocks in the bed of the stream, nor was there any water except what stood in pools. I crossed the stream and ascended the hill on the other side, into a dense growth of trees and underbrush, which rendered it very dark.

The night was quite chilly, and I had proceeded but a short distance when I suddenly came upon the embers of a smouldering fire. The moment I discovered the fire a number of human forms who were lying around the fire sprang to their feet and then gave a wild yell.

To say that I was scared scarcely express it. My hair fairly stood on end, would doubtless have raised the hat off my head but for the fact that it was a heavy Mexican sombrero, and secured by a string which fastened under my chin. I fired one shot at them from a Sharp's rifle, and dashed away in the darkness. A number of Indians mounted and pursued me, yelling like so many demons, but the darkness favored me and I made good my escape.

Of course I had no idea how many Indians there were in the party, and I never knew whether my shot took effect on any of them.

I reached the rendezvous about sunrise the next morning and found there eight of the fourteen men whom I had ordered to assemble there, and the rest of them came in an hour or two later. I had ridden that horse at least 100 miles since sunrise the morning before, and to all appearances he could have gone twenty-five or thirty miles further.

After resting till about noon the entire party saddled up and moved fifteen or more miles to the west, and during the afternoon we saw several Indian signal smokes at different points, and we felt sure that several small parties of Indians would get together about nightfall, and if they did not see us they would doubt-

less go into camp at some point not far distant.

After night fall we discovered a fire and were confident that the enemy had gone into camp, no doubt feeling perfectly secure, as it was at least fifty miles to the nearest ranch.

We approached the camp fire as near as possible without being discovered. We plainly saw a herd of horses, probably about 100 in number, which were being herded by six or eight Indians, and we supposed the rest of the party were eating supper. Posting two experienced frontiersmen to watch the camp, the rest of us lay down to "woo tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

About an hour before day we mounted and approaching the herd of horses until one of the herders saw us and gave the alarm, by uttering a Comanche war whoop, we charged and stampeded the herd.

The Indians in camp had not unsaddled their horses, and they speedily appeared on the scene. I suppose there were thirty or forty of them, and there were fourteen men in our party. I had three men slightly wounded in the skirmish which ensued, and we found three dead Indians, though there were a number of them wounded.

We gathered up thirty or forty head of horses, and about ten o'clock that morning the squad of men under Corporal Rodriguez appeared on the scene. They had followed the trail of the Indians, and hence we knew that it was the same party, probably augmented by other parties, and we knew that my night's ride had not been in vain, but had produced good results.

Subscribers who fail to receive Frontier Times regularly should promptly notify this office. This magazine goes to press the fifteenth of the month with its issue for the succeeding month, and you should receive your copy not later than the first of the month.

Coleman H. Lyons, aged 83 years, died September 24, at Pleasanton, Texas, where he had resided many years. Mr. Lyons was widely known and highly respected. He was a member of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

Killing of John Vaden at Ft. McKavett

John Warren Hunter, in San Angelo Standard, October 12, 1912.

In 1868 Texas was under military rule and Federal troops were stationed in nearly every town of any consequence in the State. The presence of these soldiers at a time when the animosities engendered by the Civil War were yet at white heat and the tyranny, coupled with the cupid-ity of Federal soldiers in command, embittered the people and many of the younger men, those whose youth prevented their going into the army, and who cherished an inherited hatred towards the Yankees, were led to enter upon a career of crime that usually resulted in an untimely end at the hand of violence.

The meanest negro, whose insolence had provoked the wrath of a white man, could hasten to a Federal commandant with his complaint, a squad of soldiers was sent out, the citizen arrested and confined in the stockade, and it soon became known that however well-to-do a man might be, if he ever entered one of these Federal stockades as a prisoner, he came out a poor man.

Besides the negro element there was a class of men who, under the cloak of loyalty to the Union during the war, neglected no opportunity to involve honest men in difficulties with the military authorities, and but for these men the civil officers could have enforced the law, preserved order, and there would have been no need for the intervention of the military arm of public service. It was one of this class—one Peacock—who succeeded in arraying the military authorities against Bob Lee of Collin county, a good citizen, a man who had served with merit and distinction in the Confederate army, and when General Lee surrendered, Bob accepted the situation, came home and entered upon the peaceful pursuits of civil life with the resolve to live blameless before all men. The same can be said of Cullen Baker of Bowie county, and hosts of others whose resentment against the wrongs heaped upon them by these so-called loyal Unionists and the petty officers and troops composing these garrisons over the country, that drove them to deeds of bloody retaliation. There are many living today who remember seeing at every crossroad in North Texas large posters announcing the offer of \$1,000 reward for the apprehension, dead

or alive, of Bob Lee, Cullen Baker and Ben Biggerstaff. All three of these men were killed and I suppose their slayers got the reward.

Billy Vaden, a righteous, God-fearing man, lived some twelve or fifteen miles north of Sulphur Springs, in Hopkins county. He had three or four sons, among whom was John Vaden. When John Vaden should have been in school he fell in with Ben Biggerstaff and became a member of the Biggerstaff gang. I do not recall the antecedents of this outlaw, nor do I know what provocation led him to declare uncompromising war against the Federal authorities in 1868, but at all events, he became a terror to the Federals and all peaceable citizens alike, but negroes and Yankees were the principal objects of his vengeance and many of these went down under his unerring aim.

A man living out in the country a few miles from Sulphur Springs had just cause to chastise an insolent negro; the latter hastened to town and reported the man to the commandant. Captain Tollman of the Sixth Cavalry with a troop of about twenty men held the post, and a detail of five men under a sergeant was sent to arrest the man who had whipped the nigger. Biggerstaff and Vaden got wind of the arrest, ambushed the party within half a mile of town, killing three or four of the soldiers and the negro and released the prisoner.

Two days after this, as an act of mere bravado, John Vaden, mounted on a little sorrel race mare, dashed through Sulphur Springs, passing within forty feet of the soldiers' barracks. Captain Tollman and his young wife were sitting on the front gallery of the Cotton hotel and as Vaden dashed by he fired at Tollman, missing his head by about one inch. Further down the street, and while under full speed, he fired the fatal shot that settled old Grimes, a noted negro about town, and before the Federals could collect their wits and give pursuit, John Vaden had vanished.

Lige Reynolds was raised at Sulphur Springs, and when the war came up he refused to renounce his allegiance to the Union. He left his wife and two little children and went to Mexico, and from thence to New Orleans, where he enlisted

in the First Texas Cavalry U. S. Volunteers, and was mustered out at San Antonio in 1866. From San Antonio he came home and settled down on a place some five or six miles west of Sulphur Springs. Reynolds had occasion to go to town and while there he made a few purchases and set out on his return. That was the last ever seen of Lige Reynolds alive. Four days later searching parties found his body in the brush some distance from the main road. He had been murdered. His favorite dog that followed wherever he went had been shot and stretched across the body of his master.

Suspicion and circumstantial evidence pointed to the Biggerstaff gang but no real tangible clue was available and the matter rested. Biggerstaff was killed at Alvarado, Johnson county, shortly afterward and Vaden drifted west. Some years later he was arrested in San Angelo and taken to Sulphur Springs where he stood trial for one of the murders laid to his charge, and was acquitted. Other cases pending against him were dismissed and he returned to West Texas.

I next met John Vaden at Menardville in the fall of 1884. He had married a Miss Jackson, who was of an excellent family, her father being James Jackson who lived on the San Saba below town. An election was being held and armed with a Winchester, John stood within a few feet of the polls threatening to shoot any Mexican who refused to vote his way, and before the polls closed I saw him kick out the glass windows of the courtroom, where the election was being held, just because the votes were not cast to suit him. A deputy sheriff and the county judge were present but no one there wanted to take the risk of being killed. John Vaden was known as being a bad man and men feared him.

Of course I knew John Vaden on sight but kept my own counsel and as he did not recognize me, I took no occasion to renew his acquaintance. I had not forgotten Lige Reynolds and the suspicion resting on the Biggerstaff crowd of which Vaden was a member. Lige had befriended me in boyhood, he had befriended me in Mexico before he joined the Federal army and working in conjunction with his widow and her son and daughter, who were at this time living in Mason, I was on the alert to find some clue to the real murderer.

Two years later, November, 1886, a number of men gathered after nightfall

at Sam Walliek's store in Fort McKavett to wait for the coming of the Menardville mail hack. Among the number was John Vaden, who at the time and some years prior to that date, lived in McKavett. John took a seat on the office stove, a box-shaped affair and began to relate some of his past experiences. Those who had known him most intimately noticed that on that occasion he was unusually loquacious. There were 11 men present; I counted them and before we adjourned at eleven o'clock I had taken the name of every man in the house. Vaden began by relating his experiences with the Mexicans while in the sheep business and the number he had killed. He reverted to the earlier years of his career and told of men he had killed in North Texas; of the raids and adventures and scoutings he had engaged in while with Ben Biggerstaff and others. He recounted his achievements on the race course and in the gambling houses and told of the unfair methods he employed to win success. And thus he regaled a group of earnest listeners until a late hour. He seemed not only boastful, but exultant, over the death of men whom he had slain and often exclaimed: "I thank my Christ that I did kill him!"

Observing his unusual communicativeness, I ventured to draw him out on the manner of Mr. Reynold's death by questioning him with regard to the shooting of the soldiers and the nigger just west of Sulphur Springs, the shooting at Capt. Tollman, the killing of old Grimes and others. He willingly related all the particulars and when I remarked, with assumed nonchalance: "Well, some of you fellows got off with that fellow Reynolds!" "I killed Lige Reynolds myself and I thank my Christ for it!" was his startling reply. "We fell in with him a few miles out of town. We took him off the road a short way into the brush and I shot him off his horse. I then got down to get the packages of goods he had let fall and his dog bit me right here, here is the scar," and he rolled up his pants and showed us a scar on the calf of his leg.

"Why did you fellows want to kill Reynolds? He always seemed like a harmless sort of a man," I asked.

"Because he was an infernal Yankee!" was the reply, and that reply secured for Mrs. Reynolds a pension that had been denied her for so many years.

Of the eleven men who were present that night and heard Vaden's confessions

and boastings, I can only recall the names of Sam Wallick, D. T. Priest, John Q. Adams, Cahrlay Adams and Doc Word. I think Tom Ball and Tom Elliott were also present, but of this I am not sure.

After the crowd dispersed Mr. Priest, who had known Vaden since the latter's first advent into the country, said to Mr. Wallick: "John Vaden is going to kill somebody tomorrow, or else somebody will have to kill him. I know him better than any man in McKavett and you mark my words. He is in one of his dangerous moods."

In addition to his large stock and mercantile interests in McKavett, F. Mayer owned a saloon and Ben Daniels, a deputy sheriff under J. W. Mears, was his bar-keeper. Vaden had operated a saloon in McKavett but had closed out. He and Daniels had always been on good terms and only the day previous Daniels had accepted an invitation to dinner at Vaden's house.

Early the next morning, following the gathering at Wallick's, Vaden entered the saloon and began to abuse Daniels. He set about to smash furniture and to create a rough house generally. He threw a billiard ball at Daniels, which barely missed his head and crashed into a large mirror behind the bar. Bystanders interfered and Vaden swore he would go home, only a few steps away, and get his gun. Charley Adams now living at Sonora, went with him and as they neared the house, Adams gave Mrs. Vaden the sign and she ran into the room and hid the gun. Failing to find the weapon, Vaden picked up a set of brass knucks and put them in his pocket saying something about what he would do to Daniels with these knucks. Meantime, Daniels had closed the saloon, buckled on his pistol and went into an old corral at the back of Mayer's store, where, in order to avoid Vaden, he remained until three o'clock that evening.

Finding the saloon closed and Daniels gone, Vaden next went into Wallick's store and picked up a long shaft or wooden handle to which was attached an iron hook used in that day by merchants to take down tinware from overhead. With this and without provocation he began to thrust a Mexican, who had called to get his mail, and to tear his clothes. The Mexican said something about such treatment whereupon Vaden flew into a rage and would have killed the fellow but for the intervention of Sam Wallick and

others. He next turned his attention to the horses hitched to the trees on the little square and it seemed to afford him great amusement thrusting and lacerating these poor animals just to see them jump, kick and surge against the halter. Groups of men were broken up, chased around and scattered with the same gusto and the same weapon. Brave fearless men there were in those groups, but they knew John Vaden and they did not care to kill him or take chances on being killed. It was his day off, and they let it go at that.

At about 3 o'clock in the evening, Vaden, after a brief respite, had resumed his antics with his hook and pole in front of Mayer's store where quite a crowd had assembled. He had the boys jumping sideways for Sunday, when Ben Daniels came in view. Oblivious of what had been going on during the day Ben had remained in the old corral. Supposing that Vaden had quieted down, Ben ventured out with the intention of giving Mr. Mayer the keys to the saloon and to throw up the job of bartender. It was necessary for him to enter the store through the front door, and as he turned the corner of the building, coming round to the front, he found himself facing, and within twenty feet of Vaden who at once made a dash at him as if to prod him with the sharp iron on his pole. Daniels drew his pistol and told him to desist, but Vaden gave no heed to the order and continued to advance, Daniels giving back and repeating his warnings. Finally Daniels opened fire, four shots going wild. The fifth struck Vaden about the collar bone and produced almost instant death.

The killing of John Vaden created no excitement among the citizens. On the contrary, a deep sense of relief seemed to pervade every circle. Vaden was buried the day following the tragedy in McKavett cemetery. Besides his widow and two or three bright little children there were few if any mourners. He sleeps in an unmarked grave.

The grand jury investigated the killing of Vaden and refused to find a bill of indictment against Daniels. Sometime afterward, Daniels left the country and the last news I had of him he was in New Mexico doing well. Vaden's two sons grew up and I have been told that they are useful citizens and highly respected.

Anniversary of Fight at Buffalo Wallow.

Friday, September 12, was the fiftieth anniversary of the Buffalo Wallow Indian Fight. The location of this little battle ground is in Hemphill county, between the Washita River and the Gageby Creek twenty-two miles South of Canadian and about the same distance east of Miami, Texas.

At this place September 12, 1874 two Government Scouts and four soldiers carrying dispatches from General Nelson A. Miles' Camp on McClellan Creek to Fort Supply, were surrounded and held for forty-eight hours by a band of One Hundred Twenty-Five Kiowa and Comanche Indians, fully armed and on the war path.

In the beginning of the fight all the men were wounded, and all except two were disabled. One of the soldiers received a mortal wound from which he died the night after the attack.

The story of the fight is too well known to repeat in detail here. Several times during the past two years it has appeared in the Canadian Record.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the first day's siege a cold rain fell which proved the salvation of the beleaguered party. The water that gathered in the Buffalo Wallow gave them something to drink, although it was mingled with their blood. It also discouraged the Indians and had a lot to do with them abandoning the attack.

Each one of the men who fought in the Buffalo Wallow fight and came out alive was presented with a Congressional Medal of Honor, which is the highest insignia of honour given the nation's heroes. Only eighty-six of these medals were given during the World War and only 1809 have been awarded since the foundation of the Republic. If for no other reason, this alone places the battle in a class of its own.

Much space in newspapers and magazines has been given the Adobe Walls Indian fight and the importance of perpetuating the memory of the noble conflict against savage Indians has been stressed, yet the Buffalo Wallow fight was made under more trying conditions and hardships and is an outstanding event in the history of the Indian Campaign in the Panhandle.

"Billy" Dixon, who fought at both the

Adobe Walls fight and Buffalo Wallow, stated later that the Adobe Walls fight was play compared with Buffalo Wallow, and stated that he hoped someday the place would be marked.

Of the six men who took part in the Buffalo Wallow fight, only one, Amos Chapman, of Seiling, Oklahoma, is alive, his age being near 80.

In his last days telling of his experience at Buffalo Wallow, 'Billy Dixon said:

"Every night the stars are shining away out there on the Washita and the winds sigh as mournfully as they did then, and I often wonder if a single settler who passes the spot knows how desperately six men once battled for their lives where is now plowed fields and safety and comfort of civilization."—Olive K. Dixon.

Texas History in Texas Schools

In the history of Texas are blended romance and chivalry, patriotism and lofty courage, far-seeing statesmanship and an exalted conception of public duty.

In short there is every element of history in the annals of Texas, which tend to inspire and instruct.

It is especially to be desired that there should never be allowed to be impressed upon the minds of any pupil in a Texas school the idea that he or she has any need to apologise for, or be ashamed of, the characters, personal qualities, or the measure of the ability of the men who established the republic out of which this imperial commonwealth eventuated.

Concerning those men there has long existed an entirely false impression and widespread misapprehension. They strove and fought and suffered to achieve as noble a work for the promotion of progress and Christian civilization as was ever wrought by human wisdom and valor, and the truth of history and justice to unselfish and patriotic men demand that such misconception as exists in the minds of many be not allowed to find lodgement in the mind of any pupil in a Texas common school, nor in that of any student in any Texas institution of higher learning.

The men who laid the foundation of Texas were not illiterate, rude and reckless adventurers and buccaneers, moved only by a desire to possess an attractive land and exploit it for gain.

The Taylor-Sutton Feud in Early Days

San Antonio Light, June 29, 1913.

Did you ever hear of Jim Taylor? Not any Jim Taylor, but the Jim Taylor who, although only 18 years of age, was conceded to be the quickest man with a gun that ever ranged the prairies between the Panhandle and the Gulf rounding up unbranded steers. Did you ever hear of the Taylor-Sutton feud, which for more than fifteen years tore DeWitt, Victoria and Calhoun counties? Of the unnumbered single combats and pitched battles to which it led? Of the shootings, the hanging and sudden deaths? And, finally, of the dramatic escape of the principal figures which moved through the stirring scenes of the feud? If not, it is safe to say that you have never visited Cuero, Victoria or Port Lavaca.

The feud started just after the close of the civil war, how, nobody remembers exactly. But then the cattle country was not fenced, the herds had increased during the four years of strife, and when their owners returned from the frontiers of war nearly one-half the cattle upon the ranges were unbranded. Naturally their division afforded any number of chances for disagreement, and disagreement in those days was a dangerous thing.

In DeWitt county there was a family by the name of Taylor, and another by the name of Sutton. Both were in the cattle business and both employed a large number of cowboys. They were the first to fall out. Everything would probably have blown over with only a few minor shooting affrays among cowpunchers had not some of the Suttons, or their irresponsible sympathizers, in revenge for some real or fancied wrong, determined to cast the balance upon the credit side of the book once for all. They loaded their sixshooters and one evening about dusk crept into the cornfield that lay just behind the Taylor homestead. They had brought a cowbell with them and as they crept among the corn they rang it appropriate intervals. An old man of about 60 the grandfather of the boys who afterwards were to become the actors in a real sanguinary drama of revenge, heard it and, thinking that the cows had gotten into the field, went down to drive them out. He was shot and killed, probably before those in ambush recognized the fact that he was

the hoary-haired sire, and not their enemies themselves. But after the shooting DeWitt county was aflame. Every man who had not already taken sides promptly did so or was forced to now and the feud was on in earnest.

This happened when Jim Taylor, several years the junior of the other two brothers, Bill and Bob, was still a mere child. But the next fifteen years of his life was passed amid scenes of the utmost violence. The older inhabitants of Cuero will tell you that in the days just prior to 1875 not a week passed without its killing. Some will mention the pitched battle that occurred in the streets of the town immediately after the shooting of "Old Man" Taylor, the father of the three boys. Others, whose sympathies perhaps are still with the other side, will recall how a doctor by the name of Brazell, and his son, were haled from their beds one dark night by a mysterious party of horsemen, and were murdered in cold blood. Some still say they were shot; others that their bodies were found the next morning hanging from the limbs of a liveoak tree.

But for the names of those who perpetrated the deed they will one and all refer you to the Bexar county criminal records. They will tell you that three of the six had been condemned to hang, that happened to be denied, and that the scaffold—the scaffold that was used in the Bexar county jail until the time it was remodeled several years ago—had been built, when an exceedingly resourceful lawyer—and one who afterwards became governor of the state,—discovered that the indictment closed with the words "against the peace and dignity of the statute," whereas it should have read "against the peace and dignity of the state," and how, upon this technicality, all of the culprits got off scot free.

In those day Indianola was the chief port of Texas. The town does not exist today; it was wiped out in 1875 by a storm similar to the one that struck Galveston in 1900. One might wander along the coast between Alamo Beach and Port O'Connor—might pass and re-pass over the sand-strewn site of the prosperous seaport—and never know that it was once the shipping point for the

greatest cattle country in the world, that it had railroads and banks and warehouses and long piers where the curious old-fashioned side wheel steamers of the first Morgan line used to berth. But as it was the shipping point the Taylors and the Suttons were familiar figures upon the streets. It is said that every time they drove a herd of cattle down, as soon as Dan Sullivan, who is now a well known banker of San Antonio, had made out the bills of lading, they would proceed to get drunk and shoot up the town in great style. Jim Taylor always accompanied his older brothers on these trips.

But, although before he was only 18 the boy had "killed his man" more than once, he was not of the rowdy type. Those who knew him describe him as mild-mannered, with a calm and thoughtful expression but with steady, steel-grey "gimlet" eyes that seemed to bore their way into one's very mind. They say, too, that he had never forgiven the death of his father or of his grandfather, but that he seemed always to be nursing his revenge. And it was not long until his opportunity came.

In the latter part of 1874 the head of the Sutton family, a man of about 35, yielding to the importunities of a relative, whose name was Slaughter, decided to sell out his interests in DeWitt county and to return to Georgia, which was originally his home. Everything had been arranged, the money paid, and the two men with their wives had made the journey from Cuero to Indianola in safety. Passage to New Orleans had been booked on the old side-wheeler St. Mary and the day of sailing had arrived. A few minutes before the boat was to leave the pier the party went aboard. The luggage had been taken up the gang plank, the men had handed the women from the main deck through the narrow passage into the salon. Those who were present say that the boat had cast off and that the two men were standing in the entrance to the passage through which the women had just disappeared, when three horsemen galloped down the pier, dropped their lines, sprang from their mounts and opened fire with their long barrelled Colts revolvers. Both Sutton and Slaughter fell mortally wounded, while Jim Taylor and the two men who were with him mounted their horses and rode out of town, stopping on the way, however at a saloon, where,

over their drinks, they calmly told those assembled that the Taylor-Sutton feud was at an end.

Of the trio only Jim Taylor was captured. There were exciting times in Indianola when he was brought there and lodged in the county jail. Feeling ran high and once it was rumored that a train load of armed men were coming from Cuero to release the prisoner. The train did come, but when the posse descended the steps they found themselves looking down the barrels of a score of shot-guns. People were getting tired of the "two-gun" men. Jim Taylor was sent to Galveston for safe keeping.

His trial was set for September and when it came up a special squad of the old Washington Guard of Galveston was detailed to take him back to guard him during the trial. They held the boy in the courthouse: they were afraid to keep him in jail. Some say that the defense had finished its argument, others that the jury had gone out and that the betting in the saloons of Indianola was 2 to 1 for the conviction of this young man who had taken the law into his own hands, when—

That morning the wind was blowing from the northwest. By noon it had increased to such fury that the waters of Matagorda bay were two feet deep in the main street of the city. By four in the afternoon some of the more poorly built shanties had collapsed and been swept away, and still the storm showed no signs of abating. All during the afternoon the guards stuck valiantly to their posts, and Jim Taylor sat quietly on his cot in the courtroom, listening to the elements without. At dusk the wind seemed to increase in violence. Dwellings and stores began to crumble; the waters rose and the courthouse itself seemed in imminent danger of falling about their ears before the men from Galveston left their charge to assist those who were struggling in the streets.

During the night of horror that followed, families were annihilated: homes and fortunes were swept away—a city was destroyed and during the storm Jim Taylor disappeared.

It was long thought that he was drowned along with the hundreds of others that perished, until, years afterwards, some who had known him before the storm saw him in San Antonio.

Then again he disappeared. Many think that he is still alive, but where they do not venture to say.

The Sublime Faith of a Pioneer Preacher

Elder John S. Durst, who died at Junction, Texas, was truly a pioneer preacher. He was a son of the Texas patriot, Colonel John Durst of Nacogdoches, and was born in Texas 82 years ago. He died on Sunday, August 31st, 1924. A remarkable document, penned by him, was read at the grave, and we here give it:

"In view of approaching death, and while in my right mind, I write the following to be read for my burial service. Inasmuch as I have many friends in the various organizations of our section and out of them, besides the church of Christ of which I am a member—I wish my body to be placed in the grave where all who wish may have a part in the service; I therefore request that there be no public service except the reading of this, my last message, and except voluntarily talks desired to be made by anyone present.

"Here lies the body of John S. Durst. The living and real entity has returned to the God who gave it. I was a son of John and Harriet Durst, and was born in Nacogdoches, Texas, on the 20th day of October 1841. My wife and six children survive me. My father came to Texas from Kentucky when a small boy. My mother came to Texas when a small girl from Virginia. They married and settled in the town of Nacogdoches under the Mexican government in 1818. My father was later Alcalde of this town, and also representative to the Mexican Legislature at Monelova (which was then the capitol). When the war broke out that terminated at the battle of San Jacinto he hastened to his home to take part in the contest for an independent Texas, and was active as an officer in the army till the victory was won. My father's family and three others, later emigrated farther west to what is now known as Leon County, and were the only white settlers at that time in that section of the country and had the honor of naming it. Twelve children were born into the family. A brother, the only one now living, still lives on the old family homestead in Leon county. My father died in Galveston on January 8, 1851. My mother died at the old home in 1887. In 1864 I obeyed the gospel, and soon thereafter began my public career as preacher, and have been active in the work till cut down by the scythe

of time. If I have been of any service to my fellow citizens, and to the cause of my Master, it has been no more than my duty, and in my humble way have fulfilled my mission. My fleshly nature has caused me to make mistakes, but I rejoice to know that while it "is human to err, it is divine to forgive." I was a student at old Baylor University at Independence, Texas, from 1856 to 1860, and at the conclusion of my senior year, I entered the war between the states and served as a captain till we went down as an overpowered South. I now leave you with no ill will to any one. I have been blessed beyond my deserts. I have tried to take care of the body in which I live, and have lived to a ripe old age. I have tried to enjoy the association of the meek and lowly, as well as those who enjoyed better opportunities, and to be one with all classes of the fortunate as well as the unfortunate. I therefore leave you with the very best of feelings for every one. If I have been in any way helpful in pointing you to the Savior, and to the service we should render Him, my life's work has not been in vain and my prayer is that we may jointly enjoy his presence and blessings in the everlasting home of the redeemed. My faith in the Christ has grown stronger with the passing years, and I pass from you with the conscientiousness of having tried to advance what I conceived to be best for all. Amidst the frailties of the flesh I have not been faultless by any means. May the Good Lord blot them out! Throughout the long years of service in your midst I have labored to be a factor for good. If you have discovered faults in my life, I beg of you to bury them with this old body. If any one has had impressions of ill will toward me I beg of you to forget them and to look forward to the things we shall individually face at the bar of divine justice. I now bid you adieu till the meeting that will determine our eternal destiny.

"To my brethren and sisters in the church of Christ—to whom an ~~and~~ whom I have labored so long—the time has come that I have so often spoken to you about, that we must part as co-workers on earth. You will no doubt miss my place in your midst for a time, but then I'll soon be forgotten. I pray that another more ef-

ficient than I may carry on the work. What are you going to do? Who will ring your bell and call you to service? Who will now sweep your floors, serve your table, secure your preachers, and shoulder your various responsibilities as a free-will offering? Shall I predict that you will fail to find such a person? Yet, I have at times met the censure of some fault finder; perhaps I deserved, but I hope not. Shall the old Church of Christ at Junction now meet its death? I pray God you may bravely meet the issue.

"To my dear children whom I rocked in the arms of love throughout their childhood hours, and for whose happiness my heart has been burdened with anxious solicitude, and for whom I have so often gone to my Savior with petitions for blessings in their behalf, the time has come for you to fully realize that, aside from your mother, your best friend on earth, whose life has been linked with yours by a parental tie, has been severed forever on earth. In the event your love for me has not grown cold, you will now miss my place in the old sweet home on earth. It would have been a happier departure for me had all of you been active members of the household of faith. May I very earnestly say as a last admonition that you must face a bar of divine justice and mercy. I leave an earnest prayer that God may guide you to His own sweet everlasting home where partings never come. Take good care of your mother till she too leaves you by death. She is the one who bore you, and loves you better than any one on earth. Relieve her so much as you can of the cares of life, that her last days may be her best days.

"I now come to my own dear wife in this parting hour. Long have we traveled life's rugged road together, and have at last reached the parting. Forget, dear one, the crosses and unhappy things that occurred along the way. Amidst them all, when the clouds cleared away, we loved each other still. May our dear Father in heaven forgive and blot out all the unpleasant things of our married life and each of us be the recipient of his untold blessings. I leave you with a prayer to God in your behalf till He calls you to come up higher, where the heartaches of this life come no more. Let your grief and loneliness turn to a sweet contemplation of a heavenly vision with its unending bliss. Be content with a simple shaft

to mark my grave and yours. All our loved ones will soon follow, and time will eventually efface it and its surroundings. But thanks to our Father in Heaven for a prospective place in His sweet home that will defy the wreck of time's wasting hand across the river of death that has brought me to its crossing, and as I cross it, I send back to you, dear one, a loving farewell."

PUBLIC SALE IN 1849.

W. L. Dowd, Dierks, Ark., sends The Dallas Farm News a copy of a printed notice of a public sale of personal property that took place seventy-six years ago. Old-timers will call to mind the days of their childhood when negroes were chattels and whiskey and brandy were articles of common use in almost every household. Here is the notice:

Having sold my farm and am leaving for "Oregon Territory" by ox team, will offer on March 1, 1849, all of my personal property, to-wit: All ox teams except two teams, Buck and Ben and Tom and Jerry; two milch cows, one gray mare and colt, one pair of oxen and yoke, two ox carts, one iron plow with wood mole board, 800 feet of popular weather boards, 1,500 ten-foot fence rails, one sixty-gallon soap kettle, eighty-five sugar troughs made of white ash timber, ten gallons of maple syrup, two spinning wheels, thirty pounds of mutton tallow, one large loom made by Jerry Wilson, 300 hoop poles, 100 split hoops, 100 empty barrels, one thirty-two-gallon barrel of Johnson-Miller whiskey 7 years old, twenty gallons of maple brandy, one forty-gallon copper still, oak tan leather, one dozen reel hooks two handle hooks, three scythes and cradles, one dozen wooden pitchforks, one-half interest in tan yard, one powder horn, rifle made by Ben Miller, fifty gallons of soft soap, hams, bacon and lard, forty gallons of sorghum molasses, six head of fox hounds, all soft-mouthed except one.

At the same time I will sell my six negro slaves—two men 35 and 50 years old, two boys, mulatto wenches 40 and 30 years old. Will sell all together to same party as will not separate them.

Terms of sale, cash in hand, or note to draw 4 per cent interest with Bob McConnell as security.

My home is two miles south of Versailles, Ky., on McCoons ferry pike. Sale will begin at 8 a. m. Plenty to eat and drink.

J. L. MOSS.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

Captain Man Darius Tackitt was born in Missouri in 1812. He was born on the frontier and what better inheritance could he have than that? Pioneer and border people are generally frank and friendly in manner, of simple habits and moderate desires, and of more than ordinary personal courage and honesty, and Captain Tackitt was the possessor of all these admirable qualities in a high degree, which made him the ideal frontiersman that he was. He married in Missouri Miss Emiline Wright. Shortly after which event, in 1837, he moved to Arkansas, which was then a frontier country. There six of his seven children were born. One was born in Texas later on.

In 1854 Captain Tackitt moved to Parker county, Texas, and settled about 12 miles north from Weatherford, in a howling wilderness of the first order, and where it was "dangerous to be safe," as the old frontiersmen used to say. Whether Captain Tackitt was ever on a frontier prior to this time or not he was on one now, good and strong, with all the accessories. Here the Tackitt's lived for four years. In 1858 they moved to Brown's Creek in the southeast corner of Jack county, in the neighborhood where the counties of Jack, Wise, Palo Pinto and Parker corner. In this move the Tackitt's merely changed their place of abode, but not their relation to the frontier. At this last place they lived until October 26, 1863, and during the intervening years had raised a nice herd of stock horses and cattle.

A short time before Captain Tackitt moved to Texas, his brother, Rev. Pleasant Tackitt, had preceded him and settled in Collin county. On his journey Capt. Tackitt stayed a short time with his brother, then resuming his journey, landed in Parker county, as before stated. During this year, 1854, the Rev. Pleasant Tackitt moved to Parker county and settled near Veal's Station. In 1857, I think it was, he moved to Young county, where in January, 1860, he had a big fight with the Comanches, which I will later describe. Thus it will be seen that the Tackitts were pioneers in Texas, and in the counties of Parker, Jack and Young.

Early in 1861, at the beginning of the war between the states, the regiment of

Colonel Henry E. McCulloch took possession of all United States forts along our frontier. The term of service of this regiment was ready to expire—they being twelve-months troops—and to meet the pressing emergency, on December 21, 1861, a law was passed calling into the state service, for special protection of our frontier, a regiment of men. These troops were to be stationed outside of the settlements at posts about 25 miles apart, on a direct line from a point on Red River in Montague county, to a point on the Rio Grande, and thence down that river to its mouth. This entire organization was to be made up of men already living in the counties to be protected. The intention was to have only hardy, brave men, who would be directly interested in giving good protection to their own homes and also to keep those who wished to avoid Confederate service from moving to that part of the state.

Among the very first who nobly responded to his country's call was Captain Tackitt, who, with a company of 40 men, faithfully patrolled the frontier, giving assurance and protection to the frontier people and their property.

The regiment raised for frontier protection was well officered by men of large frontier experience, good Indian fighters and brave soldiers. The first officers were James N. Norris of Coryell county, colonel; A. T. Obenchain of Parker county, lieutenant-colonel. Obenchain was killed by two of his men, Reek Stockton and Tude Whatley. McCord was promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and J. B. Barry of Bosque county, (known as Buck Barry), was appointed major. Barry was quite distinguished as an experienced frontiersman and Indian fighter.

In February, 1863, in order to meet the requirements of the Confederate States army regulations, that each regiment should be composed of ten companies, the frontier regiment was disbanded and from the same material another regiment composed of ten companies was formed, known as the Mounted Regiment of Texas State Troops, but commonly called the Frontier Regiment. These troops were mustered into service for three years, or during the war. The regiment as reorganized was officered as follows: Colo-

nel, J. E. McCord; Lieutenant-Colonel, J. B. Barry; Major, W. J. Alexander. At the reorganization Col. James N. Norris retired and entered the Confederate service as a colonel and served with distinction in Arkansas and Missouri and died during the war.

Captain Tackitt's company, being supernumerary, and he being over military age, retired from service and went home and resumed the business of ranchman, which business he followed until killed by the Indians on October 26th, 1863.

Scores of the old frontiersmen, the noblest and the best of the citizens of Texas, were content with such moderate worldly wealth as honest, manly efforts in legitimate channels could produce. They did not crave wealth, but a competency, and on the frontier in the early days it was difficult to acquire property, or rather to keep it after acquired, because the Indians could, with their covetous desires for other people's property, steal horses faster than the settlers could raise them. Many of our frontiersmen, after long lives of activity, intelligent industry and usefulness, passed away, leaving but little to their children, except the sweet heritage of a good name and the noble example of an honorable life.

Early in 1863 the Indians stole nearly all of Captain Tackitt's saddle and work horses. And early in the fall of this year these demons of the desert stole all of his stock horses, being about 25 head. On October 26, 1863, in the early afternoon, J. H. Tackitt went in a southwesterly direction from his home to hunt stock. Shortly afterwards Captain Tackitt went northward on the same mission. He had gone about a mile from home when he came in contact with a large body of Comanches, some 15 or 20. Being so greatly outnumbered, he turned back and started towards home. The horse he was riding was an old broken-down plow horse and of course the Indians gained on him from the very start and were evidently shooting arrows at him. Seeing that he could not escape by running, he dismounted at a large oak tree in order to protect himself as much as possible. He was now within a half mile of his home. The Indians shot about 200 arrows at him from all sides, some of them from quite a distance, as they were laying flat on the ground, others came with sufficient force to enter the ground and stand partly erect. Finally the Indians completely surrounded him so that

the tree could afford him no protection. They were running around the tree and their helpless victim, drawing in the circle all the time. This was shown by the fact that the ground was badly torn up by the Indians' horses' feet for more than twenty feet all around the tree. Captain Tackitt had several minor wounds and two mortal ones. One arrow struck his right arm midway between the elbow and the point of the shoulder and entered his body about six inches, thus pinning his arm to his body and rendering it useless. There was a lance wound on the left side of the neck which penetrated his lungs and likely his heart. He was not scalped, for a wonder, but was stripped of clothing, except his underwear. His horse was lanced and after lingering between life and death many days finally died.

Captain Tackitt was armed with a double barreled gun, one side being a rifle and the other a shotgun, and a dragoon six-shooter. At about 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Tackitt family heard eight shots, seven of them clear and distinct and one, the last one, much less distinct. Later on J. H. Tackitt came home and was told of the shots and told that the family feared that his father had been killed by the Indians. At once he and a younger brother, Caleb, went in search of their father and went direct to him and found him dead as above described, his gun and pistol gone. The two boys returned home, reported what they had seen, took a wagon and team and brought the body of their father home. J. H. Tackitt at once left for Veal's Station to have a coffin made and a grave dug. On the next morning after Captain Tackitt was killed several of the neighbors who had been notified, knowing that Captain Tackitt was well armed and that he had fired eight shots, felt sure that he must have badly wounded or killed one or more Indians. So they took the trail from where he was killed and after following it about a half mile, off to one side they saw a dead Indian and nearby small pools of blood, showing that others had been wounded. The dead Indian had been struck with three buckshot in the region of the left nipple and was instantly killed, his heart having been struck. One of the party placed a rope around the Indian's neck, mounted his horse, wrapped the rope around the horn of his saddle, and headed towards the Tackitt ranch. When they got to the

ranch, out near the cow pen they leaned him against a large post oak tree and at a respectable distance practiced shooting at him. Were those good citizens? They were.

About fifteen years after Captain Tackitt was killed his gun was found, the stock completely decayed and the barrel and locks ruined by rust.

On the 27th J. H. Tackitt returned home and at once loaded the household goods on wagons and took the family and Captain Tackitt's body to Veal's Station and buried him there, where the family lived until after the close of the war.

I said to J. H. Tackitt: "Joe, what became of the dead Indian?" "I don't know," he replied. "The last time I saw him he was still leaning against that tree."

J. H. Tackitt, who furnished me with this scrap of unwritten history, is the oldest son of Captain Tackitt and was born in 1839, and served three years in the Confederate army. He is a typical frontiersman and an ideal citizen, and although he is now in his 86th year "his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated," so to speak.

Shortly after Captain Tackitt was killed and the family moved to comparative safety, J. H. Tackitt joined the company of Captain Joshua Caldwell and was sworn into the Confederate service for three years, or during the war. The headquarters of this company was at Decatur, in Wise county.

In 1864 the frontier of Texas was divided into three districts, Northern, Central and Southern, and the district commanders were: Of the Northern district (Red River to Palo Pinto) Major Wm. Quails of Tarrant county; of the Central district (Palo Pinto to Lampasas) Major George B. Erath of McLennan county; of the Southern (from Lampasas to Lower Nueces and west to Lower Rio Grande) Major John Henry Brown.

The State of Texas exempted the frontier counties from conscription and organized all citizens in each district able to bear arms, for their defense, who scouted by companies by turns the whole of our frontier. In this year, 1864, the whole frontier defense was placed under the command of Brigadier General James W. Throckmorton, who was a state officer. In his district Major Quails organized all men subject to military duty into companies and was the immediate commander of all such organizations.

The Tonkaway Indians were removed with the other Indians from the lower reservation in 1859, and located at Fort Cobb in the Indian Territory. In 1864 the Comanches massacred the Tonkaways on their reservation, killing about half the tribe, including their chief, Placido. The fugitive remnant returned to Texas and settled on their old reservation on the Brazos. In order to use these Indians, a special scouting company was formed by Major Quails early in January, 1865, consisting of seventeen white men and forty-eight Tonkaway Indians—all the men that were left of the tribe. Of this company Wm. Mosley was captain and J. H. Tackitt was first lieutenant, in which capacity he served until the surrender.

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WANTED—Copy of the "Life of Ben Thompson." Anyone having copy for sale please write Frank Caldwell, 108 E. 17th St. Austin, Texas.

BIRTHDAY REUNION OF A TEXAS PIONEER.

C. V. Allen, in Dallas News.

Under the spreading branches of the trees at the park at Gann's Bridge on Leon River, Mrs. Issac Gann, with a host of her loved ones—children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren — celebrated her eightieth birthday, Sunday, September 7.

A joyous time was had, some of the relatives having been separated for many years. All seemed happy on account of the good health and contentment of Mrs. Gann. Although 80 years old her step is firm and her faculties well preserved. She insists that she is not old, but has "just been here a good while." She has a wonderful memory and as the shades of the trees lengthened in the afternoon she became reminiscient and recounted many interesting things incident to the early history of Hamilton County. She has been a resident of the county for sixty years, most of which time was spent at the old Isaac Gann home near Gann's Bridge. This spot was chosen for the reunion picnic by reason of its association in her mind with the events of her life. She and her husband, Isaac Gann, deceased, came to that county and settled near the scene of this picnic, with two small children, in 1864. She said that there were only small settlements on the rivers and streams, the settlers avoiding the prairies.

Soon after their arrival what is known in Texas history as the "Schoolhouse Massacre," occurred within a short distance of their home, the teacher, Miss Annie Whitney, being killed and one child taken away by the Indians. The screams of the children were heard at their home. Grandmother Gann now has as a relic one of the arrow spears taken from the dead body of Miss Whitney. She also has the stirrups of an Indian's saddle, captured by Mr. Gann and others.

She told of how on moonlight nights raids by Indians were dreaded, and how the horses were brought near the house and guarded; of how the men were compelled to go to Waco, eighty miles, in ox wagons for supplies and of how anxiously their return was awaited by the women and children; of what a happy event it was when a pioneer minister would come through the country wearing pistols for protection from the Indians, and hold services for the spiritually hungry settlers.

Mr. Gann is the mother of seven

children, four of whom are living, namely: George M. Gann, Mrs. Mary Aronld, Mrs. Mrs. J. H. Grogan and Mrs. H. H. Hoover. She has fifty grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. As the party broke up some of them expressed the hope that the grove of trees, sentinels of time, that echoed to the war-whoop of the marauding Indian and now echo to the honk of the automobile, might be the scene of many more such reunions before Grandmother Gann really grows old.

Indian Sign Language.

A white man who visits a foreign nation finds it hard and sometimes impossible, to make his most ordinary wants known. The red man has no such difficulty; the problem of a universal language were solved centuries ago by the savage inhabitants of this western world.

Should an Indian from northern Alaska go to Patagonia he could by means of this universal language converse with his southern brethren almost as easily as he could with his neighbors at home. That would also be the case if he visited Central America or met the tribesmen of our own western prairies and mountains.

When this language was invented no one knows, but every Indian learns it in addition to his own. Recently two chiefs of different tribes met in the Geographical Society rooms in Washington and held a conversation that lasted nearly three hours, and yet neither one knew a word of the other's language.

This universal language is of course made up of signs. For example, if an Indian is passing through a strange country and sees other Indians at a distance he makes the "peace sign," that is, he holds up his blanket by two corners so that it covers his whole figure. The same thought is expressed by extending the hands, palms outward, slightly inclined from the face. Any Indian would understand either one of these signs.

Then there are the abstract signs by which these savages can express their thoughts with regard to the Great Spirit, heaven, good, evil, life and death, sickness, health, riches and poverty. Life is expressed by drawing an imaginary thread from the mouth, and death by chopping this thread off. Another sign for death is to hold the tips of the fingers of one hand against the palm of the other, and let them gradually slip downward, and at last drop beneath the palm.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

FIRST INSTALLMENT.

In 1835 the people of Texas, or rather the settlers from the "States," determined to throw off the Mexican yoke, and resist to the last extremity any further encroachment upon their liberties. At that time, with the exception of Mexicans and Indians, there was probably not more than 20,000 people in the colonies, and although the Mexican government for several years previously had shown a disposition to ignore the rights and privileges guaranteed them under the Constitution of 1824, I hardly think the colonists with their limited means and numbers would have ventured to rebel against its authority, if they had not counted largely on getting all the aid they should need to carry out the revolution successfully, from their friends and brethren in the United States. In this expectation they were not disappointed. Many young men, from almost every State in the Union, armed and equipped at their own expense, hastened to the assistance of the colonists, as soon as the standard of rebellion was raised.

A volunteer company was organized for this purpose in my native village, and although I was scarcely old enough to bear arms, I resolved to join it. But it was no aspiration for "military fame" that induced me to do so. One of the frequent visitors at my father's house was an old friend of his, who had been in Texas and traveled over a considerable portion of it, and who subsequently held a position in the cabinet of the first president. He was enthusiastic in his praise of the country, and insensibly an ardent longing sprang up in my bosom to see for myself the broad prairies, the beautiful streams and vast herds of buffalo and wild horses of which he had so often given me glowing descriptions. By joining this company I thought an opportunity would be afforded me of gratifying it which perhaps would never again offer itself, and so, in spite of the opposition of relatives and friends, my name was added to the muster roll.

I purchased a good Kentucky rifle (with the use of which I was already well acquainted), shot pouch, powder horn, tomahawk, and butcher knife, and thus equipped, with my knapsack on my shoul-

ders I fell into ranks, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the cheering of bystanders I bid adieu to my native village and started for the "promised land" of Texas.

It was the latter part of November when we left B—, and though not very cold, the snow was some three or four inches deep on the ground, which retarded our march so much that we only made about twenty miles by sunset, when we halted for the night in a grove near the margin of a stream that empties into the famous "Salt River." We cleared away the snow from under the trees, built up log heaps for fires, and after eating our supper of hot coffee, hard taeak and fried middling, for which our tramp had given us excellent appetites, we spread our blankets upon the fallen leaves and turned in for the night.

The next morning we were on the road by sunrise, and about dusk, after a toilsome and fatiguing march through the slush and mud (for a thaw had set in) we reached the city of Louisville and took up our quarters at the Galt House. The next day we purchased a supply of provisions—enough to last us for the voyage—and went on board of a steamer bound for New Orleans.

* Nothing worthy of note occurred on the passage. Occasionally, by way of varying the monotony of our daily life, we would go ashore when the boat landed for wood or freight, and get up an impromptu "shooting match," in which the skill of our Kentucky riflemen was exhibited, greatly to the amusement of the "natives." It was no unusual thing for many of them to put three balls out of five, at the distance of 100 yards, into a paper not larger than a silver dollar.

The second day of the voyage we left the snow and ice behind us, and on the fourth we came to the region of "Spanish moss." The trees on both banks of the river were draped in its long funereal folds, which waving slowly back and forth in the breeze, was too suggestive of any but cheerful thoughts. The next day we came to the "coast," a strip of country so-called, extending along the river for more than a hundred miles above the city of New Orleans. It is protected from

overflow (though not entirely) by what are termed "levees," or embankments, thrown up on each side of the river, a few paces back from the margin, but these are sometimes broken in very high stages of water. The river was unusually full at the time we passed, and in one place we noticed where the water had made a breach in the embankment more than a hundred feet in width, through which it was rushing with the velocity of a mill race, and had already inundated the coast country on that side as far as eye could extend.

From the time we struck the "coast" we experienced no more cold wather. Everywhere the forests were still green, and the orange and pomegranate were bending down with the weight of their ripened fruit. Here, too, we first observed extensive fields of cotton and sugar cane, in the former of which gangs of negroes were seen, bearing huge baskets filled with the "snowy fleece" upon their woolly heads.

The fifth day we reached New Orleans, fortunately just in time to secure a passage on a schooner that was to sail the next day for Velasco, a small port at the mouth of the Brazos river. The following day, before the schooner was ready to sail I had an opportunity to see the city, of which I was glad to avail myself. The great number of vessels moored in a long line to the wharves, the puffing of steam boats, the clatter of drays and carts, the noise and bustle of the levee, and the jargon of foreign tongues were all calculated to fill with astonishment the mind of a youth who had never before been beyond the precincts of his native village.

In the evening we embarked with all our goods and chattles on the schooner, and having made fast to a tow-boat, in company with two ships and a bark, we were soon under way, and bade farewell to the "Crescent City," and its forests of masts and tapering spires quickly faded away in the distance.

From New Orleans to the mouth of the Mississippi the scenery along the river is monotonous and dreary. Low swampy lands extended back in an unbroken level as far as we could see, in some places entirely covered with water and in others with a rank, luxuriant growth of reeds and coarse grass, among while cranes and many other aquatic birds, could be seen silently standing in rows, or stalking solemnly about in search of the reptiles with which these marshes abounded.

Along the shores immense piles of drift wood were piled up, amongst which, and scarcely to be distinguished from the decayed logs composing them, the black sides of an alligator could now and then be seen, to be saluted whenever within range, a shower of bullets from our rifles.

The Mississippi empties into the gulf by three mouths and about ten o'clock the day after we had left New Orleans, we entered the one called the "Southern Pass," and an hour or so afterwards we had crossed the "bar" and were rolling and tosing upon the blue waves of the gulf of Mexico. The line was cast off from the tow-boat, sails hoisted and soon we were scudding along before a fair wind in the direction of the distant shores of Texas. For a long way out we noticed that the blue waters of the gulf refused to "fraternize" with the vast muddy stream continually pouring in from the mouths of the Mississippi.

In a few hour we lost sight of the low shore of Louisiana and nothing was to be seen but the sky and the apparently interminable waste of blue water. Our schooner was a small one, and with more than fifty passengers on board, it can easily be imagined we were packed too closely together for comfort. For my share of the sleeping accomodations, I appropriated a large coil of chain cable, in the hollow of which by doubling up after the fashion of a jack knife, I managed to snooze pretty comfortable at night.

The second day of our voyage about sunset, we observed a black cloud toward the north, which spreading rapidly soon obscured the whole heavens. Sails were hauled down and reefed, the hatches secured, and every precaution taken for the safety of the vessel in the approaching "norther"—one of those fierce winds that frequently occur during the winter season in the gulf of Mexico, as well as on the prairies of Texas. We had scarcely made "all snug" when the norther struck the schooner with unusual violence, carrying away our maintop mast, and forcing the vessel almost upon her beam ends. She soon righted however, and away we flew before the blast that whistled and shrieked through the cordage in a way not at all pleasant and enlivening to the ears of a landsman. In a little while the waves began to rise and the vessel to toss and pitch like an unbroken mustang, and feeling some of the premonitory symptoms of sea sickness such as a frantic effort to

throw up my boots, I retired to my coil of cable below; but the tossing of the schooner, the rushing of the waves along side and the tramping of sailors on deck effectually drove away sleep.

The next morning the storm had abated, the sun shone out clear and warm, and from that time until we reached Velasco we had no more bad weather. Whilst the storm lasted, a number of flying fish fell upon the deck of the schooner, which the sailors secured, and we found them to be an agreeable addition to our ordinary fare of sea biscuit and "salt junk." They are a delicate little fish, from six to eight inches in length with two long fins resembling wings projecting from the upper portion of the body. When chased by the dolphin or other large fish, they may be seen rising in schools from the tops of the waves, and flying forty or fifty yards in the direction of the wind; then dipping again into the crests of the billows, from which they quickly rise for another flight, should their enemies still continue to pursue them. Their flight rarely exceeds forty or fifty yards, for the reason that their fins cannot serve the purpose of wings unless frequently moistened by contact with the water.

On the morning of the seventh day after leaving Southwest Pass, the shores of Texas were dimly discernable from the masthead, looking like a long low cloud on the western horizon. The wind was "dead ahead" and we were nearly the whole day beating up within sight of the beach and the few miserable little shanties that then constituted the city of Velasco. Finding it was impossible to cross the bar with the wind ahead, we cast anchor in the roadstead, hoping it would be more favorable the next day. But the next morning it was from the same quarter, and tired out with our confinement on board of the vessel a dozen of us manned the long boat, resolved to make a landing in spite of "wind and weather." But in this we "reckoned without our host," for we missed the channel, got into the breakers which came very near swamping our boat, and we were glad to make our escape from them back to the schooner again. Two years subsequently I saw a boat capsize amongst those same breakers, and although in full view of many people on shore, every one on board of her was drowned before any assistance could be given them.

Not long after our return to the schooner, to our great joy the wind hauled

around to the east, which enabled us to cross the bar, and soon we were safely anchored in the mouth of the Brazos river. The country in the immediate vicinity of Velasco is low, and back of it is a dead level prairie extending as far as the eye could reach; consequently I must confess I was not much pleased with the first view of the "promised land". Velasco was a miserable little village consisting of two stores and a hotel, so called, and five or six grog shops, dignified by the name of "saloons." Opposite to it, on the south bank of the river was a rival city of Quintana, containing about the same number of shanties and a mixed population of Yankees, Mexicans and Indians.

We landed upon the Quintana side and pitched our camp upon the beach, adjoining camps of several other companies that had arrived a few days previously. Here we remained two weeks or more, and as we were liberally supplied with rations by the patriotic firm of McKinney & Williams, and game and fish were to be had in abundance, we "fared sumptuously" every day. In hunting and fishing, making tents, cleaning our guns, and preparing in other ways for our anticipated campaigns, our time passed pleasantly enough.

While at this place our company was formally mustered into service of the embryo Republic of Texas. It was left optional with us to enlist for twelve months or for "during the war," and we unanimously chose the latter upon the principle of "in for a penny, in for a pound," or as Davy Crockett would have said, we resolved to "go the whole hog or none."

One day while we were encamped at Quintana we had quite an exciting scene, which bade fare for a time to initiate us into the realities of actual warfare. Two vessels were seen in the offing, one of them evidently in hot pursuit of the other. As soon as they had approached near enough to be distinctly seen through a glass, it was asserted by several who claimed to know, that the smaller vessel was the Invincible, a schooner recently purchased by Texas, and the larger one in pursuit was the Bravo, a noted Mexican privateer. In this opinion we were confirmed, as a sharp cannonading began between the two vessels. Our company was at once ordered on board a small steamer lying in the mouth of the Brazos, with instructions to hasten to the

assistance of the Invincible with as little delay as possible. We quickly got up steam and notwithstanding the violence of the breakers on the bar, which on two occasions broke entirely over our little steamer, we were soon alongside of the foremost vessel, which proved to be as we had supposed, the Texas schooner, Invincible. By this time the other vessel had approached near enough to be recognized as the Brutus, lately purchased also for the Texas navy, and after the interchange of some signals the firing ceased. Each vessel, it seems, had mistaken the other for the Bravo, and hence the pursuit of the Brutus, and the attempt of the Invincible to escape, as she had only a sailing crew on board; and we were compelled to return to camp without having had an opportunity of "flashing our maiden swords."

A few days afterwards, our company was ordered to take up our quarters on board the Invincible, to serve as a kind of marine corps for her protection until a regular crew could be enlisted. Whilst on board of her, in the hope of meeting the Bravo, we took a cruise along the coast as far as the east end of Galveston island. Here an incident occurred, which as being indicative of the great changes which I write, may be worth mentioning. We were lying at anchor off the point of the island, and as we were running short of wood and water, a boat was sent ashore for a supply. The former could be had in any quantity along the beach, and the latter, though slightly brackish, by digging shallow wells at the base of the sand hills. When the boat was ready to return it was found that one of the crew, who had wandered off from the well whilst the others were filling the casks, was missing. Search was made for him, but he was nowhere to be seen, and as there was every appearance of a "norther" coming up, the officer in command of the boat thought it most prudent to hasten back to the vessel, leaving the missing man on the island. In a few minutes after the boat reached the vessel the norther struck us, and we were compelled to hoist anchor and run before it.

Three days elapsed in beating back to our anchorage, and a boat was immediately sent ashore with a crew of half a dozen men, to look for our lost comrade. At length he was found, five or six miles below the place where he had been left,

After an unsuccessful cruise in search of the Bravo, we returned to Quintana,

and pitched our tents again upon our old camping ground. (Continued Next Month)

Wm. E. Hawks Writes.

Wm. E. Hawks, the acknowledged "Historian of the Plains," owner of the Two Bar Sesenty Tepee Ranch, Bennington, Vermont, sends us a detailed list of trail herds which went through Caldwell, Kansas, in 1871, 1872 and 1873, which we will publish in a future issue of Frontier Times. Mr. Hawks says:

"Every number of your magazine is equal to the one ahead of it, or better, and contains many things which anyone acquainted with the old West can cross up trails with. Once in a great while there is some little detail which does not agree with my data and I will send you my data for your approval and perhaps we can straighten the matter out as this magazine is supposed to be absolutely true. One instance was in the March number which told of a bill of sale of some horses which Billy the Kid sold in Taseosa in 1873. According to the best facts obtainable, Billy the Kid was born in 1859 and also there was no Taseosa in 1873, it being nothing but Indians and buffalos in that portion of the Panhandle. The cowmen did not come into the Panhandle until three or four years later and when Taseosa was named about that time. There had been a few Mexican families living on the Canadian at the place that was afterwards called Taseosa. Billy the Kid spent part of the winter of 1878 and 1879 around Taseosa. He with several of his pals brought in a bunch of horses from over in the Peos River country in New Mexico and sold them out to the ranchmen around Taseosa.

"Henry Brown, Fred Wayt and Johnnie Middleton did not go back into New Mexico with the Kid, but went down into the Indian nation. Henry Brown secured a job as marshall of Caldwell Kansas, but could not reform from his old ways and he took Ben Wheeler, his deputy, and another boy over and robbed the bank in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, where he was killed and his partners hung about 1884. Charlie Siringo, an old ex-cowboy from the Panhandle who had got well acquainted with the Kid and his bunch while they were around Taseosa the winter of 1878 and 1879, recognized Henry Brown while he was acting as constable of Caldwell, but did not give him away as he thought that Brown had reformed."

FRONTIER TIMES

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By J. MARVIN HUNTER

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at Bandera, Texas, under Act of Mar. 3, 1879

The Old Time Trail Drivers Association will hold their annual reunion at San Antonio November 6, 7 and 8. The gathering this year promises to be larger than ever, and President George W. Saunders has arranged a great program for the entertainment of the old time cow boys who went up the trail with cattle to the northern markets in the early days. The reunion will last three days—two days of frolic and fun and one day business session. A great movement now under way to raise funds for the purpose of building a monument to the old trail men. Every man who worked with cattle on the ranges or on the trail in the early days is eligible to membership in the Association, as well as wives and the sons of trail drivers. The dues are only one dollar a year. At the reunion this year will be quite a number of men who spent years in captivity among the Indians among them Jeff Smith of San Antonio and Frank M. Buckelew of Bandera. Herman Lehmann, another ex-captive now living in Oklahoma, may attend. These men will relate their experiences among the Indians, which in itself, will be an interesting feature of the big gathering.

In this number of Frontier Times we begin publication of a thrilling serial, "The Adventures of Jack Dobell," taken from a book written by J. C. Duval and published in 1892 under the title of "Early Times in Texas." Every school boy and girl will find this a most interesting story, for it deals with the adventures of a young man who escaped from the massacre at Goliad and tells of his wanderings in the wilderness of Texas, his encounters with wild beasts, Mexicans and miraculous escapes from Indians.

The story will be continued through several issues of Frontier Times. Be sure to read the first installment.

Frontier Times is pleased to announce that a larger and faster press has been purchased for our printing plant, and the next number will be issued from our own building in Bandera.

A few years ago Frank M. Buckelew of Bandera, published a book recounting his experience as an Indian captive. Only a limited edition of the book was printed, and the demand has been such that Mr. Buckelew has decided to publish a revised and larger edition of the book. It will be issued from this office within a short time. Watch for announcement.

Within a short time we will publish a thrilling story of the Mier Expedition, as given by John Rufus Alexander, who was one of the Texans who escaped from the Mexicans and made his way back to Texas. This story will fill sixteen full pages of Frontier Times, and is a thriller from start to finish.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

Of the Frontier Times published monthly at Bandera, Texas, for October, 1924.

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 publisher of the 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 are:

Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor, Business Manager, is J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Texas.

2. That the Owner is: J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera Texas.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages are: None.

J. MARVIN HUNTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1924.

W. S. ETHRIDGE.

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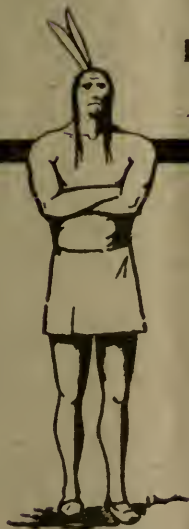
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FRONTIER TIMES

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 3

DECEMBER, 1924.

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Came to Texas in An Ox-Wagon

Mrs. Florence Lanham, Nimrod, Texas.

There is living at the present time near Nimrod, Texas, a slender frail little woman, who has seen more changes in Texas than any of the younger generation will ever see though we live twice her age.

Jane Wetherby Ferguson was born in Lawrence county Mississippi, October 25, 1835. Her father was a slave-holder and she grew up without any knowledge of housekeeping. She says she knew how to get the work done and if it was done correctly, for she was often called upon to oversee the servants when her mother was ill. At the close of the Civil War she was the mother of five children and was nearly as helpless as her little ones as far as any practical knowledge of caring for a home and children was concerned. But there is one thing that can be said of the women of the Old South. They faced defeat and changed conditions with a high courage. What they did not know they felt they could learn, which fact has been proved long ago. Mrs. Ferguson tells of something I have self. She said when the negroes left it thought about a great many times my- was so very lonely. Until the close of the war the negroes stayed on the place and every night their laughter and song could be heard everywhere. She had heard this all her life, because they owned a number of slaves and lived amidst the slave-holding plantations. Suddenly the old negroes all went away and everything was still. No one can imagine the difference unless he has experienced such. The darkies thought the millenium had come for them and many of them acted accordingly. That with carpet-bag government, made conditions almost unbearable in Mississippi.

In 1867 Arthur Wetherby determined to come to Texas, the new El Dorado. He hoped to give his children a better opportunity in this new country. Several of his children were married and had families, among them being Mrs. Fergu-

son. But it was not hard to persuade them to leave a place of such changed conditions as their childhood home had become. They decided in the summer to make the journey. People at that time thought frost and cold weather prevented yellow fever, so the Wetherbys loaded their wagons and waited for frost to come. One October morning when they arose the ground was covered with white frost, and they started at once. There were four ox-wagons and one hack in the party. Mr. Wetherby also employed six young men to keep watch at night and travel ahead in the day time to find suitable camping sites. These young men bought milk and vegetables along the route for the travelers.

Mrs. Ferguson says they traveled so slowly that often times when they camped at night they could see their camping place of the night before, especially after they reached the prairies. They crossed the Mississippi river on a steam ferry boat, which was a time of great uneasiness for her. A few months before one of her friends had lost everything due to the carelessness of the ferry boat owner. But nothing happened and they came across safe and sound with all their possessions. After they reached Texas Mrs. Ferguson says she sat in the wagon and grieved day after day over the lack of timber, for she could not forget the fine old trees that grew in Mississippi. Her husband liked the new country immensely and every time they would pass a likely looking tree he would call her attention to it, and that only made her the more homesick for the big trees of her childhood.

They reached Washington county, two miles from Peachtree Village, on Christmas Eve, 1867. Here she did her first family washing. Land had been bought but a flaw in the title caused them to rent that year. The next year they moved to San Jacinto county and then

to Brazoria county. Here they leased land, built a house and lived four years. They put in fifteen acres in cotton and made fifteen bales the first year. The cotton grew so high, Mrs. Ferguson said, that when her husband thought cattle might be in the field he rode over the field on horseback and she could just see his head above the cotton stalks. That fall she says she stood on lower branches and pulled down the boles from the top of the stalks.

They decided to leave Brazoria county on account of so much sickness and so much rain. A flood came while they were there and came near destroying everything they had. She says they watched the river three days and nights expecting it to reach their habitation. A skiff was made to leave in if it reached a certain point. She says she stood on the bank and saw houses, cattle and horses float down stream, and said it was a sight never to be forgotten.

Mr. Weatherby, her father, had moved to Comanche county. The Fergusons traveled around six months looking for a location and finally located near Mr. Wetherby. Mr. Ferguson cut a pile of brush on some vacant land joining Mr. Wetherby, signifying that the land was his, and they then went to Falls county to gather a crop of cotton. Returning, they built a little log cabin and put in

sixteen acres of land that year. The children were in good health and the future seemed bright. By June the corn was waist high, but one afternoon the wind began to blow from the north very cold, and that night a heavy frost came which killed almost everything. This frost in June is talked about even to this day. The Fergusons had put all their cleared land in corn, and it was very discouraging to look out over their field and see the blackened stalks. Prospects seemed dark indeed. A great many people left Comanche county, but the Fergusons decided to remain there and try again. The father and three larger boys picked cotton that fall near Waco, and after Christmas Mr. Ferguson went out west where a brother-in-law was killing buffalo for their hides. He hauled back two wagon loads of buffalo meat and sold one of the loads in Comanche. The money they made picking cotton and from the sale of the buffalo meat kept them through the winter. The next year they made a good crop, and their future was assured.

Grandma Ferguson, as she is affectionately known by everyone, is serene in the faith that the sunset of this life will be the sunrise of another more perfect. Her husband after a long life of usefulness, passed to his reward in 1911.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

As long as Indians committed murders on our northern frontier they seldom slighted Jack county. Some of the most brutal murders ever committed anywhere were committed in that county yet the accounts given of them are so meager that they are scarcely worth reading and convey no idea of the horrors of the offenses committed, their inexcusable cruelty and devilish brutality.

In June, 1871, Charles E. Rivers was killed by the Indians in Jack county while gathering cattle. He was a native of Louisiana. His father came to Texas when Charley was a small boy. After he grew to manhood he went to Pike's Peak, the trip to which place was a long perilous one, laden with many dangers, through a wilderness as track-

less as the ocean, and Indian country every foot of it. Young Rivers stayed at Pike's Peak about a year. Trouble was then brewing between the states which resulted in the unfortunate war of 1861-65. There was at that time at Pike's Peak men from practically everywhere and of every shade of belief concerning the matter then harrassing and disturbing our country and there were many warm discussions between those favoring the South and those favoring the North. In many of these discussions there was very decidedly much more heat than light. In 1861 Young Rivers, who was rather a small man, got into, or was forced into an argument with a big burly fellow who had nothing but heat and who sought to bully Charley and impose on him. Right then that

big bully had jumped up a man he could neither bully nor frighten. Immediately afterward Young Rivers, accompanied by Todd Willett and others, was on his way to Texas, and that big bully is still at Pike's Peak. The Rivers party arrived at Weatherford in Parker county, I think, in May, 1861. To me Charley Rivers was a hero. He had gone to Pike's Peak from Texas and returned, through as savage a country as any man had ever seen. (Take a map and look at the route.) He had seen things and could tell about them in a highly interesting manner. I followed him as his shadow, stuck closer to him than a brother. I was then fourteen years old and loved adventure, and loved to hear adventure, and Charley Rivers had "been there" and could tell it. Finally in 1861 he joined a company raised in Parker county, and served faithfully and honorably to the close of the war. After the surrender he returned to Weatherford and engaged in the cattle business in which he was very successful, and which business he was engaged in when he was killed by the Indians. In the meantime at Weatherford he married Mrs. Ford, who was a daughter of that noble old frontiersman and princely gentleman, Oliver Loving.

Charley Rivers was a fearlessly brave man and was universally respected by all who knew him because of his many noble qualities of heart and mind and because of his social and generous spirit, and because of these noble qualities he is now held in grateful remembrance by the people among whom he passed the last years of his life.

The circumstances attending the murder of Charley Rivers were substantially as follows, given by W. B. Slaughter, who heard the shots and yells of the Indians when the camp of Charley Rivers was attacked, in the following letter:

San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 6, 1924.

Judge W. K. Baylor:

Dear Judge:—In looking over Frontier Times I see that Mrs. Brown claims that Charley Rivers was killed on Salt Creek in Young county. I see that you are writing articles for Frontier Times, so I will ask you to make a correction, for I am sure Mr. Hunter intends to compile this literature in book form. My father, G. W. Slaughter, sold his cattle on the range to J. C. Loving and Charley Rivers,

Charley being Loving's brother-in-law. Early in 1871 I took a herd of cattle as far as Wichita, Kansas. At this place I received instructions to turn my cattle over to another party and return with my outfit to Dillingham Prairie, in Jack county, where my father had a ranch, and there receive from Loving and Rivers as part payment on the cattle my father had sold them. This was in June, 1871. Upon my arrival it was found that Loving and Rivers did not have a sufficient number of the grade of cattle I had been instructed to receive. Therefore, Charley Rivers, with a part of his outfit, went up on Rock Creek to Little Lost Valley and there gathered enough cattle to fill the contract and arrived with them late in the evening on Dillingham's Prairie and camped about three-fourths of a mile above where I was holding the cattle I had received in a corral to prevent a stampede. At about two o'clock in the morning I heard the shooting and the Indians yelling. I rushed to the fires and extinguished all of them in order not to furnish the Indians any data as to my whereabouts. I knew from the shooting and yelling that the camp of Charlie Rivers had been attacked by Indians. My judgement was correct. In the attack Charley Rivers was desperately wounded. A man was at once started to Weatherford for a doctor and Charley Rivers was moved near the corral where I was holding cattle and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit under some large liveoak trees. I went to see him and he told me that he did not know whether the Indians shot him or one of his own men. He was shot with a gun, and not an arrow. Late that evening Dr. Millikin and another doctor from Weatherford, together with Mrs. Rivers and others with a conveyance, arrived and Chalrey Rivers was carried to Weatherford where, after a short period of suffering, he died. I never saw him again. As soon as I received the cattle I left for Kansas. These are the facts and I hope the first article you write for Frontier Times you will supply them,

Yours truly,
W. B. SLAUGHTER

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Surveying on the Frontier of Texas

By J. B. Gillett Ex-Sergeant Texas Rangers.

Early in the summer of 1870 Horace Luckett, a noted surveyor of Bastrop, Texas, came to Austin and fitted out a party for a three-month surveying trip on the frontier. For chainmen he secured Jake Lutz and Dave Ligon of Austin, with Tom Merrill, a negro, as cook. My father, Maj. James S. Gillett, had some land certificates he wished to locate, and arranged to accompany the party. The writer, a boy of fourteen years, was taken along as a line marker and to assist in building rock corners when rocks were to be had.

We left Austin about June 1, 1870, I think. Traveled by the old town of Bagdad, in Williamson County, thence to Liberty Hill and on to Lampasas Springs. From there we traveled to Brownwood, Texas, then just a frontier village of log cabins—only one store in the place. I remember the Connolleys the Fisks, the Adamses and the Vaughans lived there. What a change fifty-three years has wrought in this town and county! Now Brownwood is one of the principal little cities in Texas. From there we traveled on to Camp Colorado, in Coleman County. This old abandoned government post had a store, and I think the only postoffice in that county was there. Here Mr. Luckett employed an old frontiersman and scout by the name of Alexander as guide for our party. Mr. Alexander was armed with a Henry rifle, the first and best magazine gun to appear on the frontier of Texas after the Civil War.

Our guide was an excellent marksman and kept the party well supplied with wild game, such as buffalo, antelope, deer and wild turkey. At Camp Colorado we secured as many supplies as two pack animals could carry and left civilization behind. We did not see a human being outside of our own party, for nearly two months. Our first surveying was done where the pretty little town of Santa Anna now stands, at and on the southwest side of a high mountain from which the town takes its name. This Santa Anna mountain stands out in an open plain and can be seen from the north, south and west for a great distance. It was a noted landmark for the Comanche and Kiowa Indians in early days.

From here we went to Post Oak Springs in the western part of Coleman County, then worked out in the open country to old Fort Chadbourne. We then surveyed back to where the fine town of Ballinger now stands. From there we worked north in the direction of two more noted landmarks of that country, Buffalo Gap and Table Mountain. All of this was a dangerous Indian country, and our little band of six men and one boy had to keep closely bunched at all times, so as to resist any attack that might be made upon us.

Mr. Luckett and the chain carriers had to walk. The rest of the party—that is, my father and Mr. Alexander—rode on horseback and led the horses of the foot men. The negro cook led the two pack animals. On each saddle was strapped a fine Winchester, while each man carried a belt filled with cartridges and a six shooter. Members of the party were never fifty yards away from each other while at work. In camp we always kept out a guard, both by day and by night.

This was a great experience for a boy of my age on his first trip to the frontier. I was the only one of the party who was practically footloose—that is, I had no horses to lead and had a fine, gentle pony (old Tom) to ride. Although it was summertime, there were a few straggling buffaloes that had not gone north with the main herd. I certainly shelled those old bulls, wild horses and antelope with my 44 Winchester carbine, and while I fired more shots than all the rest of the party together, I don't remember that I killed a single thing, certainly not a buffalo.

From the Table Mountain country we worked over onto the head of Jim Ned Creek, to the Heart ranch, in the northern part of Coleman County. We had now been out nearly six weeks, without seeing an Indian or anyone else, but just two days before we reached this Heart settlement a band of Indians charged this ranch. One of the Heart boys had walked out about a quarter of a mile from the ranch, unhobbled his pony, which was grazing there, mounted him bareback and started to the house. The Indian charged him, and, as Mr.

Heart was in his shirt sleeves and maimed, he made a lightning dash for the ranch. Two Indians ran right up to the flying horseman, pumping lead from their pistols at both horse and man. The pony was shot and killed just as they had entered the yard to the ranch, while the rider escaped into the house unhurt. Another one of the Heart boys, who was slightly indisposed, was lying on a bed. He jumped to his feet, grabbed his Winchester just as the Indians charged up, and before they could turn and get away he shot and killed one of them. The Indian fell within fifteen feet of the ranch-house. The balance of the Indians, knowing at least two armed men were in the house, quickly withdrew.

Three miles below the Heart settlement a cow outfit was gathering cattle to take up the trail. In this cow camp were three green Georgians, who had come out to western Texas to seek their fortunes. Their names were Maj. Hines, Rufe Evans and C. B. Willingham, afterward known all over the frontier of Texas as Cape Willingham. They had never seen a wild Indian, dead or alive, and, as they all three were on herd and could not get away from their work in a body, they delegated Cape Willingham to go up into the Heart settlement and bring the dead Indian down to camp, that they might see him. Willingham tied a rope around the Indian and dragged him down to the cow camp, that the boys might view a real good Indian—a dead one. Our party missed by two days seeing this Indian, but I saw the horse they killed. The Hearts showed us the Indian's bow, arrows and shield. The boys had also secured the Indian's pistol, an old Remington cap and ball, the pistol the Comanche had killed Mr. Heart's horse with. I also saw and handled the Indian's scalp. This was a wonderful experience for a boy of my age. I lost all interest in ever living in Austin again. Soon afterward I became a cowboy, and, when old enough joined the Texas Rangers and lived on the Texas frontier for as long as there was any frontier.

One of these three Georgians, Cape Willingham afterward became a celebrated frontiersman. He was Sheriff at Mobeetie when that town was the toughest place in which a human ever lived. He also was manager for many years of the Turkey Track ranch, and handled thousands of cattle. It is said Cape Willingham, while having a well

drilled for the Turkey Track ranch in the Pecos Valley, struck the first flow of artesian water in that country. C. B. Willingham was well known by nearly every cowman from the Rio Grande to Red River, especially in the Panhandle and Eastern New Mexico country.

Capt. Gillett's Book.

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First College in Texas.

On September 23, 1838, Rutgersville College was opened at Rutgersville, a village of Austin's Colony, set apart by ten members of the Methodist church for school purposes. Reverend Littleton Fowler, pioneer of Methodism in Texas, with his co-worker, Robert Alexander, aided in the Establishment of this school. Rev. D. N. V. Sullivan was the first teacher. In 1840, through the untiring efforts of Rev. Channey Richardson, a charter was secured from the Texas government and four leagues of land was donated to the school. In 1856 Rutgersville College was consolidated with the Military Institute of Galveston. It was abandoned at the beginning of the Civil War. It was named in honor of Dr. Ruter and was probably the first chartered school in Texas.

First Paper Printed in Texas.

The first paper was printed in Texas, September 29, 1829, at San Felipe de Austin, near the present town of Belleville, by Godwin Brown Cotton, and was called "The Cotton Plant." It was a four-page, three column, nine and a half by twelve inches, subscription price six dollars per year.

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J. S. Burdette, Minute Man and Soldier

Written by Odie Minatra, Corsicana, Texas.

Few couples now living in the broad latitude of Texas have been witness to more stirring events and epochal change than have Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Burdette, living in Dawson, Texas.

Mr. Burdette was born in 1844, in Shelby county, just when his father and other progressive pioneers were transferring to the fertile fields of Texas the plantation life of the old states. His father, a teacher of his neighbor's children, and withal a sturdy man, moved to Johnson county before the catastrophe of 1861. Here young John Burdette ranged and hunted over the bald prairie and "cow licks" where now is the thriving little city of Cleburne. Buchanan was then the county seat.

As a boy in his first teens he rode and brushed with the Indians and the Civil War found him ready to guard the homesteads. The able men called to war, a "Minute Company" was organized at old Alvarado with Cathey in command. With this company Burdette saw thrills unbelievable to the modern youth. His compatriots for the most part were no more than fourteen to sixteen years of age, but all skilled in horsemanship and the use of weapons. The Cherokees and others took advantage of the absence of the men to make forays on the settlers. Young Burdette early had an encounter while out scouting with Captain Cathey. In the Hills beyond what is now Ft. Worth, but what was then only a log missionary, three Indians armed and well mounted were seen. Cathey and Burdette maneuvered for advantage. Finally Captain Cathey told his youthful scout to ascend the head of the canyon and thus intercept their escape while he at the right moment would push in from the rear.

"Give me your horse," he said, a fleet footed, part Arabian, which Burdette proudly owned. "I'll get them, while you engage them in the front." A few moments and the supposed warriors saw a lone horseman pursuing them. A running fight ensued in which superior speed and marksmanship prevailed, and three Indian ponies galloped over the plain riderless.

As soon as he could pass physical muster Burdette was with the Confeder-

ates in Louisiana. In Davidson's brigade, known as the "Dirty Devils," he took part in the notable Peach Orchard Fight where 2800 Texans held nearly ten times their number in stubborn and victorious skirmish. "I soldiered here with the laziest and gamest man in the war," says Mr. Burdette, "Hugh Taylor, perhaps three times my senior, noted throughout the regiment for his indolence and his nerve, took me under his wing. One day we were in a sharp skirmish when Taylor, who was utterly fearless in the danger zone, called to me, "Hey, boy, see that colonel and captain with the Yanks; I take the big'un; you get his mate." We had refuge behind a seasoned log but before either of us could get our lead the whizz of a minnie ball, a ground skinner, made us flush like quail, and hardly were our heels clear when that log was shot to splinters. Taylor unconcerned, invited me to a sycamore stump to continue the fun.' This was at the Cheneyville fight.

"Texans were long horned and unschooled in those days. At Big Cain, Louisiana, we saw a Federal gunboat coming down. We were from Texas and thought nothing could withstand a six shooter. Thirty of us including Taylor, jumped in to stampede that boat. Swimming as near its path as we could every one of us emptied his six-shooter, which had been held above the water, but the steam boat did not seem embarrassed. Then two dozen foolhardy soldiers were nearly drowned on the return, only ropes thrown to us from the bank saved our skins."

Passing through the war with its episodes Burdette also witnessed the coming and going of the carpet-bagger. Once he was overhauled four miles from the border of Mexico in his effort to save 45 pounds of Texas cotton. Few men had more hand-to-hand contact with that colorful era than did he. The redoubtable Sim Dickson, the Missouri crusader who was credited with the death of a score and a half of the hated Yanks, received succor at his hand and home. Dickson was later killed by Merrit Trammel, negro deputy sheriff and his posse. But Dickson's friends avenged him. A few old timers will recall Old Harerow,

freed from the jail at Old Springfield, the county seat of Limestone, and that Harcrow, while on the scout, carried out the commission to kill the negro Trammel. Thereby hangs a story that would make good reading.

Indians, horsethieves, carpetbaggers, infested in turn or in unison, the state following the Civil War. Burdette was one of those night riders who policed, without commission or pay, large settlements against these dangers. "Those were evil days," he says, "and often men on both sides forgot to be brotherly. I hope no man ever sees their return."

A young man applied to him for work and was sent for the oxen in the pasture. He evidently became confused, for six days later Burdette captured him with his saddle mare in Corsicana. This young man was freed by the court on the score of insanity, but one month later the same love of his neighbor's horse caused a certain settlement to stage a hanging bee at which he was the principal actor. In these days Burdette and his crusading friends rode north to the Indian nations, west to the Chisholm trail, and south till they caught their man. He was in those days an merrily shot with rifle, or his cap and ball pistol, and even today, at eighty, he is no mean figure with a gun.

In 1867 Burdette cowboied from Dallas to New Orleans with a drove of 3500 steers, consuming two and one half months in the trip. A feature of the trip was that upon arriving at the banks of the Trinity at Dallas that stream was swollen, and while waiting for swimming conditions the herd was stampeded by one Hewitt with a blanket for the amusement of Hewitt who was not overly fond of the Yankee herd owner. This gentleman left his horse in the melee and only the quick work of Burdette and his brother rescued the proprietor tenderfoot from being trampled under the feet of the milling steers. As it was they brought him out, but left his boots in the mud.

Mrs. Burdette, the staunch little woman of gentle instincts who endured it all and reared a large, sober family of boys and girls, still has a keen interest in those early day exploits. She knew well Pat Plummer whose mother was captured by the Indians and compelled to witness her small child tied to the heels of a wild mustang, to make

an Indian holiday. She hurried the little boy as best she could with a stolen butcher knife. For weeks she strove to end her misery by making the Indians kill her, but to no avail. Once to this end she pushed an Indian woman in the fire. But instead of meriting death with the Indians for this, the bucks grunted, and after this until her rescue she received kinder treatment.

HANGING OF BILL LONGLEY.

Some months ago Frontier Times requested some one to send in a sketch about the hanging of Bill Longley. Mr. Hiram G. Craig of Brenham, sends us the following:

"On October 11th, 1878, near Giddings in Lee County, Texas, occurred the hanging of Bill Longley for the murder of Wilson Anderson. On the day the murder was committed Longley went to the Anderson home on the Yeagua Creek where Wilson Anderson was plowing. Anderson was singing a religious song as he plowed out to the end where Longley was waiting for him, so Longley let him plow another round before he killed him.

"Longley was tried in Giddings and given the death penalty. At that time Jim Brown, who was afterward killed in a fight with policemen in Garfield Park in Chicago, was sheriff of Lee County. On the gallows with him at the time of the hanging were his two deputies, W. J. McClellan of Houston, and Charlie Brown, who has been dead for many years, Virge Woolley, Zinna Eggelston and a Catholic priest.

"Longley was very calm and unconcerned as he was led on the gallows. His last words were: "Friends, I hate to die. We all hate it when the time comes; but I guess those I killed hated to die as bad as I do. I have made peace with my God and am ready to go. Goodbye everybody!" As the trap was sprung and Longley went down, the Andersons, who witnessed the execution, clapped their hands.

"Though it has been forty-six years ago, the above is a true and correct statement of the execution as I remember it. I sat on my horse as close to the gallows as I could get and watched the execution. There are, however, many people in Lee county who also witnessed the execution."

The Last of Geronimo and His Band

Col. Wm. Strover, in National Tribune.

Prior to 1886 the Indians in New Mexico and Arizona had been a constant source of trouble; especially so the Apaches, which made it necessary for Government to keep a considerable number of troops in the territories affected. Scattered small army posts were the bases of the different troops, but it was not for long periods that the troops could enjoy the comparative quiet and rest at these posts. The greater part of their service was spent in the field after the Indians.

In 1885 the Apaches made what was destined to be their last effort to satisfy their lust for blood, under the wily Geronimo, who was what is called a coyote—a half-breed. This campaign lasted about a year and a half, but it was strenuous for the troops while it lasted.

It was at no time an easy job to hunt the crafty Apache thru the wild and unsettled parts of Arizona, and if those critics who found fault with the army for not ending more quickly what they considered an easy task—that of capturing a small band of hostile Indians—had been with the troops and had traveled over the country, they would have been convinced that the final capture of the band of Indians, with its leader, Geronimo, was a very creditable accomplishment.

The conditions under which the troops operated was especially difficult, for 1885 and 1886 were the driest years ever known in the territories. For nearly 13 months not a drop of rain had fallen in the territory of Arizona. Water holes and small streams which always had contained a fair supply of water had dried up, and troops were often forced to make long, heart-breaking marches between water places, and then to find only scant supplies.

The cavalry, which was used to keep the Indians moving, was handicapped by having horses, which had to be watered and fed regularly, and which could not proceed headlong after Indians where water and feed were not certainly obtainable.

The Indians who rode the wiry little Indian ponies, inured to hardships, and who had always spare horses with them for a change, had an overwhelming ad-

vantage over the soldiers. Besides, they knew of hidden water holes unknown to the scout or soldier. Often, when in close proximity of fleeing Indians, the troops had to abandon the chase because the animals were on the verge of a breakdown.

To this day the traveler may notice large, dead trees, on the ridges in Arizona, and any old timer can tell him that these trees died during the long dry spell in 1885-86.

Such were the conditions under which the army had to operate during the Geronimo campaign. The heat was terrific during the day. The soil, where it was not stony, was a pulverized dust, which rose in a straight column into the air when disturbed. During the hot season it was practically impossible to move in the daytime, and troops on the move would usually start the day's march before 4 in the morning, travel until near 1 o'clock, then lie around in the scant shade of cactus or mesquite until about 5 o'clock in the evening. After a supper, the march would be resumed and kept up until near 10 o'clock.

Rest during the day was impossible on account of the terrific heat and what rest was obtained during the few cool hours in the night was altogether too short. And then, that choking dust while on the march. Sometimes it was almost impossible to see through it, and mingled with perspiration it would form a layer over the body that gave one a very unpleasant sensation.

Lately there has been much written about the "cooties" in the trenches, and what a disgusting pest they were. Let the reader imagine the state of the soldier's body who had to live under the conditions told in this story, with water for washing only rarely available. They had a way to get rid of the "cooties" though. When we happened to rest at a place where shade was available, so that the sun would not blister the bare body, the soldier would strip off his underwear and shirt, go to a nearby ant hill, stir up the pile, so as to get the ants excited and then put his belongings on the ant hill. The ants, especially the large red kind, riled up over the disturbance, would attack the "cooties,"

brood and all, and in a short while the pest had been exterminated.

When Geronimo and his band of cutthroats were finally run down and captured, the Government decided to make an end of the ever-recurring outbreaks and round up all of the trouble makers and their kith and kin, and transport them to the far distant Florida. This was the only practical solution of the question, for as long as the blood-thirsty Apaches were on their own familiar grounds, which offered them an easy opportunity to escape and hide in inaccessible mountains, after committing an outrage, so long would they continue their bloody work.

Arizona was at that time sparsely settled, and in the vicinity of the Indian reservations there would gather men who were in many respects worse than the bad Indians. Outlaws, gamblers, divekeepers, and traders—the scum of the earth, who, in order to get up an excitement and get a lot of soldiers into the country, who would bring money into circulation, would supply the Indians with enough forty-rod whiskey to get their savage instincts aroused, and then, of course, there would be trouble.

To these border ruffians may be directly charged many an Indian disturbance—it does not take much urging to get an intoxicated Apache to cut some one's throat. As soon as the troops arrived, there was an influx of money, traders sold supplies, ranchers sold feed, and there were odd jobs for the boarder loafers; saloon keepers reaped a harvest when a body of soldiers were around, and the gambler was in his glory. Therefore to many of the early residents, excepting the bona-fide settlers, an Indian outbreak was a piece of good luck, and they did what they could to make it come around frequently.

This state of affairs came to sudden end when the Apaches were removed to Florida. All Apaches selected for deportation were rounded up by cavalry and Indian scouts, and collected at Fort Apache, Ariz. From there they were taken overland to Holbrook, where they were to be put on the train for their journey east. About 900 Indians were gathered at Fort Apache after the round up. They were allowed to take all their belongings on the march to the railroad.

When this caravan moved off it made a procession nearly two miles long, and contained some wagons and about 1,200 Indian ponies and, as each Indian fam-

ily keeps all the dogs it can get, about 3,000 dogs.

At the front and rear of the column marched infantry companies, while cavalry covered the two flanks in single file, and farther out were the Indian scouts, stripped and painted as if on the war path, with their carbines always ready for instant action. No chances were taken to have any one sneak away. This formation was kept up until they arrived at Holbrook.

In order to avoid much trouble while on the march, the Indians had been told that they were to be taken to see the "Great Father" in Washington, to have a talk with him, and this seemed to please them, and they moved along nicely.

As meat was always furnished the Indians "on the hoof," there was quite a drove of cattle following the column in the rear. After arrival in camp, the scouts would kill the number of steers required, by shooting them, and then the squaws would rip open the carcass, drag out the entrails, and, grabbing all one could hold, squat down behind some bush or rock and began to weave the intestines into a braid, which operation at the same time removed the smelly contents. After this, the tidbit was ready for the evening meal.

To see those savages fighting for the raw meat, covered with gore from the struggle, and then draw to one side with the spoil, was a sight worse than to watch a pack of hungry coyotes fighting over a decaying carcass.

During the night a close watch was kept, partly to prevent escape, and partly for the protection of the Indians, as a bunch of cowboys were following the caravan at some distance, just watching for a chance to even up old scores against the Apaches. Many of these cowboys bore old grudges on account of depredations, and some mourned the loss of friends who were murdered by the Indians, and they wanted to be on hand if there should be a chance to get in a shot. The Indians seemed to be aware of this and kept rather close within the lines. The Indian scouts kept circling around the camp all night, some distance away, and I have often wondered if they ever slept. They seemed to be always on the move and watching.

The road between Fort Apache and Holbrook ran mostly through a desolate country, with a few small Mormon settlements at intervals; it was in a most

deplorable state on account of the long dry spell, and travel was necessarily slow.

To watch this column from a distance with its 1,200 horses, some wagons, 900 Indians, mostly squaws and children, and with thousands of dogs circling around, and this whole column surrounded by negro cavalry soldiers, and they in turn by the Indian scouts, was a great sight. Clouds of dust rose high to heaven, and the movement could be seen for 20 miles.

After seven days of travel the procession arrived at Holbrook and came to a halt in the bottom lands of the Little Colorado River, on the south side of the stream bed. The Little Colorado was dry at that time. Across the stream bed was the track of the Santa Fe Railroad, and on a side track was a train of 18 tourist car for the accommodation of the Indians and their military escort.

The cavalry formed a great circle around the camping place, beginning at each end of the waiting train, and extending far out, while the infantry guarded the other side of the train, thus forming a ring through which it would have been practically impossible to break through.

After the steers had been killed by the scouts and the Indians had received their meat rations, fires were started by small groups, and then the powwows began. What a sight! I was standing on the railroad track, on elevated ground, and, overlooking the great camp in the river bottom, saw a spectacle that perhaps no man will see again. Several hundred fires were glowing among the low brush and around each fire was a group of Indians, dancing and singing in celebration of their coming journey to see the "Great Father" in Washington. Drums were sounding incessantly and the frenzied, monotonous chant of the Indians pervading the night air, and the mournful howling of the thousands of dogs over all (they seemed to scent a catastrophe), made a curious and wonderful impression, never to be forgotten. All night this powwow lasted, and many of the inhabitants of the little frontier town of Holbrook spent all night watching the spectacle.

Early the next morning, at a signal from Maj. Wade, who was in command, the cavalry and scouts began to close in toward the train, and the circle narrowed, the Indians were gradually forced

toward the railroad track and to the train.

Not one of the savages had seen a railroad and they did not know what to make of the strange wagons which should carry them away. They hesitated to climb aboard, and for awhile it looked as if there would be trouble. Something had to be done, so finally some soldiers picked up some squaws and children and amid fearful screams hoisted them bodily into the cars. When the others saw that nothing happened to those on the strange vehicle, they began to climb aboard slowly.

It took quite awhile before all were stowed away inside the cars. All it was feared that some passengers might attempt to jump thru the window when the train was starting. And that is what would have happened, for when the train did start, there was tremendous excitement, everybody standing up and yelling. When nothing happened, the excitement subsided gradually and all sat down in their seats, and wondering, looked out to see the scenery slowly pass by. It was a strange experience for those savages.

All the camp paraphernalia had been left behind, except some personal belongings, tied up in bundles.

When the Indians were nearly all on the train, the dogs started a terrific racket and as the train started, the thousands of deserted dogs tried frantically to keep abreast of the moving cars, every one howling with all his might. They were so thick, that there wasn't room enough for all of them to run, and half of them would be on the ground and the other half scrambling over them. What a sight. Gradually the dogs thinned out as the train gathered speed, but a few of them kept up for about 20 miles. The Indian horses were brought to Fort Union by the cavalry and were later sold at public sale.

For many years I wondered what had become of all the dogs, which must have been a menace to all living things in that country. A few years ago when I was again at Holbrook, I asked one of the old timers what had become of the horde of Indian dogs. "Oh man!" he exclaimed, "we just had to turn out and shoot them, and, believe me, it kept us busy. The cowpunchers helped us and they had great sport with the dogs, shooting them from the saddle."

The first and last cars of the Indian

train were occupied by the escorting soldiers, and between the cars on the platforms was a guard of four men. The cars were packed to capacity with the Indians. There was but little ventilation, as the windows had to be kept closed. Within a couple of hours after the start, the cars were in a horrible condition. Just imagine what a room would look like which had been jammed with animals and kept closed for some time. That is just the condition the railroad cars were in when we came to our first stopping place, a lonely water tank. There the Indians were let out and fed. Six of the bucks had been designated as "Capitanos," and had been placed each in charge of a group of the Indians. At every halt, always at some lonely water tank, the rations were placed in six equal piles and the interpreter would call for the six "Capitanos," who would then divide the food among their representative groups.

At the first halt, after the Indians had been let out, the division superintendent of the road, who was on the train, wanted to go inside one of the cars, but he did not get farther than the door, "Whew!" he exclaimed, "That's awful! I guess all we can do with this equipment is to burn it when we get to our destination." That night I had to go to the rear car on the train, and as there were no stops, I was compelled to make my way through the whole train. Heavens! When I think of that trip, even at this time, I get seasick.

Something had to be done to clean the cars, but ordinary methods would have been inadequate, so when the train stopped for the morning feed, the superintendent had each car washed out with a hose and a powerful stream of water. Of course, it was not a pleasure to have to go into one of the cars after this cleaning, but it was the only way to make it possible for any human being, other than an Indian, to enter them at all.

At Las Vegas, N. M., the train was divided into two sections. Crowds were at every station to witness the passing of the Apaches, which spectacle attracted people from long distances away from the railroad. The Indians were there checked off, and it was discovered that one buck was missing. How he had been able to get away was a mystery. Some months later this Indian was found near his old stamping ground, on the reservation.

The climate of Florida, to which the Apaches were taken, did not agree with them, and they were later sent to Oklahoma, where their leader Geronimo, died a few years ago. During the last year of his life he was teaching a Sunday school class, and preaching salvation to his former bloodthirsty followers. That's some reform.

Since the departure of the Apaches in 1886. Arizona has had peace, and the country thru which we tramped, suffering untold hardships is now settled and much of the former desert is now a veritable garden. Only a few years ago I rode in a pullman through a part of country which I had known as a dreadful desert in the early 80's, and now children came to the train at the stations to sell luscious fruit of all varieties grown there. What a change.

At San Carlos, I got off to look around, and noticed the transformation of the once-familiar country. An old Indian looked at me for some time, then came up and spoke to me. "I know you," he said, "you were here long time ago. You not know me? I Capt. Jack." Capt. Jack had been the leader of a band of murderous Apaches, who after killing an Indian scout, put on war paint and made a break for the mountains, and it was at that time when I came across them. Capt. Jack remembered me, but he had grown old and had changed his ways, like Geronimo.

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Reminiscences of Mrs. J. J. Greenwood

Written by Mrs. A. D. Gentry, Fort Stockton, Texas.

We left Dublin, Ireland, on the good ship Quebec in 1853, arriving at Liverpool. We remained there about two weeks when we took passage for New Orleans. It took us three months and seven days to cross the Atlantic at that time, though we had a quiet voyage with only one stormy night. One incident of the voyage stands out vividly in my memory. The word went out that a pirate ship was chasing us and there ensued the customary confusion and excitement incident to such news. Being quite a young child, about six years of age, I stayed on deck without being noticed and as the ship approached I noticed that the sailors all wore red shirts and they flew the same flag that we did so our fears were allayed. It was quite a joke among the passengers the rest of the voyage.

Another incident that I clearly recall was one night while we were at dinner there was a sudden commotion and whirling of wings and the light of the immense glass chandelier in the dining room was smashed, the glass shattering and falling everywhere. It proved to be a flock of sea birds which had been attracted by the large light.

We arrived in New Orleans at nine o'clock at night, remaining on board ship till morning. The streets of the city were brilliantly lighted by large square lamps, which were lighted by men each night. Next morning we went to the St. Charles Hotel and it was there that I saw my first negro and heard him sing "Suwanee River." While in New Orleans we went to hear the famous singer, Jenny Lind, Previous to this we had heard her in Dublin. Even as a child I was aware that I was in the presence of a great personage.

My mother fell a victim to the yellow fever scourge which was raging in and around New Orleans and died in 1857. I was left in charge of the Reverend Thomas Bacon, an Episcopal minister.

On the 7th day of April, 1857, I departed for Belton, Texas, on the boat "Swamp Fox", arriving at Galveston in the late evening. There were a number of boats anchored in harbor and I recall the names of several, "The Black Warrior," "The Magnolia," and "The Island City,"

the last named being the property of Capt. Wm. Hutchins, of Houston. I was placed in care of Capt. Hutchins and stayed in his home in Houston for three weeks before my relatives in Belton arrived for me. We made the journey from Houston to Belton in a buggy without accident or undue delay. It was in Belton that I saw my first biscuits and corn bread, and considered it very unpalatable.

In Belton I went to school till the outbreak of the Civil War and then I like all Southern girls, learned the art of spinning and weaving and before the close of the war I was an adept in the art, making our own hosiery by hand and even our shoes when occasion demanded that cloth shoes be worn. I assisted in making the uniforms of the first Confederate soldiers who left Belton after the war broke out. Our coffee was made of parched wheat and our cake we sweetened with honey, for there was no sugar to be had, and at times we made tea from live oak leaves. Our cotton that we used for the manufacture of clothing we obtained by the women going out and stopping the government wagons and confiscating what cotton we needed under protest from the drivers. When we had obtained all that we needed we told them to drive on. On one occasion six hundred pairs of cotton cards were shipped in to Belton by some company for sale, and the women just went down and demanded that the cards be given to them as they had to have them and had no money to pay for them. This was done though with grumbling consent.

After the close of the war I was married to J. J. Greenwood and moved to Lampassas, Texas, to make my home. This was still an Indian country at that time, and though they were supposed to have been run out they made frequent and terrifying raids on the settlers. We were compelled to tie our horses up at night to prevent the Indians from stealing them. They stole most all of our horses at different times but one horse in particular which my husband was foolish about we hated to lose. This horse he had named "Hannibal" and had been offered \$500 for. One night the Indians slipped in and stole him and some one

saw them, next day three Indians on him. My husband and the pursuing party found him later in the day dead on the trail with all legs cut off.

One incident which happened about this time I will relate. My husband's brother, Columbus Greenwood, had built in his yard a small house for the accommodation of travelers who he did not wish to invite into the privacy of his home. On one occasion a traveler claimed his hospitality and he warned him to secure his horse before nightfall as the times were dangerous and the Indians likely to make a raid at any time. The traveler replied "I will make my horse doubly safe for I will tie him to the door knob," but to his amazement next morning the horse was gone. Indians were so stealthy that they could do a trick like this and the victim never be aware of their presence.

At this time most of the homes were made of logs, though our home was made of lumber. There were no windows of glass, wooden shutters taking the place of windows. We cooked on an open fire in huge iron ovens and pots and a woman needed no rouge in those days to render her complexion a earmen shade. Our lights were candles manufactured at home by first killing a beef to obtain the tallow, then rendering it and molding it, and even spinning the wicks. My mold held only six candles, which necessitated making candles very often. To make the tallow hard we used our own manufactured beeswax, making a mixture which answered every purpose. Our soap was made at home from lye which we procured from wood ashes and though it did not improve the looks of our hands, it made the clothes snowy white. At that time cotton was scarce and few people could afford pure cotton beds, so we mixed with it shueks which helped to fill up space but which was both a noisy and uncomfortable bed.

I made my husband an entire suit of clothes from cloth which I wove, half wool and half cotton, made entirely by hand, as I had no sewing machine. It was not at all a bad looking suit for that day and time and I marvel now when I look back and wonder how I did it. Our flour cost us \$17.00 per barrel, and calico cost us 30 cents per yard. We had no luxuries at that time, but we did not want for the real necessities as fat beef, butter, milk, honey and vegetables were plentiful and while our homes and furniture were crude and rough we

were all like one family, a neighbor was a real friend, and whatever we had we were willing to share with those less fortunate.

AFTER FIFTY-TWO YEARS.

Speaking in tones, the mellowness and strength of which were undiminished by the growing infirmities of age, Mrs. T. M. Muse, aged 78, a resident at present of McKinney, returning to Waco for the first visit after an absence of fifty-two years, answered questions asked her by a representative of the Times-Herald, regarding the startling changes which had taken place in the city during the period of her absence.

She said: "I have driven all over the city, but have not yet seen one house or building which I recognize as being here when I left. The town has changed like it was touched by a fairy. When I came here the court house was in the center of the square, and sand was so deep on the square that buggies bogged up in it. Most of the residences were grouped on South First, Second and Third streets at that time, and there were not very many of them, as Waco was at that time (1862) a very small place.

"There was no bridge over the Brazos and if any crossing was done at all, it was by fording. I remember once when the river was on a slight rise, that the water almost came over our buggy.

"When I came here it was during the civil war and very few young men were left. Perhaps on that account Waco was remarkably free from lawlessness. Hundreds of negro slaves lined the streets and cotton plantations abounded in the country surrounding the town.

Mrs. Muse came to Waco from Kentuckey, in 1861, just at the beginning of the civil war. She was at that time only fifteen years of age. She attended the old Methodist female school, which was located here for two years, but at the suggestion of the president of the school she was transferred to Baylor to complete her education in Greek under the famed specialist, Dr. Rufus C. Burleson, who grew to be one of her truest friends. She took her degree in Greek from Baylor in 1865, married a few years later, and since 1872 had never visited Waco until the present time.—Waco Times-Herald.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine.

Crockett Man is Texas "Forty-Niner"

By W. S. Adair, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, October 21, 1924.

N. B. Barbee of Crockett, father of N. B. Barbee of Dallas, has been a resident of Houston county since 1849. "I was born in Tennessee in 1837, which makes me 87 yearsold," said Mr. Barbee. "My father, Dr. James E. Barbee, moved to Texas in 1841. He settled in Shelby county, where he figured as one of the Regulators in 1843. He went to the Mexican War as a physician and surgeon in 1846; the men in the home company agreeing to pay him each \$3 a month to look after their health. This was in addition to his regular pay as an army surgeon. I was at school at Wesleyan College at San Augustine when Texas was annexed, and I well remember the ceremonies of pulling down the Lone Star flag that floated over the main building and of replacing it with the Stars and Stripes.

"There was next to no money in circulation in Texas in those days. A cow and calf were legal tender for \$10, and it was in cows and calves that father was paid for his professional services. In the course of a few years he accumulated quite a herd of longhorn cattle, slightly mixed with better stock from the States. In 1847 there came a long dry spell, during which grass became so scarce in Shelby County that it was necessary to move the cattle. We rounded up our herds and drove them to Houston county. Finding abundant grass in the vicinity of Hall's Bluff on the Trinity River, we bought a quantity of Liverpool salt from the steamer Governor Pease, there anchored, salting the cattle and left them. The next spring we moved the family to Houston County in ox wagons. A round-up of our cattle showed that they were all there. Occasionally buyers came along and picked out some of the choice steers, for which we were glad to get \$8 or \$10 a head, but it was long before there was any market for stock cattle.

"Even in the days of the Republic the planters of the old Southern States, fearful of the outcome of the antislavery agitation, began to bring their negroes to Texas and to open plantations in East and Southeast Texas, and just before and during the Civil War other planters hurried their negroes to Texas to keep

the Yankees from getting them. That accounts for the presence of so many negroes in East Texas today. The tools and farm implements in use in Texas in slavery times were made on the plantation. Some of the cotton produced was shipped on steamers on the Trinity River, but perhaps the bulk of it was hauled on wagons to Houston. Often the river was so low for months at a time that boats could not run. At such times, planters who had piled their cotton on the banks of the river got tired of waiting for a rain and proceeded to wagon it to Houston. Six yoke of oxen could haul a wagon with ten bales of cotton on it, and at that rate it did not take long to get a hundred bales to market. Teamsters were often many weeks on a trip to Houston, for they usually did not return till they got a home load. In the meantime they hauled from Houston to other points as far away as Waco and San Antonio. Uncle Jeff, my mother's negro teamster, would often be absent several months, but he always got back with the money which he faithfully turned over to her. He used to ride a pony and drive his oxen. He hauled eight or ten bales of cotton at a load and got \$10 a bale for it. Shreveport and Jefferson were also steamboat points in those days, but the people in the country from Houston county south and west preferred Houston as a market. When we moved to Houston County there was one house at Crockett and that was built of logs and used as a general store.

"In early days the pork and bacon problem was easily solved in East Texas. The woods of the river bottoms were full of mast, and a specie of semiwild hog flourished. Those swine were razorbacks, but a great many of them weighed 200 pounds each. And there was no more exciting sport to be found than the hunting down of these same razorbacks. The dogs which were used in chasing them, seemed to get more thrills out of a hunt than did the men. They would bring the hogs to bay and hold them till the men shot them; and in case the quarry broke and scattered, it was their business to reassemble them in a bunch for another shooting, and so on till only the brood sows and pigs and

young hogs were left. Many kinds of game abounded. Deer grazed in the open spaces and bears and panthers Wolves howled at night around the court house square in Crockett and turkeys woke you up with their gobbling every morning. Wild pigeons, which flew in clouds dense enough to hide the sun, had a roost six miles northwest of Crockett. Elisha Clapp, the greatest Indian fighter of the Southwest, who must have come to Texas in early 30s, lived ten miles southwest of Crockett, and died and was buried there during the Civil War. He was the terror of all Indians who raided that part of the country, for, riding at a gallop he could unerringly follow the faintest Indian trail. He often pursued raiding savages as far as the Tehuacana Hills. His companion, almost as noted an Indian fighter as he, was Houston Beeson. Beeson, who died soon after the close of the Civil War, was buried near his home, three miles south of Crockett. Both of these pioneers have descendants scattered over the State.

"The early settlers of East Texas were the best people in the world, and undesirable characters did not sojourn very long with them. When such a character appeared, Elisha Clapp or Houston Beeson, after consulting with others, would take him aside and pleasantly tell him that he had made a mistake in settling in the community, and that it would be better for all concerned if he left during the next night. There is no record that anyone thus warned failed to take the hint. Disputes, quarrels and feuds among the people were generally nipped in the bud. When it began to appear that serious trouble was brewing Elisha Clapp or Houston Beeson acting as spokesman for the better element of the people, would appear as peacemaker. They would find out what the disagreement was about, announce who was right and who wrong, and tell the disputants to get together, and in conclusion, make them shake hands. In all their public acts these two old men seemed to be the most disinterested persons in the world. All they did would bear the closest scrutiny both at the time and afterward, for they were always right. Such men were in dispensable in rough frontier life.

"I went to the Civil War as a soldier in Company E, Gould's Battalion, Walker's Division. I was in the fight-

ing at Mansfield, La.; Jenkins' Ferry and Pleasant Hill. It was the plan of the Federals in the Louisiana campaign for the army of General Banks and the army of Gen. Steele, which were coming from different directions, to unite at Mansfield, there defeat our forces and then to burn a way through Texas to the Rio Grande and the Gulf like that burned by General Sherman on his march to the sea, and to send Texas cattle to feed the Federal armies. But they burned nothing in Texas, nor did they get behind a Texas steer. In fact, they did not so much as get a peep into the promised land. Our froes prevented them from uniting their armies at Mansfield and there defeated the army of Gen. Banks. When Gen. Banks retreated from Mansfield, Gen. Steele also sounded a retreat. One division of our men followed Gen. Banks and the other pursued Gen. Steele. I was in the latter division. Gen Steele retreated to a point near Pine Bluff, where he took up such a strong position that we did not deem it wise to attack him. We had accomplished the purpose for which Texas had mustered the last man.

"By 1855 Crockett had developed into a typical Southern county seat town with the best class of Southern people for inhabitants. But after the war, in common with the towns of the South generally, it was for a long time at a standstill. The coming of the railroad some years after the war changed the transportation system, doing away with wagons as freighters and putting the teamsters out of business, but without immediately increasing land values or bringing about better times in Houston County. Even to this good day we have no market for cattle and hogs. I said awhile ago that when we came to Texas a cow and calf were legal tender for \$10. An intelligent farmer told me the other day that the beef cows of Houston County could be bought for about nine dollars a head. Fat steers are of course worth a little more than that. The same farmer said that the best offer he could get for some fat hogs he had on hand was four and a half cents on foot, but that the man making the offer seemed to be joking, since he had not come for the hogs."

Mr. Barbee was a member of the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth sessions of the Texas Legislature.

TWO HISTORIC SECTIONS

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that a very large majority of the men whose names are most conspicuous in the annals of Texas history should have been residents and many of them natives of two sections of the state—East Texas

To call even a partial roll is to name Sam Houston, J. Pinkney Henderson, whom the late Governor O. M. Roberts said was the ablest man ever in public life of Texas; George T. Wood, Louis T. Wigfall, O. M. Roberts, T. J. Jennings, W. B. Ochiltree, F. B. Sexton, Frank W. Bowden, John H. Reagan, R. B. Hubbard, James S. Hogg, Micajah H. Bonner, John L. Henry, T. R. Bonner, most accomplished of parliamentarians S. W. Blount, one of the signers of the Texas Declaration of Independence, and Horace Chilton.

In that list are found five governors, four United States senators and three judges of the Supreme Court, and one one man who was governor of two states, twice president of a republic and for twelve years United States senator.

It would be difficult to duplicate such a list in any one section of any state in the Union.

When we go into Brazoria County, in South Texas, we are able to name a list of men who left in varying degrees their impress on the era in which they lived.

In that county was the home of Stephen F. Austin, whose name is woven in imperishable colors in the very warp and woof of Texas History, and whose far reaching vision, courage and unselfish patriotism were coupled with shrinking modesty and stainless purity.

The late Guy M. Bryan, his nephew, was reared in that county and was twice a member of congress and twice a speaker of the house of representatives of Texas. The Bryan and Perry families settled in that county at an early day and have always been honorably associated with its history.

The list continued includes Thomas M. Jaek, the knightly gentleman, able lawyer and gallant soldier, and Andrew P. McCormie and James H. Bell, the first of whom died as a member of a federal court, and the second occupied a place on the supreme bench of Texas.

Both were natives of Brazoria County. There lived there, too, and were partners in the practice of law, John W. Harris, who was the first attorney general of

the state, and Elisha M. Pease, who was twice governor of Texas.

There also lived there General Joseph Bates, whose garb of black broadcloth, his massive head of snow-white hair and his towering and gigantic form made him conspicuous in every assembly. He had served in the legislature of Alabama while a citizen of that state.

John A. Wharton, who fought at the battle of San Jacinto, lived in Brazoria County, and his son, John A. Wharton, the gallant commander of Confederate cavalry, was born there.

The Masterson family, with perhaps the exception of Thomas G. Masterson, the father, were natives of Brazoria County. Two sons filled the position of county judge of Brazoria County, and the son of one of the two filled the same position. James R. Masterson was for about twelve years judge of the district court of Harris county, and later his nephew was the efficient judge of the Fifty-Fifth district court of the same county. Branch T. Masterson, another son of Thmas C. Masterson, was one of the most capable land lawyers in Texas, and a man as modest as he was capable. Such a record of judicial service in one family has rarely, if ever, been paralleled.

The first congress of the Republic of Texas was held in Brazoria County, and some of the most important legislation of the new republic was enacted in that county.

In all ages of the world men have instinctively associated with great men and great events the places at which those events transpired, and thpse men played their parts, and it is most meet and fit that the memory of men and the events associated with the romantic history of Texas should be kept alive in the minds of the people, who are so greatly debtors to those who worthily strove and served, and have passed on.—Houston Chronicle

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NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Sen' C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

The Haunted House on Red River

W. E. Payne, in Houston Chronicle, April 21, 1912.

In the spring of 1880, with my family, a young man named Larkin, his mother and sister, I moved to the Chickasaw Nation and leased a farm in Red River bottom, about 12 miles from Denison. The place of which I speak was renowned, if not historical. It had for many years been the domicile of old Doek Carter, an old time annuity captain for the Chickasaws, who a few years previous to the time of which I speak, had died in the city of Washington, while on an embassy to that place for the Chickasaw Nation. When he departed for Washington with his family, the house was left unoccupied and had so remained even till the time of our coming.

When we took possession of the place, to our great wonder, the house was filled with beds, trunks, costly mirrors, and bookcases filled with works of standard English and American authors. Everything seemed to be disposed very much as when the place had been abandoned by Doek Carter and his family. Here was a fortnight's riddle to solve. Why had the furnishings of that house remained all those years intact, exposed to the greed and avarice of all comers? Do what we could, think as we might, for many days the mystery became more profound. As time went by, we were slowly advised that the place was haunted by the spirit of old Doek Carter, which kept nightly vigils over the sacred precincts of his old home. The Indians for miles around held the place in mortal dread. They told all sorts of fabrications of spectres, ghosts and ghouls, which had been seen by every belated traveler who had passed that way for a great while. Through superstitious fear, the Indians had enured up the notion that Doek Carter could be seen in all sorts of fantastic forms and guises.

Very many, too, were the recitals of both deluded whites and Indians that lights were often visible in the house at night, horses were frequently seen hitched in the yard or lot, and voices and unearthly groans were often heard in the open hallway. Blood stains were visible on the floor of several rooms, of which some were so bold as to say they were the blood stains of sundry persons who had been murdered in the house

and buried under the ample hearthstone.

That there were some grounds for all the exaggerated recitals we all realized, but what the real ghost had been, for a long time we were unable to determine. However, as time passed we became fully convinced that the weird sights and sounds around the place had arisen from the fact that the deserted house had long been the rendezvous of a band of horse thieves or the retreat of yeggmen and robbers. As time went by and old Doek Carter did not put in an appearance, a degree of reassurance possessed the ladies and altogether a very happy and prosperous year passed away. We saw no ghosts, heard no fiendish yells and were never disturbed by the band of horse thieves we suspected to be visiting the place.

From the days of the earliest settlements in the northern portion of Grayson county, the peninsula shaped point of land between Choctaw and Red River had borne the euphonious name of "Thief Neck" from the inherently perverse character of the first families. At the time of which I write two "seions" of those pioneers, Lee Langford and his cousin, Thede De Graffenreid were notorious outlaws along the line of Texas and the Indian Territory, with headquarters near their old home in Thief Neck.

I remained in the Chickasaw Nation till the first days of 1881. At that time I left young Larkin and his mother on the old Doek Carter place and moved into Texas, stopping for the year at Wolf City.

During the spring of 1881, early one morning a prepossessing young man rode up to the gate of the old Carter residence and accosted a neighbor named Henry, who was a farm hand employed by young Larkin. He was leading a fine young horse, which he said he wanted to leave with the negro till he should return from a short trip into the Choektaw Nation. The pay being to the negro's satisfaction, the man rode away leaving the horse in Henry's care. When young Larkin came out and saw told of the matter he realized that a stolen horse had been left on Henry's

hands. Acting upon his first impulse, he carried the horse to Carpenters Bluff, two miles distant, on the Texas side of the river and telling the men of that place of the circumstances, he was advised that the horse had been stolen, and from the description of the stranger every one said he was Lee Langford.

Upon the advice of the business men of the place a notice was inserted in the Denison papers, with the hope of finding the owner. But days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months without one whisper from the owner of the horse or the thief who had left the animal with the negro, Henry.

Young Larkin was cautioned by every one to be on guard constantly, for, sooner or later, Langford and De Grafenreid would make a desperate effort to take the horse. Accordingly the animal at night was carried into the yard and locked to a large catawba tree at the window of the bedroom of young Larkin.

At that time I returned to the nation and stopped with Larkin and his mother in the old Carter house. Shortly after my return to the territory rumors were afloat that a band of horse thieves had come into the country, and were at that time encamped in a dense cedar brake near the farm of Colonel Lem Reynolds, a wealthy and prominent Chickasaw.

About ten days after that time I was under the necessity of going to Denison on business. I remained over night in the city. Late at night I met a man from the Nation who admonished me for being away from home at night and said that I had met Choctaw Bell as I came to Denison and had been recognized by him; that he did not harbor a doubt but that the band had already raided the place and carried away the horse and perhaps slain Larkin and the negro Henry.

About 3 o'clock the following morning I set out home and arrived at the ferry on the river at sunrise. When I reached that place I was told that the Dock Carter place had been raided by Lee Langford and his band and that young Larkin and a band of citizens from the Texas side of the river had had gone in pursuit of the gang.

Some time after midnight Lee Langford and his band had gone to the Carter place. Two with Winchesters in hand had gone to the rear of the hall-

way, two to the front of the door, while the fifth man, Mack Stephens, had boldly entered the hall and knocking on the door of Larkins' room, called on him to come to the door. Half asleep and thinking that it was I, just returning from Denison, the young man arose from the bed and staggered into the hall clad only in his night clothes. When he reached the hall he was covered with five guns in the hands of desperate and vindictive men. The leader ordered him to unlock the horse at once, and to facilitate his sluggish motions he was punched a number of times with the gun in the hands of his captors.

Having forced young Larkin to unlock the horse, the band mounted their horses and rode away, taking the old Fort Smith trail. Before leaving, however, the leader of the party in derision and contempt paid Larkin for the notice inserted in the newspapers and very plainly warned him not to stand in their way in the future.

As soon as the band left young Larkin rode with all speed to Carpenter's Bluff, aroused the little village and told the inhabitants of the attack. Within an hour some twelve or fifteen men, heavily armed and well mounted, crossed Red River and gave chase to the retreating band. The posse had been gone from the ferry about an hour when I arrived on the ground.

The news had traveled rapidly and soon there were scores of Indians on the ground ready to follow any leader in pursuit of the horse thieves. John Mashburn, a white man who had an Indian wife, was at that time sheriff of Panola County. When he reached Carpenter's Bluff he proceeded to select a posse of ten or twelve Indians and myself to go in pursuit of the outlaws.

The party of whites never succeeded in finding the trail of the fugitives, but crossed the bayou, the line between the Chickasaw and the Choctaw nation, entirely above the trail taken by Langford and his band, and continued the journey two days travel into the Choctaw nation without coming in contact with the thieves.

Early in the morning our party struck the trail of the band, leading between the bayou on one side and the river on the other. During the entire morning we followed the trail through the long prairie grass. As the noon hour ap-

proached we had reached a narrow nook of land covered with wild collards and sumae, lying between the creek and the river, about one mile from the confluence of the streams. Just as our party came around a grove of blackjacks and dwarf oaks we saw the band in a grove of trees busily engaged in preparing dinner. When Langford and his band saw us they caught up their guns and hastily took protection behind trees near their campfire. Realizing our danger, as if by a common impulse, our party left the horses and also enseeded ourselves behind small trees near us. Even before we reached the shelter of the trees we were greeted with a discharge of Winchester balls passing alarmingly near our heads. In less time than it takes to relate it the battle was on in earnest.

An arm, a hand, a foot or leg exposed for a fraction of a second was greeted with dozens of leaden missiles. During the fusillade I managed to empty my gun, the magazines of which carried sixteen cartridges. John Mashburn, Bud Kemp, Jim McLaughlin and Dave Kemp were busy with both guns and pistols.

Jim McLaughlin was a full-blood Choctaw. Having become desperate from the persistent firing of Langford and his band, he boldly stepped from the shelter of the tree and defied Lee Langford to single combat. At that moment Langford stepped from cover and discharged both barrels of a shotgun charged with heavy shot at the Choctaw.

Although the distance was more than 100 paces, one of the shot found lodgement in young McLaughlin's thigh. With an oath he fell and was unable to regain his feet. At that moment the entire band of thieves gave up their positions and fled precipitately to a deep ravine in the rear of their position some 10 or 12 rods. In the fight Langford's arm was broken by a Winchester ball. Wilbur was wounded in the hand. Maek Stephens was shot twice in one leg, above the knee. Choctaw Bell was shot in the back and Thede De Graffenreid escaped unhurt.

Following in hot pursuit, we reached the ravine after the fugitives had concealed themselves in the woods. Every horse and every man had escaped. After searching in vain for men and horses we

returned to the battle ground. We found McLaughlin able to ride home. After making a meal at the camp of the renegades we returned home.

When the Langford band reached the bushes they found that their horses had already retreated to the woods. Bell was desperately wounded. Realizing that his only hope lay in reaching a surgeon, he mounted the horse taken the night before from Larkin and made a reckless dash to go to Durant. When within a short distance of that place he reached an Indian's hut, where he died during the day. Maek Stephens and Wilbur lay concealed till the next day. A wagon loaded with lumber passing by on the way to Big Blue carried them away. In a short time Stephens was killed by a negro in Creek Nation. Thede DeGraffenreid made his way on foot to friends in Choctaw Nation, near Walnut Grove. He never returned to the Chickasaw Nation, nor to the sacred precincts of Thief Neck again.

Lee Langford was desperately wounded. He lay concealed in the thick growth of brushwood till late in the afternoon. Realizing that he must have human aid or die, he staggered to his feet and set out in quest of some human habitation. He had not gone far when he was picked up by a white man named Dodd, who had a Choctaw family, and carried to his house and such aid as they could give was extended to him.

As stated above, the party of which young Larkin was a member went two days journey down Red Rivet into the Choctaw Nation. On the third or fourth day, as they were returning, the men from Carpenter's Bluff stopped at Dodd's house. Upon learning who they were Dodd told the party that he had six or eight fine horses claimed by the thieves in his pasture and that Lee Langford was at that time in Dodd's house, wounded and well nigh dead.

Larkin and his party took possession of both Langford and the horses. Langford, notwithstanding the severity of his wound, was placed upon a horse and made to accompany the party from Carpenter's Bluff on the journey home.

When the captors reached home Lee Langford was given into the hands of the sheriff of Grayson County and incarcerated in Sherman jail. The wound proved so severe that it was necessary

(Continued on Page 31)

Old Timer Tells of Rip-Roaring Days

George D. Dacy in Dearborn Independent.

In the days when Arizona and New Mexico were the praetic grounds for ranching, prospecting, stock-running and outlawry, two important articles were found among the equipment of most every horseman who rode the plains and highlands.

A well-oiled six-shooter strapped in a holster to the belt of the cowman, rancher or prospector was his chief means of defense against human enemies. A rope of about thirty feet made of horse and cow hair was carried coiled on his saddle and used as a lariat and source of protection against rattlesnakes at night.

Now do not make the mistake and think that the homespun lariat was used for lassoing poisonous snakes, for it has been but rarely that a rope has been devoted to such a purpose in the West. A centuryold tradition of the range country is the belief that one of these hair ropes looped around the spot where the westerner sleeps rolled in his blankets is an efficient safeguard against rattlesnakes.

Thousands and thousands of cowboys, packers, trailers, trappers, Indian scouts and soldiers have availed themselves of this precaution during the countless nights that they have slept stretched out of the ground with the stars in the sky as the illuminators of their outdoor bedchambers. The supposition has been that the rattlesnake would never pass over a hair rope. Like the origin of many another superstition, the birthplace of this one has never been found.

Will C. Barnes, of Washington, who has charge of the grazing of 10,000,000 head of livestock on the 110,000,000 acres of range in our national forests, is the first man to test out and disprove this theory. This man Barnes at one time or another experienced every thrill and danger which the Far West has to offer. Forty four years ago he was mili-

tary telegraph operator at Fort Apache in the heart of the most dangerous Indian territory in Arizona. Soldier Barnes was awarded the Congressional medal of honor for running the Indian lines on one hazardous occasion and bringing back succor to the garrison which was surrounded by bloodthirsty savages.

Thereafter, Barnes served as a cowboy and made the mighty leap from cowpuncher to wealthy rancher. His 7,000 head of cattle ranged a territory of 200 square miles. He served in the Arizona state legislature for one term. A terrible drouth ruined his herd and the influx of sheep ranchers forced Barnes to migrate to New Mexico. In those days, New Mexico was the wildest and wooliest part of our western frontier. The territory was the dumping grounds for outlaws and outcasts of civilization. The Texas Rangers drove the riff-raff out of the Lone Star State into New Mexico. The sheriffs in Arizona chased their criminals and bandits over the state line. It was under these turbulent conditions of hell-roaring ranch life that Barnes lived, won success and was elevated to the position of assemblyman in the New Mexico legislature.

Will Barnes was once a member of a posse that pursued some of the most des-



Deadly Diamond Back Rattler.

perate gangsters of the notorious "Al" Jennings band. On this search for four hours one day an outlaw kept his rifle pointed at Barnes' heart, waiting for the rancher to step over a certain mark. Barnes knew nothing of the hidden cave in which the criminals were concealed. He passed close to their ambush but did not step over the imaginary line which the leader of the gang had specified. That was the closest call to death which Barnes ever experienced. It was not until years after when the outlaws were finally rounded up that Barnes learned of the unseen danger that had threatened him.

It was while living in Arizona that Will Barnes, well acquainted with the friendly Hopi, Navajo and Apache Indians of that region, opened an extraordinary curio shop. He specialized in the sale of Indian basketry, blankets, moccasins, and other art work. One day an Indian brought in a couple of rattlesnakes. Barnes had no use for the reptiles, but being afraid to offend the red man he finally purchased the rattlers at twenty-five cents apiece. This Indian told all his friends about the sale. Soon Barnes was overrun with rattlers. He was literally forced into the rattlesnake business as a side line.

There was but one possible outlet for the profitable marketing of the dangerous reptiles—to advertise in some magazine in the east. That is what Barnes did. As a result, he sold thousands of rattlesnakes to scientists and showmen in all parts of America and in most foreign countries. He capitalized on a novel opportunity and made a successful go of the snake-selling enterprise. In time he added Gila monsters to his market menagerie. It was seldom that the Barnes store had less than a dozen Gila monsters and a half-hundred adult rattlers on hand.

A half-dozen of the largest and finest rattlers were displayed in a glass case in front of the store, the balance of the reptiles being kept out of sight in secure cages. Will Barnes latterly told the writer about a Frenchman, an amateur naturalist and scientist, who came regularly to the shop. The Frenchman visited the Hopi Indian Reservation during their celebrated snake-dance ceremonies and there carefully studied the methods which the redskins used in handling and charming the snakes.

The foreigner finally returned to Phoenix and subsequently boasted that he

could handle the rattlesnakes as expertly as any of the Indians. At that time, Mr. Barnes had a Diamond Back rattler, six feet long and four inches in diameter at the "waist," on display in the glass cage. This variety is the most surly and savage of all rattlers. One day the Frenchman, using a special snake remover which Mr. Barnes had devised, lifted the snake from the box despite the protests of the bystanders and owner of the store.

The would-be snake expert laid the great reptile on the floor and teased it until it struck savagely and threw itself forward about half its full length. The Frenchman caught the snake by the back of its head as it lay extended and lifted it from the ground exactly as the Hopi Indians would have done. The infuriated snake made a din with its rattles and writhed and coiled its body about like mad. Finally, it wrapped several coils around the man's arm and secured purchase enough so that it could again strike despite the fact that he held its head as tightly as he was able. The fangs penetrated the man's hand between the thumb and forefinger. A tourniquet was quickly twisted around the Frenchman's wrist, the fang of the snake was removed from his hand with a knife; the wound was thoroughly slashed and sucked to extract the poison. Two doctors were summoned at once and did all possible for the victim. Their efforts were of no avail and within a day the man died after suffering terrible agony. Mr. Barnes also told me of another instance where a Phoenix lawyer, while visiting a famous Arizona hot springs, slept in a primitive adobe hut. He jumped out of bed one morning—and stepped on a "horned" or "side-winder" rattler coiled on a rug. The snake bit the lawyer in the instep and despite every effort of medical science to save him, the victim died within eight hours.

G. W. James, author and explorer, came to Phoenix one time expressly to study the rattlesnakes which Mr. Barnes then had on hand. He was experimenting to develop an efficient antidote for rattlesnake poison. Finally, Mr. Barnes consented to allow the scientist to extract some poison from the reptiles. The snake owner tells what followed:

"Mr. James grabbed an active Diamond Back rattler five and one-half feet in length from the cage. The snake showed fight. It opened its mouth to the uttermost extent, the jaws almost at

right angles to the body, the ugly fangs unhinged and erect, the enveloping sheath slowly receding from them. Meantime, the snake apparently was slipping slightly through the scientist's thumb and finger which encircled its head. Suddenly, with lightning-like rapidity, the rattler gave its head a peculiar twist which threw the upper jaw into such a position as to allow it to make a sideswipe at the lower part of Mr. James' thumb. Only one fang touched the flesh but so strong was the stroke that the needle-like weapon tore a sliding gash an inch long and three-quarters of an inch deep in the member.

"James did not lose his nerve but retained his tight grip on the snake's head which he manipulated in such a manner as to enable him to secure one-half a teaspoonful of poison from one fang. This poison he placed in a tiny vial. His thumb and wrist were drenched with the poison but he showed the spectators that it had come entirely from the fang that caused the wound. He pried the snake's mouth open and pointed to the empty poison sack on the one side and the full on the other. Previously the common belief had been that the ejection of the poison had been involuntary so far as the rattler was concerned—that every time the rattler struck and sank its fangs the poison streamed into the wound. Scientist James contends, however, that the snake absolutely controls the ejection of poison.

"Wounded though he was, the scientist in James was stronger than the fear of a fatal result. It was not until he finished his scientific inspection that he tossed aside the rattler and submitted to having the wound dressed. A tourniquet was placed at the elbow. Liberal applications of permanganate of potash and very hot water were then flooded over the wound. Bluish discoloration soon set in accompanied by terrific pains and soreness. For several days James was very ill and it was two months before he regained full use of his hand and arm. The after-results were singular. For the next eighteen months James' stomach swelled and solidified every sixty to ninety days. For several days the scientist would suffer great agony and then the pain would cease. It was only after taking a course of mud baths at a famous mud springs that the attacks ceased."

There is a case on record in Arizona where a rattler bit a Mexican boy. The lad lost his power of speech as a result. Each year on the date of the original bite, he would wander away to the desert where he would play with bugs, toads and lizards. For a day or so the boy seemed to lose his mind and forget all humanity. It is quite likely while in his subnormal condition he handled and played with dangerous snakes.

Mr. Barnes' familiarity with rattlesnakes has made him an amateur authority on those reptiles. He says that the fangs of the rattlers are sharp as needles and are hollow. The poison is forced from the storage sac through the thread-like opening into the wound made by the fang. Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, an eminent expert on rattlers, reports that the snakes usually carry eight to ten reserve fangs. The hiss of the rattler is caused by the air expelled from its body toward its victim. Like flies, rattlesnakes are viviparous and bring forth their young alive. The first button or rattle is present when the snake is born. Captive rattlesnakes at the age of sixteen months have been found to have six rattles. Subsequently, one or two rattles fall off each time the snake sheds its skin. They are easily injured or broken from the body. The rattles bear no relation whatsoever to the age of the snake.

J. B. Milam of Dripping Springs, Texas, has in his possession a fine old gun which belonged to his great uncle, Ben Milam, the hero of San Antonio. The old gun was made 94 years ago, but it is still in excellent condition and shoots accurately. It is a splendid piece of workmanship, is mounted with silver ornaments of elaborate design. Masonic emblems being conspicuous among these ornaments. The genuineness of the Ben Milam possession can easily be proven, as the gun has been in the family ever since Old Ben Milam was killed in San Antonio, alleges the present owner. It is a valuable relic and should be placed in some of our state museums. Mr. Milam says he might induce to part with the old gun for a certain consideration.

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Early Courtship and Marriage in Texas

The following was written by Newton C. Dinean of Wheelock, Texas, and was read at the meeting of the Old Settlers' Association of Bell county in November, 1904:

In 1837, after the Mexican war, our land office reopened, having been closed during the war. Congress met and enacted a law granting to every man who was the head of a family, and who had an honorable discharge from the army, a league of land. But this condition was to last for only a short time.

To give a correct idea of courtship at that time, and of marriage also, I must have a beginning corner. In most cases the engagements were made at the cow pen gate. Many of the men lived in camp, and being bashful, did not have the courage to visit the girls at the houses, but went instead to the cowpen where they would find the girls milking.

Of course after the law giving land to married men was passed, every man, young and old, who did not have a wife started out in search of one. Soon all the girls were either married or engaged, some marrying as young as twelve years of age. One young man, whom we will call Sam, came in from army rather late, and like all the others, started out to hunt a wife, but all his girl friends were either engaged or married except one, a widow, Mrs. Sikes. Later he found a girl named Lizzie who was, he decided, to be preferred to Mrs. Sikes, so one morning he started out courting and found Lizzie at the cow pen. He rode up, said "good morning" and dismounted. Lizzie shutting the gate on him and compelled him to stand on the outside. He told her he had come on important business and wanted to talk to her, offering her all the inducements he could to marry him, telling her about the land they would get. But she did not give him much encouragement, saying she too had urgent business, that of milking about thirty cows, so they could have a cheese to cut by Thursday. (This meant a dance and general good time in those days.) Sam urged his case and told her there was no one left except the widow and herself.

"Well, why didn't you take the widow, Sam?" asked Lizzie.

"Wa'al I had some serious objections," said Sam.

"What are they?" inquired Lizzie.

"Wa'al, I found on close examination she had lost an eye; then she's red-headed, roman-nosed, and worse than all, she smokes a gourd-neck pipe that will hold half a plug of tobacco, and I have always had a horror of being burnt."

"Sam," said Lizzie, "your judgement's good on that. An' I've been thinking something about getting married an' I reckon I had just as well begin talking about it now as any time. But before I make you any promises, you've got to make me three promises; first, that you won't drink whiskey; second, that you won't gamble, and last that you won't ride a pitching horse."

"Wa'al," said Sam, "to the two first I can easily promise, but as to the last I don't know sowell. I've already promised Major Golden to catch some buffalo calves for him next spring, and mighty nigh all his horses pitch."

When Lizzie reached the house she discussed the matter with the old folks and got their consent to the marriage. Then Sam was called in and they set the wedding day, agreeing on Thursday, the day for the cheese cutting, as the guests were already invited. Ladies must have been held in higher esteem then than now judging from the cost of marrying, as it took ten dollars then to get married. This couple was to be married by the first county judge of Robertson county, Massilon Farley, and the question now with Sam was how he could raise that ten dollars. He went to the judge and asked him if he would accept an order on a country store nearby. The judge said "yes that would do;" so then Sam went to the merchant to make some arrangement with him to pay this order, and the merchant finally agreed to take deer hides, and if he could not kill enough deer a few coon skins to finish out. So all Sam's friends rallied to help him kill his necessary number of deer and coons. When the skins were carried in there was lacking one in number, but one of the crowd had carried an opossum skin, and having on a coonskin cap, he cut the tail off his cap, fastened it to the 'possum skin, and this went in for change. This seemed to be satisfactory to the merchant, so Sam got his order and carried it to the judge. The marriage took place at the appointed time.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

SECOND INSTALLMENT

A day or so after our return to Quintana, the officer in command of the Invincible was instructed to take our company on board and to sail immediately for Copano, on Aransas bay, where we were to disembark and march from thence to Goliad. It was rumored that a considerable force had already been concentrated at that point, under the command of Col. J. W. Fannin, destined for the invasion of the border states of Mexico, and of course we surmised that our company would form a part of the invading army.

We set sail about dark, and a brisk norther springing up, by daylight the next morning we were in sight of Aransas Pass, which we shortly entered without difficulty, and cast anchor in a secure harbor behind the southwest point of Matagorda island. This harbor has been, in times past, a rendezvous for the vessels of the famous pirate, Lafitte. On the island the embarkments around his old camping grounds or fortifications were still visible, and along the beach were many posts yet standing with iron rings affixed to them, which undoubtedly had been used for securing the small boats that plied between the vessels and the shore. "The pass" was known then only to Lafitte and his followers, and here in security they could repair their vessels, supply them with wood and water, and divide among themselves the spoils of their piratical expeditions. On the east end of Galveston Island they had a similar place of rendezvous, near where the city now stands, and the remains of their fortifications could be plainly seen when I first landed on the island, in 1837. A few years ago while excavating sand near these old fortifications some workmen found a considerable amount of old Spanish coin, buried no doubt by some pirate on the eve of his departure upon some marauding expedition, from which probably he never returned.

We remained on the island several days, passing the time very pleasantly hunting and fishing, and gathering oysters, which were abundant in the bay, and when we embarked on board of a small vessel for Copano, which at that time was the principal port of Southwest Texas. In a

few hours we reached the port, and landing, we pitched our tents on the bluff just back of it. Here we found a company of Texas Rangers who had been on frontier service for six months during all of which time they had not seen a morsel of bread. They had subsisted solely on beef and the game they killed. We gave them a part of the "hard tack" we had brought with us, and though worm-eaten and musty, they devoured it with as keen a relish as if it had been the choicest delicacy. Although they had had no bread for so long a time, they were healthy and in "good order," which convinces me that Byron was right in saying that man was a carnivorous animal, and would bear vegetables "only in a grumbling way"—especially beans.

From Copano (which consisted mainly of a warehouse and a large tank of fresh water) we took up the line of march for Refugio, distant about twenty miles. It is situated on a little stream called Mission River, near the banks of which we pitched our tents, just before sunset. Refugio at that time contained about two dozen adobe huts (inhabited by a mixed population of Irish and Mexicans), and an old, dilapidated church, built, I was told, the same year that Philadelphia was founded. A few months subsequently Refugio was the scene of a hard fought battle between thirty-five Americans under Capt. King, and a large body of Mexican cavalry.

The old church, where King and his men defended themselves for some time against a host of Mexicans, when I last saw it, still showed evidence of the severity of the conflict in its battered walls and its roof perforated with shot from the Mexican artillery.

Observing a number of fat cows in the vicinity of the village, I concluded to go out and forage for a little of the "lacteal fluid," of which we had not had a drop since leaving Kentucky. So taking a camp kettle in my hand I went to the nearest house and inquired of a woman standing at the door, if she had any milk for sale. "Faith, and I have," said she "any kind you may want,

swate milk, butter milk, elabber milk and blue john." I told her I would take some of the "swate," whereupon she led me to a small out-house, in which were a number of pans filled with milk. Selecting one containing the "swate," she rolled up her sleeves and deliberately proceeded to skim it with her hand, which looked to me to have been unacquainted with soap and water for some time past. When she had finished skimming the milk in this primitive fashion, she poured the contents of the pan into my camp kettle, at the same time saying, "There my little mon, there's a pan of milk for yez that's fit for the Pope of Room, Heaven protect His Holin-ss." I said nothing, though like the owl I did a good deal of thinking, paid for the milk and returned to the camp, where my hungry messmates speedily emptied the kettle wondering that I took coffee in preference to nice new milk. I told them of the skimming process I had witnessed, but men in camp are not usually very "squeamish," and they merely said "that what would not poison would fatten;" that they had to "eat their peck of dirt anyhow," and the sooner they got through with the job the better.

The next morning we continued our march for Goliad, about thirty miles distant, but as we got a late start we only made twenty miles or so by sunset, and pitched camp near a pool of fresh water, under the shelter of some spreading oak trees. Here we found encamped a band of the Caranchua tribe of Indians, at that time professing to be friendly to the Americans. We were told that these Indians were cannibals, that they always devoured the prisoners they took in their conflicts with their enemies. They were the largest Indians I have ever seen, scarcely a man among them being less than six feet high, and many of them over six feet. The men were entirely naked, saving a breech cloth fastened around the waist, and being hideously painted, one can readily imagine that they presented a most ferocious and savage appearance. Their language was the most peculiar jargon of guttural sounds I ever heard, the words seeming to be articulated by some spasmodic action of the throat without any aid from the tongue or lips. They were armed with long lances, bows and arrows, and a few with old flint-lock muskets.

These Indians some time afterwards captured several Americans and killed and "barbecued" them, which so enraged the settlers that they organized an expedition against them and succeeded in exterminating the whole tribe with the exception of a small remnant that fled to Mexico. These Caranchuas, I believe, were the only Indians known to be cannibals, on the North American continent.

Along the whole route from Copano to where we were encamped, we had seen great numbers of deer, sometimes as many as two or three hundred in a drove, and so unused to being hunted or disturbed by man, that even when we approached within a few yards of them they showed no signs of fear. Of course we had no difficulty in getting fresh meat whenever we wanted it. Once, too, at the distance of a half mile we saw a large drove of mustangs, but they were much wilder than the deer, for when several of us attempted to approach them, they circled around us out of range of our rifles, every now and then stopping a moment, stamping and snorting, until at last one of them that seemed to be the leader of the drove, started off at full speed, the rest following, in a short time nothing but a cloud of dust indicated the direction they had taken. Some years subsequent to this, a company of rangers to which I belonged, when in pursuit of Indians in the country between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers, met with a drove of mustangs so large that it took us fully an hour to pass it, although they were traveling at a rapid rate in a direction nearly opposite to the one we were going. As far as the eye could extend on a dead level prairie, nothing was visible but a dense mass of horses, and the trampling of their hoofs sounded like the roar of the surf on a rocky coast. Most persons probably would be inclined to doubt this "horse story", and consider it one to be told to the "horse marines" alone; yet it is literally true, and many are still living who were with me at the time, who can testify that my statement is in no manner exaggerated.

During the night a norther came up, but as we were well protected by thick timber, which afforded plenty of fuel for our fires, we managed to keep pretty comfortable. These "northers", as they are called in Texas, are winds that spring up suddenly from the North, during the

winter season, sometimes "dry," at other times accompanied with rain or sleet. At first they blow with considerable violence, but gradually subside in the course of two or three days, and are followed usually by a week or so of clear pleasant weather. To travelers unprepared to them they are very disagreeable visitants, and instances have been known of persons freezing to death in them when caught out in the open prairies where there was no shelter from the wind nor means of making a fire.

Early the next morning we took the road for Goliad again, and in the course of three or four hours we came in sight of the dome of the old mission. Not long afterwards we entered the town and took up quarters in an empty stone building near the old church. Here we found about four hundred men under the command of Colonel J. W. Fannin, the force with which it was destined to invade the border States of Mexico.

Goliad, at the time we arrived there, contained a population of about two thousand Mexicans who were professedly friendly to the Texans, but who afterwards, when Santa Anna invaded the country, proved to be their most vindictive foes. I must, however, make an exception in favor of the "Senoritas," who generally preferred the blue-eyed, fair complexioned young saxons to their copper-colored beaux.

The lands around the place are rich and productive, and the locality (though we did not find it so) is a healthy one. Thousands of fat beeves roamed the prairies in its vicinity, and as corn could be had in abundance upon the neighboring ranches, we were well supplied with provisions. Besides, when the Texans took possession of the place, several months previous to our arrival, a large amount of sugar and coffee was found in the Mexican commissary department, which, of course, we did not scruple to appropriate to our own use.

In order to render his little force as effective as possible, when the time for action should come, Colonel Fannin ordered daily drills, which were my detestation and from which I invariably absented myself whenever I had a pretext for doing so. I greatly preferred hunting deer on the prairie and attending the "fandangos" or dances that took place daily and nightly in one part of the town or the other.

But few events occurred to vary the daily routine of our life at Goliad. The following, however, I will mention: Our company was detailed on one occasion to go to San Patricio, an Irish settlement about fifty miles southwest from Goliad, for the purpose of securing a couple of field pieces left there by the Mexicans. This we accomplished without difficulty, and without any opposition, although our scouts informed Colonel Fannin that a considerable force of Mexican guerillas was in the vicinity of the place.

On another occasion our company was detailed to march to Carlos Ranch, a Mexican village about twenty miles below Goliad, with instructions to arrest certain of the inhabitants, who, it was ascertained, were constantly transmitting intelligence of our movements to Santa Anna, and among the number was the old padre or priest of the village. In order that the Mexicans might not suspect our object and frustrate our plans by giving the padre and his friends timely warning of our intentions, we left the town quietly after dark in the opposite direction to the one we designed taking. When safe beyond observation, we turned our course down the river, and making a forced march, we reached the village a little before daylight and surrounded it without alarming any of the inhabitants. A detachment then entered the padre's house, and caught the bird in his nest, together with five or six other suspicious characters (supposed to be his couriers, as in fact they were), and the whole of them were "bagged" without alarming any of the people in the village. Having thus accomplished our object we marched to a point on the river about a quarter of a mile above, where we halted in a grove to rest and prepare something for breakfast. Placing a guard over the padre and his couriers, we stacked our guns and soon every one was busily engaged in cooking such "grub" as we had in our knapsacks. By this time the sun had risen, and we were just seating ourselves on the grass around the scanty fare we had prepared for our breakfast (consisting of hard tack, jerked beef and the inevitable coffee), when our attention was drawn to shrieks and doleful cries in the direction of the village, and seeing a crowd of people coming from it towards us, we hastily sprang to our guns, thinking the Mexicans were about

to make an attempt to rescue the prisoners, but as the crowd drew nearer, we saw that it was composed mostly of women and children. It seems that they had just found out that we had captured their Reverend padre, and they were coming to bid him farewell and obtain his parting blessing.

I had heard that the Mexicans were completely under the control of their priests, but I had but a faint conception of the fact until I witnessed the scene that ensued. As they came up the women knelt at his feet, weeping and mourning, and kissed his hand and even the hem of his priestly robes. Presently another crowd of women came from the village, bringing with them plates filled with hot "tortillas," pots of coffee, "dulces," etc., intended for the padre's breakfast, and that of the other prisoners, and when they deposited them on the grass before them we took possession of them as the "legitimate spoils of war" and found they were much better than our course of hard tack and dried beef. Such conduct on our part, I admit, bordered closely on the "sacrilegious," but then you must remember we had been marching all night and of course were very hungry—and as the Mexicans said themselves, "what better could you expect from 'Gringos' and heretics."

Seeing that the Rev. padre would have but little chance to get his breakfast until we had ours, the women continued to bring in fresh supplies of eatables as fast as we disposed of them. Finally however, when our hunger was appeased, the Rev. padre and his couriers had a show at what was left.

In the vicinity of the place where we had halted, we noticed a large "corral" in which several hundred head of mustangs were penned. We were tired of "trudging" on foot, and concluded we would "press into service (a military term for appropriating property belonging to others), a sufficient number of these mustangs to mount the whole company. Accordingly we compelled the Mexicans to rope and equip with saddles and bridles about fifty of them. We were all I suppose pretty good horsemen, as the term is understood in the "old States," but we knew that these mustangs were only partially broken to the saddle, and we anticipated having some fun when we mounted them—though nothing like as much as we really got, for at the time, we were totally ignorant

of that peculiar trick of mustangs called "pitching," by which they manage almost invariably to get rid of a "green" rider. When the mustangs with considerable difficulty, after roping them closely to trees, had all been saddled and bridled, at the word of command, we mounted (except five or six who failed to do so) and the next instant a scene of horses kicking, rearing and plunging ensued, of which only a confused recollection remained upon my mind, and in less time than it takes me to tell it, we were all put "hors de combat," (no pun intended.)

As for the part I took individually in this equestrian performance, I have only to say that I had hardly seated myself in the saddle, when my unruly steed came down on his stiffened fore legs with such force, that if "next week" had been lying on the ground ten or fifteen feet ahead of me, I would certainly have knocked out the middle. I was partially stunned by the fall but soon rose to my feet, and was much relieved and consoled looking round, to find that all the rest had been served in the same way, except one rider who managed to stick upon his horse in spite of all the animal's efforts to get rid of him. The Mexicans no doubt had purposely selected the wildest horses in the corral, and it is probable the most of them had never been backed half a dozen times even by the rancheros themselves, who are unsurpassed by any people in horsemanship. I am confident that the padre and his flock enjoyed this equestrian performance much more than the actors, but as heretofore the laugh had been all on our side, we did not blame them for the pleasure they took in our discomfort. However, we concluded to dispense with our unmanageable steeds, "unpressed" them by restoring them to their lawful owners, and resumed our march on foot for Goliad. The Mexican padre was sent to San Felipe on the Brazos, where he was securely caged until Santa Anna and his army were defeated and driven from Texas. He had the reputation of being a great scoundrel and an inveterate gambler, and his sinister countenance did not belie "the soft impeachment." I will do him justice however, to say that we were indebted to him for the best breakfast we had eaten since landing in Texas. Peace to his ashes.

(Continued Next Month)

Bill Anderson of the Quantrell Band

Henry C Fuller, in San Antonio Express, August 24, 1924.

Six miles from Brownwood, on the banks of Salt Creek, a pretty stream that flows between rocky banks through pecan groves and lovely valleys to the Colorado River, lives Uncle Bill Anderson, now 85 years old, and one time member of the famous Quantrell band of guerrillas. The writer formed the acquaintance of Uncle Bill about five years ago, when he came to this part of Texas and has spent many hours talking to him about the stirring days of the past, at his home on Salt Creek. Uncle Bill, as everybody knows him, is a familiar figure on the streets of Brownwood on Saturdays, and spends most of his time when in town at the court house, conversing with old time friends and acquaintances. He seldom talks about his connection with the famous band of William Quantrell, and it is only to the closest friends that he talks at all on the subject.

He joined Quantrell at the beginning of the tragic career of that stormy petrel of the Civil War and was with him in practically all his raids against the armies of the Union. Uncle Bill Anderson is supposed to be dead, and the official reports in the office of the Secretary of War at Washington, signed by Maj. Cox of the Union army, show that he was killed in Ray county, Missouri, about the close of the Civil War, and was buried near where he was killed.

In a book written some time ago by a man named Connelley, who is now president of the Kansas Historical Society, at Topeka, Kansas, pains are taken to show just how Bill Anderson was killed by Union soldiers. The story is that on a certain occasion while Anderson with a small band of guerrillas was raiding Ray county, Missouri, far removed from the main band under Quantrell, the Union forces found it out and sent Major Cox with a detachment of soldiers and under sealed orders to go to Ray county, and Cox was not to open his orders until he had reached a certain locality, which he was to do by night, using the utmost secrecy and stealth in doing so and not intimating to his men where he was going.

Major Cox followed the directions, and on reaching the lonely spot in Ray county, he opened his orders and was surprised that they told him he was now in the immediate vicinity of the camp of Bill

Anderson, right hand man of Quantrell, and that while most of his men were to ambush or conceal themselves behind a fence on both sides of a long lane that opened from a wooded area, a small detachment was to go forward, locate the band of Anderson and as soon as they had done so, beat a hasty retreat, running back through the lane, and the rest of the men under Cox were to fire upon the the guerrillas and kill them as they came by. The plan worked fine, and when the scouts located Bill Anderson, Anderson's men gave immediate pursuit, but Anderson himself did not go. However, one of his lieutenants mounted on the fine horse of Anderson had joined in the chase. Every man was killed in ambush in the lane, just as the orders of Cox anticipated, and the one on the big horse known to belong to Anderson, was taken for Anderson.

As soon as Bill Anderson heard the shooting he knew that an ambuscade had told the story, and mounting another horse in camp, he plunged into the woods and escaped. This was his last escapade of the war. Leaving Missouri, he rode southward and kept on riding, riding, until he reached Texas, and then he rode on and on, intending to go to Mexico and locate there. By and by he reached the lovely valley of Salt Creek, in what is now Brown county. Nobody lived here then, and once in awhile roving bands of Indians passed through the country. It was a charming place and on the extreme feather edge of things. Bluebonnets were in bloom as far as the eye could see. Antelope and deer and an occasional buffalo and wild turkeys and prairie chickens added to the interest and beauty of the landscape. Through this lovely valley the little stream that Uncle Bill named Salt Creek wended its way, between great groves of pecan trees.

In the distance great hills formed an attractive and satisfactory background. As Bill Anderson, then a young man, looked upon the peaceful scene, far removed from strife and from human habitation, he made up his mind at once to go no further in search of a place in which to locate and build a home. So tethering his horse in the midst of as fine grass as was ever tasted by the equine species, and after broiling a fine steak from a

deer which he had shot, the wanderer spread his blanket and with his saddle under his head was soon sleeping quietly, and dreaming perhaps of the stirring days with Quantrell back in Missouri. On the following day he rode up and down the valley and at last selected the place on which to build his house.

The house was built of logs—a double-roomed affair, and still stands, although he has added to it as the years have passed, covering it by and by with lumber hauled on ox wagons from Fort Worth. He built a rock chimney that is the wonder now of the surrounding country, because of the great size of the fireplace. In time Uncle Bill married and children came to bless the union, as the old saying goes. These children grew to manhood and womanhood, married, and are living now in Brown county, all good people and doing their part toward making the world and humanity better in every way. Several years ago Uncle Bill's faithful wife died and since that time when not living alone he has had some of his children and their family in the house with him. His farm is one of the best in Brown county, level, productive, and on it something worth while is always growing.

Uncle Bill Anderson is fond of jokes and tells many on himself. Years ago when Brownwood was "wet" he came to town one day and was summoned to sit on the jury in a case in justice court. He went to the courtroom, which was crowded, and after sitting there a long time, and no case being called, whispered to a man who sat near and said:

"I have to step out a few minutes. If my name is called you answer for me; take my place and hold it until I get back."

Knowing Bill Anderson, the man answered that he would do so, and Anderson left the court room. Presently the case was called and as the list of jurors was announced and called one by one, the man got up and walked around and took a seat in place of Bill Anderson, who had stepped out. Anderson, on getting out of doors, ran into a bunch of convivial spirits who steered him to a saloon, where, after taking a drink or so and telling a few jokes, time passed on velvet wings, the case at the court house being entirely forgotten. Two hours later Anderson suddenly recalled that he had been summoned to sit on the jury and hastily

made his way to the court house, and was told as he met the crowd coming out that the man had been tried and found not guilty, nobody being the wiser.

On another occasion when he was living alone, he was taken sick. He lay on the bed two or three days thinking he would get better. His nearest neighbor was two miles distant. He got no better and one night he decided he must have medical attention, so picking two pistols of different calibre, he opened a window and fired the pistols alternately, as if two or more men were engaged in a battle to the death. Then he loaded and emptied the guns again. It was after midnight and the fusilade sent echoes reverberating up and down Salt Creek canyons. Neighbors, awakened by the shots, sprang from bed and hastily put on their clothes with one exclamation:

"By gatlins, they have come after Uncle Bill at last and he is surely mixing it with them," and grabbing their guns, they made for his house. Arriving in the neighborhood from several directions, several neighbors met and crept through the night silently toward the house of their friend. All was dark—not a light, not a sound, save the wind sweeping through the dry sedge-grass or rustling the limbs of the mesquite. It was apparently the stillness of death. But suddenly the fusilade opened up again and fire flashed from two guns in one of the windows of the house, until about ten shots had shattered the silence of the night. Then all was silent again and presently one of the neighbors crept to the back door and knocked until a voice—that of Uncle Bill—was heard feebly in an adjoining room.

"What is the matter, Uncle Bill?" the neighbor asked.

"What is the matter?" answered Uncle Bill from his bed. "By—I am a sick man and I want somebody to get a doctor for me. It is careless of neighbors to let a man lie here and die. Get me a doctor and get him quick. I was firing the pistols in order to get somebody to come here and get a doctor for me." It is needless to say that Uncle Bill got a doctor and got him as quickly as a man could ride to Brownwood.

Uncle Bill Anderson for 60 years has been a good man and citizen. His place is known for and wide. He is hospitable, kind and gentle. He has raised a fine family of children and grandchildren.

E. M. Phelan Kills a Big Indian Chief

A. J. Sowell, in El Paso Times, 1912

In the spring of 1870 the Indians made a raid into Llano county and stole some horses from cowhunters who were camped on Sandies Creek and the cow boys at once sent a runner to a settlement on Pecan bayou, telling the people there to look out for the Indians as they were headed in that direction. A squad of twelve settlers soon assembled, gathering in the night, and early next morning set out to see what signs they could find of the Indians.

The names of this band of young Indian fighters were as follows: John Baehs, Gum Phillips, E. Phillips, E. M. Phelan, Sant Baeus, John Reams, Ralph Haynes, Eli Sheeley, Ben Gibson, James Harrington, Deeve Harrington, Ross Daniels and James Daniels.

The first thing they did was to proceed to a high ridge known as Mesquite Hill, which they ascended. There they watched until noon, as the Indians, during a raid in this part of the country generally passed near this place either coming in or going out, but as no signs of them could be seen up to this time the boys concluded they had passed another way and left this elevated lookout and went into a chain of mountains on the headwaters of Cypress creek, in Blanco county, about twelve miles north of Johnson City and thirty-five miles east of Fredericksburg. Here the trail of the Indians was found and also about that time a heavy rain set in, but this latter fact was to the advantage of the settlers, as they could follow the trail rapidly, sometimes at a gallop where the horses of the Indians sank deeply in the soft earth.

Several miles were passed over in this way when suddenly and sharply someone cried out, "Yonder they are!" The Indians were on a high point in a liveoak thicket, dismounted, and their blankets and other things spread out drying, as the rain had ceased and the sun was shining. They were evidently intending to make a raid on a little village called Round Mountain, as it was in view some distance off in the valley.

The order, "Charge them, boys!" was given, and away they went yelling like a band of Comanches themselves, but at the thicket they divided, some going on

the left and some into the thicket, while E. M. Phelan went to the right alone. Before he made the circle around he met part of the Indians running from the other boys and at once charged them and commenced using his Winchester. They ran down a steep hill and he followed, and as they crossed a deep gulley he dismounted and ran his arm through the bridle, intending to try to kill one as they went up on the other side, but the horse, being frightened, kept running backward, and spoiling his aim, so he mounted again, crossed the ravine and followed them.

The Indians circled around a point and Phelan went over it and by that means gained some on them. None of the other boys were in sight and the brave young settler still kept after the Indians alone. They were running abreast and the chief was behind to the right of the others when Phelan made a run for him, the others seeming to be on faster horses than their chief.

Seeing now that he was the object of pursuit, the Comanche turned in the saddle and fired at his pursuer with a pistol and kept repeating it for some distance, but it seemed that he always fired before he got his pistol down low enough. Phelan watched him close and maneuvered his horse so as to spoil his aim as much as possible and at the distance of about thirty yards commenced shooting, both horses going at full speed neck and neck.

A ball hit the Indian near the backbone and came out on the left side, but he kept his saddle and again presented his pistol to fire, but before he could do so another ball went into the right side and came out on the left, near where the other made its exit. The Indian still stayed on his horse, fired again and ran on.

Phelan could not tell as yet whether his shots had been effective as the Indian showed no signs of weakening. Throwing another cartridge into his gun he determined to crowd close and ram the muzzle of his Winchester against the Indian and fire. The chief now checked his horse and jumped to the ground, pulled his saddle off with him. The saddle hung under the horse, frightening

the animal so that he ran away.

The Indian wheeled quickly to meet the white man with his pistol gripped in both hands and the muzzle of the gun and pistol almost touched. At this critical moment, however, Phelan's horse, seared at the Indian, and wheeled so suddenly that his rider came to the ground within ten feet of the Comanche, who fired but missed and then ran. Phelan regained his feet, pulled a revolver and fired, but missed, and the Indian turned again and faced him, but as he was about to fire suddenly fell backwards across his bow and quiver, throwing the pistol some distance. The settler approached him, drew his knife and leaned over and stabbed him several times and the Comanche chief was no more.

The victor now took the belt, pistol, quiver of arrows, etc., and walking about twenty steps pushed them under some bushes. He then went back and scalped the Indian and put the scalp in his pocket, caught his horse, mounted and galloped over a ridge to look for the other boys. He was two miles from where the fight commenced and the other men had been chasing the balance of the band in which they killed two and wounded several more. Phelan went to a house about two miles off and, finding two men there, returned with them to where the chase commenced and took the trail of the boys and the other Indians until they met the former on the back track. They did not know what had become of Phelan and supposed he had been killed somewhere in the thicket.

The party returned by a spot where a squaw was said to have been killed, but she was not there, although she had been shot in the breast, wrist and high. Her trail was taken down a rocky branch, many blood stains being visible until she was found hidden in the brush. Not knowing what defensive weapon she might have some one shot her dead as soon as she was discovered. The wounded squaw had gathered sticks and splintered her broken wrist.

From this place the party returned to the body of the Indian Phelan had killed and from there back to the liveoak thicket where the pursuit commenced. There they found the body of an Indian brave. Taking all things into consideration, the Comanches made a poor fight, but their bow strings might have been wet from

the recent rain and they did not have many firearms.

The chief that Phelan killed was a formidable looking fellow. He was dressed as follows: Pair of leggings, short jacket, headdress with buffalo horns on it, one horn painted red and the other black, one big plait of hair with clock wheels and different colored beads worked in it, three or four strips of red flannel hanging to the back of the headdress, a breastplate composed of ninety-six bones very white and strung in four rows, and a strip of leather running up between each row worked with different colored beads, one nice silver bracelet on his left wrist and a fine silver ring on his left hand and a string wrapped with some kind of white metal, and four common rings hanging in it on his right wrist; moccasins, beaded and fringed with a cross on each one, shield on left arm, bow, quiver, knife and white-handled pistol.

John Bacus killed one of the bucks and Gum Phillips killed the squaw.

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

HAUNTED HOUSE ON RED RIVER

(Continued From Page 19)

to amputate his arm. At the next term of district court in Grayson County he was tried and convicted for burglarizing a store several years prior to the time of which I write.

On the journey from Dodd's to his old home he made a full confession regarding the haunted house and the stolen horse. He said that he and his associates had rendezvoused for years at the Doek Carter home and till our coming had little trouble in keeping up a deterrent sentiment among the Indians of that locality.

The horse had been stolen near Granbury, Hood county, and though advertised for months the notice had never caught the eye of the owner.

Several years after this I met a number of the men who took part in this adventure and was told that Thede DeGraffenrei had never been seen in Grayson County and that Lee Langford was serving his time in the state prison at Huntsville. The friends of whom I speak also said that the old Carter mansion was burned a few years after it was vacated by us.

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By J. MARVIN HUNTER

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Herman Lehmann, the Indian.

Another book is to be issued from the Hunter printery, in Bandera. This time it is to be the life and experiences of Herman Lehmann, the Indian. J. Marvin Hunter will compile and edit this book, and it will be issued from the press some time in March. Herman Lehmann was captured by Apache Indians in Mason county when he was ten years old and spent four years with the tribe. He killed the chief who captured him and had to flee for his life, going into the mountains where he spent a year alone, and then went to the Comanches, with whom he spent four years, being restored to his people through the efforts of General McKenzie. Lehmann had become the wildest Indian of the tribe. He had forgotten his mother tongue, and when he was brought back to civilization he was not inclined to accept the white man's ways and had to be constantly guarded to prevent him from going back to his tribe. When he puts on his Indian garb today he looks like an Indian, talks like an Indian, is an Indian. His book will be full of thrills and excitement, for he tells how he endured the tortures and cruelty of his captors, how he learned to shoot the bow and arrow, how he made raids into the settlements killing white people and stealing horses from his own kin, tells of battles with the rangers and how he had hairbreadth escapes. His narratives are true and are borne out by men who were living and ranging on the frontier in those early days. At the Old Trail Drivers' reunion in San Antonio Lehmann and Captain J. B. Gillett met for the first time since they were engaged in battle on the Concho plains forty-nine years ago, Lehmann fighting with the Indians and Captain Gillett with the Rangers. Captain Gillett killed Lehmann's horse and came near capturing Lehmann. The story of this battle will be graphically told by these two men in the forthcoming book. It will be a volume of rare value and a contribution to frontier history that will be highly prized. Only a limited edition will be

printed at first, and it will sell for \$2.50 per copy. Advance orders may be sent to J. Marvin Hunter at Bandera now, and delivery will be made as soon as the book is ready. Send no money till you have been notified that the book has been issued, but send in your name and address and the book will be mailed to you C. O. D. when off the press.

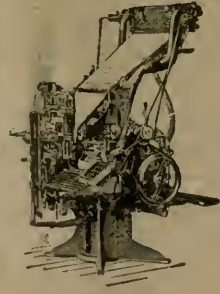
The Trail Drivers' Reunion.

The Old Time Trail Drivers' annual reunion was held in San Antonio November 6, 7, and 8, and was attended by several hundred of the old boys who went up the trail with cattle to the Northern markets in the early days. It was a great gathering, old frontiersmen and cowboys, Indian fighters, freighters and rangers coming from different sections of the country to once more greet their old comrades. We cannot give the names of all who were there, but among those we met were C. F. Doan of Doan's Store on Red River; Judge W. E. Cureton of Meridian, Captain Will Wright of Laredo, Captain J. B. Gillett of Marfa, Judge William Atkinson of Gonzales, Col. W. B. Slaughter of San Antonio, Mrs. Amanda Burk, the Queen of the Trail Drivers; J. L. McCaleb of Carrizo Springs, Jack Dragoo of Whiteland E. D. DuBose of Sandia, T. M. Knatzer of Fredonia, Mark Withers of Lockhart, Hiram Craig of Brenham, C. C. Linecum of Waelder, and hundreds of others who had a part in the trail driving. The program as arranged was enjoyed by all who were there. The movement to erect a monument to the memory of the trail drivers is well under way, and funds for this purpose were raised at this gathering. Each night of the reunion old time cowboy balls were given, but on the second night at Turner Hall the flappers of San Antonio seemed to have captured the floor as well as the old timers and many of the old boys lost their badge to find it pinned to the lapel of the coat of some jellybean beau of the flapper who had danced with him.

These reunions are a great source of pleasure to the old frontiersmen, and San Antonio is the regular meeting place for them.

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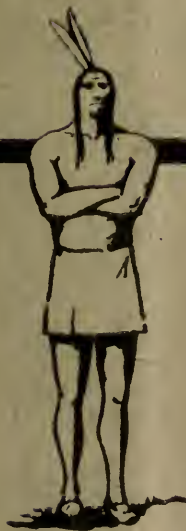
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Frontier History, Border Tragedy,
Pioneer Achievement



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JANUARY, 1925

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Helped to Blaze the Way for Civilization

During his eighty-six years of residence in Texas, W. S. Powell of Meridian, has watched with growing wonder and appreciation the giant-like strides in the development of what was little more than a vast wilderness with a scattered population when, as a boy 15 years old, he migrated to the state in 1851 from Mississippi with his father.

Mr. Powell has watched the growth in the development of the state not only as an interested spectator, but as a participant as well, in its history. Twice has he taken up arms in its defense, besides risking his life time after time struggling to bear his share of the hardships that came to the early settlers.

His face alight with memories of those days nearly three generations back, Mr. Powell loves to recall incidents that made early time stand out in contrast to the modern age. The old man seems to view the hardships and difficulties with which he had to contend during his youth stoically, or perhaps even sarcastically. He apparently takes pleasure in half-hiding himself because he failed to recognize opportunities to take up rich farm lands that he could have bought for practically nothing as compared to prices for the same lands today.

"In looking back over my life of eighty-six years," Mr. Powell said, "it seems that I have accomplished nothing. I can now see the many wonderful opportunities that were mine for the taking. They lay all about me. For instance I once heard a man say that he could have purchased a certain tract of rich land in the Brazos bottom for a pair of boots.

"My brother bought some good Brazos bottom land for one dollar an acre, and the prevailing price for that kind of land, as well as I remember, was from \$1 to \$3 an acre. But we had no idea that land was ever destined to reach its present price—there was so much ly-

ing out and going to waste, not even a cow or horse to eat the grass on thousands of acres of unfenced land."

Only a few months after the fall of the Alamo, December 11, 1836, Mr. Powell was born in a little Mississippi cottage. There he lived until he was fifteen years of age. Following the days of 1849 there was a great movement of settlers from Mississippi into Texas. Mr. Powell's father followed the migrants and took up a farm in East Texas. Four years later, Mr. Powell settled in Bosque county, in various parts of which county he lived until a few years ago, when he went to Coahoma to reside with his son, Robert Powell.

"When I was fifteen years of age, my oldest brother and another man got the contract to furnish the government with 14,000 bushels of corn, to be delivered at Camp Colorado, on the Colorado river. Although I was only a boy at the time, I became one of the teamsters, and soon thought I could manage and drive a yoke of steers as well as the best.

"Our teams were all oxen, and after we left Mereer's Colony in Comanche county, the rest of the way was trackless waste. We knew very little of the location of Camp Colorado but finally managed to deliver the corn. Where there were trees we blazed the route, and with shovels dug down creek banks and made our own crossings. At night some of the oxen were hobbled, belled and turned out on the grass. Thus they made their own living after working all day for us. They were patient and serviceable animals, to say the least."

The teamsters spread their blankets on the bare ground at nights, and Mr. Powell says, lay down to the sweetest sleep imaginable, due to exhaustion from each day's journey. Even when rain and sleet fell, or severe blizzards came,

the teamsters plodded forward with laughter and song on their lips, not realizing just what hardships they were experiencing.

When in 1858, Governor Hardin R. Runnels ordered that 1000 mounted riflemen be enlisted for the defense of Texas frontiers, Mr. Powell answered the call of adventure. Ten men were appointed to raise the troop in as many counties, Colonel John S. Ford of Travis county, Captain H. M. McCullough of Guadalupe county, Captain W. Tobin of Bexar, Captain E. A. Palmer of Harris, Captain E. R. Hord of Star, A. Nelson of Bosque, Major A. M. Truett of Shelby, Major E. A. Carroll of Henderson, General J. H. Rogers of Cass, and Colonel Sam Bogart of Collins county, were the men authorized to enlist the different companies. Mr. Powell became a member of Colonel Ford's company.

Colonel Ford penetrated far into the western hills of Texas and fought the Comanche Indians in their own strongholds. His company is noted for its two fights in the same day with the noted Comanche chief "Iron Jacket." In the first engagement the Texans killed 57 warriors, but the chief escaped unhurt, although he had engaged the rangers at close quarters, and had led the Indians' charge in person. Riflemen had tried in vain to bring him down. It was generally believed that he wore an iron jacket, and this belief caused him to be known as Iron Jacket. One ranger, after he had made several attempts to kill the brave chief, offered to bet he would bring him down if he ever came within gunshot of him again.

Not long afterward Colonel Ford was again on the trail of the chief. The rangers were far in the mountains when scouts reported Iron Jacket's warriors just ahead on a little creek. Ford arranged his men in proper order and advanced. As they neared the creek where Iron Jacket was waiting, a small detachment was sent ahead, and the main body of white men moved up in perfect order, for well they knew what desperate charges the Indians would make when led by Iron Jacket. The detachment left the hills, entered a valley and were nearing the timber on the creek where the Indians had been seen by scouts, when all at once the Indians, led by Iron Jacket

bounded up the creek. The rangers fell back to join the main body. Iron Jacket fell in the first volley. The Indians fought bravely around their fallen chief, and tried to carry him away, finally abandoning the idea when forced to flee.

After the combat, rangers approached the great chief, whom they found was not dead, but had both legs broken. The ranger who had made the wager that he would bring the noted chief down had fired both barrels of his shotgun at the Indian's knees. The chief was discovered to be encased from the throat nearly to his knees in a Spanish coat of mail, resembling the scales on a fish, but more pointed and lying close to his body. The coat of mail was carried to Austin, and was kept in the old capitol for a time.

In the Canadian river country Ford's men killed seventy-five redskins and took a number of squaws and papoosies prisoners. Two rangers were killed and one wounded. Captain Ford adopted one of the little Indian boys captured, and reared him to manhood, but the Indian had such an inordinate desire for whiskey that the captain could not keep him from getting drunk. Mr. Powell said the Indian was killed some years later near Austin in a drunken brawl.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Powell enlisted in the Confederate army. He remained in service four years, doing duty in Arkansas, Missouri and Louisiana. He was mustered out of the Confederate service at Sandy Point, Texas, April, 1865. Ragged and penniless, he went to his Bosque county home to find desolation and want everywhere. But with a broom-tailed pony he started to retrieve his lost fortune. A year after returning from the Civil War he was married to Miss Sallie Wells, who for fifty-eight years was a true help mate to the pioneer.

"In those primitive days a visitor just rode up to the house of a neighbor, walked right in, knowing that he would be perfectly welcome to spend the night, all the next day or just as much longer as he might wish," said Mr. Powell. "A hearty welcome awaited all who came and the latchstring hung on the outside of the door for every wayfarer, day or night."

Deer, wild turkey, antelope and smaller game were plentiful in the early days, according to Mr. Powell. When one needed meat, he only had to go out and shoot a deer or turkey, "just like going into the back yard to kill a chicken.

"When the meal barrel got low we went to a mill twenty-five miles distant, if we had time," the pioneer recalled. "If not we simply did without for a short time, and lived on dried beef or fresh venison, turkey or whatever came. Our neighbors were ten to fifteen miles away."

Mr. Powell has long been too feeble to do any kind of work, but with the aid of a cane makes trips to the postoffice for his mail each day. He enjoys reading the latest books and periodicals, and is usually informed upon every subject that may present itself for discussion. He is particularly well versed in the Bible, and like many old people enjoys nothing as much as a good sermon and participation in church activities. He is merely waiting for "marching orders" to proceed to another life, he says.

Breaking the wilderness, subduing forests and prairies, making homes safe for future generations, this was the experience of those hardy, fearless frontier homebuilders whom Mr. Powell still lives to represent.

Mr. Powell at present is making his home with his daughter, Mrs. J. F. Dows at 5631 Eastside Ave. Dallas, Texas. His wife died September 24, 1923.

Pioneer George T. Atkinson of Dalhart, Texas, writes us as follows: "A friend of mine gave me a copy of your splendid magazine, and I read and re-read it. I am one of the old timers and enjoyed it very much. I knew quite a few people you mention in that number, Rev. H. G. Bedford, Dr. Shelburn, and others. I was raised in Palo Pinto and Jack counties, and was there when the town of Palo Pinto was Goleonda, the county seat of Palo Pinto county. My father was in Jack county when it was organized and voted in the first election. There is but one man living now, as far as I know, that was there and voted in that election and that is Uncle Bill Kuteh, who lives at Jacksboro. He is 95 or 96 years old. I am 72 years old and was raised up during the time of Indian depredations."

BITS OF FRONTIER HISTORY.

Contributed by Alex. Brinkmann,
Comfort, Texas.

Herman Stieler's Fight with Indians.

Gottlieb Stieler, a farmer living about two miles from Comfort on North Creek, writes under date of Aug. 3, 1868:

"Last Friday, July 31, my son Herman, 18 years old, while driving a wagon with one yoke of oxen on his return from Camp Verde, was suddenly attacked by five Indians on horseback about 5 o'clock in the afternoon near Mrs Denton's farm on the well traveled road between Comfort and Kerrville.

The Indians advanced towards the wagon yelling horribly. My son however did not lose his nerve. Having stopped the oxen, he jumped from the wagon and opened fire immediately on the Indians, felling one who was, nevertheless, able to crawl back and hide in the brush. The others, seemingly scared, retreated for the moment and followed their wounded comrade to his hiding place.

This pause gave my son the time necessary to reload his gun. He had hardly done so when four unwounded Indians trying a different manoeuvre, charged by at full speed, some 150 paces away. Stopping suddenly, they tied their horses fast and attacked him afoot from both sides, making all kinds of jumps and not standing still a moment. Three of the Indians fired with six-shooters; one used a bow and arrow. My son could defend himself only with his rifle and a six-shooter, keeping under cover of his wagon as much as possible.

After the Indians had emptied their six-shooters, the wagon box and wheels being hit in several places, they did not cease the attack. Instead, they kept closing in more determinedly than ever, using their bows and arrows. When my son had only two bullets left, he retreated into the nearest brush, so as to gain sufficient time for re-loading his gun. Meanwhile the Indians searching the wagon took possession of everything in it—a wagon sheet, two blankets, a pair of shoes and the provision box—and hurrying back to their horses, made off.

My son having reloaded his gun, returned to his wagon fortunate to be still in possession of his scalp."—Freie Presse fuer Texas, Aug. 3, 1868.

Pioneer Days in the Panhandle

Judge Emanuel Dubbs, Clarendon, Texas, 1916

It was early in the spring of '79, that the law-abiding citizens of Old Sweetwater town, a buffalo outfitting station near Ft. Elliott in Wheeler county, prepared their first petition for organization and the election of county officers, to be presented to the Clay county court. Henrietta, nearly 200 miles away, was the nearest settlement in Texas; Dodge City in Kansas was the next nearest.

This whole Panhandle country was yet in its primitive state. It had been only a few years since there were countless thousands of buffalo roaming over this region and the wild Plains Indians had full possession. In a book, "Pioneer Days in the Southwest," which I compiled several years ago, I gave a short history of these early days and battles with the Indians. Cattlemen had already established ranches over different parts of the Panhandle, and I settled on Sweetwater creek and opened the first location for a farm in the Panhandle, nine miles from Sweetwater (now Mobeetie). In this short sketch it is not my purpose to portray the difficulties I had to contend with and the opposition that was manifested against the despised "nester." At this time, and for years afterward, every effort possible was made by the cattlemen to keep this an open grazing country.

Our petition for organization was granted by the Clay county court, and an election ordered to be held for county officers and a county seat. I had taken a prominent part in preparing the petition, for I wanted to see the last of the times when every man was "a law unto himself," and had to carry several six-shooters to make that manifest, for I had a wife and three sons at that time, and I was anxious for some of the blessings of civilization. I desire to state here that I had no idea of being a candidate for one of the offices, and you can imagine my surprise when, one morning, an old buffalo-hunting friend, Mr. Wilson Harrah, came to my house and informed me that I had been nominated for the office of county judge. It will be interesting to you to learn how the nomination was conducted and the candidates for the different offices were chosen, as described by Mr. Harrah. At this time there was not

a lumber building in the Panhandle, with the exception of Ft. Elliott. The buildings were constructed of pickets or adobes and with dirt roofs. The people met by appointment at Newt Lock's saloon and gambling hall, and selecting two candidates for each office. There was a Mr. Leach who offered himself for county judge, and some one offered my name, and when they voted all lined up on one side of the hall; those who were for Mr. Leach were to remain standing, and those who were for Dubbs were to walk across the hall and line up on the other side. They all walked across but Leach himself, so I was chosen, and as I had no competitor and voted for myself, I was unanimously elected the first county judge in Panhandle. There was a full set of officers elected except a county attorney. We had no law books of any kind and had to wait until we could get them from Austin by freight to Dodge City, and by wagon freight from there to Mobeetie. Mr. Templeton was attorney general and Mr. Roberts was governor at this time, and I shall always have a warm feeling for both these gentlemen for their willingness to help and advise us in all matters that looked to the welfare of our county government while we were yet in our swaddling clothes. We had jurisdiction over twenty-six counties, in fact the whole Panhandle country. Our county seat was first named Sweetwater, but at the first session of the commissioners' court we discovered that we had to change its name as there was already a Sweetwater town in the state, but we retained the Cheyenne Indian name for sweet water, Mobeetie.

We were instructed by the state government to levy taxes on the unorganized counties just the same as our own county, and this got us into trouble, as heretofore all of the large land and cattle owners had just paid a nominal state tax, and steps were taken, unknown to us, to disorganize the county.

One day there came six strangers to our burg, each with two large sixshooters swinging to his belt, and one of them had four, and this attracted our attention. While it was an every day

occurrence to see a man carrying two six-shooters, four was an unusual sight and rather amusing. We stacked them up as gunmen and gamblers, as they mingled freely with that class of our citizens. In a few days they declared themselves to be U. S. Marshals from Dallas, Texas, and they began making arrests for what they termed violations of the internal revenue laws. They arrested 32 men at Mobeetie, and among them were all of our officers except myself and two commissioners. This fortunately left us a quorum, so we immediately went into a called session and appointed temporary new officers to fill the arrested men's places. We learned afterward that they though they had arrested enough to put us out of business as a county organization, but at this time we were ignorant of their real motive.

This was close on to the breaking up of the reconstruction period, when a lot of grafters and carpet-baggers flooded the south, persecuted the people and swindled the government. The whole of the people with us were retired buffalo hunters, or from the extreme border, and had never come in contact with this kind of gentry. Our desire was to enforce the law, break up the bands of outlaws and cattle thieves that infested this region. We never for a moment thought the big federal government was behind it, yet we knew that our men had violated no law, and supposing there was some mistake, we protested against their arrest, but without effect. They left the prisoners under guard of two of the marshals and the other four proceeded to Tascosa, a small town in Oldham county made up of several supply stores, saloons, gambling houses and such other concerns that made up our extreme frontier in those days. At this place they arrested small cattlemen and merchants until they had 33 rounded up. For every man they took to Dallas they were to get 25 cents per mile from the government.

The parties arrested at Tascosa were brought to a camp about one mile from Mobeetie, and among the prisoners was a Mr. Edwards, of the mercantile firm of Cone & Edwards. He sent for me and when I went to him he said: "Judge, I believe every man in our outfit has been illegally arrested, and the whole

thing is a graft." I asked him why he thought so and he informed me that the warrants had been signed in blank form by the commissioner at Dallas, and when the marshals found a man they desired to arrest, they filled in the charge and the name to suit themselves. "Now, Judge," he continued, "I want you to get out a writ of *habeas corpus*." "Hold on there Mr. Edwards," I said. "You'll have to tell me what about that thing, for I don't know what it is." Then he informed me that it was an order for the sheriff to arrest the marshals, bring them before me, and have them show cause for holding the men they had arrested. I went back to town and gave our new sheriff, Mr. Poe, an order to bring the marshals and the prisoners before me for examination. Mr. Poe was delighted at the opportunity for there was quite a feeling against the marshals and the only thing that had thus far prevented the mob law was the seriousness of interfering with the affairs of the United States government. In a short time the sheriff went out with a posse and brought the whole outfit before me. We consumed the whole day on this matter and found every warrant illegal. I told the men they were as free as the pure Panhandle air and that they could return to their homes. As they had their own conveyances they returned to the camp, expecting to go to their homes the next day. I told the marshals that it was my opinion that this Panhandle country was not very healthy for them and suggested that they get out of it, and then I adjourned court.

I am compelled to make here what may seem a digression. At the close of the Civil War there were two negroes admitted to West Point, to be educated for the regular military service. One was named Whittaker, and the other Flipper. The cadets were very much incensed over this and hazed Whittaker the first night, cutting off both of his ears. The poor fellows engaged in it were expelled, and this let Flipper graduate. Now at this time he was a first lieutenant in the regular army and in charge of a company of negro soldiers at Fort Elliot. The commanding officer of the post, whose name I have forgotten, was a fine old soldier but as ignorant of military law as I was of the civil code. Instead of the marshals taking my ad-

vice, they went to Ft. Elliot and interviewed Flipper, the result of which I give below.

After court (the first ever held in the Panhandle had adjourned) the boys thought we should celebrate, mostly with liquid refreshments, and it was about midnight when I went to bed. I had been asleep but a short time when there came a knock at the door followed by a voice calling me to get up quick. I opened the door and there stood Mr. Rinehart, one of the Tascosa men who had went back to the camp, and he informed me that about two hours before Lieut. Flipper and the marshals with a company of "nigger" soldiers had arrested them all again, loaded them in government wagons, and were rushing them down the Ft. Sill trail to get them into the Indian Territory, out of our jurisdiction. He had escaped to bring me the news. You can believe I was mad clear through, and I hustled into my clothes in mighty quick time. We soon had fifteen men mounted and armed, and started on their trail. I was appointed captain of the outfit and it was something to be proud of, there are but a few of that crowd living now. Tom Riley of Canadian, and Tom Laughlin and Newt Lock of Miami, Texas, are the only ones I know of. We rode hard and as the sun was rising above the eastern hills, ushering in a new day we came in sight of the negro soldiers and marshals. I think they discovered us at the same time, for they halted, threw a line of "niggers" across the road with Lieut. Flipper at their head, and the marshals lined up behind them. It began to look serious, and they soon realized that they were up against a harder proposition than they had dreamed about. They were confronted by fifteen men who had been in the Civil War, and besides all were old buffalo hunters and Indian fighters. We rode up to within fifteen paces of them, formed into line, and called to them to throw down their guns, the marshals at the same time ordering them to fire, but the brave Flipper threw down his sword and the rest dropped their guns, all except the marshals. We ordered the negroes to file to one side, then rode up the marshals poked the guns against their stomachs and ordered them to throw down their guns, and they threw them down. I don't know what would have

happened if one shot had been fired. I suppose they would have wiped us out but not without us getting some of them.

After this fracas was settled we told the negroes to go back to Ft. Elliot; that we would use the wagons and teamsters and return them in due time. We were two and a half miles from the Territory line and 22 miles from Mobeetic, and the back trail was rough and sandy. The marshals had their horses, but we told them the walking was not all taken up and they could walk and they walked.

Now I was in a quandary. I was not familiar with the law covering a case of this kind, so I sought the advice of my friend, Tom McLaughlin, and said to him: "Tom what do you think the laws of this commonwealth requires of me? What is the offense and the penalty?"

"Why, said he, "that is easy; hang 'em." When I asked him if I had jurisdiction he said he thought I had. But being uncertain about it, I asked Tom Riley for his opinion and said he believed it was contempt of court, and as that sounded better to me I concluded to act on his opinion. When we arrived at Mobeetic I requested the sheriff to call court, and then I pronounced sentence on the marshals. I told them that they with malice aforethought, had openly and maliciously violated the sanctity of the law and the orders of this honorable court, I therefore fined them \$100 and costs, amounting to \$137.50 each, and as they had no money with which to pay their fines, I instructed the sheriff to put them in jail. We had no jail but had started to build a small picket calaboose about 12 feet square. The calaboose was just started, the pickets were ten feet above the ground, but there was no door, no window, nor a roof. Our sheriff, Mr. Poe put up a ladder to walk up on, and then placed one inside to walk down on, and when he got them all in he pulled the inside ladder out, and thus we had them. We did not have to bother with our prisoners very long, for they soon got word of their predicament and the officers at the post came down and paid their fines. This was the first money we had in our county treasury, and it amounted to over \$800. The marshals went to Ft. Elliot and took the stage to Ft. Dodge, and we thought our troubles were over. In a short time we received our law books from the state

and I went to work to learn my duties. We appointed three jury commissioners and set the time for our regular term of court. We rented a building for a court house. This building had been put up originally for a saloon and gambling hall and consisted of one room 20x60 feet. It was built of cottonwood pickets, covered with poles and had a dirt-roof, and a dirt floor. This building was the last one on the street joining the government reservation.

Everything went pleasantly until the morning of our regular term of court, when Mr. Flemming, our old sheriff and I went to the court house. As we came to the door we were suddenly confronted by our six marshals who had their six shooters pointed at us, and they ordered us to throw up our hands, and we very promptly complied for there is no fun in looking into the business end of one lone six shooter, let alone six of them. The marshals read warrants and declared we were their prisoners, and started with us at once for Ft. Elliot. The charge against me was that of resisting a United States officer in the discharge of his duty. After going a short distance we met Hank Creswell, who had a large cattle ranch on the Canadian river. He asked me where I was going. I told him that we were under arrest and did not know where we were being taken. Mr. Creswell told the marshals that he would go on our bail, but they informed him that it was not aailable case, and we proceeded on our way. The result was they looked us up in the post guard house, where we had plenty of leisure to think about our misdeeds and things in general.

About one o'clock that night we heard several challenges, "who goes there," and after a while three men came up to the window and said they were a committee representing about three hundred armed men who had been gathered from all the ranches within reach to demand our release, else they would attack the post. We told them to go back and tell the men to disband, after the marshals had assured us that they would release us in the morning on our personal recognizance if we would appear when they wanted us. This we agreed to do, and were released accordingly. The next day we spent \$221 in telegraphing the

whole matter to the governor, and his reply was that he would lay the whole matter before the trial judge, Mr. McCormick of Dallas, Texas.

We discovered the marshals had rounded up all the men they had arrested in the beginning. So we had to provide our own conveyances, including a four-mule team loaded with "chuck" and our camp equipage, and started for Dallas, refusing to allow a single marshal to travel with us. There were 65 of us and quite a jolly crowd. When we got within a short distance of Henrietta we were met by an escort, and were not allowed to spend a cent. From that time on we were escorted by citizens of Decatur, and finally Gen. Cable, with an escort of honor, accompanied us into Dallas. The cause of all this demonstration was the newspapers of Texas had exposed the injustice, the graft, and the persecution perpetrated upon the people of the Panhandle in these arrests. In this instance they had arrested Mr. Flemming and myself, who had served four years in the United States army. It was high time to clean house, and Federal Judge McCormick charged the grand jury to find indictments against the marshals, which they did, and we were retained as witnesses. Not a one of us were brought to trial. The marshals were tried and each received two years in the penitentiary; the commanding officer at Ft. Elliot was fined \$3,000, and the Negro Flipper was discharged from the service.

I have not been able to give the exact dates, but this occurred in the latter part of the summer of 1879. Wonderful changes have taken place in this great Panhandle country since that time. We now have beautiful towns, cities, splendid forms, magnificent churches, and schools, and a citizenship equal to any in the United States. I am glad that I have been spared and permitted to see this country in its glorious prosperity.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Sen' C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

As early as 1730, the Indians were raiding the settlement at San Antonio, and permitted no opportunity for robbery and murder to pass unnoticed and were crossing the Rio Grande and raiding Mexico. These raids were confined to the Comanches and Apaches and continued on our Texas frontier for 150 years.

When Austin's colonists landed in Texas in 1822, there were no friendly Indians, and the colonists had to fight in order to exist. And thus it was with the early settlers of Texas up to and including the year 1874 on most of our northern frontier and much later on our western and north-western frontier were these raids of pillage, murder and destruction continued.

The last Indian fight on Texas soil was on January 29th, 1881, and Colonel George Wythe Baylor was in command of the rangers who participated in the fight and, as usual took an active part in it, and on that day fired his last shot at an Indian, after having served his state faithfully for many years as an Indian fighter and a distinguished Confederate officer. He died at San Antonio, Texas, on the 27th day of March A. D. 1916, eighty-four years of age (peace to his ashes) and was buried in the Confederate cemetery at that place. A little marble slab ten by eighteen inches marks his last resting place, bearing this inscription, "Colonel George Wythe Baylor. Born August 27th, 1832. Died March 27th, 1916."

The particular murder I wish to record in this article occurred in Stephens county, Texas, in June, 1860. George W. Baylor took an active part in the fight with the Indians who killed Josephus Browning, and as I have stated above, he fought the last Indian fight on Texas soil—which is quite a distinction in his long and eventful life.

The last Indian fight in Texas was in El Paso county, in the Diablo Mountains, on January 29th, 1881. In my next article I will give the particulars of the fight as given by Col. Baylor himself.

I here record the murder of Josephus Browning: In 1859, a family by the name of Browning moved into Stephens county, and occupied a ranch which had been

owned and occupied by Captain William Preston. The Browning family consisted of the father and mother, both of whom were elderly people, two sons, Frank and Josephus, and two daughters. At the time of moving into the country the children were all grown. They brought with them a considerable herd of cattle. The ranch was on Hubbard's Creek, not far above the mouth. That was a beautiful country, full of game of all kinds and in the streams fish of the daintiest varieties, and such grasses as grew nowhere else. Stock were fat winter and summer. A new country had been occupied by the Brownings. Her vast rolling prairies and woodlands, beautifully blended, lay before them. Surely, here in this beautiful country, if anywhere on earth, a happy home could be made and in time from the increase of their cattle they would have plenty. But not so. In less than a year after they moved into the country, the Comanches, one evening in June, 1860, killed and scalped Josephus Browning and seriously wounded Frank. Thus in the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, were the hopes and prospects of the Brownings shattered and ruined; their hopes and visions so tenderly nurtured were stricken down at one blow. Sorrow settled upon that aged father and mother and followed them to their graves. They had met with an overwhelming reverse of fortune, a disaster sufficient to break their spirits and prostrate them in the dust.

On the evening of the disaster to the Brownings a party consisting of John R. Baylor, George Wythe Baylor, my older brother, J. W. Baylor, a negro man and the writer were rounding up cattle on Hubbard's Creek, some seven or eight miles above the Browning ranch. Early the next morning a messenger arrived at our camp and informed us of what had happened. We at once saddled our horses and hurriedly went to the place of the tragedy. Some of the neighbors had just arrived with the body of the dead boy. A heart-bleeding sight met our eyes when we entered the house. In one room we saw Frank Browning sitting up leaning against the

wall apparently dying, three arrows having passed through his body. He could not breathe when lying down, so, exhausted as he was, from the shock caused by the wounds and intense pain, he could not rest otherwise than in a sitting position and could rest but precious little then. Loving hands of sisters were doing what could be done to relieve the gnawing, biting pain, but no relief came until Dame Nature healed the wounds and removed the cause of the pain. In another room, cold in death, lay Josephus Browning, the baby boy, who had just blossomed into young manhood. By his side sat his aged mother immersed in all the sorrow such a disaster can produce. A large piece of his scalp gone, his throat cut, his breast full of stabs from a lance or perhaps the scalping knife, his hands badly cut showing he had used them to prevent the scalping and the cutting of his throat and the stabbing; in his hands was some of his hair showing that while life lasted there was fight. There sat that mother intently gazing on the pale face of her dead boy who just a little while ago had ridden from her sight filled with life and joy, but now held fast in the cold embrace of death. A beautiful rose crushed, a splendid young man foully murdered. No tongue can express the horror, nor pen describe it.

I was then just a few months past twelve years of age. The tragedy made a wonderful impression on me and I feel now when thinking about it, that if anyone had thrown a rock against the house, fired a gun or popped a cap you could not have seen me for the dust.

George Wythe Baylor walked over near the dead boy and stood and gazed at his peaceful face, calm in all the dignity of death. Finally, he said to some one standing near, "This is the most cowardly, dastardly act I ever knew of. That boy was my friend, and if possible, I will make those red-handed murderers pay for this." The faith that men have in each other is evidenced nowhere as strongly as on the frontier. Association in the danger which is ever present draws men very close together and there forms a friendship which binds very strongly and each will avenge the death of the other when possible.

The Bayers and young Browning

were warm personal friends; they had hunted, fished and camped out together at a time and place that tried men's souls. The two Bayers at that time had two of the best guns on the frontier. John R. Baylor had a Colt's repeating rifle which would shoot six times. Geo. Wythe Baylor had a double barrell shotgun he called "Old Cassidy," and there was always sixteen blue whistlers in each barrell and when he sighted along the barrell and pulled the trigger some thing aways happened, and they knew perfectly well if they ever got among those "red-handed murderers" of Josephus Browning and got within 100 yards of them, that six-shooting rifle and "Old Cassidy" would pump hot lead through those murderers just as though they were pieces of cheese.

It is a fact well known by the few survivors of the old frontier, that if John R. Baylor and George Wythe Baylor were on the outskirts of civilization the settlers felt secure in person and property and the Indians felt insecure. If the Indians knew the Bayers were on the frontier they avoided that particular part of it. The Bayers never needed guides nor scouts, they could outscout a scout and when it came to trailing they were the equal of any Indian and they knew the northern frontier to its furthest limit.

Upon taking our leave of the Brownings John R. Baylor and my uncle Geo. Wythe Baylor grasped the hands of the aged Brownings and John R. Baylor said to them, "Friends, we will if possible avenge the death of your noble son. Indian scalps must pay for this dastardly crime." How faithfully that promise was kept the Paint Creek fight shows.

A posse of citizens in due time, led by John R. Baylor, followed the Indians and after an absence of seven or eight days returned with abundance of evidence that the Indians had paid dearly for their raid. In a few days after the return a barbecue was given to honor the men. By this time Frank Browning had recovered sufficiently to attend, and saw the evidence of the fact that the Indians had paid at least a part of the debt they were due the Brownings.

I know of many other murders. The Browning is an average case and will suffice for the present. Examples could

be multiplied of the tragedies witnessed and experienced by the men and women of those times. How many sleepless nights were spent by the lonely women left by circumstances in isolated homes, listening to the panther's scream, the wolf's long howl, the stealthy tread of the moccasined feet of the Comanche, will never be known. Much has been said and written about the men-folks of the early settlers of Texas. Too much however, has not been said about the men, but too little has been said about the noble frontier women who really deserve as much praise as the men. When there was danger for the men, there was danger for the women; when the one endured hardships and privations the other endured them. If the men shed their blood so also did the women. It is rare that we see a word of credit given to the women of the early settlers who, in honor, laid the foundation of our empire State. In truth, as much credit is due the wives and daughters as is due the men and, if in the corner stone of the foundation they laid there is found the blood of men there will be found mingled with it the blood of women. Take the Indian raids along our entire frontier during the war between the states, 1861-65, when all able-bodied men were gone to the war and the women and children practically defenseless; the list of the murdered is a long one consisting almost entirely of women and children. Surely no greater sacrifice was ever made. They left us an example of courage and endurance worthy of our striving to equal. They sealed their devotion with blood and

greater love than this hath no man, and not the half of their suffering has ever yet been told. I do not think of our frontier women as beautiful vines winding around the rugged forest-trees and clothing them with beauty, but I think of them as a splendid example of aggressive womanhood who planted the germ of our great state and added new beauties to their sex. If I were asked for my sublimest ideal of what woman should be in time of war. I would point to the women of our frontier as I remember them in those eventful years of our frontier life. I feel that those women deserve to take rank with the highest heroines of the grandest days of the greatest countries. Their high conception of duty and their noble ideals of service to humanity characterized their long years of suffering and service. They were tortured and scalped by the savage, and their blood and suffering has made sacred every inch of Texas. And they founded an empire and their names are immortal. "Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity. The trumpets of might are transient, they pass away and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations."

The pioneer women of Texas stand unrepeated, a high water mark in our history. They were the greatest sufferers and deserve the greater praise. The glorious example of their fidelity and courage will not be forgotten by those who come after us. And our admiration for their achievements increase with the passing of time.

The Pirate's Buried Gold.

By The Associated Press.

Belton, Texas, November 20.—Buried treasure, whether planted by a buccaneer of old or a bandit of today, has a glamor that will not fade; but the buried treasure of Belton seems to outlive them all.

When Jess Newton testified a few days ago he had buried near San Antonio in glass jars a small fortune alleged to have been taken in a train robbery at Rondout, Ill., several months ago, he excited the imagination to dwell on all the hidden wealth which may lie beneath the soil

of Texas. But his stories outshone for only a moment the mysterious gold that glitters somewhere in the bosom of the earth hereabouts.

The great treasure, all that 10 mules could carry, is one among many strange and curious accounts related by J. Frank Dobie, secretary of the Texas Folklore Society. A pirate's love for a woman and the romance of war is woven into the story.

It seems, according to the tale, that

almost all the people in the rural districts of Bell, Falls and Williamson counties must know something of it. The search has extended to many places. Some claim that the treasure is buried at Reed's Lake; others at Burgess Lake, but the general opinion, according to this account, is that it must be buried at what is known as Three Forks, the confluence of the Nolan, Lampasas and Leon rivers which form Little River, not far from here.

The legend begins with one Karl Steinheimer, born near Speyer, Germany, in 1793. He ran away from home at the age of 11, became a pirate while yet in his teens and commanded his own pirate craft at 21. In 1817 he broke with his partner, one Aury, over a question of piratical policy, left his rendezvous on Galveston Island and journeyed far into the interior of Mexico where he engaged in mining. The years brought great prosperity. In 1838, how it is not explained, he learned that a boyhood sweetheart was in St. Louis and unmarried. He closed up his affairs, loaded his fortune of silver and gold on 10 Mexican jacks and started with two guards in the general direction of the Missouri town.

When Steinheimer got to Matamoras he learned that, notwithstanding the defeat of the Mexican general Santa Anna at San Jacinto nearly three years before, Mexico still hoped to re possess Texas. Preliminary to the proposed conquest, Manuel Flores, with a few men, was preparing to start from Matamoras in 1839 for Nacogdoches to instigate an Indian uprising.

Steinheimer finally joined him in the spring of 1839. At the Colorado river they were dismayed to learn that General Burleson was advancing upon them and that an engagement was but a matter of a few hours. On agreement with Flores, Steinheimer left the command and began a detour several miles north. Flores, history relates, proceeded to a point near Austin where in a battle with Lieut. John O. Rice, he was killed on May 14.

Meanwhile Steinheimer cautiously picked his way across the prairies, avoided all trails and finally came to a place where three streams intersect. Here he decided to bury all of his fortune except one small package of gold that might be

needed for immediate use. The only mark to designate the spot was a large brass spike driven into an oak tree a few feet away. The spike was of the type used as a bolt in early boat construction.

Steinheimer and his two men then set out in a southerly direction. About 14 miles away according to the meager description that has come down to posterity, they came to a "bunch of knobs on the prairie." While they were getting their bearings Indians attacked the three men and Steinheimer's aids were killed.

Badly wounded, Steinheimer concealed himself in the center hill where he buried his remaining gold with the exception of six Spanish coins. The spot was not marked. Finally, his assailants failing to find him, he dragged himself wearily along until he fell in with a party of travelers.

Realizing that he was about to die, he made a crude map of the region where he had buried his hoard and wrote to his sweetheart an account of his fortunes and misfortunes. He requested that she keep his message secret for three months and if at the end of that time he had not arrived in St. Louis she was to understand that he was dead and that his fortune was hers. These were the last tidings of Steinheimer.

In the course of time the letter reached its destination, the legend has it, but several years passed before conditions in Texas were such that relatives of the lady were able to look for the treasure with any degree of safety.

"Then after months of search," the story concludes, "they were convinced that the three streams referred to were the Nolan, Lampasas and the Leon which unite not far from what became the town of Belton to form what is now the Little River. Here must lie the vast fortune. In consequence it is decided that the smaller parcel of gold could not be over two or three miles from the town of Rogers in Bell county, as near it are the Knobs, a small bunch of hills lying between the Santa Fe and the Katy railroads at about the charted distance from the three forks."

No evidence exists that any part of Steinheimer's wealth was ever found, despite the great amount of time and money spent in its quest.

In the Days of Frontier Freighting

By T. U. Taylor, University of Texas.

The Civil War left the people of West Texas exposed to the Indians, and without money, sugar, coffee or any of the luxuries of life. There were no markets for our flour, our cattle, horses, corn or other products. We raised our own bread and meat, and wore home-spun woven by our mothers on the old-fashioned loom. After crops were gathered in the fall every farmer made a trip to the end of the H. & T. C. Railroad, which at that time was slowly crawling across the state from Houston towards Sherman. We always raised a good wheat crop; then took the wheat to the old water power mills on the Clear Fork of the Trinity that ran by Weatherford and Fort Worth. There was the old Harvick Mill, the Robertson Mill on the line between Tarrant and Parker, the Winslow Mill two miles above, and another mill opposite the present town of Aledo. We ground the wheat into flour, sacked it, saved the "shorts" and bran for home feed; and when ready, we started in a covered wagon for the "depot". The flour was carefully packed in the wagon body, the camp outfit placed in the front, and all the bedding on top of the flour. The horse-freighters and the oxen freighters had entirely different customs. The horse freighters had to carry feed for their teams because the grass was practically dead by the time they started. The ox-freighters lived off of the grass. They hobbled the oxen at night and let them graze till late in the morning. They then yoked the oxen and traveled till late in the day, often after dark. The horse-freighter often started before daylight. It is true that many horse-freighters made a trip to the "depot" after crops were laid by in the summer. In this case they depended on the grass to a large extent, but not entirely. Horses could not do the work without grain of some kind. This grain consisted almost entirely of corn or barley. In some rare cases even wheat was used, but it had to be used with great caution on account of the danger of "foundering" the horses or mules. I remember with regret, my responding to the appetite of a big, brown horse and the result

was that he was "foundered" and delayed us about a week.

The outfit consisted of the team, either two horses, four horses or six horses, the wagon, the down-load, the feed for the team, the bedding for the driver, and the inevitable and universal "mess box". This "mess box" varied in size and internal structure. It was rectangular in shape with a lid attached by leather hinges with a clasp on the front side. In the "mess box" was contained the "commissary department" of the freighter. The box of axle grease, which was the freighter's constant reliance in the case of a horse wagon, was kept in a separate part of the wagon, never in the "mess box," and never in the feed trough. For a four-horse outfit the feed box at feeding time was attached to the tongue of the wagon by a slip joint. During the day it was carried on the side of the body or on top of the lead itself. A forked stick was used to place under the end of the tongue at night. The feed box was placed thereon and two horses were tied to the tongue on each side, and the corn was fed to them in the feed box. In the spring and summer after the team had eaten the evening feed it was staked out on the grass. In the fall and winter when the grass was dead the team was fed fodder, oats or hay after the grain meal. The four horse team consisted of the saddle horse, the off-wheeler, the lead horse and the off-leaders, while the freighter rode the saddle horse. A few drivers, however, preferred long lines on the wheelers and the leaders while they rode on the wagon. Young horses unbroken were always placed at the off-wheel. I remember starting out with a wild mule at the off-wheel. At the age of eighteen I could handle a four-horse team like a veteran. A big gray mule by the name of "Sam" was the saddle mule. The wild mule was placed at the off-wheel. A strong halter was always kept on the wild mule and a long rope ran back and was tied firmly to one of the front horses. A second shorter rope was connected to his bridle bit and was attached to the driver's saddle. Thus when the wild mule became unruly the

driver, by use of the rope attached to his bit, held him down. The near leader was generally an experienced and gentle worker. Some drivers preferred the single line and when this was the case a gentle pull turned the leader to the left, while a jerk was a signal for him to turn to the right. On one occasion we had no horse to work at the off wheel. We went out on the prairie on the Bear Creeks in Parker County and found a sway-back "stray". We drove the bunch of horses to the corral, caught the sway-back, and the next morning started him at the off-wheel where he worked throughout the trip. There were also six and eight horse teams. In the six-mule team we had the leaders the wheelers and the swing team.

The location of the camp was controlled by the demands for wood and water. The wagoners (for such was the name of the freighters in frontier days) always looked ahead for the waterholes for noon and night camp. A few sticks of wood were always carried for an emergency, especially on the long trips over the prairies. During the dry summers the water holes or springs became oases for the freighters, and often from four to a dozen wagons would be camped around these springs or water holes at night. During very dry times enterprising farmers would go to the expense of digging a well near the road, and advertising the water. On one occasion we paid five cents per horse to have our team watered. In very rare cases the wagoners had to resort to "bois de vaca" (cow chips) for wood.

Generally four or five wagoners camped together around water holes or watering places. These nearly always messed together. They built a common fire, brought their mess boxes, each one cooked his own food, and then they passed it around. The inevitable coffee pot was always present, always on the fire, always full of coffee, red hot and boiling. I never saw a wagoner yet who would not use the half-pint tin cup, pour his coffee out of the pot into the cup, and drink it without waiting for it to cool off. It was a perpetual wonder that their lips were not blistered. Later I saw cowboys in Parker county do the same thing. On one occasion at a dare one of the wagoners took the coffee pot off the fire and drink the coffee right out

of the spout. He never flinched or batted an eye lash. He denied vigorously that it even burned him, but I believe to this day that it did burn him, in spite of his denial. That coffee was strong and it would fulfill the Western test of "floating an iron wedge".

The term "depot" was used all over Western Texas, and it was universally understood that it was the end of the H. & T. C. Railroad. My first trip was made to Old Millicin, a few miles below the present town of Navasota. Later the "depot" applied successively to Navasota, Bryan, Hearne, Groesbeck, Kosse and Corsicana. Although I was only a boy, I made trips with other teamsters to all these towns. Sometimes I made as many as two or three trips a year. These depots, to put it mildly, were "wild and wooly." Gamblers were thick on all streets in all kinds of clothes, and gambling was not confined to cards, but every imaginable game of chance. Horse racing was rare around the "depots", while gambling with cards was rampant. The "depot" were wide open and all classes of men and women were to be found there. The bark of the six shooter at night was frequent, the saloons were always crowded, but it was surprising that very, very few of the wagoners drank to excess. Often I would beg the older men to take me along to the town at night, but they never took me into a saloon or a gambling house and never around drunk men. Although quarrels were frequent I never witnessed a shooting scrape. These happened late at night after I had retired. We always camped a mile or so from the "depot", went in the next morning, sold our flour, loaded up our load of goods for Cleburne, Weatherford, Jacksboro or any western town, even two or three counties away from our home. I remember distinctly that the Navasota bottom (known in those days as the "Navasot" with the accent on the "sot") was the muddiest and the boggiest piece of road outside the Devil's Race Track on the northeastern corner of Hunt county. It took us nearly all one day to get three teams across the Navasot. Our trip from Parker County to Millicin, Bryan and Hearne led through Buchanan, Cleburne, Hillsboro, Mount Calm, Marlin, and on to Hearne. Our download was generally flour, but many was the

load of dry raw-hides that I saw stacked on the wagons like a load of hay. These were sold by weight; and many a wagoner stopped the night before, unloaded his hides, spread them out on the prairie with the hair side up in order to baptize them in the dews of heaven and thus increase the weight for the next day. This seemed to be a universal custom.

The load from the "depot" always consisted of dry goods, groceries, etc., for the stores in western towns. The wagoners would often have to wait a week to secure a load. These goods were always shipped to the care of a local merchant in the "depot" town and he awarded the load to some wagoner. The local merchant inspected the team and always insisted that they have a wagon sheet because a good duck wagon sheet was necessary to protect the goods from damage by rain. I know in one case a local merchant overlooked the wagon-sheet requirement; and a rain came up on the wagoner. A new bale of ducking was in the shipment of goods. He took it out and proceeded to make a wagon sheet himself by sewing the strips together, and at the end of the journey he paid the owner merchant for the duck that he had used. I witnessed this emergency tailor at work with a large spaying needle.

The upload often consisted of miscellaneous merchandise, and many times there would be a barrel of whiskey in the load. I saw one ingenious wagoner who understood the laws of physics, secure a bottle of whiskey. He took advantage of the fact that the whiskey had a specific gravity of about .75 or about three-fourths that of water. He bored a hole in the top of the whiskey barrel through which he could fit the neck of the old Bourbon bottle of whiskey, filled the bottle full of water, suddenly inverted it, pushed it through the hole in the top of the barrel, and gravity did the rest. The water went down, the whiskey came up. He then whittled a plug out of soft pine, drove it through the hole, smeared it over with grease and the deed was done. Another wagoner with a strong pair of lungs resorted to the pneumatic process. He bored a small hole in the top of the barrel with a gimlet, inserted a long cane pipe stem through the hole into the whiskey. He then placed his mouth over the pipe stem and blew and blew

and blew. The air filled the air place above the whiskey in the barrel; and the pneumatic pressure was enough when he moved his mouth, to produce a jet of the whiskey. To prevent the whiskey's falling back vertically, he blew sidewise on the jet and cascaded the whiskey over into a washpan. After his washpan was full he then removed the quill, poured water into the barrel through the hole, plugged it, smeared grease over it to cover up his traces. I saw another ingenious wagoner extract brown sugar from a barrel in a somewhat similar way. He bored a hole about a half inch in diameter in the top of the barrel, secured a piece of tin, rolled it into a cylinder somewhat less than a half inch in diameter, pushed it down into the sugar, and the tin cylinder, when withdrawn, was full of brown sugar. The process was repeated until he had all the sugar he wanted.

Before the H. & T. C. Railroad started from Houston all of west Texas "wagoned" to old Jefferson, at the head of Buffalo Bayou. Goods came up Red River then through the Bayou, to Jefferson, and were hauled from our other Western towns. It was a clearing house and the open port to the whole of West Texas. But after the railroad started from Houston, Jefferson ceased to be the clearing house for Western Texas. All towns from old Ben Ficklin to Jaeksboro diverted their route to the "depot." Wagoner that obtained loads for towns in the Indian country would collect at some town on the edge of the frontier and there wait until eight or more wagons arrived. They would then make the trip as a train under the command of some leader, all heavily armed for an Indian attack. I remember on one occasion we had collected at Weatherford, and there were ten wagons about ready to start. One of the drivers suddenly became sick and a shift of drivers took place. I was going with an older driver with a four-horse team. In the shift they assigned me a two horse team of gentle, steady horses in the middle of the train. I sat up in the spring seat, my feet not touching the floor, with a double-barreled shotgun in the corner of the wagon ready for use. While it seems foolhardy to this day and past belief, I was anxious for a scrap with the Indians and I was

continually looking out on the right and left for Indian signs. We arrived in Jaeksboro safe and sound, camped by the side of a small creek and wandered over the town at night, free and secure. The government had established a military fort at Jaeksboro and the soldiers afforded protection against the Indians near the town. However, the Indians would not hesitate to come within a few miles of the garrisoned fort. They calculated that the soldiers would require time in starting and they could easily get away. It must be said they generally did get away, and I have heard the Western settlers often complain at the slowness of the soldiers.

It must have been in 1863 that I went through the Indian country with the freighters to Jaeksboro. After supper I was strolling along the bank of a little stream and I came upon a quarrel between a citizen and a soldier. I had not seen the beginning of the quarrel, but it soon developed into a regular bare knuckle and skull fight. They knocked each other down, but they did not attempt to stamp each other or gouge each other's eyes. It was fist and skull and no Marquis of Queensbury laws prevailed. The fight finally terminated in favor of the citizen. I stood off and watched it, the sole spectator. Each man was left bloody and almost completely exhausted. I related the circumstances to the freighters when they returned from the town. I gave a vivid description of all that occurred. Remember that I knew neither of the fighters, had never seen them before, and have never seen them since. At the conclusion of my recital one of my neighbor freighters said to me,

"Tom, who were they?"

I replied, "It was a Yankee and a white man," for it never occurred to me

to class a Yankee as a white man; then one of the men asked if the Yankee was not also a white man. I replied, "Yes, he is a white man, but he is a Yankee." That story of the Yankee and the white man got back to my neighborhood, and I never lived it down until I left there.

They Antedated Austin.

It is true that Stephen F. Austin is called the "Father of Texas," but let me tell you of my great-great-grandfather, who blazed the trails to civilization which made Texas the peaceful land in which we now dwell. My great-great-grandfather was a native of Arkansas. In 1820 he started for Texas with his family. They had no wagons and had to depend on pack horses. On December 15, 1820, they arrived at the Brazos River. On January 8th, 1821, they crossed the Colorado River where the town of Columbus now stands. They were the first white family that ever crossed the Colorado River. On July 18, 1821, Stephen F. Austin landed at the mouth of the Colorado River in Matagorda county. My great-great-grandfather took some men and moved Austin and his followers up to the settlement. Austin gave him a barrel of flour for his kindness. It was the first bread they had eaten in eighteen months. In June 1823, my grandfather left the settlement to go farther into this once vast wilderness. He came to a large lake one day and found two big eagles upon it. He killed them both and from that time it has been known as Eagle Lake, where the beautiful little city of Eagle Lake now stands. On July 4, 1824, my great-great-grandfather died in his fifty-third year at a place now known as Lane City, in Wharton County. While Stephen F. Austin was a great and noble man, let us not forget the men who made

trails in which Austin followed. Judge William Rabb, J. Duty, R. Kuykendall, Dan Gilliland, Thos. Williams, D. Rowals, Judge Cummins, Capt. Christman, and a few others were here when Austin's colony arrived in 1821. —Annie V. Blackburn, Blessing, Texas, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News.



Freighting in the Early Days.

Linking Pioneer Days with the Present

By A. W. Young.

The old time country church is fast passing away. The automobile and good roads have made it possible for most of the country folks to attend church in towns and they do so. Years ago when we did not have automobiles and good roads, the country church was the most prominent thing in the community. It not only furnished the center for the religious activities of the community, but for many of the social ones as well. What great gatherings there were at the annual protracted meetings of the country churches; gatherings of the people for miles around, who not only came to learn more of God and to renew their vows to him, but also to meet the other folks and have the most pleasant social season of the year. Many of the old time church buildings were built with an idea of segregating the sexes. Some of them had a dividing partition all the way through the center row of seats, and there were two doors to the building. Men and women might come to the church together but in front of it they separated and entered by different doors, after the fashion of the Quakers of today. Young men might get very close to the door into which their sweethearts entered, but they could not go with them. The best they could do during services was to look at the aforesaid sweetheart, at long range, and if the sweetheart could catch mother "off guard" she might look at her young man and smile. But that was wrong, very, very wrong; at least the older one said it was, but they didn't have much success in making the younger ones believe it. But it was better to have sweethearts and beaux in the church building, even if they looked at each other occasionally, than to have the young men remain outside and smoke cigarettes until services were over, as they do in some places today. I do not know who invented the segregation idea but I am of the idea that he was a married man. It came from that extra generous instinct that causes men to travel for the health of their wives; but never for their own. The segregation left all the smaller children with the patient mother, and thus, during services she could care

for them without any interference on the part of the father. She could devote her time exclusively to this, if necessary, and if she failed in keeping them quiet in the house she could take them outside whenever she pleased.

If John went to sleep during the sermon no blame would be attached to her, even if he snored so loud that he woke some of the others who were asleep. It also relieved mother of the burden of "poking John in the ribs" to emphasize the good points of the sermon. It may have been lonesome for married men, and evidently the advantage was on the side of the women. But that type of church building is gone, in the main, never to return. Today the married man has to help care for the children if they are in the church building, and if they are outside, father is also outside with them, while mother is hearing the sermon. Perhaps this is best as mother usually has more "religion" than father, and besides she is sure to remember all the points in the sermon, which "hit" John and she will not fail to tell them to him. Instead of the young man being away from his best girl, during services, he may now, if he is not a cigarette fiend, and cannot stay where he cannot smoke, stay right with that most wonderful girl, hold her hand, look into her eyes with an expression akin to the one in the eyes of a calf whose throat has just been cut. That is one of the necessary preliminaries to an interview with father, in the case where the old fashioned idea of asking the consent of the parents, is still in vogue. But with rapid transit and modern day independence father does not figure much in the plans of many of the younger generation, when it comes to marriage.

Daughter simply goes out for an auto ride and brings home a son-in-law, like the family cat goes out hunting and brings home something and the children cry: "Oh, Mamma, see what the old cat brought home." When the cat does not like what she brings home she does not eat it, and when daughter finds that she does not like the young man whom she has brought home, she files suit for divorce, he signs a waiver and in 31

days she is ready to go riding again: That is more rapid transit. But some girls are not going this path way, for which we should thank the Lord and take courage.

Some of them are like the old time story. A young man said: "I asked my girl to marry me and she said: "Go see father." "Now she knew that I knew that her father was dead, and she knew that I knew what kind of a life her father had led. She knew, that I knew what she meant, when she said: Go see father."

With all our criticisms of the follies of the past and especially of today, we must not fail to see that the masses of people are walking in the paths of decency and righterousness, and that our young women are the finest in all the world, taken as a whole, and the world will not lack for good mothers and housewives in the generations to come. They may go in ways which seem queer to us, for awhile, but they will soon eliminate the things which are hurtful, and grow up to be fine sweet, gentle women. It does seem though that some of our girls are almost like the negro cook, in the old time story. A drummer stopping at a hotel in one of the smaller towns, was ordering his breakfast, and the negro waiter said: "Boss how will you have yoh eggs dis mawnin'?" "You may just eliminate my eggs." The waiter went back to the kitchen and consulted the cook. When he returned he said: "Boss, de cook said dat he could give you dem eggs fried, scrambled, poached or boiled, but he just could not 'limitate dem eggs." "You go baek and tell that cook that I must have my eggs eliminated," said the drummer. The negro did as directed, but when he returned he said: "Boss, de cook says dat he just can't 'limitate dem eggs. has never been but one 'limitator in our kitchen, and it done got broke some time ago, and now somebody has swiped it. Boss de cook says dat if you will just 'scuse him dis time, dat de next time you comes he will suah give you some ob de bestest 'limiteded eggs what you ever tasted, but dat he suah can't do it now, coz he has done lost dat 'limitator." Some of the girls of today, seem to have lost "de 'limitator" and hence they can not eliminate all the undesirable things.

The old-time country church building was not only peculiar in that it had its division of the sexes, but also in the arrangement of the pulpit. It was usually on a rather small platform, and covered most of it. It was large enough so that the preacher could get behind it, sit down and be hidden from the congregation. The idea was that the preacher should have a retiring place where he might "try the spirits" before preaching. Some of the folks intimated that some of the preachers used to try the liquid "spirits" a bit just before the sermon, in order to acquire the necessary zeal and courage, but I presume that they were wrong about it. The amusing thing, to me, about the old style pulpit was that it was always built for the accomodation of tall preachers, and when one like myself, of Zacheus-like stature, came to occupy it, it looked as though he was playing hide and seek or "peep eye" with the congregation.

The placing of the stove in the country church building was another amusing thing, and remains so until this day. The brethren invariably place the stove near the pulpit with the result that the preacher sure has an opportunity to get "het up" most of the time. With such an arrangement the congregation may be comfortable, but when the brethren just before the services make a fire that will last all through the sermon without being replenished, they certainly have provided that the preacher shall "earn his bread in the sweat of the face." Stoves should not be placed near the pulpit. The preacher has sufficient exercise to keep his body warm, without being in close proximity to a large have been to make sure that the preacher would be in the notion of warming up the congregation; and while it is true that some congregations are cold, physically, yet it is a ease in which "many are cold but few are frozen" and the way a preacher desires to warm up the congregation is from a spiritual standpoint and sometimes he is made to feel like the old negro preacher who prayed the Lord on behalf of one of his members and said: "Oh! Lord, warm dat nigger all over. Anint him wid de kerisene of salvation and sot him afire."

But the country preacher in the days gone by, was only with the congregation on Sunday, and during the week he did

Destruction of the San Saba Mission

Personal letters written in Spanish, dating back 175 years, and containing interesting historical information in regard to the establishment of the San Saba Mission in Texas were recently brought to light in Mexico City by Dr. Lota Mae Spell, assistant librarian of the Garcia collection of books and manuscripts of the University of Texas.

She obtained copies of the letters and is now translating them into English. They give an account of the early hardships encountered by the priests when the San Saba Mission on the San Saba River near the present town of Menard, was founded. They also tell in a personal way the reactions of the founder, Father de Terreros, and give an insight on the early Spanish life among the Indians.

It is expected that when the work is completely translated much valuable information will be added to the history of this early Texas mission.

The letters were discovered by Mrs. Spell last summer while she was in Mexico City. She met the Marquis of San Francisco, a direct descendant of Pedro de Terreros, the financier of the enterprise, and he graciously consented to allow her access to the archives of the family.

While hunting through this great mass of manuscripts, Mrs. Spell found these letters and obtained copies of them for the University. She also obtained a picture of an old oil painting now in the possession of the marquis, which portrays the massacre of the San Saba Mission.

According to the material unearthed from these letters, the money for the founding of the mission was furnished by Don Pedro Romeo de Terreros, Count of Regla, and the founder was Father Fray Giraldo de Terreros, a cousin of the financier. The letters were written by Father de Terreros to the Count of Regla.

The San Saba Mission was founded in 1756 when Father de Terreros was granted a charter by Don Barrio, then viceroy of Texas and Coahuila districts. The purpose was to Christianize the Indians and the money for the first three years expenses was to be furnished by the Count of Regla. A garrison of soldiers

was sent to protect the expedition, but on account of a misunderstanding between the priests and the soldiers the fort was built across the San Saba river three miles from the mission.

Work was finished on the mission by the later part of the year. Ground was cleared for crop, a chapel and vestry was built, and the priests' quarters and stables were completed. From the first the priests had difficulty with the Apaches and they did not desire to embrace the Christian religion. In his letters to his cousin, Father de Terreros laments this fact and speaks of the treachery and general shiftlessness of the Indians.

When spring came there were few converts. Rumors were heard of the Comanches, the northern neighbors of the Apaches being on the warpath and the Apache neophytes prophesied that their enemies would soon be in the San Saba county.

Little attention was given to these rumors by the priests, although the soldiers became alarmed and tried to force the priests to seek the protection of their garrison. This the priests refused to do and in one of his letters, Father de Terreros speaks of the idle fears of the captain.

But the padre's ignorance of Indian treachery cost him his life. In about two weeks the little mission was awakened by the cry of "Indians", and rushing to the windows, the priests were able to perceive the whole plain covered with strange Indians, gaily bedecked in war paint and ready for battle.

Father de Terreros attempted to appease their chief with gifts of tobacco and beads, but according to the old accounts, he was shot down in cold blood. A general massacre of the whole mission then followed and only one survivor lived to carry the news of the massacre to the garrison across the river.

The Indians pillaged and burned the buildings, drove off the stock and mutilated the dead bodies of the priests.

In his letters to his cousin, the martyr, Father de Terreros, seemed to forecast the tragic end of the mission as he stated in his last letter that the Indians were not desirous of Christianity but were savage heathen.

[Cont from p. 17]

not spend his time in "pastoral" duties but, as the old saying goes "he had other fish to fry". The contribution of the country church thirty years ago, usually, was not sufficient to furnish a living for the preacher, and he had to have "other fish." A story in regard to this old saying, recites that a certain woman who was in the habit of borrowing something from her neighbor each day, would send her little girl to borrow, sugar, salt, sola, pepper, meat and in fact any thing she happened to need. It had become a nuisance to the neighbors, and so one woman told the little girl: "Tell your mother I have no time to get what she wants, that I have other fish to fry." The little girl returned home and in a short time she came back and said: "Ma says that she would like to borrow some of them fish." Some folks borrowed from necessity, occasionally, but in the country and smaller towns, in the years gone by, there were folks who borrowed because they had the habit, they didn't even try to think about supplying their needs, in advance. They were as forgetful, or absent minded as the school teacher, who while on the new way to school one morning remembered that he had forgotten his watch and pulled it out of his pocket and looked to see what time it was so he might know whether he had time to go back and get it or not.

The old-time country church building was not equipped with screens, either on the windows or doors, and the flies, bugs and grasshoppers had free access to the services. Many times the preacher had to play "ring around rosie" and "frog in the middle" with the bugs, as he was always directly under the principal light, while the congregation sat in immunity and watched him perform. It is a real nice experience to have your mouth wide open and have a healthy, active bug sail down your throat. Of course when the preacher swallows a bug, it is hard on the bug, but I assure you that it is not pleasant for the preacher. It is related that one preacher who was teaching his brethren to always say "Thank the Lord" no matter what happened, was preaching in high gear, and had his mouth wide open, when a bug sailed into the yawning cavity. The preacher tried to spit out his bugship but he was too far down, and he had to swallow him, which he did with some effort, and as

soon as the bug was down, the preacher clapped his hands and said: "Thank the Lord. Glory to God, I've swallowed a bug."

Still Hearty at Ninety.

Born in Texas when the flag of Mexico waved in the breeze of the wind-swept broad prairies; made an orphan at 10; used the historic Alamo as sleeping quarters until he heard that monks were buried there; fought Indians in early days; fought Yankees during the Civil War; still hale and hearty; now celebrating his ninetieth birthday in San Antonio! His birthday is Tuesday, October 30.

Mr. Townsend was born in what is now Crockett, Houston county, Texas. He recalls how he first came to San Antonio at the age of 10, and began riding race horses here. Shortly after the Mexican War, he enlisted with the United States government, which then had headquarters at Corpus Christi, and was placed on duty with a herd of cattle which was driven back to the army and slaughtered when needed. He returned to San Antonio in 1855, he said, when the government moved its headquarters here from Corpus Christi.

One of the most thrilling episodes in his life, possibly, was a fight between him and three companions and a party of Indians in the early 60's near what is now known as Van Horn. The four white men were in charge of a stage depot, where they had two small buildings connected by a porte cochere and nearly surrounded by a corral.

The night before one of the stages were to arrive the four were awakened by a noise. Upon investigation one of the party nearly lost his life when he ventured out and was met by a flurry of arrows. A fight then started in which the dusky warriors used every weapon at their command to take the little fort. A hay stack was set on fire, and various attempts were made to storm and burn the buildings. Finally at daybreak, they broke out and ran for the hills, when their ammunition and supplies had run low and they knew they could hold it only a short while longer. The Indians plundered the house when they found its defenders had escaped.—San Antonio Evening News. Oct. 30, 1924.

J. H. Greenwood, Early Texas Pioneer

Prepared for Publication by Mrs. A. D. Gentry, Ft. Stockton, Texas.

My father, Garrison Greenwood, and my mother, Elisabeth Jordan Greenwood, came to Texas with their family and 39 other families from Georgia in the year 1832, destined to brave the terrors and dangers of frontier life and hew out a home in the wilderness. Our journey over the wild, unsettled regions through which we passed was fraught with many hardships and dangers, most of the dangers unseen and therefore doubly terrifying. We know that hostile bands of savages infested almost every forest but we were well organized, had plenty of ammunition and guns, and we took no chances on being surprised, as we kept spies out both to the front and rear. Traveling at that time was indeed an arduous undertaking as there were no railroads, no wagon roads, and no bridges, so we were compelled to cut our way through the forests, build our bridges or boats as the case might be, and manage as best we could. In spite of what would seem to the present generation insurmountable obstacles we arrived at last in the "land of promise", and verily it seemed so to us, for we were footsore and weary and though we knew that our enemy, the Redmen, were probably watching our every move we set about locating our land and building our rude though fairly comfortable log houses. The cracks were filled in with plaster, huge fireplaces built into which you could roll a sizeable log, and really they were much warmer in winter and cooler in summer than many of the paper like houses constructed of pine lumber today. Our furniture was made by hand and was necessarily crude, but was substantial and made on our finances. Our land was granted to us from the Mexican Government and as my father had induced many families to settle in Texas he was awarded huge grants comprising many leagues located in and around Nacogdoches, San Augustine, and what is now Houston and Palestine.

Sometime prior to the "Runaway Scrape", an event famous in history, my father had been appointed by the Texas Convention assembled at Washington on the Brazos river as commander-in-chief of all the frontier forts and he

was in command of the Texans who were ordered over into Louisiana and claim the protection of the U. S. A.. We had taken refuge in some small log cabins near San Augustine and the other refugees had scattered to various localities, some crossing the river in order to make their safety certain. We had been there but a few days when we heard the deafening roar of cannons in San Augustine, a terrific cannonade being kept up for about two hours. We were about 6 miles distant and were puzzled to know what it could mean when we saw some men coming down the road with their teams in full run, shouting at the top of their voices, "Hurrah for Texas, Houston has taken Santa Anna and his whole army prisoner". It seemed too good to be true, and yet it was. Many shed tears of joy, women embraced each other, prayers of thanksgiving were offered up and those who had been forced to flee from their homes were now inspired with the hope that they might return in safety with a government of their own which would deal justly with all.

The Indians were very troublesome at this time, but on account of the southern and eastern portions of Texas being rapidly populated with white settlers they were being pushed back to the northwest. My father became weary of such annoyance from the savages for they had allowed us no peace, they had stolen our horses again and again, and we were in constant danger and were continually suffering loss at their hands and my parents were getting too old to be harassed in this way so we determined to leave the extreme frontier and go farther east where we could enjoy some measure of security of life and property. At that time our salable property was at Fort Houston, the old frontier fort. We sold what we could and loading our wagons departed for what was then the Redland near San Augustine. From Sam Davis we purchased a farm, paying him \$1,000 for it and a few cows and hogs. It was a fine place on the head waters of the Platoon Creek or Bayou. We located and surveyed one league of land there and went to stock raising and farming. In addition to

this land we had six thousand acres in the northeast corner of Nacogdoches county. After living in Shelby county three years we decided to sell our place there and move to the land in Nacogdoches county, as it was a better stock country, having large cane breaks which afforded abundant pasturage in winter and the grass being fine on the highlands in summer made it an ideal stock country; then, too, it was heavily timbered with oak, hickory and pine and was well watered. In this country hogs flourished and there was wild game of every description in abundance.

I went ahead to the new place taking with me 100 head of stock hogs and proceeded to build my pens, making things ready for the family who had remained behind to dispose of the place and attend to moving. I was all alone except for the protection of a faithful dog which we had named Boleo for the Cherokee chief of that name. The family was forty miles below and just one little Mexican settlement between us. The Norris settlement was eight miles east of me. The Anadarko and Caddo villages were about eight miles west of me. Both tribes were friendly when we arrived, so the time passed and month after month slipped by and still I had no word from my folks, for I saw no one except an occasional Indian hunting in the woods. All this time I was employing myself looking after my hogs, killing a bear or panther occasionally, for they entertained no religious scruples whatever about eating pork, not seeming to take much stock in the Jewish religion. Three months had passed in this way when one morning my married sister and her husband drove up to my camp. They had with them a hired man, a negro woman, two horses, a wagon and a yoke of oxen. They had come prepared to build a house and put in a farm. We now went to work with a vim and in a few days had erected a cabin of pine logs and furnished it comfortably with rustic furniture. It might interest the luxury loving ladies of today to know that our most comfortable beds at that time were constructed of logs, with rope or rawhide lacings for springs, and it wasn't such a bad sleeping place at that.

We lost no time in fencing and plant-

ing a garden and were rapidly getting things ship-shape, when one day we heard caunons firing in Nacogdoches and we knew from the number of shots that were fired that it betokened evil, but had no way to determine the nature of the trouble. We were very uneasy but were up early next morning preparing to resume our labors when my brother-in-law, hearing the ox bell just over the ridge, told the negro woman to go and drive up the oxen. After waiting some time for her to show up we became uneasy and picking up my gun I went over the ridge and saw the oxen but could not see the negro, but I espied two Indians riding along on their ponies as though watching for something. They were going toward a deep ravine near by and knowing there was but one place where they could cross that ravine I slipped over to that crossing and hid myself in the thick brush, and waited. They came riding slowly along, muttering curses on the palefaces who were taking their land and their game from them and as they jabbered I learned that they were searching for someone who had eluded them and that their plans were to wait till darkness and then raid the new house and kill and scalp the inmates. That meant us. They were then on their way to join their companions and would make the raid that night. I understood enough of their jabber to get this much. If I had only had my pistols with me they would both have settled their accounts on the spot, but having only one gun with one load I dared not show myself. As soon as they were out of sight I hastened back to the house and saddling my horse I started for the Mexican settlement eight miles below, thinking that I would get eight or ten men to come back with me, but upon reaching the settlement I found them all barricaded against an expected attack from the Indians. They had heard that several families above Nacogdoches had been massacred and were afraid to leave their families, but insisted that I bring my folks to their settlement and take refuge with them. It was too late when I reached home to do this and so we decided to beat them with strategy. While I was away my brother-in-law had been out and found the negro. She was hidden in a deep

ravine, a few of her tracks in the sand leading him to her place of concealment. She said when she first saw the Indians coming for her she slid down into a deep ravine that they could not cross and going up the ravine a short distance she found another ravine intersecting this one which she followed till her breath gave out and she fell exhausted. She said she thought she had better pray, and she was still praying when he found her.

Night was now approaching and as we knew that the Redskins meant to get a souvenir of our hair that night we were forced to make some hasty plans for defense. Hiding our horses in a thicket some distance from the house we proceeded to eat our supper as usual in the house and as soon as it was dark enough we slipped out to a brush thicket near by and concealing ourselves, got our guns and pistols ready for action in case of discovery. We had not acted any too soon for we had not been in our hiding place long till we heard Indians moving around in the house. There was nothing in the house they wanted except some blankets and articles of clothing which they helped themselves to and leaving the house they divided, some passing on one side of us and some passing on the other. Some of them passed within fifty feet of us. I do not deny that our hearts beat a loud tattoo. We stayed where we were till daylight, when we returned to the house, prepared and ate a hasty breakfast, and had just hitched our teams preparatory to driving off when my dear old father rode up weary and worn with his journey, for he had ridden all night. Having heard of the danger we were in he lost no time in warning us and had come to take us home with him. That was only one of many times when my kind old father risked his life to insure the safety of others.

I disliked very much to abandon my fine stock of hogs to the mercy of panthers and other wild beasts, but had no choice. We reached home without further trouble and upon arriving learned that the Kickapoos, Caddoes, Cherokees, and some other small remnants of tribes had formed an alliance with the avowed purpose of exterminating the whites. They were concentrated about thirty or forty miles above Nacogdoches, at

the Kickapoo village, and from there they were sending out their scouting parties to harass and murder all they could find. General Rusk and General Douglas raised an army of between three and four hundred men to drive them from the country. This was in 1838. As the Indians discovered the advance of the white settlers they left their villages and sought shelter in the hills and deep ravines. They would fight us from one ravine and then retreat to another. In this way they kept up a scattering fight with us for about three days and nights. They killed eight of our men and wounded several. We found sixteen dead Indians, though the number that were killed by us could not be ascertained as, according to their custom, they carried their dead off with them when they fled. The Redskins made an attack on us in camp one night thinking to take us by surprise, but I am glad that we were wide awake and ready for them. They fought like fury for awhile but were soon repulsed and driven to their hiding places. In this engagement a man by the name of John Murcheson was struck just over the right eye by a rifle ball, but did not enter the brain and was extracted several days later and he recovered and made a valuable citizen. Another man by the name of Martin was shot in the mouth, several of his teeth being knocked out and the bullet came out at the back of his neck, a terrible wound, yet he, too, recovered. We lost three in this fight with seven wounded. The number engaged was about equal on both sides. These Indians were brave warriors and experts with the rifle. Not inferior to the Texans in bushwhack warfare.

In order to raise this army it was necessary for the families of the men to concentrate at the largest house in the neighborhood for protection, keeping several men with them for guards. In the Murcheson and Eadon settlement there were five families at the home of old man Eadon, viz: Eadon's two son-in-laws, Madden and Patten, old Murcheson, and his son-in-law, Sadler, Sadler's family, James Madden and one other man whose name I have forgotten. The men had been left there to guard these families. One evening just at dark the women, Mrs. Murcheson and Mrs. Sadler, were cooking supper on the fire-

place with the door to the room they were in open, being wholly unsuspecting of the proximity of the Indians. A sudden volley of shots was fired into the room killing both women, who bent over the fire, their bodies falling into the blaze were consumed by the fire.

The house was built like all pioneer houses of logs with two rooms and a ten-foot passage between. The men who had been left there as guards were across the passage in the other room with their guns. The Indians now rushed into the room where the women were congregated and with tomahawks, cut down Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Ealon, and Mrs. Patten and left them for dead. Mrs. Madden had two small children and an infant on the bed. They proceeded to butcher the children but spared the infant. They

then passed into the hallway. An angel of mercy now enters the room in the person of an old negro mammy who had lived with the Eadon family from childhood and being offered her freedom refused to accept it. She happened to be out of the house at the time of the attack but returned in time to slip into the room just as the Indians were leaving it and snatching up the babe of Mrs. Madden had turned to flee when she discovered that Mrs. Madden was yet alive. Taking the babe to the thicket she concealed it and returned for Mrs. Madden and now discovered the other women the Indians had left for dead were showing signs of life. With great labour and difficulty the noble hearted heroine managed to drag the women from the house to a place of concealment in a nearby thicket. While this was transpiring the Indians were robbing and plundering the other room. They then set fire to the house and left with their booty and scalps believing that they had done a complete job. The three poor women whom they had scalped and left for dead lay in the thicket all night weltering in their blood and when conscious agonizing over the fate of the men folks whom they supposed to have been killed and their bodies burning in the house. Naturally they believed them to have died a noble death in defense of their families. These thoughts added to the pain of their wounds made the night one long torture to them. It seems impossible that they could have survived so much physical pain and mental dis-

stress, but they were alive when morning came and were then called upon to bear the greatest blow of all, for the fact was revealed to them that their husbands had not fallen in defense of them as they had supposed, but had fled out of the rear door at the first shot and remained in concealment and safety while their families were being horribly butchered. The craven cowards that they were! It gives me much pain to record the facts of this incident and let me say right here that their conduct was inconsistent with the character of Texas pioneers. There were only fifteen Indians and the five white men well armed with the protection of the house and an ordinary amount of manhood and courage could easily have routed them.

This number of Frontier Times was printed on our new press, which we recently installed in our own building. The addition of this larger and faster press to our equipment removes a great handicap to our efforts to keep pace with the growing circulation of Frontier Times, and places us in position to print pamphlets and books, a line of work we have been compelled to turn away heretofore.

Four Survivors of Mexican War in Texas.

Four of 24 Mexican War veterans live in Texas, Government pension records disclose.

The others are living in Missouri, California, Kentucky, Oklahoma, and Virginia.

All of the veterans whose names appear on the Government pension rolls are over, 91 years of age. The oldest is James M. Holmes of Owensboro, Ky., who is 100. Holmes served as private with McCullough's Company of Texas Rangers. Later he was a lieutenant colonel in the Federal Cavalry in the Civil War.

Texans on the pension roll as survivors of the Mexican War are:

Amasa Clark, 99, Bandera, private Company 1, Third United States Infantry.

Jacob M. Flemming, 95, Mount Pleasant private Company G. First United States Artillery.

David Irvin, 91, Pilgrim, private Company D. Second Mississippi Infantry.

Thomas A. Kirk, 99, Milano, private Ross' Company, First Texas Mounted Volunteers.—Ft. Worth Star-Telegram, December, 3, 1924.

A Woman's Escape from the Indians

Wilbarger's Depredations in Texas.

Among the early settlers in Western Texas 1867 was a man by the name of Rabb. He was one of those restless adventurous men so frequently met with on the frontier who are never satisfied except when they are in advance of all other settlements. The nearest neighbor to Rabb was fifteen miles below. His family consisted of his wife and three small children and a female friend, whom we shall designate as Mrs. Jones (as we are not authorized to give her name to the public). Mrs. Jones having recently lost her husband was living with the Rabb family. She was a fair specimen of those hardy, selfreliant heroines of the border, who are undaunted by dangers, and who bear unflinchingly the hardships and exposures incidental to life in new and sparsely settled countries. Born and reared in Texas, she inherited a good constitution, to which her active life in the open air, a great portion of which was spent on horseback, gave unusual vigor. From an early age she had been a fearless rider, and her life on the frontier where all traveling was necessarily performed on horseback, had given her better and more practical knowledge of the equestrian art than she could have acquired by training for the same length of time at Astley's

One morning in June, 1867, Rabb started off to a distant market with some cattle, leaving his family at the ranch without any one to protect them against the Indians. He did not apprehend any danger, however, during his absence, as no Indians had been seen for some time in the vicinity. Everything went on as usual for several days, until one morning while the women were occupied with their domestic affairs in the house, one of the children who were playing in the yard called out to its mother and told her that some men on horseback were coming over the prairie. Mrs. Rabb stepped to the door and saw, to her horror, that these men were Indians, coming at full gallop towards the house. She ordered the children to run in at once as she wished to bar the door, knowing that Indians seldom ventured to attack a house when barred against them, fearing that armed men might be within

who would give them a warm reception. But the children did not obey their mother, thinking, no doubt, that the Indians were cow hunters, and the door was left open.

As soon as the alarm of Indians was given, Mrs. Jones ran up a ladder leading to a loft, and concealed herself, where through a crack in the door she could see all that passed beneath.

The Indians rushed up siezed and bound the two children in the yard and then entered the house. They took the babe from the arms of the terrified mother, in spite of her struggles to retain it and threw it on the floor. One of them caught the poor woman by her hair, drew back her head and cut her throat from ear to ear with his butcher knife.

Mrs. Jones who was watching their proceedings through a chink in the floor above, when she witnessed this cold blooded murder of her friend, involuntary uttered a cry of horror which betrayed her place of concealment to the Indians. Several immediately sprang up the ladder, dragged her down and out of the house, placed her and the two children on horses, and then hurried off with them, leaving the infant unhurt by the side of its murdered mother.

For several days and nights fearing pursuit, they traveled rapidly, only making an occasional halt to rest and from harsh usage and the want of sleep and food as they moved on day after day and night after night towards the staked plains, crossing the Brazos, Wichita and Arkansas rivers by swimming them, as they were all too full to be forded.

The Indians kept a close watch upon their captives until they had gone a long way beyond the frontier settlements when they somewhat relaxed their vigilance and permitted them to walk about camp, but gave them to understand that death would be the certain result of any attempt to escape. In spite of this threat, Mrs. Jones was determined to seize the first opportunity to escape from them that might present itself. Having thus resolved she carefully noted the qualities of different horses in

order that she might be able to make a good selection when a chance of escaping should occur.

One dark night after a long hard day's ride, while the Indians were sleeping soundly, she cautiously crept away from the lodge occupied by herself and the two children, who were also fast asleep, and going to where the Indians had staked their horses, she selected one of the best, sprang on his back, without saddle or bridle, and with nothing to guide or control him but the rope around his neck. She started off slowly toward the north star, thinking that course would lead her to the nearest white settlements, but as soon as she was out of hearing of the camp, she put her horse into a trot and then into a gallop, and continued thus to urge him on as fast as he could go during the whole night.

At the break of day the following morning she reached the crest of a considerable eminence overlooking a vast expanse of bald prairie, and there, for the first time after leaving the Indian camp, she halted, turned around with fear and trembling and cast a glance to the rear, fully expecting to see the savage bloodhounds on her trail, but to her great relief not a living thing was visible except a herd of antelopes quietly grazing on the prairie below. Still her uncertainty in the midst of dreary trackless plains as to the course she ought to pursue in order to reach the nearest settlements filled her with gloomy forebodings as to her ultimate fate. Perhaps nowhere does one realize utter helplessness and dependence upon the Almighty Ruler of the universe than when bewildered and lost on the almost boundless plains of the west, and she raised her thoughts to heaven in fervent supplication. She knew that one of the many points embraced within the horizon could lead to safety and that the direction to this one point must be kept without road, tree or other land mark to guide her. But the indomitable spirit of the heroine of this narrative did not succumb to the imminent perils that surrounded her. All day long she urged forward her generous steed until she was so worn out with fatigue and want of sleep that it was with great difficulty she could keep her seat on his back. To add to the horrors

of her situation a new danger stared her in the face as the shades of night began to darken around, a danger quite as much to be dreaded as recapture by the merciless savages. Hearing the howling of wolves behind she looked back and discovered a large gang were closely following her trail. They seemed to know instinctively that the wearied horse and his rider must soon fall prey to their voracious appetites. The idea of being devoured by wolves was so horrible that it gave her the strength of desperation and through the gloomy hours of that dismal night she continued to urge her faithful steed until she became so exhausted that it was with difficulty she could keep awake. Frequently she found herself in the act of falling from the horse just in time to save herself from being left alone on foot among the ravenous wolves, whose dismal howling could be heard in every direction.

At length her horse, too, began to fail rapidly until at last the poor animal was scarcely able to drag one foot after the other and she momentarily expected he would drop dead beneath her. The failure of the horse seemed to encourage the wolves and they finally rushed upon him, snapping at his heels and endeavoring to drag him and his rider to the ground. This so terrified the horse that he went on for awhile with renewed vigor, and fortunately before the wolves could come up with him again daylight began to show in the east and the cowardly beasts skulked away to their dens.

For the first time in thirty-six hours Mrs. Jones now dismounted, and knowing that sleep would soon overcome her as there was no tree or brush to which she could fasten the horse, she tied the end of his rope around her waist, threw herself on the ground and in a moment was fast asleep. How long she had slept she does not know, but the sun was high in the heavens when she was roused by the clattering of horses feet. Looking up she was terror struck to find that she was completely surrounded by a large party of Indians. Worn down as she was by her long ride and her nerves unstrung by anxiety and the hardships she had undergone the shock was too great for her and she fainted. When she regained consciousness the Indians placed her on a horse and started with her to their camp, which was not far

off. On their arrival there they left her in charge of the squaws, who prepared some food for her and gave her a buffalo robe for a bed. It was several days before she was able to walk about camp. She soon learned that her last captors belonged to Lone Wolf's band of Kiowas. These Indians treated her much more kindly than the Comanches, but as she did not think they would ever voluntarily release her and although she had not the remotest idea of her locality or of the direction or distance to any white settlement she was determined to take advantage of the first opportunity to make her escape from them.

Some time after she was captured by these Indians a party left camp, going off in a northerly direction, and in five or six days they returned bringing back with them some ears of green corn. She knew the prairie tribes did not plant corn, and she felt confident this party had visited a white settlement in a northerly direction not more than three days' travel from where they were encamped.

Late one night after all was quiet in camp and everything seemed auspicious for carrying out the purpose, she cautiously crept from her bed and went to where she knew the Indians had staked their horses. Having caught and saddled one, she was in the act of mounting him, when several dogs rushed out after her and by their barking created such a disturbance in camp that she thought it most prudent to return to her lodge, which she reached without having been seen by anyone.

On a subsequent night however, fortune favored her, and selecting a good horse she rode off in the direction the Indians had taken when they brought back the ears of green corn. Guided by the sun and the stars at night, she was able to keep her course and after three days of hard riding, anxiety, fatigue and hunger, she came to a large river. The stream was swollen to the tops of its banks, the current coursed like a torrent along the channel, and she thought her tired horse would be unable to stem it; but after surmounting the many difficulties she had already encountered, she was not to be turned aside by this formidable obstacle. She let her wearied animal rest and graze for awhile, then mounting him again the dauntless woman dashed into the turbulent stream and with great

difficulty the faithful steed bore her in safety to the opposite bank.

Giving her horse a few moments rest, she again set forward, and had gone but a short distance when to her inexpressible delight she struck a broad wagon road, the first and only trace of civilization she had seen since she left her home in Texas. Nothing, she said, ever gave her so much pleasure as the sight of this road, for she felt confident that it would lead her to some settlement of her own race; and her anticipations were more speedily realized than she looked for for a little while afterwards she saw a long train of wagons slowly coming

At the sight of this train her feelings overpowered her, and she wept tears of joy while offering up sincere thanks to the Almighty for delivering her from a bondage more dreadful than death. She hurried on and soon met the foremost wagon, which was driven by a Mr. Robert Bent who had charge of the train. He was very much astonished to meet a young woman traveling all alone on horseback in that wild country, with no covering on her head save her long hair, which was hanging in disheveled locks upon her shoulders.

When she came up, Bent stopped his wagon and asked her where she lived and to what place she was going. She replied that she lived in Texas, and that she was on her way to the nearest settlement. At this response he shook his head incredulously, and said she must be mistaken, as the nearest point in Texas was some five or six hundred miles distant. She however, reiterated her statement, and described to him briefly the leading incidents of her capture and her escape from the Indians. Still he was inclined to doubt the story she told him, thinking possibly she might be insane. He informed her that the river she had just crossed was the Arkansas, and that she was then on the Santa Fe road, fifteen miles west of Big Turk Creek, where she would find the most remote frontier settlement. He then gave her some provisions, and after thanking him for his kindness, she proceeded on her way.

When Bent reached Fort Zara he called on the Indian agent there and told him about meeting Mrs. Jones on the road. By a curious coincidence it happened that the agent was at that

very time holding a council with the chief of the incidental band of Indians from whom Mrs. Jones had just escaped and the chief had given him a full history of the whole affair, which seemed so impossible to the agent that he was not disposed to credit it until his account was confirmed by Mr. Bent. The agent at once dispatched a man to follow the woman and conduct her to Council Grove where she was kindly received, and remained for some time hoping through the agent to gain some intelligence of the two children she had left with the Comanches, but no tidings could be obtained. They were eventually found, however, ransomed and sent home

By reference to the map of the country over which Mrs. Jones traveled, it will be seen that the distance from the place of her capture to where she struck the Arkansas river, could not have been less than five hundred miles, and the greater part of her route was through an immense desert plain unvisited except by occasional bands of Indians.

Her escape from the Indians and her equestrian feats were most remarkable, and the accounts herein given of them seems almost incredible, and yet there are those still living in Texas to whom the facts are well known, and who can authenticate the truth of the foregoing narrative.

When Indians Failed to Take Money

By Geo. F. Atkinson, Dalhart, Texas.

In the spring of 1856 my father, Newt Atkinson, moved to Palo Pinto county, making his first stop on the Kickapoo Creek on the line of Palo Pinto and Erath counties. At that time the Indians were peaceable and often visited us. One time ten or twelve Indians came to our camp about noon, during my father's absence. One of my uncles invited them to eat dinner with us, which invitation did not have to be pressed as they were in a receptive mood. These Indians had a negro with them and Uncle had him to eat at a separate table. The Indians thought it very funny and would point at him and laugh as though they had a great joke on the negro. I suppose they had captured the negro when he was a small boy and raised him up, for they looked on him as an equal.

From here my father moved up the Keechi about fifteen miles north of Golconda, afterwards named Palo Pinto, and remained there until the spring of 1858, then moved up to the head of Keechi Creek in Jack county. At that time Jack county was organized, but was organized during that year. The Indians became troublesome in 1859, and the settlers began to "fort up" for protection. There was a move to put the Indians off of a reservation, and Colonel Baylor made up a company for that purpose. My father took his family to a ranch where people were gathering for protection. This was Uncle Billie Parmer's ranch. In time ten or fifteen families

gathered and lived there for awhile. Father helped to put the Indians off the reservation. His bunk mate was killed in the fight. While we were "forted up" at the Parmer ranch we had a school taught by Judge Gormley, who was my first teacher. When the Civil War came on the Indians again became hostile and we moved to Black Springs in Palo Pinto county. All the able bodied men were either pressed into the army or put in the frontier service for protection against the Indians. I think it was in 1864 the Indians killed Jack and Henry Rowland in Roland Valley in Jack county, and captured two of the Rowland boys, who were ten or twelve years old. Their grandfather finally got them back some years later. Henry Rowland's widow married C. E. Callies and lived out in this country for about thirty-five years. She died at Texline two or three years ago.

While we were living in that section the Indians killed several families and quite a number of men, among whom was Mark Dalton, who lived in Loving's Valley. He had been north with a herd of cattle and was coming home with a wagonload of goods which he had purchased while away. Mr. Dalton had a pocket book made in the shape of a shoe and had about \$9,000 in this pocketbook. The Indians took everything but the odd pocketbook and the money. They probably had no idea of there being anything in a shoe except shoes.

Mustang Grey was a Warrior Bold

Rangers and Pioneers of Texas.

“There was a gallant Texan,
They called him Mustang Grey,
When quite a youth he left his home,
And went ranging far away.”

At an early day, when the greater part of Texas was one vast wilderness, with no human inhabitants except roving bands of Indians, a great many high spirited young men, who were fond of adventure, left the old States, and turned their faces towards Texas, as a place where they could gratify their longing for a wild life on the border. Among those who came at an early date was Mabry Grey, known throughout Western Texas as “Mustang Grey.” He was a handsome young man and was scarcely grown when he made his appearance in the west. He was of slight build, with a mild yet fiery blue eye. The way he got his appellation of “Mustang,” was from a circumstance which happened while he was hunting buffalo on the plains. In a chase after a large herd of buffalo, he became separated from his companions. His horse fell with him, and Grey was thrown to the ground. He quickly regained his feet, but his horse being frightened at the huge buffalo that were charging around him sprang to his feet, and, before Grey could secure him, dashed off across the prairie, and was seen by him no more. Grey remained for some time on the spot, watching the buffalo as they faded from sight in the distance, and anxiously scanning the prairie for a sight of his companions; but the herd had become separated in the chase, and the balance of the hunters had followed the other portion, it being the largest. Grey finally went back the way he came in the pursuit, hoping that before night he would be able to rejoin his companions; but night came, and he was still on the boundless prairie with no one in sight. Tired and exhausted he threw himself on the ground and tried to sleep, but anxiety and thirst kept him awake most of the night. By dawn he was again on his way, and shortly came upon a wounded buffalo, which had taken refuge in a small thicket. As he still carried his gun and ammunition, he soon

dispatched it, cut out as much of it as he wanted, and went in search of water. Seeing a small clump of trees not far off, he went to it, and found a pond of water, and, after quenching his thirst, raised a fire, and cooked and ate a portion of the buffalo meat. While here, he discovered that this pond was a watering place for Mustangs. His first thought was of trying to secure one of them, but then he had no rope, and abandoned the idea. When the Mustangs came to water he secreted himself and watched. There was some beautiful ones among them, and he longed to be on one of their backs, even if it was wild. He had but little hope of crossing the dreary plains on foot. He had deviated from his course so much in search for water that he had become completely, as the saying is, turned around. The prairie is somewhat like the sea, nearly all places look alike along its even surface, except occasionally, a small clump of trees, or a pond of water, at long intervals, breaks its sameness. Grey knew that hunters often perished for water on these vast plains, even when mounted, and what chance had he on foot, and not a very good hand to walk at that? Finally, he thought of a plan that he immediately set about carrying out, and that was to go and skin the buffalo which he had killed, plait him a lariat out of the hide, and try to secure one of the mustangs when they came to water. After he had made him a good strong and stout lariat he mounted a tree under which the wild horses had to pass when they came to drink, and patiently awaited their coming. He adjusted a noose in one end of the rope and took the precaution to fasten the other end to a strong limb, for fear the mustang would jerk him out of the tree when caught. When the mustangs came Grey had no trouble in dropping the noose over one's head. Then the fun commenced; the frightened animal reared, kicked, and plunged, but all to no purpose; he had him fast. The others hastily stampeded, and were soon hid behind a cloud of dust on the prairie. After the mustang became somewhat accustomed to the sight of him, and the pressure of the lariat around

his neck, he became more docile, and Grey finally mounted him with the rope still tied to the limb, but the mustang set off at full speed, and when the rope tightened, it jerked him back so suddenly that Grey was thrown. After this he worked with him until he could go up to his head and fasten a loop around his nose, so that he could hold him when he attempted to run. He then fastened his gun to his back, turned the horse in the direction he wanted to go, and mounted. The mustang set off across the prairie with his head down, and Grey could not hold him. As there was nothing for him to run against, or a bluff to run from Grey remained on him until he was completely run down and subdued. For several days Grey traveled the prairie. He often suffered for water and food, but was lucky enough, one day, to ride into the camp of his companions, who were greatly rejoiced to see him, for they had, after a long search given him up as last.

Not long after this Grey became commander of a company of rangers, with no pay except the spoils taken from the enemy. They scoured the country between San Antonio and the Rio Grande, and fought many desperate battles with the Indians. Sometimes they would cross over into Mexico, where horses were cheap, buy up a lot, and trade them off to a good advantage in Texas. In one of these trading expeditions Grey became the owner of a splendid iron grey horse, to which he became greatly attached, and would not sell him under any circumstances, although offered large sums for him. On one occasion, as Grey and his men were returning from Mexico on their way to San Antonio, they fought a bloody battle with the Comanches near the Nueces river. Grey had between thirty and forty men with him at the time. The main body were considerably in advance of Grey and two or three others, who were riding leisurely along some distance in the rear, when suddenly they heard sharp firing in front. Grey immediately put spurs to his horse and exclaimed, "Come on, boys; there is trouble ahead." He soon arrived upon the scene, and found his men dismounted and having a terrible fight with a large band of Comanches. Some of them were about giving away under the furious charge of the Indians,

who outnumbered them five to one, but seeing their commander dash up, raised a yell and fought with redoubled fury. The fight was long and obstinate nearly one-third of the rangers were killed and wounded. Some of them were Grey's best men, who had been with him from the first. The Comanches lost many of their bravest warriors, and finally fled before the unerring rifles of their foes. In the last charge the Indians made, and while fighting at close quarters, Grey's horse was killed from under him, and he received an arrow in his right arm, and, at the same time, Robinson, one of his best men, was killed by his side. After the fight was over Grey was found by the side of his dead horse. In his grief at the loss of his gallant steed, he seemed perfectly oblivious to his own wound, until reminded, by one of his men, that he had better have it attended to, as the arrow was still sticking through his arm near the shoulder. "All right boys;" says he "some of you extract the arrow, and take poor Robinson's sash there, and bind up the wound. Poor fellow;" says he, looking at Robinson, who lay near, "he would willingly give it to me if he was alive." Grey was furious against the Comanches and vowed vengeance on them at no remote period; and, as he had lost so many men and horses in the fight, concluded to go into camp near the battleground, where the wounded could be taken care of; and sent some men to San Antonio to get horses and recruits, and then, as soon as possible, follow the Comanches to their homes and fight them again. As soon as Grey's wound was dressed a small party set off to carry out orders of their chief. As they were about starting and Grey was telling them what kind of horses to get, he said: "Be very particular now, in getting me a horse. I want a strong heavy made one, as much like Grey Eagle, here, as you can get it. I want one that has nostrils that you can ram your fist in." Grey gave the men that were killed a decent burial. All the rangers stood around the graves with uncovered heads, and fired a salute over each.

After the return of the party with horses and men, and after the wounded had sufficiently recovered, Grey set out in search of the Comanches. He had a

splendid horse but said he was not equal to the other. The Indian village was found to be located near the head of the Nueces river. It was a complete surprise, but the Indians fought well, and several more of Grey's faithful followers bit the dust; but they were finally driven out, and the village burned. Gray was satisfied now, and returned to the settlements to recruit up and rest. When not on the frontier he spent most of his time in San Antonio, but sometimes going down to Seguin and remaining for some time. Many old settlers can recollect seeing him there on several occasions. To show what power some men have over the minds of others, I will relate an incident which occurred in San Antonio. There used to be a gambling house there, called the "Bull's Head". One night a terrible racket was heard at this place, and Gray who was on the plaza, asked someone what that row was he heard. "They are having a big fight at the Bull's Head," remarked

a man who had just come from there in somewhat of a hurry. Gray set out down there at once, saying, "he would go and stop it;" and, strange to say, that in a few moments after this man entered the furious and excited crowd, everything was calmed down.

Mustang Gray died in Mexico. A few of his faithful followers remained with him to the last. These were his last commands to them: "Boys, when I am dead, bury me in Texas soil, on the banks of the Rio Grande." When all was over, these sorrowing comrades set out with his remains to carry out his last wishes, to bury him in the soil he loved so well. His grave may still be seen by the traveler, in a wild secluded spot, with lofty mountains around, and the turbid waters of the Rio Grande rolling ceaselessly by it

"And no more he'll go a ranging,
The savage to afright,
He has heard his last war-whoop,
And fought his last fight."

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

THIRD INSTALLMENT.

Some time after our arrival at Goliad information was obtained from some some friendly Mexicans that General Santa Anna was preparing to enter Texas at the head of a large army; consequently all idea of invading Mexico, was abandoned and we set to work to render the fortifications around the old missions as defensible as possible. We strengthened the walls in many places, built several new bastions on which artillery was placed in such a way as to command all the roads leading into the town.

Every day we were drilled by our officers for three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, which, as I have said before was a great bore to me, as I would have preferred passing the time in hunting and fishing. We also deepened the trenches around the walls, and dug a ditch from the fort to the river, and covered it with plank and earth, so that we might obtain a supply of water, if besieged, without being exposed to the fire of the enemy. We were well supplied with artillery and

ammunition for the same, and also with small arms, and had beef, sugar and coffee enough to last us for two months—but very little bread.

Some time in February, a Mexican from the Rio Grande arrived at Goliad who informed Col. Fannin that Santa Anna had already or would shortly cross the river into Texas with a large army which would advance in two divisions, one towards Goliad and the other towards the city of San Antonio. Some days afterwards, two or three Texans came in from San Patricio, bringing the news that Capt. Grant and some twenty-five or thirty men stationed at that place, had been surprised by a force of Mexican guerillas and all of them massacred. About this time also a courier from Refugio came in who stated to Col. Fannin that he had been sent by the people of that place, to ask for a detachment of men to escort them to Goliad, as they were daily expecting an attack from the guerillas.

In compliance with this request, Col. Fannin sent Capt. King and his company

(about thirty-five men) to act as escort for those families who desired to leave. When Capt. King and his men reached Refugio, they were attacked on the outskirts of the town by a large force of Mexican cavalry, and being hard pressed they retreated into the old mission, a strong stone building, at that time encompassed by walls. There they defended themselves successfully, and kept the Mexicans at bay until their artillery came up, when they opened fire with two field pieces which soon breached the walls, and the place was taken by storm. Capt. King and some seven or eight of his men (the only survivors of the bloody conflict), were captured and led out to a post oak grove north of town, where they were tied to the trees and shot. Their bones were found still tied to the trees, when the Texas forces reoccupied the place in the summer of '36.

About this time a courier arrived bringing a dispatch from Gen. Houston to Col. Fannin and it was rumored in camp that the purport of this dispatch was "that Col. Fannin should evacuate Goliad and fall back without delay towards the settlement on the Colorado." But as to the truth of this I can not speak positively. At any rate Colonel Fannin showed no disposition to obey the order if he received it—on the contrary, hearing nothing from Capt. King although he had sent out three scouts at different times to obtain information of his movements, all of whom were captured and killed, he dispatched Major Ward with the Georgia Battalion (about one hundred and fifty strong) to his assistance. They were attacked before they reached Refugio by a large force of Mexican cavalry. They made a gallant defence for some time against the vastly superior numbers of the enemy but at length their ammunition was exhausted and they were compelled to retreat to the timber on the river, where they were surrounded by the Mexican cavalry, and most of them finally captured.

This division of our small force in the face of an enemy so greatly our superior in numbers, was, in my opinion, a fatal error on the part of Col. Fannin.

Hearing nothing either from Capt. King or Major Ward, and satisfied from information obtained by our scouts that

a large force of Mexicans was in the vicinity of Goliad Col. Fannin and his officers held a council of war in which it was determined to evacuate the place and fall back as rapidly as possible towards Victoria on the Guadalupe river. The same day, I believe, or the next after this council of war was held, a courier brought word from Travis, to the effect "that he was surrounded in the Alamo by Santa Anna's army, and requesting Col. Fannin to come to his relief without delay."

Rations for five days and as much ammunition as each man could conveniently carry were immediately issued, and our whole force including a small artillery company with two or three field pieces, started for San Antonio, crossing the river at the ford a half mile or so above town. After crossing the river, and marching a short distance on the San Antonio Road, a halt was made and our officers held a consultation; the result of which (I suppose) was the conclusion that we could not reach San Antonio in time to be of any assistance to Col Travis. At any rate we were marched back to Goliad, re-crossing the river at the lower ford.

A few hours after we had got back to our old quarters, a detachment of Mexican cavalry, probably eighty or a hundred strong, showed themselves at a short distance from the fort apparently bantering us to come out and give them a fight. Col. Horton, who had joined us a few days previous with twenty-five mounted men, went out to meet them, but when he charged them they fled precipitately, and we saw them no more that day.

That evening preparations were made to abandon the place; to that end we spiked our heaviest pieces of artillery, buried some in trenches, reserving several pieces, two or three howitzers and a mortar to take with us on our retreat. we also dismantled the fort as much as possible, burnt the wooden buildings in its immediate vicinity and destroyed all the ammunition and provisions for which we had no means of transportation.

The next morning we bade a final farewell, as we supposed, to Goliad, and marched out on the road to Victoria. We had nine pieces of ordnance and one mortar, all drawn by oxen as were our

baggage wagons. Our whole force comprised about two hundred and fifty men, besides a small company of artillery and twenty-five mounted men, under Col. Horton.

We crossed the San Antonio river at the ford below town, and a short distance beyond Menaceila creek we entered the large prairie extending to the timber on the Coletto, a distance of eight or ten miles. When we had approached within two and a half or three miles of the point where the road we were traveling entered the timber (though it was somewhat nearer to the left) a halt was ordered and the oxen were unyoked from guns and wagons, and turned out to graze. What induced Col. Fannin to halt at this place in the open prairie, I cannot say for by going two and a half miles farther, we would have reached Coletto creek, where there was an abundance of water where we would have had the protection of timber in the event of being attacked. I understood at the time that several of Col. Fannin's officers urged him strongly to continue the march until we reached the creek, as it was certain that a large body of Mexican troops were somewhere in the vicinity; but however this may be, Col. Fannin was not to be turned from his purpose, and the halt was made. Possibly he may have thought that two hundred and fifty well armed Americans under any circumstances would be able to defend themselves against any force the Mexicans had within striking distance, but as the sequel will show the halt at this place was a most fatal one for us. Up to this time we had seen no Mexicans, with the exception of two mounted men, who made their appearance from some timber a long way to our right and who were no doubt spies watching our movements.

At length after a halt of perhaps an hour and a half on the prairie, and just as we were about to resume our march for the Coletto, a long dark line was seen to detach itself from the timber behind us, and another at the same time from the timber to our left. Some one near me exclaimed, "Here come the Mexicans!" and in fact, in a little while we perceived that these dark lines were men on horseback, moving rapidly toward us. As they continued to approach, they lengthened out their col-

umns, evidently for the purpose of surrounding us, and in doing so displayed their numbers to the greatest advantage. I thought there were at least ten thousand (having never before seen a large cavalry force), but in reality there were about a thousand besides several hundred infantry.

In the meantime we were formed into a "hollow square" with lines three deep, in order to repel the charge of the cavalry, which we expected would soon be made upon us. Our artillery was placed at the four angles of the square, and our wagons and oxen inside. Our vanguard under Col. Horton, had gone a mile or so ahead of us, and the first intimation they had of the approach of the enemy was hearing the fire of our artillery when the fight began. They galloped back as rapidly as possible to regain our lines, but the Mexicans had occupied the road before they came up and they were compelled to retreat. The Mexicans pursued them beyond the Coletto, but as they were well mounted they made their escape.

The loss of these mounted men was a most unfortunate one for us. Had they been with us that night after we had driven off the Mexicans, we would have had means of transportation for our wounded, and could have easily made our retreat to the Coletto.

When the Mexicans had approached to within half a mile of our lines they formed into three columns, one remaining stationary, the other two moving to our right and left, but still keeping at about the same distance from us. Whilst they were carrying out this maneuver, our artillery opened up on them with some effect, for now and then we could see a round shot plough through their dense ranks. When the two moving columns, the one on the right and the one on the left were opposite to each other, they suddenly changed front and the three columns with trumpets braying and pennons flying, charged upon us simultaneously from three directions.

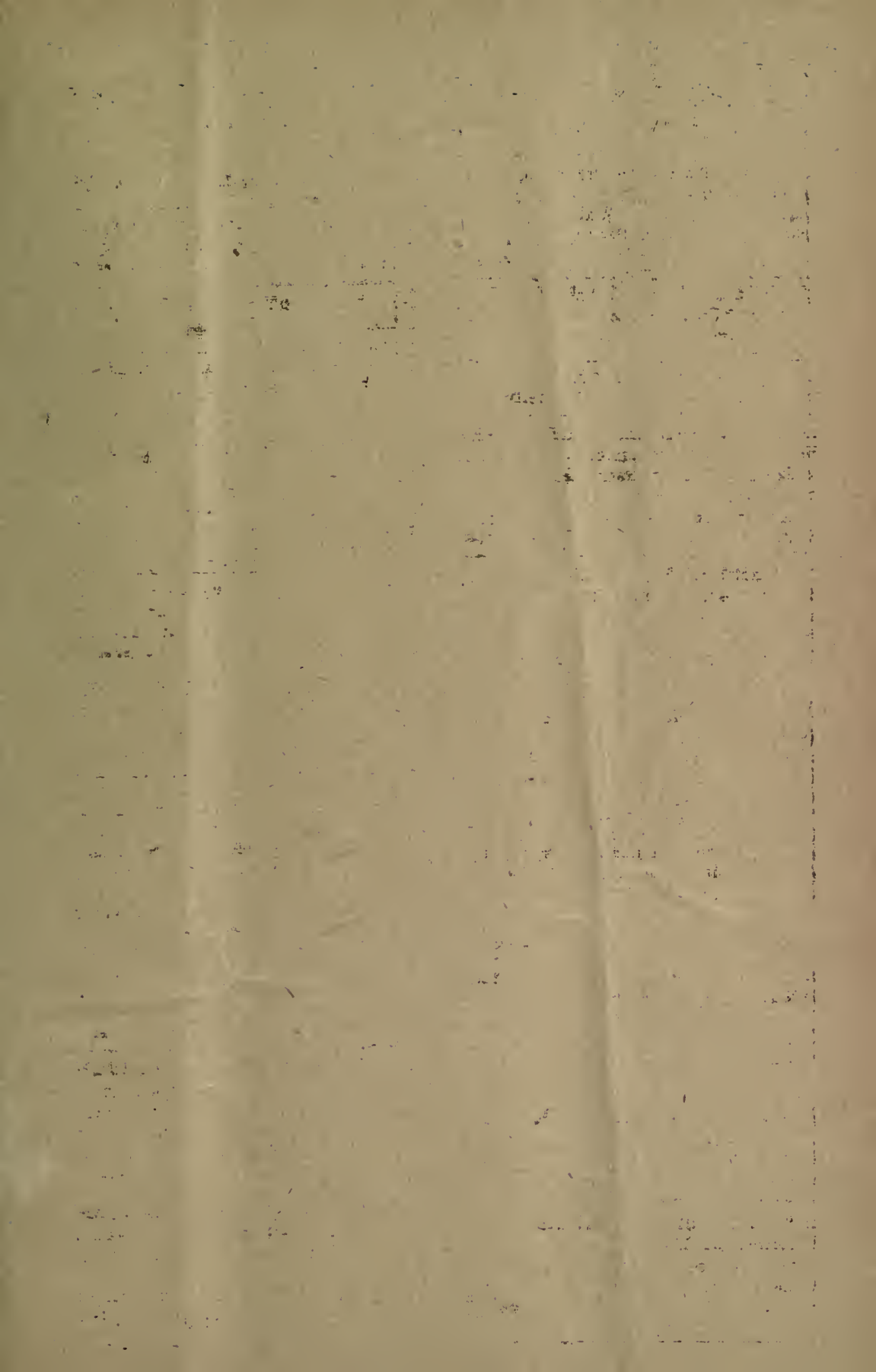
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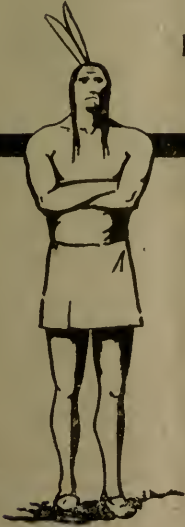
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Memoirs of Mrs. Maverick

Mrs. Annie E. Brown, who lives near Bandera, and is now in her eighty-seventh year, has kindly loaned us a book, entitled "San Antonio de Bexar," from which we have taken the following extracts from the Memoirs of Mrs. M. A. Maverick, widow of Samuel Augustus Maverick, for many years one of the leading citizens of San Antonio. The Mavericks were intimate friends to Mrs. Brown, and the book from which these extracts were taken was presented to her by Mrs. Maverick.

Samuel Augustus Maverick was born July 23, 1803, at Pendleton, South Carolina, of distinguished revolutionary stock of English and Huguenot extraction. Mrs. Maverick was an Adams—the Massachusetts family transplanted to Virginia and intermarried with a Lewis of that state. Mrs. Maverick was married August 4, 1836, near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, her mother's home. The family started for Texas October 14, 1837, Mr. Sam Maverick being then a baby of five months. Mr. Maverick, senior, had been in Texas in 1835, and his friends thought him killed in the Alamo fight. As a record of old time traveling, and to illustrate the upbuilding of the Southwest, their progress to the Lone Star State is of interest in these days of fast flying express trains and automobiles. Mrs. Maverick says: ick says:

"Father accompanied us half a day. We traveled in a carriage, Mr. Maverick driving and nurse Rachel and baby and myself the other occupants. In a wagon with Wiley as driver was Jinny, our future cook and her four children. We reached mother's (near Tuscaloosa, Alabama, from Pendleton, South Carolina) about the last of October, and stopped with her several weeks making final preparations. December 7th we set out for Texas. Our party was composed of four whites and ten negroes. The negroes were four men, Griffin,

Granville, Wiley and Uncle Jim; two women, Jinny and Rachel, and Jinny's four children. We had a large carriage, a big Kentucky wagon, three extra saddle horses and one blooded filly. The wagon carried a tent, a supply of provisions and bedding, and the cook and children. We occasionally stopped several days in a good place to rest and to have washing done, and sometimes give the muddy roads time to dry. We crossed the Mississippi at Rodney, and Red River at Alexandria, and came through bottoms in Louisiana where the high-water marks in the trees stood far above our carriage top, but the roads were good there when we passed. We crossed the Sabine, a sluggish, muddy, narrow stream, and stood upon the soil of the Republic of Texas about New Year's Day, 1838.

"January 7, 1838, we occupied an empty cabin in San Augustine, while the carriage wheel was being repaired. This was a poor little village principally of log cabins, on one street, but the location was high and dry. We laid in a supply of corn and groceries here and pushed on through Nacogdoches to the place of Colonel Durst, an old acquaintance of Mr. Maverick. There we met General Rusk. We now had to travel in occasional rains and much mud, where the country was poor and sparsely settled and provisions for man and beast scarce. We, on advice, selected the longest but best road, namely, the one leading by the way of Washington, high up on the Brazos. From Washington we went to Columbus on the Colorado, and thence about due south towards the Lavaca River. Now came a dreadful time. About January 26th we entered a bleak, desolate, swampy prairie, cut up by what are called dry bayous, and now almost full of water. This swamp, covered by the Sandy, Mustang and head branches of the Navidad, was fourteen miles wide. Every step the ani-

mals took was in water. We stalled in five or six of the gullies and each time the wagon had to be unloaded in wind, water and rain, and all the men and animals had to work together to pull out. The first "norther" struck us here, a terrific, howling north wind with fine rain, blowing and penetrating through clothes and blankets. I never before experienced such cold. We were four days crossing this fourteen miles of such dreadful swamp. The first day made three miles and that night my mattress floated in water. No one suffered from the exposure, and Mr. Maverick kept cheerful all the while. Our provisions were almost gone when, on the 30th, we crossed the Navidad, stopping at Spring Hill, Major Sutherland's place. Mr. Maverick now went on to see if it was safe to take us to San Antonio, and visited other points with a view of settling, especially Matagorda, where he owned land.

"At Major Sutherland's boarded Captain Sylvester, from Ohio, who had captured Santa Anna after the battle of San Jacinto. I attended a San Jacinto ball at Texana on April 21st. Here, too, I met old Bowles, the Cherokee chief, with twelve or thirteen of his tribe. After tea we were dancing when Bowles came in, dressed in a breech cloth, anklets, moccasins and feathers, and a long clean white shirt which had been presented to him in Houston. He said the pretty ladies in Houston had danced with him, kissed him and given him rings. We, however, begged to be excused, and even requested him to retire. He stalked out in high dudgeon, and our dance broke up. Bowles told us of President Houston living in his Nation, and that he had given Houston his daughter for a squaw, and had made him a big chief.

"June 2nd we set off for San Antonio de Bexar, in those days frequently called Bexar. June 12th, late in the afternoon, we reached camp again, and were loading up to move two or three miles further to a better camping place, when several Indians rode up. They said, 'mucho amigo,' and were loud and filthy and manifested their intention to be very intimate. More and more came, until we counted seventeen of them. They rode in amongst us, looked greedily at the horses, and without exaggeration annoyed us very much. They were

Tonkawas and kept repeating 'mucho amigo,' telling us further that they were just from the Nueces, where they had fought the Comanches two days previously and gained a victory. They were in war paint and well armed and displayed in triumph two scalps, one hand and several pieces of putrid flesh from various parts of the human body. They were to be taken to the tribe, when a war dance would ensue over the trophies, and they and their squaws would devour the flesh. I was frightened almost to death, but tried not to show my alarm. They rode up to the carriage window and asked to see the 'papoose.' I held up the baby and smiled at their compliments, but took care to have my pistol and bowie knife visible and kept cool. I kept telling Griffin to hurry the others, and Mr. Maverick worked coolly with the rest. Jinny said, 'Let's cook some supper first,' and grumbled mightily when Griffin ordered her into the wagon and drove off. Imagine our consternation when the Indians turned back and every one of the seventeen followed us. It was a bright moonlight night and finally the Indians, finding us unsociable and dangerous, gradually dropped behind."

On June 15th, 1838, the travelers reached San Antonio, having left home October 14th of the previous year. While Mrs. Maverick was at Spring Hill, Mr. Maverick made one journey back to purchase household effects in New Orleans. Mrs. Maverick goes on to describe the San Antonio of the period and gives a charming picture of the society of the little coterie of Americans then living there.

"Early in February, 1839, we moved into our own house at the northeast corner of Main and Soledad Streets. This house remained our homestead until July 1849—over ten years—although five of the ten years, those from 1842 to 1847, we wandered about as refugees. The main house was of stone, and had three rooms, one fronting south on Main street and west on Soledad; also a shed along the east wall of the house toward the north end. This shed we closed in with an adobe wall, and divided it into a kitchen and servants' room. We also built an adobe room for the servants on Soledad street, leaving a gateway between it and the main house, and we built a stable near the river. We put

a strong picket fence around the garden to the north, and fenced the garden off from the yard. In the garden were sixteen fig trees, and many rows of pomegranates. In the yard were several china trees, and on the river bank, just below our line on the De la Zerla premises, was a grand old cypress which we could touch through our fence, and its roots made ridges in our yard. It made a great shade, and we erected our bath house and wash place under its spreading branches. Our neighbors were the De la Zerdas. In 1840 their place was leased to a Greek, Roque Catahu, who kept a shop on the street and lived in the back rooms. He married a pretty bright-eyed, laughing Mexican girl of fourteen years. He dressed her in jewelry and fine clothes and bought her a dilapidated piano. He was jealous and wished her to amuse herself at home. The piano had the desired effect, and she enjoyed it like a child with a new trumpet. The fame of her piano went through town, and after tea crowds would come to witness her performance.

"Our neighbors on the north were Dona Juana Varcinez and her son, Leonicio. She sold us milk at 25 cents per gallon, and spring chickens at 12½ cents each. Butter was 50 cents per pound. When we returned from the coast in 1847 she had sold her place to Sam S. Smith. My son, Lewis Antonio, was born in this house of ours, and until quite recently, I was of the opinion that he was the first child of pure American stock born in San Antonio. But now I understand that a Mr. Brown came here with his wife in 1828 from East Texas, and during that year a son was born to them. That son, John Brown, is said to be now (1890) a citizen of Waco.

"Mr. Maverick was a member of the volunteer company of Minute Men, commanded by the celebrated Jack Hays, an honored citizen of California. He came to Texas at the age of eighteen and was appointed a deputy surveyor. The surveying party frequently had brushes with the Indians and on these occasions Jack Hays displayed marked coolness and military skill, and soon became by unanimous consent the leader in all encounters with the Indians. There were from fifty to seventy-five young Americans in San Antonio at this time, attracted by the climate, the novelty or by the all-absorbing spirit of land specu-

lation. They came from every one of the United States. Many had engaged in the short and bloody struggle of 1835 and 1836 for the freedom of Texas. Some possessed means and others were carving out their own fortunes; all were filled with the spirit of adventure and daring and more or less stamped with the weird wildness of the half-known west. They were a noble set of boys, as they styled one another, and were ever ready to take horse and follow Hays to the Indian strongholds. They accomplished wonders, for in a few years they crushed the Comanche Nation and the country around San Antonio became habitable. The signals for their expeditions were the ringing of the Cathedral bell and the hoisting of the flag of the Republic in front of the Court House.

"In November, 1839, a party of ladies and gentlemen came from Houston to visit San Antonio. They rode on horseback. The ladies were Miss Trask of Boston, Mass., and Miss Evans, daughter of Judge Evans of Texas. The gentlemen were Judge Evans and Col. J. W. Dacey, Secretary of War of the Republic of Texas. Ladies and all were armed with pistols and bowie knives. I rode with this party and some others around the head of the San Antonio River. We galloped up the west side and paused at and above the springs long enough to admire the lovely valley of the San Antonio. The leaves were almost all fallen from the trees, leaving the view open to the Missions below town. We galloped home down the east side, and doubted not that the Indians watched us from the heavy timber of the river bottom.

"In the fall of 1839 or 1840, eighteen dead bodies were brought in from the edge of town and laid out in the Court House. They were the remains of a party who had been surprised and cut off while out riding, a Mr. Campbell alone escaping by the fleetness of his horse. The bodies had been found naked, hacked with tomahawks, and partly eaten by wolves."

Mrs. Maverick was an eye witness of the terrible hand-to-hand conflict with the Comanche braves in 1840. The fight was nothing less than Homeric. We give it in her own words:

"On Tuesday, March 19th, 1840, (dia de San Jose) sixty-five Comanches came into the town to make a treaty. They

brought with them and reluctantly gave up, Matilda Lockhart, whom they had captured with her younger sister in December, 1838, after killing two others of the family. The Indian chiefs and men proceeded to the Court House, where they met the city and military authorities. The jail then occupied the corner formed by the east line of Main Plaza and the north line of Calabosa (now Market) street, and the Court House was north of and adjoining the jail. The Court House and jail were of stone, one story, flat roofed, and floored with dirt. Captain Tom Howard's company was at first in the Court House yard. The Indian women and boys came in there too and remained during the pow-wow. The young Indians amused themselves shooting arrows at pieces of money put up by some of the Americans. I adjourned over to Mrs. Higginbotham's, whose place adjoined the Court House yard, and we watched the young savages through the picket fence.

"This was the third time the Indians had come for a talk, pretending to seek peace and trying to get ransom money for their American and Mexican captives. Their present proposition was that they should be paid an enormous price for Matilda Lockhart and a Mexican they had just given up, and that traders be sent with paint, powder, flannel, blankets, and such other articles as they should name to ransom other captives. This course had been adopted once before, and when the traders reached the Indian camp the smallpox broke out amongst them, and they killed the traders, alleging that they had introduced the disease to kill off the Indians. After the slaughter they retained both the captives and the goods. Now, the Americans, mindful of the treachery and duplicity of the Indians, answered as follows:

"We will, according to a former agreement, keep four or five of your chiefs and the others of you shall go to your Nation and bring all the captives here, and then we will pay you all you ask for them. Meanwhile, the chiefs we hold we will treat as brothers, and not one hair of their heads shall be injured. This we have determined upon, and if you resist our soldiers will shoot you down."

"The above ultimatum being interpreted, the Comanches, instantly, and as

one man, raised a terrific warwhoop, drew their bows and arrows and commenced shooting with deadly effect, at the same time endeavoring to break out of the Council Hall. The order, "Fire" was given by Captain Howard and the soldiers fired into the midst of the crowd. The first volley killed several Indians and two of our own people. Soon, all rushed out into the public square, the civilians to procure arms, the Indians to escape and the soldiers in close pursuit. The Indians generally struck out for the river. Some fled southeast towards Bowen's Bend, some ran east on Commerce Street and some north on Soledad. Soldiers and citizens pursued and overtook them at all points. Some were shot in the river and some in the streets. Several hand-to-hand encounters took place, and some Indians took refuge in stone houses and closed the doors. Not one of the sixty-five Indians escaped; thirty-three were killed and thirty-two were taken prisoners.

"Six Americans and one Mexican were killed and ten Americans were wounded. Our killed were Julian Hood, the sheriff, Judge Thompson and an attorney from South Carolina, G. W. Cayce from Brazos, and one officer and two soldiers and one Mexican whose names I did not learn. Those severely wounded were Lieutenant Thompson, a brother of the Judge, Captain Tom Howard, Captain Matt. Caldwell, a citizen volunteer from Gonzales, Judge Robinson, Mr. Morgan, a deputy sheriff, Mr. Higginbotham, and two soldiers. Some others were slightly wounded.

"When the deafening warwhoop was sounded in the court room. it was so loud and shrill, so sudden and inexpressibly horrible, that we women, looking through the fence cracks, for a moment could not comprehend its purport. The Indian boys, however, instantly recognized its meaning, and turning their arrows upon Judge Robinson and other gentlemen nearby, slew the Judge on the spot. We fled precipitately, Mrs. Higginbotham into her house and I across the street to my Commerce street door. The Indians rushed by me on Commerce street and one reached my door and turned to push it, just as I slammed it to and beat down the heavy bar. I rushed into the house and in the north room found my husband and my brother Andrew sitting clamly at a table inspect-

ing some plats of surveys. They had heard nothing! I soon gave them the alarm and hurried by to look after my boys. Mr. Maverick and Andrew seized their arms. Mr. Maverick rushed into the street while Brother Andrew into the back yard where I was, now shouting at the top of my voice, 'Here are the Indians! Here are the Indians!' Three Indians had gotten in through the gate on Soledad street and were making towards the river. One had stopped near Jinny Anderson, our cook, who stood bravely in front of the children, mine and hers. She held a great stone in her hands, lifted above her head, and I heard her cry out to the Indians: 'G'way from heah, or I' smash yo' haid wif dis heah roek!' The Indian seemed regretful that he hadn't time to dispatch Jinny and her brood; but his time was short, and pausing but a moment, he turned and rushed down the bank, jumped into the river and struck out for the opposite shore. As the Indian hurried down the bank my brother ran out in answer to my loud calls. While the Indian was swimming, Andrew drew his unerring bead on him. Another Indian was climbing the opposite bank and was about to escape but Andrew brought him down also. Then Andrew rushed up Soledad street looking for more Indians.

'I housed my little ones and then looked out of the Soledad street door. Nearby was stretched an Indian, wounded and dying. A large man, an employe of Mr. Higginbotham, came up just then and aimed a pistol at the Indian's head. I called out, 'Oh, don't he is dying!' and the big American laughed and said, 'Well, to please you I won't, but it would put him out of his misery.' Then I saw two others lying dead near by.

'Captain Lysander Wells, about this time, passed by riding north on Soledad street. He was mounted on a gaily caparisoned Mexiean horse, with silver-mounted saddle and bridle, which outfit he had secured to take back to his native state on a visit to his mother. As he reached the Verimendi house, an Indian who had escaped detection, rushed out from his hiding place, and jumping upon the horse behind Wells, clasped his arms and tried to catch hold of the bridle reins. The two men struggled for some time, bent back and forwards

and swayed from side to side, until at last Wells managed to hold the Indian's arms with his right hand and with his left to draw his pistol from the holster. He turned partly around, placed the pistol against the Indian's body and fired—a moment more and the Indian dropped dead to the ground. Wells put spurs to his horse and did good service in the pursuit.

'I had become so fascinated by this struggle that I had unconsciously gone into the middle of the street, when Lieutenant Chevalier, who was passing, called out to me: 'Are you crazy? Go in or you will be killed!' I obeyed; but my curiosity and anxiety again got the better of me, and I peeped out on Commerce street where I saw the dead bodies of four or five Indians. It was dark when Mr. Maverick returned.

'Several incidents occurred soon after the fight of the 19th which are worth narrating. On March 28th, 250 or 300 Comanches under a dashing young chief, Isimania, came close to the edge of town, where the main body halted while Chief Isimania and another warrior rode boldly into the public square and circled around the plaza, then rode some distance down Commerce street and back, shouting all the while, offering to fight and heaping abuse and insults on the Americans. Isimania was in full war-paint and almost naked. He stopped quite awhile in front of Bluck's saloon, on the north-east corner of the square. He shouted defiance, rose in his stirrups, shook his clenched fist, raved, and foamed at the mouth. The citizens, through an interpreter, told him that the soldiers were all down at the Mission San Jose de Aguayo, and if he went there Colonel Fisher would give him fight enough.

'Isimania took his braves to San Jose, and with fearless daring bantered the soldiers for a fight. Colonel Fisher was sick in bed and Captain Redd, the next in rank, was in command. He said to the chief: 'We have made a twelve days' truce with your people, in order to exchange prisoners. My country's honor is pledged, as well as my own, to keep the truce, and I will not break it. Remain here three days, or return in three days, and the truce will be over. We burn to fight you.' Isimania called him liar, coward, and other opprobrious names, and hung around

for some time; but at last the Indians left and did not return. Captain Redd remained calm and unmoved throughout this stormy talk, but his men ebull with difficulty be restrained; and in fact, some of them were ordered into the Mission church and guarded there.

"When Captain Lysander Wells, who was in town, heard of all this, he wrote Captain Redd a letter, in which he called him a 'dastardly coward,' and alluded to a certain petticoat government, under which he intimated the Captain was restrained. This allusion had reference to a young woman who, dressed in boy's apparel, had followed Redd from Georgia and was now living with him. The letter of Wells was signed, much to their shame, by several others in San Antonio.

"Colonel Fisher removed his entire force of three companies to the Alamo in San Antonio. Redd challenged Wells to mortal combat, and one morning at 6 o'clock they met where the Ursuline convent now stands. Facing his antagonist, Redd coolly remarked: 'I aim for your heart;' and Wells replied: 'And I for your brains.' They fired. Redd sprang into the air, and fell dead with a bullet in his brain. Wells, too, in fulfillment of the fearful repartee, was shot very near the heart; he, however, lived a fortnight in great agony, begging every one near him to dispatch him or furnish him with a pistol to kill himself. Dr. Weidemann, of whom more anon, nursed him tenderly. It turned out that the girl before referred to was married to Redd, and they found the marriage license and certificate in his pocket; also letters to members of his own and her families, speaking of her in the tenderest manner and asking them to protect and provide for her. She followed him to the grave and seemed broken-hearted, and soon thereafter returned to her people.

"Matilda Lockhart, who came in on March 19th, had been in captivity about two years. When she was taken, two of her family were slain and she and her little sister were taken prisoners. At that time she was thirteen and her sister three years old. She came along with the Indian party as a herder driving a herd of extra horses—thus the Indians could change horses from time to time for fresher ones. She was in a frightful condition, poor girl. Her head,

arms and face were full of sores and bruises, and her nose actually burned off.

"March 29th, Mrs. Webster came in with her three-year-old child on her back. The poor, miserable being was so unlike a white woman that the Mexicans hailed her as 'Indio! Indio!' She came into the public square from the west and was dressed as an Indian, in buckskin, her hair was cut short and square upon her forehead, and she was sunburned dark as a Comanche. She called out in good English, however, saying she had escaped from Indian captivity. She was immediately taken to John W. Smith's house, and we American ladies gathered to see her and care for her. She was very tired and hungry and almost exhausted. Her story was as follows: She came to Texas from Virginia early in 1835, with her husband, who, she claimed, was a relative of Daniel Webster. They built a home northeast of Austin, and in August of that year her husband was removing her and her four children to this wild home. They had also in the party two negroes and one white man. They were camped one evening on Brushy Creek, not far north of Austin, when a large body of Comanches attacked them. The three men fought bravely, but were overpowered and killed. Mrs. Webster's infant was taken from her arms and its brains dashed out against a tree and her second child killed. She and her eldest boy, Becker, were tied upon horses and she held her child of two years so tightly to her breast and pleaded so piteously for its life that the Indians left it with her. They were taken by rapid marches to the mountains, where they stripped Booker and shaved his head. He was attacked with brain fever and an old squaw, who had just lost a son of his age, adopted him and nursed him very tenderly. The Indians let her keep her little girl, but forbade her talking to her son. They made her cook and stake out ponies and beat her continually. She had been nineteen months in captivity when she seized a favorable opportunity to escape. It was one night after a long day's march, when, having learned the general direction of San Antonio, she quietly slipped out of camp with her child in her arms and bent her steps towards Bexar. She spent twelve terrible days on the way without meeting a human being. She sustained herself

all this while on berries, small fish which she caught in the streams, and on bones which she sucked and chewed. Sometimes she gave up and almost resigned herself to death. The morning of the 28th a fog came on, and unable to see any distance through the fog, she gave up all for lost and lay down in utter despair. Soon the sun shone out and the fog disappeared, when, looking towards the East, she saw a "golden cross shining in the sky." Then she felt that God had answered her prayers, and again took up the march with a thankful heart. She approached the golden cross with earnest steps. It proved to be the cross on the Cathedral of San Fernando in San Antonio.

"An eccentric character of those days was a Dr. Weidemann—his memory is worth keeping green as showing that the present cosmopolitan characteristics of San Antonio are congenital, so to speak. He was a Russian scholar and naturalist, and an excellent physician and surgeon; a highly cultivated man and spoke many languages, and he had been a great traveler. He lived on the old Chavez place on Acequia street. I remember that on the night of the Indian fight of March 19th, 1840, I visited Mrs. Higginbotham, as I have before stated. While I was there Dr. Weidemann came up to her grated front window and placed a severed Indian head upon the sill. The good doctor bowed courteously, and saying: 'With your permission, Madam,' disappeared. Presently he returned with another bloody head, when he explained to us that he had examined all of the dead Indians and had selected these heads, male and female, for the skulls, besides two entire bodies, to preserve as skeletons. He said, 'I have been longing exceedingly to secure such specimens, and now, ladies, I must get a cart to take them home.' Dr. Weidemann had taken an active part in the fight, had done good service mounted on his fine horse, and now he was all begrimed, bloody and dirty, the result of his labors as a warrior, surgeon and scientist. He soon returned with the cart, loaded with his magnificent specimens, took the two heads from the window and departed. That night he stewed the bodies in a soap boiler, and when the flesh was completely desiccated, emptied the cauldron into the acequia. Now, this ditch furnished the drinking

water generally for the town; it being understood that the river and the San Pedro were reserved for bathing and washing. There was a city ordinance to this effect coupled with a heavy fine. On the 21st it dawned upon the dwellers on the banks of the ditch that the Doctor had defiled the drinking water, and that probably they had taken in particles of Indian in their fluid. The people, very properly, gathered in indignation, a mob rushed to the Mayor's office, the men talked in loud and excited voices, the women shrieked and cried, they rolled up their eyes in horror, they vomited, and some of them were so frightened that they suffered miscarriage. Many thought they were poisoned and would die. Dr. Weidemann was arrested and brought to trial; they overwhelmed him with abuse, and called him 'diablo,' 'demonio,' 'sin verguenza,' and so forth. He took it calmly, assured them the Indians had all sailed by in the night, paid his fine and went away laughing. Once the Doctor lost his watch. He suspected one of his servants, Jose, and after waiting in vain for him to confess and give up the property, he determined to use a little magic. He invited a party to see the fun, and arraying himself in a figured gown and conical hat, and preparing a fire and cauldron on the roof of his house, he summoned all his servants to his presence and announced that they were all to dip their hands into the pot; at the same time informing them that the hand of the guilty one would turn black. The conscience-stricken Jose waited until the last—all others had come through with clean hands. He at last approached, plunged in his hand, and when he withdrew it, lo, it was black! The wretched man confessed in terror, and immediately gave up the watch. Thereafter no Mexican passed Dr. Weidemann without crossing himself, for they all firmly believed he was in league with the Devil. The Doctor told them that the spirits of the boiled Indians were under his control and told him everything. He sat their skeletons up in his summer house and defied anyone to steal them from him; it is needless to say his property was not further molested. The Doctor was drowned in 1843 or 1844 in attempting to swim Peach Creek, near Gonzales, during a rise."

Lehmann, the Indian

A wonderfully interesting book is soon to come from the Hunter press, dealing with the life and captivity of Herman Lehmann, who spent nine years among the Apaches and Comanches. J. Marvin Hunter, editor of *Frontier Times*, is now compiling data for this book, and hopes to have it ready for the printer within the next two or three months. Lehmann, who lives at Grandfield, Oklahoma, came to Bandera in December and supplied the material for the volume. He tells a wonderful story of hardships and cruelties he had to endure when he was first captured, tells of battles with the white people, describes murders and raids committed by the Indians, tells of life in the camps, of buffalo hunts, trips across the desert, and many other thrilling adventures. Lehmann was captured by the Apaches in 1870, when he was barely eleven years old. He was given thorough training in all sorts of Indian deviltry, and became to all intents and purposes an Indian, even to forgetting his own language. After spending four years with the Apaches, he became involved in a difficulty with a big medicine man, whom he slew with a bow and arrow, and had to flee for his life. He went into the mountains and remained in hiding for fully a year. Afterward he went to the Comanches and was adopted into that tribe, and remained with them until the Comanches were put on the reservation in Oklahoma. He was the last of the tribe to surrender and only then induced to give up by the persuasion of Quanah Parker. Finally he was restored to his people in Mason county, but was not content to remain there, and for a long time had to be constantly guarded to keep him from going back to the tribe. Eventually he became reconciled to adopt the ways of the white man, and remained at Loyal Valley for many years and became a good citizen.

When the Comanches surrendered and were given allotment in the Indian Territory Lehmann, known then as Montecesa, was placed on the tribal rolls and given an allotment, and is still numbered among the tribe. He removed to Oklahoma some ten or twelve years ago, and lives there among his old friends, the Indians.

While he was with the Apaches on a raid down into Mason and Gillespie counties in 1875, Captain D. W. Roberts' company of rangers got on their trail and followed the Indians away up on the Coneho Plains where they overtook them early one morning and engaged in a desperate fight with them. In this fight Lehmann fought bravely, and seeing one of his comrades afoot, his horse having been shot down, he raced back and took the Indian up behind him, and was running away when a well directed shot from the gun of Sergeant J. B. Gillett brought down Lehmann's horse. The Indian hit the ground running, but Lehmann was caught under the falling horse and pinned there. Sergeant Gillett and Ed Sieker rushed up and were about to shoot him, when they discovered he had blue eyes and appeared to be a white boy, so taking after the Indian afoot they ran him down and killed him and then came back to get the white boy, but that white boy was gone. He had extricated himself and crawled away in the grass and concealed himself until the rangers left,



PHOTO
BY ROSE

HERMAN LEHMANN.

when he made his way back to the tribe some three hundred miles away.

Captain Gillett tells of this fight in his book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers." In November of last year it was the writer's happy privilege to bring together at the Old Trail Drivers' reunion in San Antonio, these two interesting characters, Captain J. B. Gillett and Herman Lehmann, their first meeting since that memorable fight on the Concho Plains fifty years ago. They discussed all phases of their battle and compared notes closely and both were fully satisfied that each had taken part in the combat. In the forthcoming book Sergeant Gillett's version of the fight will be given, as will also be an account given some years ago by Tom Gillespie, who was also a participant; an account of the same fight will be taken from Capt. D. W. Roberts' book, "Rangers and Sovereignty," and Lehmann will tell in detail of his escape and how he traveled afoot back to the tribe and how he was made a sub-chief for his heroic attempt to save the life

of his comrade, who happened to be his chief's own brother.

While he was with the Indians, Apaches and Comanches, Lehmann became the wildest of the wild. He would lead his braves on any kind of a perilous undertaking and was always foremost in battle or where the most danger was. Among the two tribes today there are many Indians who knew him and were engaged in raids with him.

But today Lehmann is a quiet law-abiding citizen. He is sixty-five years old, and well preserved. He spent more than a week in the editor's home and from his bearing and quiet manner no one would ever suspect that at one time he was a savage, that the blood of innocent people had stained his hands, and that gory scalp-locks had dangled at his belt. He says truthfully that he thought that it was his mission in life to kill and steal; that the Indian taught him to do these awful things. But now he knows that it was wrong and no amount of provocation or under any circumstances could he be induced to shed his fellowman's blood.



PHOTO BY ROSE

Capt. J. B. Gillett and Herman Lehmann Meeting at Old Trail Drivers' Reunion.

"Larry" Chittenden's Poems.

The editor of Frontier Times acknowledges with thanks receipt of a copy "Ranch Verses," by "Larry" Chittenden, the poet-ranchman, whose home is at Sea Bird's Nest, Christmas Cove, Maine. Mr. Chittenden has extensive ranch holdings near Anson in Jones county, Texas, where he spends much of his time, and where he imbibed the atmosphere of the West which inspired him to break forth in glad song to proclaim the natural charm of grand old Texas. The copy of the book we have received represents the sixteenth edition. At Christmas Cove Mr. Chittenden has a wonderful library of more than 10,000 volumes, and in this library he has a "Texas Corner," wherein is to be found autographed volumes by Texas authors. Some day we hope to visit that library, for we know it would be a most delightful retreat, and at the same time give us the unbounded pleasure of meeting the poet-ranchman, who really belongs to Texas.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

Hunting the Gachupin

Theresa M. Hunter, in Houston Chronicle, December 21, 1904.

Gachupin sounds like prehistoric or extinct species of animal, doesn't it? But no, it is merely a strange word I have found in an old volume of Texas literature.

Writing in 1872, a Texas author in the preface of his book entitled "More Than She Could Bear," says "Not more than one in 10,000 of our citizens ever heard of the Gachupin War which took place in Texas 60 years ago."

Did you ever hear of the Gachupin War? Well, neither had the writer, so here were two of the author's 9,999 citizens who were, as he so cleverly surmised, completely ignorant of the event.

Sixty years ago! Counting back from 1872, that would make it 1812, a year of mighty troublesome portent to the whole United States. Congress had just declared war on Great Britain; America was defending her coast lines; preparing to invade Canada; sustaining naval engagements; avenging Indian outrages, etc., with but meager equipment for such important work. So a war in Neutralia, the fanciful name bestowed on what was then known as the neutral ground between Louisiana and Texas, went almost unnoted and unnoticed.

It did not take very long to discover the relation of the era of filibustering in Texas which ante dates the colonization period with what Mr. Benbow has dubbed the Gachupin War. We who have studied the ordinary school histories are somewhat well acquainted with the names of Nolan, Aura, Mina, Magee and all those gallant adventurers, but the word Gachupin was fascinatingly novel. Struck by its utter unfamiliarity I paused to reconnoiter.

In Wooten's History I found the following reference: "Leaders displayed savage ferocity towards royalists and Gachupins, as the native Spaniards were called," and Brown tells us of General Toledo whose reform and disciplinary methods introduced into the army provoked the wrath of Mexican soldiers, who resented his rule because he was a Gachupin. Toledo was a Cuban Spaniard.

A Spanish American dictionary gave this: "Gachupin (Gah choo peen), name given in Mexico to a native of Spain, who

in Lima, is called a Chapeton and in Buenos Ayres, a Maurrango."

But an American encyclopedia yielded better results: "In the last days of Spanish rule in Mexico the Spanish official party bore the name of Gachupin while the native party which was preparing for revolution were called Guadaloupes. The latter name was adopted by the Mexicans in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe, the tutelary protectress of Mexico, while that of Gachupin was a sobriquet gratuitously bestowed upon the Spanish faction.

There must have been some reason for this "gift of a name" but research and inquiry have failed to disclose it. A vague story that a Spanish family of the name of Gachupin were, in some manner, involved in the struggle of Mexico to throw off the Spanish yoke, is offered, but nothing definite about it can be found.

Texas at that time was a land of promise to men who coveted power. The success of the Corsican, building his empire by conquest in the old world, seemed to fire the ambition of every adventurer in the new. Everyone of them saw in himself an embryo emperor. Nolan, with his camouflage of "horse hunting," making maps and founding trading stations with the Indians, may have hoped to return and establish a kingdom. Magee, resigning an honored post in the United States army to lead his band of American adventurers, Mexican revolutionists and Indian allies to set up a republic, of which he might be dictator. Long, abandoning his hard won military honors and a beautiful bride, to brave treachery and physical hardships, that he might win wealth and power, and meeting instead, death at the hands of an assassin, and that other "spirits," restless and audacious," that "small, slight, blackeyed and smiling gentleman" Aaron Burr, craving to wear the title, "king of the West" with his finger on the map, visioned Texas in burning words, for those whose interest and assistance he desired. "There is the land west of the Mississippi, unknown and far away. There are grassy plains that seem to roll into the sun and there are great herds of game and warlike Indians, and beyond

the range of any vision there are vast mountains covered with snow. Gold, too, may be there. "It is a country, enormous, grandiose, rich and silent, a desert waiting for the strong man's tread."

Spain also treasured this wonderful prospect, and was loth to surrender it to any ehanee eomer. But her home affairs were in a sad state, and she she could devote but little attention to the colonies. Her idea was to Christianize and civilize the Indian oocupants and through them to secure the fruits of the land, which in the course of time would enrich the coffers of old Spain. Missions had been established and were in the care of peaceful padres who underwent untold hardships, in their noble work of converting and training the Indians.

Such a slow process, however, did not appeal to our Anglo Saxon adventurers. Conquest by force of arms, submision of the native to a superior race, was their chosen method. The Napoleonic idea was supreme!

Spain offered resistance to these invaders with Mexiean troops, officered by Spaniards and augmented by volunteer soldiers of fortune from Spain and her tributaries, who favored the royalist party. So Montero, Herrera, Salcedo, Cordera and others led their armies into Texas against the American invaders. These encounters were waged from Nachitoches, La., to the country west of San Antonio in Texas, back and forth and along the gulf coast. Now one side was victorious and then another until the final defeat of the American forces put an end to Magee's expedition, but not before it had been demonstrated that Texas could be invaded and might be conquered and settled by a superior race. And this demonstration likely gave courage and light to those who followed.

This, then was the Gaehupin War. And a Gaehupin was a Spaniard lately come from his native land to fight for the preservation of Spanish America.

"THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS, compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter, under direction of Geo. W. Saunders, president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association. Two volumes, 500 pages each. Price \$3.00 per single volume, or \$5.00 for the two volumes. Postpaid. Send all orders to George W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

Old Hieroglyphics Painted by Indians.

Indian hieroglyphics have been found on the D. O. Sims ranch a few miles from Paint Rock, Texas, in a stone bluff. These characters are not the least faded though they were put there by the Indians in early pioneer days in Texas and have been exposed to the elements all these years.

An old Indian chief came down to see the bluff and tried to explain to Mr. Sims just what all the sign writing meant. For example, in one place there is a picture of a church and above it is a picture of a black cloud. Flying north from the ehureh are six birds. The old Indian interpreted this as meaning that six Indians had burned the ehureh of some white settlers in the neighboring territory and were fleeing north. It is historically true that a mission church was burned at San Saba by a few Indians in early times.

A hand drawn by an Indian always indicates the number of people in the group, it is said. If the hand is red, it stands for Indians, if white, it means the white settlers.

As the bluff is located in a central place most of the tribes passed it at some time. Each tribe or group seems to have left a message for the Indians to tell what direction to take and to warn them if the whites were near.

This blue has not been taken care of and at present a number of the hieroglyphics have been mutilated by people scratching their names over the surface of the painting.

Subscriptions Expiring

Quite a number of subscriptions to Frontier Times expire this month. If you find an expiration notice in your copy of the little magazine we hope you will promptly renew, as it is our policy to discontinue sending Frontier Times at expiration of time paid for, inasmuch as the existence of this magazine depends solely upon its subscriptions. Please watch your date and renew promptly. Frontier Times needs every subscriber on the list if the little magazine is to be a permanent publication.

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.

Two Men Desperately Wounded

Written by Mrs. Lula Frye, 1124 W. Highland St., Santa Anna, Calif.

I will give you a brief history of some of the hardships the early pioneers had to undergo, particularly some of the experiences of my father, W. J. Miller, or more familiarly known to the people of West Texas as Bill Miller. His parents were Joseph and Elizabeth Miller, natives of Indiana, but they had removed to Washington county, Arkansas, where J. W. Miller was born June 11, 1841. Six years later the family moved to Bastrop, Texas, and engaged in the cattle business. In 1859 my father was married to Miss Dallie Vandever, from Kentucky, and to them were born three children, Zack T., Lula J., and Emma A. Miller. Father moved to McCulloch county where cowboys were in demand and accepted a position with Mr. Frances of Llano county who had moved his cattle to range in McCulloch county, and here he worked a year, when he and his brother, F. M. Miller, took charge of a bunch of cattle belonging to A. W. Morrow and managed them eight years. The first long drive father made was over the trail leading to Missouri in 1867, the herd driven numbering 570 head which were readily disposed of and he returned home. Eleven days after he returned from that drive he was in one of the most desperate fights with Indians recorded in the annals of border warfare. In company with Mr. Morrow he was returning from a short trip and encamped for the night near Major Reese's place on the San Saba river. About daybreak they started for home and had traveled about eight miles when they discovered a band of Indians driving some cattle. The Indians discovered them at the same time and came yelling and shooting showers of arrows. Father was driving four big fat horses, and they became frightened and ran away, and he could not manage them. The Indians ran up close and whipped the horses with their bows, while other Indians were shooting at him. The team neared a bluff and in trying to check them the wagon struck a ditch and father's pistol bounced to the ground. This left him unarmed, except a knife. Morrow was busy fighting the Indians all the time father was trying to control the horses, but both men were

badly wounded before the horses ran into a ditch and had to stop. Father and Morrow jumped out of the wagon and hastily cut the horses loose, and Morrow jumped on the first one released and started to make his escape, when an Indian shot the horse and Morrow was thrown to the ground. He called to father and said he was killed and begged him not to leave him to the mercy of the savages. As father ran by Morrow he reached down and caught him, by the hand and pulled him up on the horse behind him, but just as they started to run an Indian squaw rushed up and shot father in the left cheek with an arrow, severing an artery. He jerked the arrow out and used it as a switch to urge his horse forward, and they ran about a mile, when he told Morrow he was bleeding to death and could go no further. They dropped from the horse, and the Indians rode around them several times and went away leaving them for dead. Father had twenty-seven wounds on his body, face and head. He had on a woolen overcoat, and when he dropped from the horse he fell with his face on his arm and the heavy coat stopped the flow of blood. They remained here several hours, and just before night, when it began to rain and sleet, they crawled to a cedar thicket, built a fire and kept from chilling to death. Mr. Morrow had twenty-two wounds, and they both suffered terribly for water. Their clothes were saturated with blood, and they were in a weakened condition. At daylight father told Morrow he must have water or he would die. Mr. Morrow, who could still walk, placed father high up on a boulder to remain there while he went for water. He was afraid if he left him on the ground the wolves, which had been prowling around all night, would kill him. Morrow then went to the river, a short distance away, and when he was gone, father thought he would never return, and as his fever was high and his throat and lips parched he could stand it no longer, so he slid off the rock and dragged himself along until he came to the river and getting to the water's edge he drank until he had quenched his consuming thirst. As long as father lived he talked about

that good water. He had lost so much blood and was in such a weakened condition that he came near freezing to death while on the bank of the river. Presently he heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and thought the Indians were returning, but soon discovered it was some cowboys hunting for him. They had found the wagon and trailed them by the blood. The boys unsaddled their horses and took their saddle blankets and made a stretcher and carried father back to the place where Morrow had left him and found Morrow there with his boot full of water which he had brought to relieve father's thirst. The cowboys then sent to Major Rose's for an ambulance, bed and pillows, and brought the wounded men home. When they cut father's clothes off they were so stiff with blood the doctor stood his pants up on the floor. Father never turned himself in bed for more than three years, and he carried one of the arrow spikes in his body from the 17th day of January, 1868, until September 24, 1874, when it was removed by a surgeon from Galveston, after which he improved very rapidly. He was a man with an iron constitution, and despite his affliction he gathered his cattle in June, 1872, and drove them to Colorado. One of the Indians' arrows had penetrated his lungs, and he finally contracted tuberculosis, from which he died in 1902.

To Texas Rangers.

Meridian, Texas, Jan. 1, 1925

To the Members of the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association—Greeting:

As your commanding officer and secretary, we wish to extend to you New Year's greetings and wish for you all the prosperity and happiness that can come to men and women in this life, and to inform you that our 1925 reunion will be held at Ranger, Texas, August 12-14 inclusive. We are looking forward to the best attendance that we have ever had. Our two last meetings, 1923 and 1924, were held near the center of the state, but as many of the members live in the northern part of the state and in Oklahoma the executive committee decided, after a most cordial invitation from the Chamber of Commerce of Ranger, that the 1925 reunion should be held in that city. We have every reason to believe that the good people of Ranger and Stephens county will leave nothing un-

done that is calculated to make the occasion both pleasant and profitable. Let all members, who possibly can, be in Ranger August 12, at 10 o'clock a. m., to spend the three days and live over again the days of our boyhood on the frontier of Texas. Let us insist that all of the boys of North Texas and Oklahoma be on hand and as many from Southern and Central Texas as can possibly get there.

Interest in these meetings is growing all the time. Six thousand people were in attendance at our last meeting at Menard. We want to meet as many of the old pioneer men and women as possible and talk over the days of long ago. Ere long it will be too late. The demise of the ex frontiersman and pioneer settler will witness the passing of a set of people that will have no followers. So let "On to Ranger" be the word.

W. M. GREEN,
Major Commanding.
MISS RUBY GREEN,
Secretary.

Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillett's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for \$3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Another Book Coming

Hunter's Printing House in Bandera is now turning out a very interesting book, "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," written by Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Dennis of Bandera. The book will be ready for distribution within the next month or so, and will be a good seller. F. M. Buckelew was captured by Lipan Indians, on the Seco, and was kept by the savages over a year. He finally made his escape and returned to Bandera, where he has since resided. His story is full of human interest and he graphically describes Indian customs and manners, and his story is told in pleasing style by Mr. and Mrs. Dennis. The book will probably sell for \$1.50. Advance orders are now being taken.

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.

Indians of Polk County

William Eilers, Jr., in Houston Chronicle December 7, 1924

Few Texans know that there are still a few full blooded Indians living in the Lone Star State. A tribe of 30 families of Alabama Indians, numbering 229 in all, of whom 55 are school children, live in Polk County. The Alabamas are not natives of Texas, but have lived within the borders of the state for the past 107 years.

An old saying is "a good Indian is a dead Indian." The Alabama tribe does its best to disprove this theory, all of them being hard working farmers. As long as there was timber on their lands they worked as lumbermen, but with the disappearance of wooded sections turned their attention to agriculture.

The civil and moral record is little short of remarkable. During the 107 years that they have made their home in Texas there has not been a single separation between man and wife and only one member of the tribe has been convicted of a crime.

The state and national government have shown little concern over these Indians. The Republic of Texas ceded them 1200 acres of "worthless" land and the United States has built them a school house. It was through the efforts of Sam Houston, then president of the Republic, that the 1200 acres of land, located in the bottoms of Big Sandy River, were granted the tribe.

Since 1913 the tribe has been without a leader. John Scott, their chief, who for forty years had given them advice, died at that time.

The village of the tribe is located 16 miles from Livingston, county seat of Polk county, and is reached over an almost impassable road. Due to this fact there are few visitors and few outsiders know of the existence of the tribe.

It is said that when the Indians cut the timber on their land they kept back enough to build coffins, storing the material in a church. This was stolen.

While they have adopted the white man's way of living, they have not adopted any of the measures to prevent diseases that are their heritage. For this reason there has been a rapid decrease in their numbers and they do not have the stalwartness that is usually thought to be the right of the Indian.

Family relations are very similar to those of the average American family. The women receive consideration, and marriage vows, said to be the simplest in the United States, are observed to the letter.

There is no record of them ever having fought the white man, and they are very hospitable.

The land that was given them was deeded to a few white men to be held in trust. For this reason it is common property and before the death of John Scott he acted as arbiter in the land and personal property matters. Since his death there has been no "squabbling."

In an endeavor to find out if there was any tribal council, a visitor to the village put the following proposition to one of the tribe members:

"Suppose Charlie had a bad horse and you a corn field. The horse breaks into your field and you tell Charlie that he must pay for the grain. Charlie says you have a bad fence and that he will not pay. How would you settle that?"

"Charlie no got bad horse; me no got bad fence."

That tells it. They simply won't engage in disputes.

Thirty years ago a Presbyterian minister and his wife went to live with the Indians. Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Chambers who have a cottage on the edge of the village and the minister holds services in the little church every Sunday. Many of the Indians have joined the church and there is a good attendance every Sunday. Mrs. Chambers teaches school six months of every year.

A few white men whom the Indians trust live near the village. There are several Jim Feagins and Jo Riccs among them. The former are named for Judge Feagin of Polk county and the latter for the Houstonian.

The tribe originally came from the South Atlantic states. Soon after the revolutionary war they moved to Louisiana and 107 years ago to Peachtree, in Tyler County. They stayed there until 1836, when, upon the advice of General Sam Houston, they moved back to Louisiana. Two years later they again moved, building a village about eight miles from

the site of the present one, which was established in 1854.

During three wars the white men in the neighborhood have left their families at home, knowing that the Indians would not harm them and that they would see that others did not harm them.

Each Indian farms about eight acres of land and the revenue for a family averages around \$100 a year. It is said that a government appropriation of \$20,000 for the next few years will be needed to put them on a firm footing.

Polk county citizens and others interested in the welfare of the Indians have decided that this sum is necessary and have formulated a plan for helping them.

It is suggested that an agricultural expert be employed, to live in the village and teach the tribe members how to farm and to assist in building up the poor soil; that 1000 goats be purchased to be put in the pastures and brush, and that each family be provided with a cow. It is also suggested that a domestic supervisor be obtained to teach the women of the tribe.

Keeping the Record Straight.

Frontier Times is pleased to publish the following letter from Mrs. John Lee, of Upland, California. Mrs. Lee is a sister-in-law of Bob Lee, who was mentioned in an article which appeared in Frontier Times a short time ago:

Upland, California, December 3, 1924.
Editor Frontier Times:—

I wish to correct a statement made in Frontier Times, No. 1, Vol. 2, by Mr. T. U. Taylor, regarding the killing of Bob Lee. The Federal soldiers never killed Bob Lee in Fannin county. He was killed three quarters of a mile from my home, on the road to his home, by Henry Boren, who, with a crowd of bad men, waylaid him in a thicket. Boren shot him in the breast with a double-barrel shotgun. As soon as Boren shot him off his horse he ran to Bob and tried to get him to talk to him, but Bob would not answer him. Henry then went home, four miles below in Hunt county, where he had lived neighbor to Bob Lee from boyhood, and gave a dance that night. Early the next morning, after the dancers had all gone home, Henry Boren was shot down by his nephew, Bill Boren, at the corner of his own house. Bill Boren and Bob Lee had

fought as comrades for four years in the Confederate army, and stuck together to the last. I do not know what became of Bill Boren, he was a fine man and well thought of.

Robbery was the commencement of Bob Lee's troubles. The Boren bunch of robbers came to Bob Lee's house one night and took his brace of fine ivory-mounted pistols and pretended to arrest him. They took him to a big creek bottom southeast of Sherman, and told him if he would give them \$2,000 and leave the country they would turn him loose. The federal soldiers were stationed at Sherman at the time, and these fellows pretended that they had orders from the federals. But this was later proved false. Bob sent word to father that he was held prisoner by certain men and that they intended to kill him if he did not procure the ransom money. His father and brothers tried to raise the money, but could not do so, and they went to the thicket and told the kidnapers that they believed if Bob was free he could get the money from his friends. They made a pen out of goose quill, and my husband, John Lee, made some ink out of powder and the kidnapers wrote a note for the amount and forced Bob Lee, his father and brothers to sign it. Then they told Bob to get the money and have it at a certain place and they would give him back the note. Later the affair was taken into the courts, but owing to the union sympathy that existed for the robbers they were acquitted. One day at Pilot Grove some of these fellows shot Bob Lee from behind, the ball entering near his left ear, and ranging toward the roof of his mouth. He was taken to a physician's house, where he was tenderly cared for, and one night the assassins called the physician to the door, and shot him down. I have forgotten this physician's name.

I am now nearly 83 years old, and have forgotten many names. Bob Lee's father and all his brothers are dead.

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.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

There is now living in San Antonio two really remarkable people. To each of them this big state of Texas owes, as it does to other old frontiersmen and women, a debt of gratitude and real money it will never pay. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. (Dick) Dennis stayed on the frontier and endured the hardships and dangers which always go with such a life, and he cheerfully risked his life fighting back the Indians as long as they were murdering on our frontier and he was able to fight. In his various fights with Indians, Dick Dennis was twice wounded. He received the two wounds, however, in the same fight. The first wound was from an arrow which struck the spine and entered it quite deeply. This wound partially paralyzed him and he fell from his horse. As he lay prostrate, another Indian ran by and threw a lance at him which passed entirely through his body but struck no vital organ. In pulling the arrow out the shaft pulled off, and the arrow spike remained embedded in the spine. The spike was removed in a short time in a very crude and primitive manner, and is quite amusing as well as tragical when told by Mr and Mrs. Dennis. On top of this, Mr. Dennis served four years in the Confederate Army which gave him, with his frontier experience, about ten consecutive years of soldier life in which he and his companions suffered untold hardships.

Dick Dennis knew every noted Indian fighter on the frontier in olden times, and named a few he knew best and admired most: John R. Baylor, George Wythe Baylor, J. B. Barry, Jack Cureton, R. S. Ford, and others.

Mr. Dennis and his wife had their kindred slain by Indians on the Texas frontier, and often acted as comforters when the husband or children of a family were murdered and mutilated. Indeed, they passed through the very darkest and most frightful days of our frontier life. Mr. Dennis says: "Texas may owe the old needy frontiersmen and their wives a debt of gratitude and some thing more, or it may not, but if the State can't pay all of those old heroes, I don't want it to pay me. I get the Confederate pension of now \$35.00 every

three months. That means I am to subsist on \$17.50 for three months and my aged wife must do the same thing. No danger of us dying of too much fat on that allowance, is there?" The aged couple reside with a grand daughter at 315 Westfall Avenue, San Antonio.

During seventy years residence in Texas, this aged couple have watched with amazement the growth of their adopted state. "With giant-like strides has she developed," said Mr. Dennis. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dennis were raised in Missouri, the state where you have to "show me." Mr. Dennis was born in Tennessee, but reared in Missouri. In 1854 he married a neighbor girl with whom he had been raised. In a short time the couple started for Texas in a two-horse wagon, and after an uneventful journey of nearly three weeks camping, they landed at Belton, Texas, which was at that time, and for many years afterward, subject to Indian raids. From that time on he actively participated in all the vicissitudes of early times in Texas. When Mr. Dennis came to Texas it was a howling wilderness from Belton almost in every direction, with about two-thirds of the state held by the Indians. He has not only seen Texas grow, but he has taken an active part in that growth and contributed more than the "widow's mite" to the wonderful development. He and his good wife gave all the best years of their lives to that growth. There are now but few men left who can boast of so long a term of actual warfare.

"In looking backward," said Mr. Dennis. "I can see that there were opportunities all around me which were mine for the taking. I could not see them then for the very simple reason that all of my time was taken up in thinking about how to save my scalp and my wife's scalp and our neighbors' scalps. Then how could I know that the land on which we lived, and which we never thought of as being valuable, would in fifty years be worth more than \$100 per acre? We didn't know it would ever be valuable. We just stayed and fought Indians and extended the frontier year by year, but every year the depredations grew worse. In 1857-58 the Indians were worse than they had ever been

before. I think the frequent depredations were due to the fact that there was a large body of Indians on the Comanche reservation not very far away, and they could and did send out raiding parties in rapid succession and kept the pioneers stirring all the time. When we heard the Indians were in the country we commenced molding bullets, caught up our rifles, saddled our horses, supplied ourselves with provisions, met the other male members of our settlement at an agreed place, and in squads or small companies all available men went out to fight for the general good with a will which always insured success. Where else in all the world has this been done except in Texas? Some of us were trying to farm, others trying to raise stock, but we had a hard time of it. Indians could and did steal our stock faster than we could raise them. We had no time to think of the price of land fifty or sixty years ahead. The thing we placed the most value on was our scalps. Yes, if I could only have known, I would now be known as Colonel E. B. Dennis, and my wife as Mrs. Colonel Dennis. Now we are known as Dick Dennis and his wife. But I believe with all my soul that Dick Dennis and his wife have more friends than Mr. and Mrs. Colonel E. B. Dennis would have had. Life is a hard proposition any way you take it, but when it comes to going through it without honest-to-goodness friends then it is a sure enough tough job. We, my wife and I, have always had good friends. Possibly we deserved them, for we have always tried to live in touch with the Golden Rule, and that old latch-string of ours was hanging out all the time. If a man was hungry, we fed him; if he was thirsty, we gave him drink; if he was a stranger, we took him in; if he was sick, we visited him. Now, that is about all the religion we knew anything about.

"I had been away from home nearly four years. One day my colonel, who was George Wythe Baylor, came to me and said "Captain Dennis, I want you to go to North Texas and bring in a lot of recruits. Go to the counties of Palo Pinto, Parker, and any of the adjoining counties and get all the recruits you can. Our regiment has been thinned out in the Louisiana campaign and I need more men." "Alright, Colonel," I replied, "but what about the Indians?" "Kill all you

see, and those you don't see, frighten them to death by any means you can command," said Colonel Baylor.

"That was orders, and I was glad to obey as I was going home. As that was the case, I had no use for my sword. Since I have mentioned that I had a sword, I will tell you how I happened to have it. In 1864 my regiment captured a transport in that Louisiana campaign, and a lot of us swam over and boarded it. About the first thing I saw was a man lying prostrate and badly wounded. He asked me to get him a drink of water and I at once got the water and raised him up so he could drink it. He then asked me if I was an officer, and I answered that I was. He told me to take his sword, which I did, and then he drew a testament from his pocket and gave it to me. We got many things off of that boat, but I prized my gifts more than all else we got. I will now tell you what I did with that sword and where it is to this good day. I was going home on detached service, as before stated, and did not want to take the sword with me for I was going into an Indian country; and a sword is of no use in an Indian fight, where one needs a rifle or a shotgun or six-shooters. There was a young lieutenant in Company I of our regiment, a gallant, chivalrous young officer, who had joined the army before he was seven teen. This lieutenant was a nephew of my colonel, and his name was J. W. Baylor. The understanding between us was that if I ever came back the sword was mine if I wanted it; if I did not come back the sword belonged to Lieutenant Baylor. I did not get back, and here is the reason: When I got home in Hood county the settlers were living in constant fear of Indian raids and were constantly guarding against them as best they could. One day, just before I

was to start back to the army, my wife and I were out stock-hunting. In the distance we saw a number of men who were riding leisurely along as though they belonged in the country. That is what deceived us, and we decided they were white men. They had seen us, and we had seen them, and we rode along carelessly, not thinking of Indians at all. Now just note what those devils did. They waited until we passed over the brow of the hill out of sight, then they made a dash for us at full speed,

and just as we had reached the bottom of the hill they were right on us before we knew it. My horse was small and could not run. My wife was riding a good horse and could have out-run the Indians. When the Indians ran upon us one of them shot me with an arrow which struck my spine, and the wound paralyzed me in part and I fell from my horse, but not until an Indian had thrust me through the right side with a lance. Unless a person has passed through the same experience, it is difficult to describe the feeling of a person situated as I was. I felt that I was killed, and that my wife would be in a few minutes, and both of us scalped. I resolved, however, to sell our lives for as many Indian lives as possible. They had knocked my wife off her horse, then both our horses ran off. Anyone looking at the picture from a distance would have said, 'They will both be killed.' But just watch the scene shift. I made a desperate effort and got my pistol out of the scabbard, and just as two Indians were approaching my wife, I fired point blank at the one in the lead. You cannot imagine the joy I felt when I heard the Indian give a yell, saw them wheel and mount their horses and make a run for our horses, which they got and made off with. The only thing left for us to do was to seek shelter. There was a vacant cabin on the hill in front of us, and we decided to get to that cabin, and by using all my strength, with my wife supporting me as best she could, we arrived there safely, but I was completely exhausted and famished for water. My wife decided to go to my father's and give the alarm. I could not advise her what to do, for I didn't know what was best, and I was suffering terribly from my wounds and for water. I said to my wife: 'Bring me some water.' She left the cabin and went for the water, and when she got there she was reminded that she had not a vessel to carry the water to me. She made a virtue of necessity and just took off both shoes and filled them with as much water as they would hold and brought it to me. Now, that was a dipper I was not accustomed to drinking out of, but that was the best water I ever tasted before in all my life. My wife determined she would risk her life in giving the alarm, but before leaving she fixed me as comfortably as she could. For a pillow she

found in the house a chunk of wood which she placed under my head, and placing my pistol by me, she started on her perilous trip, where it would be the merest chance if she were not killed, but good luck attended her and she reached my father's field where one of my brothers was plowing and made known to him what had happened. In a short time one of my brothers, who had just been chased by the Indians, came to me. The Indians certainly had it in for the Dennis boys on that day. I was finally carried home and the neighborhood doctor was sent for, who in due time arrived with his case of surgical instruments consisting of a dull pocket knife and a pair of bullet molds. The surgical work started at once and was so severe that I started to kicking and bucking to such an extent that the doctor ordered one man to sit on my head and another to sit on my legs and hold my hands. After that I didn't do much moving when the doctor used his instruments of torture, but I did a big lot of cussing and made some serious threats. I swore in my agony that if ever I got well I would kill that d— doctor and both of those d— rascals who were aiding the doctor in torturing me. Right at that time I hated everybody, particularly the doctor and the Indians. Finally the doctor finished his work, the spike was pulled out, and I was a wreck. I begged for morphine, and the doctor sent a young cousin of mine, Marion Smith, after it to a nearby settlement. That very boy was the next year killed and scalped by the Indians.

"Many pitiful incidents and shocking murders were happening around us all the time, and it is a well known fact that the women and children were the greatest sufferers.

"To return to the surgical operation: In time I began to feel better, after having suffered the tortures of the condemned, and that doctor I had sworn in anguish that I would slay and mutilate, looked like an angel of mercy to me. He, acting with others, saved my life. I now felt that I was going to get well and I just loved and admired everybody, except the Indians. The Indians shot me on April 12th, 1865. On the next day my furlough was out, and if I had not been wounded I would have hit the road for my regiment and would have

been with it at the surrender. General Lee had surrendered on the 10th, but I didn't know it. I could not go back, so the sword I gave into the keeping of my young friend, J. W. Baylor, became his property. My friend died in 1895, leaving a son, J. W. Baylor, who still has that sword at his home on La Mota Ranch in LaSalle county, Texas. It has been about sixty years since I saw that sword. I would love to see it once more before I depart for good.

"I went after recruits, but I didn't get any. Recruits were badly needed right where I went to get them to help fight Indians."

Here Mrs. Dennis broke in to relate that the Indians did not always make their escape after they had committed murders and thefts. "Our men-folks often overtook them and sometimes killed the whole bunch. At other times they killed part of them, and so it was year after year all along our frontier, and I think if the bones of all the Indians killed could be collected in one place they would make a pile as high as the court house in San Antonio. After the Indians wounded my husband he was an invalid for twelve years or more and the burden of earing for the family rested on my shoulders, and many a day I have done a man's work. I never had time to get sick. It was too busy, and I think, I know that hard work never did hurt anybody. I think hardships I have endured and the hard work I have done has kept me as strong as I am today. On account of Mr. Dennis' health the doctor advised him to travel. I put him in a haek and for several years we traveled all over Texas. I knitted articles of clothing and Mr. Dennis sold patent medicines, and we got along nicely. We camped out, rain, snow, frost or sunshine, and our expenses were small."

E. B. Dennis was captain of Company C, in George Baylor's regiment, and was in all the big battles of the Louisiana campaign. His grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War, and his father was the first white child born in Warren county Tennessee.

"I want to talk a little about my colonel and his brother," said Captain Dennis. "I want to tell of an early Indian fight the two Bayers, John R.

and George W., had with a band of painted and feathered demons which led me to join their forces as an Indian fighter. One day, as young men, they left home on horseback: This was in North Texas. On their way they saw a band of Indians in the distance who seemed to be stinking for a fight, and I want to say right now, if they were hunting for a fight they had knocked at the right door. Both of the Bayers were armed with double-barrel shotguns, and there were sixteen navy balls in each barrel, and each of the Baylor was a crack shot. John R. Baylor, who was the elder, decided they could not get away so he said, 'George, we will fight it out. There's only one thing to do; we must charge them before they charge us. If we let them charge us they will come spread out fan-like, but if we charge them they will stay bunched as they are now, and if they do we can whip them with all ease. Shoot at the biggest bunch every time. They think we have only two bullets to shoot at them, but we have sixty-four. You shoot from the right, and I from the left.' The charge was made. The Indians did not move until the Bayers leveled their guns to fire, when they made an effort to scatter, but it was too late. Sixty-four blue whistlers had done their work, and two six-shooters began talking. The next day when the Bayers rode into Palo Pinto they had nine scalps, a number of bows and arrows and seven extra horses they didn't have when they left home. This occurred before I joined them in their Indian raids and fights. After this they fought the Paint Creek fight and several others of lesser note. My colonel had the honor of being in the last Indian fight fought on Texas soil. He had that crown of glory when he died and richly deserved it.

"We have been married seventy years. We have had thirteen children, sixty-eight grandchildren, one hundred and ninety great grandchildren, and eight great great grandchildren." And they both smiled and said, "That's a record hard to beat."

They are old and helpless now. Captain Dennis is 92 and his wife 87. Their one great consolation is, that in the near future their ashes will rest forever in the bosom of the state they have loved so well and served so long.

Preachers and Wedding Ceremonies

By A. W. Young.

During my thirty years experience as a preacher I performed many wedding ceremonies. The average preacher has some wedding experiences, and I presume that he enjoys many of them more than the country editor, inasmuch as the aforesaid editor is not paid for attending such affairs, or for the generous writeups, while the preacher is a paid attendant, that is, more or less. Wedding fees are a variable quantity, and I have never been able to establish a satisfactory ratio of variation, in my own mind. The legal fee is \$2.50 and there is an old story of a justice of the peace who had just married a couple and the groom asked "Well! Squire how much do ye charge?" and the squire said, "The law allows me two dollars and a half." The groom handed him one dollar and said: "Well! Squire here's another dollar, and what 'the law allows ye' that will make it three dollars and a half."

I walked 14 miles to marry a couple when I was a young preacher and they gave me supper, bed and breakfast and the groom gave me \$1. I have married several couples on credit. One groom said, "Parson, I'll sure pay you in the fall," and as he did not say what it was that he expected to fall, and as he has not paid me yet, I presume it did not fall.

Another bridegroom said, "Brother Young I have no money in my pocket, but I will see you tomorrow." He did not see me the next day, as he left town that night, but in a month or two I was called to preach monthly in the town where he had gone, and he saw me unexpectedly and often, and while he never did pay me, I had \$15 worth of amusement watching him trying to dodge me, and listening to him "dun" himself and make me a new promise, when he did not succeed in dodging me.

I married one couple and when the groom asked me what I charged, I told him to pay me according to the worth of the bride, and he handed me fifty cents. I officiated at one wedding where the groom was an only child. I was holding a meeting at the place and making my home with the parents of the groom, and he had asked me to stay with them several days after the wedding as he was

going to Colorado on a wedding trip. He was more than twenty-five years old, but while he was courting the girl his parents would sit up and wait for him when he went to see her at night, and when his father heard the horse coming down the street he would go out, open the gate, and help his son unhitch the horse and put him in the stable. That kind of treatment would certainly ruin many boys, but it did not spoil this one, as he is a good citizen, good husband and father and good business man today. But the morning after the wedding, at the breakfast table, I had one of the most amusing experiences of my life, and it was the kind of amusement that hurts, as I could not afford to laugh, and I sympathized with the good parents of the boy, who had been with them many years, and had gone away for the first time. The parents were not hungry that morning and they looked as though they had not slept well. They dalled with the breakfast food, said but little, but finally the mother said: "Well, I wonder where Edward and Myrtle are this morning, and if they are well."

There is one thing about weddings that I have noted, which I have never read anything about or heard any one else mention and that is that when it comes to the ceremony, the bride is always master of herself, does not get excited at all, answers at the right time, and behaves as though the process of marrying was an everyday occurrence with her, while the groom is nearly always ill at ease, acts awkwardly, answers at the wrong time, unless you partially hypnotize him and prevent him from doing so.

I have tried to account for this, and think I have done so. The bride goes through the ordeal of marrying a number of times before she does go through with it. She has her excitement, her fears, her tears, her hesitation, etc., all over with before she meets the groom at the marriage altar and she has thus prepared herself for the ordeal of the ceremony. Mr. Groom, big, self-satisfied, over-confident man, does not get to the place of the ceremony until he does get to it. There is no preparatory going through it for him. All he thinks about

is that he is exceedingly anxious to get to it and have it over with. He has no fears that it will bother him, not a little bit. So he goes as a "lamb to the slaughter" in his over-confidence and gets it all "taken out of him" about the time the minister begins to speak. When the preacher says, "Marriage is a sacred obligation, ordained of God and regulated by Civil authority, and when entered into it should be entered into seriously soberly, solemnly and in the fear of the Lord. Way back in the Garden of Eden, God Himself performed the first marriage ceremony, saying: 'for this cause shall a man forsake father and mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh,'" the groom begins to wish that he was back in the Garden of Eden or somewhere else, as he did not anticipate a historical event when he faced the altar. So he shifts his feet, moves his body a little, and gets in a hurry to say "I do" "I will" or anything else that he it seems needed to say, and have it all over with. He may have heard that ceremony before but he did not think it was like this, and he will never truthfully say just what he heard this time. His pulse, respiration, blood pressure are full, but his mind is missing on a few cylinders just at this time, and in days to come he could not swear that minister did not say:

"Wilt thou take her for thy pard,
For better or for worse;
To have, to hold, to fondly guard,
'Till hauled off in a hearse."

But the brides do not seem to remember the wedding ceremony any better than the men, though they know more about what happened at the wedding. I have been asked to omit the word 'obey' from the obligation of the bride, on several occasions, and where I have not been asked to omit it, the bride has usually attended to the matter, later on. Last summer in a tabernacle meeting in a Texas town, I married a couple one night just before the song service of the meeting. It was a pretty wedding and as it was known that it was to occur at the meeting that night there were more folks in attendance than usual, but my song leader, evidently, had not properly cared for his mental spark plugs that day, for while the happy couple and their

attendants were leaving the tabernacle he started this song:

"Oh! Sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal;
And sorrow how oftentimes they sweep,
Like tempests down over the soul."

It was about as appropriate as the work of another song leader, who after a preacher had delivered a lengthy and fervent discourse on the subject of "Hell," started the song, "I want to Go There, Don't You?"

"Billy," the Kid.

In the March number of Frontier Times will appear a true story of the killing of Billy, the Kid, as related by John W. Poe to E. A. Brininstool. The story was copyrighted in 1919 by the Wide World Magazine of London, England, but Mr. Brininstool has kindly given Frontier Times permission to reproduce it in full, with illustrations. Mr. Brininstool is a nationally known magazine writer and author, and lives in Los Angeles, California

Frontier Chicago was visited by Chief Yellow Calf, head of the Apache tribe of Thermopolis, Wyo. The chief was taken for a visit of cabarets. Said he: "White squaw heap preety but heap crazy. She wilder than Indian. Cuts hair like warrior. Paints like big chief. Do big war dance like warrior. Wear no clothes. Yip! Yip!"

Subscriptions Expiring

Quite a number of subscriptions to Frontier Times expires this month. If you find an expiration notice in your copy of the little magazine we hope you will promptly renew, as it is our policy to discontinue sending Frontier Times at expiration of time paid for, inasmuch as the existence of this magazine depends solely upon its subscriptions. Please watch your date and renew promptly. Frontier Times needs every subscriber on the list if the little magazine is to be a permanent publication.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Sen' C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

Buried Treasure in Hamilton County

Bill Murphree, in Honston Chronicle, November 30, 1924.

Undiscouraged by the fact that for 40 years searchers have sought in vain for the vast treasure of gold which tradition says is buried near Hamilton, scores of residents of that county yet dream of finding the gold secreted by Jesuit priests in 1832, just before they were attacked and slaughtered by outlaws. The tale of the treasure never grows old. It is the favorite story told to several generations of children: and, needless to say, the value of the treasure increases as time goes on.

Back in the days before the coming of Stephen F. Austin to this state, the principal Spanish missions were located near San Antonio. However, there was one mission on the Red River, the Loyola Mission near the present city of Denison. There was a great amount of traveling between the San Antonio missions and the one on the Red River, and this route the pack trains took is now a state highway.

This route passed from San Antonio through the present city of Austin, veered up the Colorado River, and branched near Marble Falls into the present county of Llano. Thence it went into Lampasas county and crossed the chain of Central Texas Mountains near the present village of Evant. This pass is known today as Gholson's Gap and is the lowest place in the mountains. Near the Gap, the mountain shrubbery changes to large trees, the whole atmosphere is dark and dank and the old air of tragedy still seems to haunt the place.

Across the mountains and ranging northward, lived a band of horsethieves composed of renegade Indians and white outlaws. This band was later known as the Langford Gang and was active until just before the Civil War. By the early settlers they were much to be feared as the Quantrell and James gangs in Missouri and Kansas.

According to the story, a band of Jesuit priests were engaged in the transportation of gold from the San Antonio missions to the one on Red River. The gold was carried on pack donkeys and 40 men were in the outfit. Soldiers were carried along as guards and pickets were placed out at night. The expedition had passed through the rough country

on the Llano and on the third night out camped on the Lampasas River, near the present village of Adamsville in Lampasas county.

Here the priests were met by scouts of the outlaws and the outlaws made the priests believe they were friendly travelers who had lost their way. These spies spent the night with the expedition and early next morning they took leave. A short distance from the camp of the priests, however, they doubled back on their tracks, passed around the slow moving pack train and joined their companions in the pass.

It is about 35 miles from the ford on the Lampasas River to the Gap, and the caravan hoped to camp that night at the springs in the pass. They arrived at the Gap after sundown, and while going through the preparations for the night's encampment, they were completely surprised by the outlaws. After a fierce but short combat, all of the Spaniards were slain.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away, the bandits turned their attention to the 12 pack mules, and imagine their consternation when they discovered that the burros were loaded with sand! The Jesuits had become fearful of spies and had buried their treasure somewhere between the river and the Gap.

Thus the story goes, and for the last 40 years, with varying degrees of intensity, there have been searches made for this buried treasure. The story was strengthened by the finding of an old packsaddle near the chalk cliffs of the Lampasas River, and today the old eronies of the mountains, while sitting around their simple cabin fires, fire the imaginations of their children by the declaration that some day the treasure will be found.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The above story of the buried treasure in Llano, Lampasas, Burnet or Hamilton county, has been handed down from generation to generation, and is probably true in fact, but we must differ with the writer as to the cause of the Jesuits fear of white outlaws, and we are inclined to doubt the date given. However, it may have been 1832, but at that early date there

is no record of an outlaw gang, other than wild Indians, operating in that section of the country. We publish the story for just what it is worth, and will let the reader form his own conclusion.)

Indians After Peyote.

Armed with permits from the Federal government, a party of Comanche Indians, of Anadarko, Okla., arrived at Eagle Pass recently on their way to Muzquiz, Mexico, to gather a supply of peyote beans to use for religious and sacramental purposes by their tribe.

Formerly these and other blanket Indians of the United States made their annual pilgrimages to the vicinity of Laredo, Texas, where the species of cactus that produces the peyote bean grows in profusion.

From time immemorable this powerful drug has been used by the Indians in certain ceremonial rites. On these occasions the Indians would also take back with them a bountiful supply of the fiery mescal liquor.

They are not only prohibited from drinking mescal, but their use of the peyote bean is restricted to religious observances. It was discovered several years ago that the promiscuous use of the peyote drug was causing crime and insanity among the Indians.

Mescal, one of the most powerful intoxicating liquors known, is obtained from the mescal maguey plant, which is indigenous to nearly all of northern and central Mexico and the lower border region of Texas. It grows wild and is very abundant.

The peyote bean, or button, is not produced from the same plant from which mescal is made, but is closely related to it. The effect of the bean however, is entirely different from that produced by the liquor made from the maguey. While the latter causes the person partaking of it to become insanely violent, the former produces a benign and delightful effect.

The use of the peyote bean is generally coupled with religious ceremonies. It causes one to act as though he were under the influence of some powerful hypnotist.

The immediate effect is to stimulate the moral faculties, warming the heart, creating in the user feelings of benevolence and energizing the religious sentiment.

The effect upon the mind is to create an apparent harmony in the world, very different from the actuality, to stimulate sensations of various kinds and especially those of color, and to produce a state of exhaustion. It is asserted that the use of the peyote bean wakens the will power to a marked degree, so that it is difficult after one or two debauches to break away from it. The bean is used in two ways. It is masticated and swallowed or drunk as a liquid after soaking in water.

While the liquid made from the maguey is in general use among the lower class of Mexicans, the peyote bean was until the last few years more generally used by the Indians of the United States. In former years it was the Indian's substitute for opium, and scientists pronounced its use as bad.

Left-Handed Indian Found.

Evidence has been unearthed at Temple showing the existence of a left-handed Indian of long ago, according to R. C. Rodgers, tutor of anthropology in the University of Texas. This evidence is an arrow-head on which all the clipping was done on one side and which to be made as it must have been held in the right hand while the left hand did the work. Nothing else of importance was discovered during the excavations made on the outskirts of Temple last summer by a committee from the anthropology department of the university. Mr. Rodgers said.

Under shelving rocks near Temple are caves where Indians lived and died long before the white man ever set foot on American soil, it is declared. Hoping to find some of these skeletons intact, an expedition sent out from the university last summer to do some excavating around these rocks. Curious citizens, however, with no idea of the value of the remains, had dug into the caves, scattered the bones about, and carried away most of the things of interest, Mr. Rodgers said.

Besides excavating at Temple, the expedition worked through the country around Hutto and Round Rock and succeeded in gathering a few trophies to add to the anthropology collection.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

Nomadic Navajos in the "Bad Lands"

If a cliff dweller in our congested cities were told that there were hundreds of square miles in the United States which have never been entered by a white man, he would be incredulous; lands where not even an Indian can live and few animals. This little known country is situated east of the Colorado River with the boundary line between Arizona and Utah crossing it like an equator. Navajo Mountain, an isolated giant monolith, 10,400 feet high, is its hub, the Rainbow Bridge its jeweled center. Rainbow Bridge is a graceful natural arch so high that the capitol at Washington could be easily placed under it. Beautiful from whatever angle it is viewed, it rises from among vivid rocks, delicate wild orchids, yucca and exquisite cacti. Charles L. Bernheimer has visited Rainbow Bridge and explored the surrounding "bad lands" with a pack train each year since 1921. The trips have been full of hazards, lost trails to be blasted, treacherous climbs, unforeseen accidents and countless inconveniences which but served to develop the ingenuity of the explorers. The oatmeal poultice that was used instead of linseed when one of the party stumbled into quicksand and developed blood poisoning in extricating himself and the black stocking that affected a time exposure when the shutter of kodak refused to work are but two of the expedients that Mr. Bernheimer tells about in his account of these explorations, "Rainbow Bridge." (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Mr. Bernheimer found the nomadic Navajo Indians who roamed about Rainbow Bridge country a colorful tribe, governed by age-old legends and superstition. On the 1922 expedition one of the Indians in the party saddled a mule to ride a short distance. He failed to use a tail strap or take the precaution of tightening the front strap holding the mule in place, a measure always necessary, as mules are built wedgeshaped, the front part of their bodies being narrower than their rear. On a sharp decline the saddle slipped forward, throwing the Indian's weight on the mule's neck. The mule, as mules do, kicked and threw his rider. The Indian was brought back to camp with ankle and wrist badly swollen and a large black

spot on his back. He was treated with compresses and left on a cot. A little later the men discovered him completely covered with a messy sauce. Left alone, he had crawled into a bush of poisonous jimson weed, dug it out, masticated it into pulp and then applied it to his bruises. He was a filthy-looking object,

At another time a huge Navajo stalked into the house of Mr. Bernheimer's guide. He stood silently before the the company for a few minutes, then began to converse with the hostess in the soft, melodious Navajo tongue of slow, measured cadences. She left the room, but soon returned with a woolen blanket, a leather moccasin and a wooden arrow. With his knife the Indian severed a strand from the blanket, a fringe from the moccasin and a chip of wood from the arrow, then without a single word of thanks or leave-taking, he strode from the room.

The hostess explained that the Indian was a medicine man who was seeking a cure for the squaw of his tribe. He had been in quest of some objects of Piute origin, as the stricken woman was of that tribe. With the bit of wool which he had taken from the blanket, the moccasin fringe and the chip of wood he planned to compound a medicine to cure his patient of fatal tuberculosis.

The "sweat houses" of the Navajos were a common sight on the trails, some of them built neatly in the sides of canyons. A small square-topped entrance leads into a low-ceilinged chamber about six or eight feet square. The Indian places within it heated stones and sometimes jars filled with steaming water and closes the entrance with a blanket. In this heated place he remains for hours at a time to emerge at last with a bleached skin. It is his equivalent for a Turkish bath.

The Navajo offers a stringent but wital humorous solution of the mother-in-law problem. He minimizes the danger of her making domestic trouble by proclaiming through his leaders and his medicine men that if she would preserve the eyesight of her daughter's husband she must never visit the new home except in the absence of the son-in-law.

Pioneer Days in Burnet County

Geo. Holland in Burnet Bulletin

The pioneers who came to Texas from 1840 to 1855 to east their fortunes in the young Republic, that afterward became the brightest star in the brilliant galaxy of States, have practically all passed to the Great Beyond.

We who now enjoy the rich and bountiful blessings of this great state owe a great debt to those pioneers, a debt we can never repay, but we should embalm in history their noble and self-sacrificing deeds to be treasured up for the coming generations.

Samuel E. Holland was one among the very first permanent settlers of Burnet County. He was born in Troupe County, Georgia, December 6, 1826. In December 1846 he, with others arrived in Northeast Texas, driving a spike team of three horses after a seventy-one days drive. Then following the drag of civilization in Texas they came to Austin, then a small village and camped for a time near where the great granite capitol now stands. The rumble of the Mexican War was charging the atmosphere at that time and Mr. Holland joined the ranks, going to Mexico immediately. He was in the battle of Buena Vista and was also engaged in other battles of that war. Indians were depredating and Mr. Holland's regiment was sent back to protect the frontier. He was engaged in several skirmishes with the Indians and was then honorably discharged from the army in 1848. He then came to Burnet County which was then on the Western Frontier. When he arrived, soldiers under Robert E. Lee were stationed at old Fort Croghan.

Mr. Holland liked the country and decided to, and did, purchase 1280 acres of land three miles south of the present town of Burnet, which is situated in Hamilton Valley. This tract of land was greatly desired by General McCullough. Mr. Holland paid fifty cents an acre for the land—today much of it is well worth \$100 an acre. In the latter part of 1848 Mr. Holland with all his personal property, a mule and a wagon, moved to his land, later married, raised a family of fourteen children and prospered. In his declining years he divided the land among his children and

others who now enjoy the blessings of our present generation.

The County of Burnet was organized in 1852 and Mr. Holland was the first Treasurer-Clerk of the county, and was the first man married in the organized county: married Miss Mary Scott in October 1852, and a son, George, was born to the union and he now is in his seventy-second year and bears the distinction of having been the first white child born in Burnet county. Mrs. Holland died March 3, 1855. In September 1855 Mr. Holland married Miss Clara Thomas. Ten children were born to that union, four boys and six girls. On Jan. 8, 1887, the second Mrs. Holland died and in September, 1887, Mr. Holland was again married, this time to Mrs. Susan A. McCarty. Three boys were born to that union.

Mr. Holland lived on his 1280 acre tract of land from the time of the purchase and engaged in farming and stock raising. He was elected to represent his district in the Legislature, serving until 1889 or 1890, when his eye sight began to fail; however he continued to take keen interest in politics and civic affairs.

Harking back to the earlier days of his life, Mr. Holland fought Indians on the frontier through Gillespie, Blanco Llano, Mason and Burnet Counties. During those earlier days the country was also infested with desperadoes and outlaws and he was quite a factor in helping to drive them out or bringing them within the confines of the law.

After the close of the Civil War Mr. Holland, ever the law abider and the law enforcer, helped carry his part of the country through the troublous days of reconstruction when Texas was infested with political Carpet-baggers, political sharks, sealaways and cut-throat bands. However, Mr. Holland was sharked out of some \$70,000 during those times.

Sometime about 1869 Mr. Holland bought the Mormon Mill, which was located seven miles South of Burnet on the falls of Hamilton Creek, paying in the neighborhood of \$3,500 for the entire property and moved his family there in August 1869, leasing his home

place to George P. Pankey, 1646 acres at \$300 per year.

At that time Mormon Mill was the grinding place for the people from Williamson, Blanco, Gillespie, Llano and Burnet Counties, some coming from Mason, San Saba and Lampasas counties. Many of these customers had to spend several days for coming and going to and from having their grinding done.

After sixteen months Mr. Holland sold the Mill to Jas. T. Moore for considerably more than he had paid for it. He then made arrangements with his leasors with provisions for moving back to his home place just south of Burnet.

While on his way to make such arrangements he encountered twenty-three Indians who had the day before raided the country in the old Smithwick Mill section, some fourteen miles down the Colorado River from the present town of Marble Falls, and in the raid had encountered some white children and negro children in a field. The children all succeeded in hiding out in the timber or undergrowth, except a negro girl who was captured and made prisoner.

Mr. Holland had heard of the raid and knew that the Indians were somewhere near and on the warpath, but supposed them to be somewhere to the South or Southwest.

The night before Mr. Holland was to start to his old home just south of Burnet, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott and her son, Henry, had spent the night with him, and as he was preparing for the trip, Mrs. Scott, who lived on Oatmeal Creek some miles east from Mr. Holland, asked him to wait just a little while until she and her son could start, as part of the journey lay over the road which Mr. Holland was to travel. The three of them traveled together for some miles when they arrived at a point where their respective destinations lay in different directions, Mrs. Scott and her son, Henry, to turn or go on East, Mr. Holland then turned West across Hairston Creek and directly rode near, but did not see the Indians who had just stripped and stabbed to death the negro girl whom they had made prisoner the day before. While this was taking place Mr. Holland rode leisurely along, headed North and as the wind was from the North he did not hear the Indians until they were close behind him. Thinking he heard a rum-

bling as if rapidly running horses were somewhere near, he looked back and saw the Indians coming. Spurring his fat, lazy, bay pony into a run, and reaching for his old Navy Colt, loaded with only four cartridges, he found it hung in his holster, the Indians having first let him ride on until he came out on a sparsely timbered hill, so finding himself with all odds against him he continued to spur his pony and finally succeeded in unloosing his pistol from the holster. By that time seven Indians on horseback, armed with pistols were almost upon the heels of his pony. Two of the Indians were riding faster horses than was Mr. Holland and ran up on each side of him, shooting all the while, the five just behind doing likewise, and Mr. Holland using all four of his cartridges with no more on his person, although he had powder and caps. Of all the shots fired none took effect unless it was Mr. Holland's last shot. He thought his last shot probably took effect in the body of the horse ridden by the Indian who rode almost against Mr. Holland's left side.

The other sixteen were probably armed with bows and arrows but were behind the other seven. As Mr. Holland sped on he recognized old negro Mingo Dale who was headed toward the cedar brakes from whence Mr. Holland had come. Old Mingo had heard the shooting and had stopped his wagon and team to look and listen. As Mr. Holland passed he shouted "Get to the brush." By that time Mingo had turned his team and had taken a pecan standard from his wagon frame and was flaying his team with all his might, the team running at full speed, the wagon hitting the road in high places. The Indians were then shooting at the negro, and Mr. Holland was probably 150 or 200 yards ahead looking back watching the savages, for he did not have any more loads in his pistol. Mingo kept flaying his team but never drew his pistol, as the Indians drew closer, Mingo yelled "For God Almighty's sake Mr. Holland, go to the brush or the Indians will get us sure." By that time Mr. Holland was very near the edge of a dense thicket. He jumped from his horse and ran into it, a moment or two more and Mingo jumped from his wagon and joined Mr. Holland, his team still going full speed up the road. Mr. Holland told

Mingo to hand him some bullets for his pistol, these Mr. Holland whittled down to fit his empty Navy Colt's, for Mr. Holland and Mingo expected to give fight from the thicket. Strange though it happened, the Indians continued the flight after Mingo's fleeing team, finally caught them, cut them loose from the wagon and went on up the pathway. After waiting some little time in the thicket, Mr. Holland and Mingo came cautiously out of the thicket and went on up the road some seven or eight hundred yards to where Mr. Holland's widowed sister, Mrs. Ruda Covington, lived with several grown sons. There he secured another horse and a rifle and then sent Mingo on the run to the little village of Burnet to tell men of the encounter and for them to form a band of men to head toward the North Gabriel out North and East of the little town, for Mr. Holland's opinion was that the Indians headed that way, but as we shall see he miscalculated upon their maneuverings.

After leaving his sister's home and after having sent Mingo to give warning, Mr. Holland proceeded on his way to the old home place. Meanwhile the Indians had turned Eastward about three-fourths of a mile and had come together for a consultation and in the meanwhile two negroes, who had been to old Mormon Mill for grinding the day before, were jogging along walking by their ox teams and had at that time arrived near to where the Indians had come together. The negroes had a dog with them and their dog scented the Indian band and gave the alarm. The negroes then saw the Indians and broke to run to the little settlement just west of them. The Indians gave chase and soon it was a race for life. The negroes out ran for some distance, jumped a fence, screaming at the top of their voices as they ran toward two or three houses situated near Coon Spring. The men-folk of the little settlement were all off from home that day at work, most of them away down in the colar-brakes.

Mr. Holland, who was then riding on the North, heard the screaming of the negroes. Of course he supposed it was caused by the Indians from whom he had just escaped. He wheeled his horse, felt for his pistol and sped toward the screaming, for he knew it would never do to let the Indians reach

the little settlement, for the women were alone and he could not hope for reinforcements. He intended to meet them before they reached the first house, which was occupied by the Coon family. As he raced toward the screaming negroes, the advance Indians saw Mr. Holland, and recognized him and fell back. No doubt in their savage minds they regarded him as an uncanny specimen of white flesh, since the fierce battle with him earlier in the morning had proved his a miraculous escape from their fusillade of shots at such close range. Meanwhile Farrel Coon and Henry Pankey, the two negroes, came up all but scared to death and out of breath. Mr. Holland asked, "Why didn't you shoot?" for they were both well armed. They replied, "Oh, Mr. Holland, them thar' Injuns didn't give us time." They then went to the nearest house, occupied by the Coon family, and found that one of the women had fainted from excitement. They helped the other inmates of the house revive her and then Mr. Holland and one of the negroes started on toward the place to which Mr. Holland had early that morning started, they being within less than one mile of it. Mr. Holland sent the negro out East across Hay Branch to hunt for his horse. The negro found a horse almost dead which the Indians had left and later another horse was found that had been ridden down and left. The men whom Mr. Holland had bade Negro Mingo to warn to band and go to North Gabriel had gone but missed running upon the Indians for the savages had turned west crossing Hamilton Creek at Government Crossing, some four and one-half miles southwest of the town of Burnet, thence on into Llano county, plundering, murdering and burning as they went through the sparsely settled country. On that raid the Whitlock family of the Eastern part of Llano county were murdered. Mr. Whitlock was far out from a settlement and had taken up land on the Indians' main passage way and in revenge they found Mr. Whitlock plowing in the field, killed and scalped him and took his team. It is supposed that his wife and four or five children saw or heard the Indians when they came upon the husband and father in the field and their screaming caused the Indians to find them, murder them and then burn the house. Some people

thought that one of the little Whitlock boys was taken prisoner, as no trace of him was found in the burned ruins, and though search for him through the reservations failed to reveal any trace of him, the supposition was that he was killed on the way to the reservations, his body buried and covered with rocks or else burned.

The tracing of this noted Indian raid took place December 6 and 7, 1870. Mr.

Holland's encounter taking place December 6, 1870.

Samuel E. Holland, the pioneer, the Indian fighter, the war veteran, the desperado and outlaw chaser, the politician, the law abider, the law enforcer and the civic leader was in some way or the other closely linked to the history of Burnet county from 1848 until his death on November 19, 1917.

May the old pioneer rest in peace!

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

When within three or four hundred yards of our lines our artillery opened upon them with grape and cannister shot, with deadly effect,—but still their advance was unchecked, until their foremost ranks were in actual contact in some places with the bayonets of our men. But the fire at close quarters from our muskets and rifles was so rapid and destructive, that before long they fell back in confusion, leaving the ground covered in places with horses and dead men.

Capt. D—'s company of Kentucky riflemen and one or two small detachments from other companies formed one side of our "square," and in addition to our rifles, each man in the front rank was furnished with musket and bayonet to repel the charge of cavalry. Besides my rifle and musket I had slung across my shoulders an "escopeta," a short light "blunderbuss" used by the Mexican cavalry, which I had carried all day in expectation of a fight, and which was heavily charged with forty "blue whistlers" and powder in proportion. It was my intention only to fire it when in a very "tight place," for I was well aware it was nearly as dangerous behind it as before. In the charge made by the Mexican cavalry they nearly succeeded in breaking our lines at several places, and certainly they would have done so had we not taken the precaution of arming all in the front row with bayonet and musket. At one time it was almost a hand to hand fight between cavalry and our front rank, but the two files in the rear poured such a continuous fire upon the advancing columns, that, as I

have said, they were finally driven back in disorder. It was during this charge and when the Mexican cavalry on our side of the square were in a few feet of us, that I concluded that I had got into that "tight place" and that it was time to let off the "scopet" I carried. I did so, and immediately I went heels over head through both ranks behind me. One or two came to my assistance supposing no doubt I was shot (and in truth I thought for a moment myself that a two ounce bullet had struck me) but I soon rose to my feet and took my place in the line again just as the cavalry began to fall back. Now, I don't assert that it was the forty "blue whistlers" I had that caused them to retreat in confusion. sent among them from my "scopet" I merely mention the fact that they did fall back very soon after I had let off the blunderbuss among them. My shoulder was black and blue from the recoil for a month afterwards. When I took my place in the line again, I never looked for my "scopet", but contented myself while the fight lasted with my rifle.

The Mexicans had no doubt supposed they would be able to break our lines at the first charge, and were evidently much disconcerted by their failure to do so; for although they reformed their broken columns and made two more attempts to charge us, they were driven back as soon as they came within close range of our small arms.

When they were satisfied that it was impossible for them to break our lines, the cavalry dismounted and surrounding us in open order, they commenced

a fusilade upon us with their muskets and escopetas, but being very poor marksmen, most of their bullets passed harmless over our heads. Besides this was a game at which we could play also, and for every man killed or wounded on our side I am confident that two or three Mexicans fell before the deadly fire from our rifles. But there were with the Mexicans probably a hundred or so Carise Indians, who were much braver. They boldly advanced to the front, and taking advantage of every little inequality of the ground and every bunch of grass that could afford them particular cover, they would crawl up closely and fire upon us, and now and then the discharge of their long single barrel shot guns was followed by the fall of some one in our ranks. Four of them had crawled up behind some bunches of tall grass within eighty yards of us, from whence they delivered their fire with telling effect. Capt. D— who was using a heavy Kentucky rifle, and was known to be one of the best marksmen in his company, was requested to silence these Indians. He took a position near a gun carriage, and whenever one of the Indians showed his head above the tall grass it was perforated with an ounce rifle ball, and after four shots they were seen no more. At the moment he fired the last shot Capt. D— had one of the fingers of his right hand taken off by a musket ball. When the Mexicans quit the field, we examined the locality where these Indians had secreted themselves, and found the four lying closely together, each one with a bullet hole through his head.

At the commencement of the fight a little incident of a somewhat ludicrous character occurred. We had some five or six Mexican prisoners (the couriers of the old padre, captured at Carlos' Ranch). These we had placed within the square, when the fight began for safe keeping, and in an incredibly short time, with picks and shovels, they dug a trench deep enough to "hole" themselves, where they lay "perdue" and completely protected from bullets. I for one, however didn't blame them, as they were noncombatants, and besides, to tell the truth, when bullets were singing like mad hornets around, and men were struck down near me, I had a great inclination to "hole up" myself and draw it in after me.

The fight continued in a desultory kind of way, until near sunset, when we made a sortie upon the dismounted cavalry, and they hastily remounted and fell back to the timber to our left, where, as soon as it was dark, a long line of fires indicated the position of their encampment.

That night was anything but rest for us, for anticipating a renewal of the fight the next morning, all hands were set to work digging entrenchments, and throwing up embankments, and at this we laboured unceasingly till nearly daylight. We dug four trenches enclosing a square large enough to contain our whole force, throwing the earth on the outside, on which we placed our baggage and everything else available, that might help to protect us from the bullets of the enemy.

Before we began this work, however Col. Fannin made a short speech to the men, in which he told them that in his opinion, the only way of extricating themselves from the difficulty they were in, was to retreat after dark to the timber on th Coletto, and cut their way through the enemy's lines should they attempt to oppose the movement. He told them there was no doubt they would be able to do this, as the enemy had evidently been greatly demoralized by the complete failure of the attack they had made upon us. He said, moreover, that the necessity for a speedy retreat was the more urgent, as it was more than probable that the Mexicans would be heavily reinforced during the night. He concluded by saying that if a majority were in favor of retreating preparations would be made to leave as soon as it was dark enough to conceal our movements from the enemy. But we had about seventy men wounded (most of them badly) and as almost everyone had some friend or relative among them, after a short consultation upon the subject, it was unanimously determined not to abandon our wounded men, but to remain with them and share their fate, whatever it might be.

Our loss in the Coletto fight was ten killed and about seventy wounded (Col. Fannin among the latter), and most of them badly, owing to the size of the balls thrown by the Mexican escopetas, and the shotguns of the Indians. The number of our casualties was extremely small considering the force of the enemy, and

the duration of the fight, which began about three o'clock and lasted till nearly sunset. I can only account for it by the fact that the Mexicans were very poor marksmen, and that their powder was of a very inferior quality. There was scarcely a man in the whole command who had not been struck by one or more spent balls, which, in place of mere bruises would have afflicted dangerous or fatal wounds if the powder used by the Mexicans had been better.

I can never forget how slowly the hours of that dismal night passed by. The distressing cries of our wounded men begging for water when there was not a drop to give them, were continually ringing in my ears. Even those who were not wounded, but were compelled to work all night in the trenches, suffered exceedingly with thirst. Even after we had fortified our position as well as we could, we had but little hopes of being able to defend ourselves, should the Mexicans as we apprehended, receive reinforcements during the night, for we had but one or two rounds of ammunition left for the cannon, and what remained for the small arms was not sufficient for a protracted struggle.

Some time during the night it was ascertained that three of our men (whose names I have forgotten) had deserted, and shortly afterwards as a volley of musketry was heard between us and the timber on the Coletto, they were no doubt discovered and shot by the Mexican patrol.

Daylight at last appeared, and before the sun had risen we saw that the Mexican forces were in motion, and evidently preparing to make another attack upon us. When fairly out of the timber, we soon discovered that they had been heavily reinforced during the night. In fact, as we subsequently learned from the Mexicans themselves, a detachment of seven hundred and fifty cavalry and an artillery company had joined them shortly after retreat to the timber. In the fight of the previous day they had one cannon.

They moved down upon us in four divisions, and when within five or six hundred yards, they unlimbered their field pieces (two brass nine pounders) and opened fire upon us. We did not return their fire, because as I have said we had only one or two rounds of ammunition left for our cannon, and the

distance was too great for small arms. Their shot, however, all went over us, and besides, the breast works we had thrown up would have protected us, even if their guns had been better aimed. We expected momentarily that the cavalry would charge us and after firing several rounds from their nine pounders, an officer accompanied by a soldier bearing a white flag, rode out towards us, and by signs gave us to understand that he desired a "parley". Major Wallace and several other officers went out and met him about half way between our "fort" and the Mexican lines. The substance of the Mexican officer's communication (as I understood at the time) was to the effect "that Gen. Urrea, the commander of the Mexican forces being anxious to avoid the useless shedding of blood (seeing we were now completely in his power,) would guarantee to Col. Fannin and his men, on his word of honour as an officer and gentleman, that we would be leniently dealt with, provided we surrendered at discretion, without further attempt at hopeless resistance." When this message was delivered to Col. Fannin, he sent word back to the officer "to say to Gen. Urrea, it was a waste of time to discuss the subject of surrendering at discretion—that he would fight as long as there was a man left to fire a gun before he would surrender at such terms."

A little while afterwards the Mexicans again made a show of attacking us, but just as we were expecting them to charge, Gen. Urrea himself rode out in front of his lines accompanied by several of his officers and the soldier with the white flag. Col. Fannin and Major Wallace went out to meet them, and the terms of capitulation were finally agreed upon, the most important of which was, that we should be held as prisoners of war until exchanged, or liberated on our parole of honor not to engage in the war again—at the option of the Mexican commander in chief. There were minor articles included in it, such as that our side arms should be retained, etc.

When the terms of capitulation had been fully decided upon, Gen. Urrea and his secretary and interpreter came into our lines with Col. Fannin, where it was reduced to writing, and an English translation given to Col. Fannin which was read to our men. I am thus particular in stating what I know to be the facts in

regard to this capitulation, because I have seen it stated that Gen. Santa Anna always asserted there was no capitulation, and that Col. Fannin surrendered at discretion to Gen. Urrea. This assertion I have no doubt was made to justify as far as possible his order for the cold blooded murder of disarmed prisoners. Gen. Urrea, I believe, never denied the fact of the capitulation, and I have been informed, when the order was sent by Santa Anna to execute the prisoners, he refused to carry it into effect, and turned over the command to a subaltern.

I have always believed myself that Gen. Urrea entered into the capitulation with Col. Fannin in good faith, and that the massacre of the prisoners, which took place some days afterwards, was by the express order of Santa Anna, and against the remonstrances of Gen. Urrea. If Gen. Urrea had intended to act treacherously, the massacre, in my opinion, would have taken place as soon as we had delivered up our arms, when we were upon an open prairie, surrounded by a large force of cavalry, where it would have been impossible for a single soul to have escaped.

I have said nothing as yet of the Mexican loss in the fight and I cannot do so with any certainty, of my own knowledge; but there is no doubt it was much greater than ours. They told us after we had surrendered that we had killed and wounded several hundred. Dr. Joseph Barnard, our assistant surgeon, who was saved from the massacre to attend their wounded, told me afterwards that he was confident we had killed and wounded between three and four hundred, and his opportunities for forming a correct estimate of the number were certainly better than those of any one else.

After our surrender we were marched back to Goliad, escorted by a large detachment of cavalry, and there confined within the walls surrounding the old mission.

Among the Mexican officers there was a lieutenant by the name of Martinez, who had been educated at a Catholic college in Kentucky, where he had been a room-mate of a member of Capt. D—'s company, by the name of B—. Every day whilst we were prisoners he used to come and talk with B—, and professed his great regret to find him in such a

situation, but he never gave him the slightest intimation of the treacherous designs of the Mexicans, nor, as far as I know, made the least effort to save his college room-mate.

A day or so after our return as prisoners to Goliad, Maj. Ward and his battalion, or rather those who survived the engagement they had with the Mexicans, near Refugio, were brought in and confined with us, within the walls enclosing the old mission; and also a company of about eighty men under the command of Maj. Miller, who had been surprised and captured at Copano just after they had landed from their vessel. These men were also confined with us, but kept separate from the rest, and to distinguish them, each had a white cloth tied around one of his arms. At the time, I had no idea why this was done.

The morning of the sixth day after our return to Goliad, whether the Mexicans suspected we intended to rise upon the guard, or whether they merely wished to render our situation as uncomfortable as possible, I know not, but at any rate from that time we were confined in the old mission, where we were so crowded we had hardly room to lie down at night. Our rations too, about that time, had been reduced to five ounces of fresh beef a day, which we had to cook in the best way we could and eat without salt.

Although, thus closely confined and half starved, no personal indignity was ever offered to us to my knowledge, except on two occasions. Once a Mexican soldier pricked one of our men with his bayonet, because he did not talk quite fast enough to suit him, whereupon he turned and knocked the Mexican down with his fist. I fully expected to see him roughly handled for this "overt act," but the officer in command of the guard, who saw the whole affair, came up to him and patting him on the shoulder, told him he was "muy bravo," and that he did exactly right. At another time one of our men was complaining to the officer of the guard of the ration issued to him, who ordered one of the soldiers to collect a quantity of bones and other offal lying around, and throwing them on the ground before the man, said, "There, eat as much as you want—good enough for Gringos and hereties."

(To Be Continued.)

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Writes of Other Days.

The following letter was written to Frontier Times by Mr. W. E. Gilliland, editor of the Baird Star, and we believe it will be of interest to many of our readers:

"Dear Mr. Hunter:—Recently my brother, S. H. Gilliland, tick inspector at Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, sent me the January number, so I decided to subscribe. I am a newspaper man myself. Have been in the game 38 years in this (Callahan) county, 37 years with the Baird Star, which I founded in December 1887. I spent many years on the Texas frontier in Brown county. My father moved to that county in 1860. Mother died there in July, 1861, and the war having broken out we moved back to our old home in Washington county. I made a number of trips back to Brown county from 1866 to 1870, when I came back to stay. Worked on a cattle ranch in 1871, married in 1872, and lived there until 1882, when I moved to this county.

"Looking back over the past, it seems strange that I never saw a wild Indian, though I traveled over the frontier a great deal, one trip alone with an ox-team to Austin after lumber to floor my new log house. This was in 1873. The last battle with the Indians was fought in Brown county that year by Capt. W. J. Maltby's company of Texas Rangers on Clear Creek

"My father came to Texas about 1838, and the first thing he did was to enlist in the Texas army to fight the Cherokee Indians. The article in your January number by J. H. Greenwood mentions a Mr. Martin who was shot in the mouth in one of the battles with the Indians in that war. I am not sure that father was in that battle, but I think he was. I heard him relate the incident when I was a small boy, but never met George Martin, the man mentioned, until about 1882 when I moved to this county. Uncle George Martin lived many years in the west part of Callahan county, where he died some twenty-five years ago. His brother, John Martin, married my

father's sister, and they all lived in Angelina county in the early days. Both of my grandfathers came to Texas in an early day, one about 1837, the other in 1842, so I came of pioneer stock on both sides.

"I may send you an article later on early days, if you wish, though my own personal experience was very commonplace, yet many of my neighbors had some thrilling experiences, and one of them, Mr. McReynolds, who had charge of Grandfather's cattle in Brown county, was killed by Indians near Camp Colorado, on the Jim Ned, in Coleman county, in 1866. Another neighbor, John McPeters, was wounded in a battle with the Indians on the Clear Fork of the Brazos while on a buffalo hunt; another neighbor woman was killed with her little child near where the town of Bangs is now situated in Brown county. This was in 1872. The child was not killed dead, but thrown into the fire and so badly burned that it died some weeks after. Her little daughter about twelve years old, was taken captive by the Indians. Her dead body was found some days later by a party in pursuit of the savage devils. The body was hung up in a large tree with her mother's side-saddle over her head, probably to protect it from the buzzards. This was Bill Williams' family, and I believe was the last Indian murders in Brown county. The body of the little girl was found on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, over a hundred miles from the scene of the murder.

"I have been a farmer, merchant, ox-team driver, held various county offices, served as deputy sheriff in early days, killed deer, bear, and buffalo in unknown numbers. I still have my faithful old Winchester rifle that I carried in frontier days, but have not fired it for 38 years. I had some exciting times and many amusing incidents, but all were taken at the time as merely a part of the life we lived in a sparsely settled frontier where every man relied on himself and his guns for protection. Talk about hardships of frontier days! Well, yes, we had them, but we had much pleasure as well. No nobler or freer-hearted people ever lived than the old Texas frontiersmen. Nearly all are dead and gone now, God rest their souls. I belonged to the younger set, and now I am starting in my 77th year."



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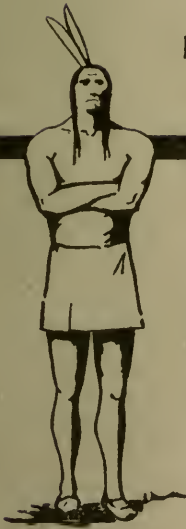
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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 2—No. 6

MARCH, 1925.

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Ben Thompson Wins a Tombstone

Houston Chronicle December 21, 1924.

No newspaper transaction in Texas attracted more attention on the part of the press of the state than the recent sale of the Austin Statesman to the same interests which own the Austin American. The fact that the Austin Statesman is the second oldest newspaper in Texas and that it has passed through many vicissitudes has served to accentuate the interest in the latest change of ownership.

It is recalled that Colonel John Cardwell, editor of the Austin Statesman during the 80s and later American consul to Cairo, Egypt, was one of the most unique figures in the State of Texas 40 years ago. He was seldom seen in any public gathering, but his strong personality and fearlessness in expressing his views on any subject impressed his individuality upon the community and state. E. G. Senter, an oldtime newspaperman of Texas, some time ago contributed interesting reminiscences of Colonel Cardwell. He related the experience which Cardwell had with Ben Thompson, a notorious desperado. He said:

"The autocrat of Austin at that time was Ben Thompson, a noted frontier character. To offend him was to invite extermination. When displeased he was probably the most dangerous man with whom the officials of Texas ever had to cope. Thompson had been making things particularly lively around Austin, and the public held its breath, waiting for his fireworks to begin the matinees, when Colonel Cardwell's attention was attracted to his playful antics. The officers had been giving him a wide berth for a week or more and this stirred the wrath of the quiet newspaperman. To the amazement of the entire population of the city, the Statesman came out in a double-column editorial which declared in substance that Ben Thompson was entitled to no more consideration than

any other man of his character, and talking rather plainly of both Thompson and the officers. As soon as the paper left the press the scent of trouble filled the air. The news of the defy reached Thompson before the ink was dry on the paper, and he sallied forth to silence the revolutionary journalist. At the State man office he found no one but the "devil," who was cleaning up the composing room, and after notifying that functionary that he would return that night, Ben proceeded to "pi" several cases of type, and relieved his feelings for the moment by kicking the "devil" downstairs. When the episode became known, Colonel Cardwell's friends hurried to advise him to leave town at once and to stay away until Ben could sober up. The colonel smiled one of his quaint little smiles and said the town belonged to him as much as to Thompson and that he proposed to stay in it. His friends then urged him to arm himself, but this he refused to do. Every one knew that Ben would keep his word and return to the Statesman office that night and most people expected that the funeral of the editor would soon follow.

"True to his word, Thompson made his appearance at the Statesman sanctum that night before the first proof sheets had been pulled. His demeanor was ominous. Striding up to the editor's table without any preliminaries, he asked what was meant by the attack on him. Colonel Cardwell quietly lifted his eyes from his work, and, surveying Ben steadily for a moment, said to him that he had been expecting him; that he had been told that Ben was coming to kill him, and that he had made arrangements for both of them to travel out of the world together. He announced to the astonished desperado that the room was then commanded by shotguns which were trained upon him.

"They can't prevent you from killing

me, said the Colonel, but it's tolerably certain, Ben, that you, will follow along by the next train.

"And then a strange thing happened. Thompson, who had more killings to his credit than any man who had ever lived in Texas, edged out of the house backward, declaring as he went that his intentions had been nothing else than peaceable.

"The Colonel's threat was not an idle one. Several shotguns loaded with buckshot were trained on the scene. Thompson was an unerring shot, quick on the trigger, and could have killed the editor before his aim could have been diverted, but the report of his pistol would have been followed by a fusillade that would have left him full of holes.

"After this episode the Statesman's editorial privilege was never called in question. Colonel Cardwell did not believe in editorial 'roasts,' but his voice always rang true for the rigid enforcement of law.

It was following this encounter with Colonel Cardwell that Ben Thompson went straight to a gambling table and made a remarkable wager. With a marble slab in the pot against \$200, Thompson played against Luke Watts, a tombstone peddler, and won.

Several years ago when an old building in Austin that was occupied by the Iron Front Saloon for 40 years was torn down to make way for a modern skyscraper, the long forgotten slab was found. According to Jim Long, the tombstone was won by Thompson in a game of poker.

"I remember the circumstances very well," Long continued. "In those days a tombstone peddler named Luke Watts traveled over this part of the country in a one horse covered wagon. He carried a few samples of tombstones with him and took orders for them among the people in the different communities. This fellow Watts was a pretty good sculptor and if a buyer of a slab wanted some words cut on it, Watts did the work right on the spot.

"In those early days nearly every man on the road gambled and Watts was no exception to the rule. One day he drove into Austin from San Antonio. He had taken some good orders for tombstones at New Braunfels, San Marcos and other places along the route and had

collected on some of his previous sales.

"He had quite a bunch of money in his pocket, and no sooner had he put his horse and wagon in old Beats' wagon yard than he headed for the Iron Front. He set 'em up to the crowd down at the bar and then headed up stairs to the gambling room. He invested in chips and began to play. Pretty soon Ben Thompson showed up and sat in on the game. Thompson was feeling pretty good and he jollied Watts about selling tombstones and making a living off of dead people and all that sort of thing. Watts knew that Thompson had several notches on his gun, but he came back at him good and strong.

"Ben, you will be took off sudden one of these days and I may not be around just at the time to sell a tombstone to ornament your grave," he said. "You had better order one from me now."

"A wooden board is about all I need," replied Ben with a laugh.

"The game continued and Watts was a steady loser. Finally, about midnight, he started to get up.

"Boys, I'm cleaned out," he said.

"Hold on there. How much are them tombstones of yours worth?" asked Thompson.

"Watts resumed his seat and looked across at Ben.

"It depends on what kind of a stone it is," he answered.

"I don't want no cheap monument," Ben declared. "Have you got any that is made out of marble?"

"I have got as fine a marble slab down there in my wagon as you can find south of St. Louis," Watts replied.

"How much is it worth?"

"Not a cent less than \$200, which is cheap, considering that it is a long ways from the quarries."

"Put that tombstone in a pot against my \$200 and I will play you to win or lose."

"Agreed," said Watts.

"Bring the monument up here. I want to see it first," Ben told the peddler.

"Watts went down to the wagon yard, hitched up his horse to the wagon and headed up to the front of the saloon. It was then about two o'clock in the morning. With the aid of the porters about the place he carried the heavy stone up the stairs and set it down alongside of Ben Thompson. Ben looked

it over carefully and expressed himself as satisfied with it. The game began and in a short time Ben won the pot, including the tombstone. Watts was unconcerned over his loss.

"Better let me carve the inscription on it now," he said to Ben.

"No you can wait until I have done something that will give you the subject for a befitting epitaph."

"The tombstone occupied the center of the gambling room for several days and attracted much attention. Finally it was removed by Thompson's order and its existence was forgotten until its discovery when the old building was torn down."

Ben Thompson died with his boots on. He was killed in San Antonio by Billy Simms, who ran a gambling house there. His body was brought to Austin and buried there. If any of his old time associates thought of the tombstone which was stored in the gambling hall they never mentioned it at the time. His grave is still unmarked.

Pioneers Reopen Museum Project

A movement to have the State designate and acquire a public memorial museum for Texas, relies to be located in San Antonio, to more adequately preserve the traditions of early-day life in the state, will be set on foot shortly by the Texas Pioneers' Association, at which Dr. Frank Paschal of San Antonio is president.

"The organization was formed for the purpose of properly observing San Jacinto Day, which marked Texas independence cherishing Texas history and doing honor to the pioneers and founders of the State," Dr. Paschal said. "Heretofore our work has been largely local, but in the near future we desire to enlarge it to include every community in the state."

It is planned to encourage organization of local chapters in every county seat. There are 750,000 Texans eligible for membership with only 2,000 at present enrolled, Dr. Paschal said. To be eligible for membership one must have been a resident of Texas prior to 1880, or descended it of such a pioneer.

The local chapters, when they are organized, will be asked to participate in the campaign of gathering a fund toward founding the memorial museum.

A committee will be appointed to go to Austin to urge the Governor and the Legislature to name a day for a universal and simultaneous annual celebration in honor of Texas pioneers. Dr. Paschal said the idea is to have an openair picnic and celebration with speakers recalling deeds of pioneers and creators of the commonwealth, and renewing their deals of early days.—San Antonio Express.

Pioneer Peace Officer Found

U. T. Chamberlain of San Saba perhaps could claim the distinction of having held office continuously, as long if not longer than any other man in Texas. His record in San Saba county covers a period of thirty-eight years, as Justice of the Peace and Deputy Sheriff, having been first elected Justice of the Peace there in 1886.

Uncle Buek, as he is familiarly and affectionately called by the people of San Saba county and West Central Texas, goes back further than that line of work as peace officer. Before moving to San Saba county he was a Deputy Sheriff under the late Capt. J. M. Strayhorn, in Williamson county, and was acting in that capacity when the notorious desperado, Sam Bass and his gang of bank robbers and bandits invaded Round Rock, with the intention of robbing the bank when Sam Bass was killed and the band scattered and demoralized. This was in the year of 1878.

Born in Travis county, Texas, Justice Chamberlain celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday Dec. 6, 1924, when he was remembered with many tokens of esteem by San Saba friends and by friends elsewhere. Away back in the seventies U. T. Chamberlain was a member of the Texas Rangers and in 1871 was in an Indian fight in Lampasas county, when one Indian scalp was secured as a result of the battle.

When the Texas Rangers were sent to San Saba county in 1896, Uncle Buek struck camp with them, and Captain Bill McDonald's history of Texas Rangers as well as the history written by Ranger John L. Sullivan, who was with the company under Captain Rogers, which was later given into the charge of Capt. Bill McDonald, contains some interesting chapters reciting Buek Chamberlain's activities in co-operation with the Ranger force.

KILLING OF "BILLY THE KID"

THE TRUE STORY OF HIS DEATH, AS RELATED BY JOHN W. POE
TO E. A. BRININSTOOL

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STATEMENT BY E. A. BRININSTOOL

So many false and untrue stories have appeared in print of the killing of the notorious "Billy the Kid," that I append herewith a copy of a personal letter to me from Mr. Poe, written shortly before his death. Coming from the man who was one of the posse of three which "got" the Kid, it should settle forever all controversy regarding the demise of this young bandit.

Roswell, N. M., March 5, 1923

Mr. E. A. Brininstool,
Los Angeles, California.

Dear Mr. Brininstool:—I am in receipt of your favor of the 28th ult., and note what you say relative to a statement recently made by some person to the effect that "Billy the Kid" was killed in the spring of 1882.

In reply I beg to state that whoever made such a statement is entirely in error, and is positively mistaken as to the time of that occurrence. Inasmuch as I was present and know positively whereof I speak, I believe you will readily understand that I am absolutely correct in this matter.

"The Kid" was killed on the night of the 14th of July, 1881, and the only accurate and true account of his death and the circumstances leading up to and surrounding it, is that which I gave to you some three years ago.

It seems too bad that people will continue to circulate erroneous and false stories about this occurrence, but I suppose it is one of the things that will have to be endured.

You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you see fit or show it to anyone who may be interested. With kindest regards, I remain,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) JNO. W. POE.

Here is the true story of the killing of "Billy the Kid," as detailed by John W. Poe to E. A. Brininstool in 1919. Mr. Poe died just a few months ago while undergoing treatment at a Battle Creek, Mich., sanitarium. For many years he was a noted peace officer in New Mexico, and at the time of his death was president of the Citizens Bank of Roswell, New Mexico, his home city. He was one of the most—if indeed not the most prominent citizens of the state of New Mexico, beloved by every one who knew him.

During the winter of 1880-81 I was living in the Panhandle of Texas, where for some time previous, I had been serving as deputy U. S. marshal, and also as deputy sheriff. About the middle of that winter the cattlemen of the Panhandle, who had organized an association

for the protection of their cattle interests, known as the Canadian River Cattle association and of whom Mr. Charles Goodnight was one of the leading spirits, submitted a proposition to me to enter their employ, and as their employ, and as their representative, to co-operate with the authorities of New Mexico with the view of suppressing and putting an end to the cattle raiding and stealing of cattle, which had been and was then carried on by "Billy the Kid" and his gang of desperadoes, of whom there were quite a number, and of whom a great majority of the people in the localities where they were operating stood in fear and terror.

An agreement was arrived at with the above mentioned cattlemen, under which I was given practically unlimited authority to act for and represent them

in all matters wherein their interests were affected in New Mexico, including authority to draw for all funds necessary in apprehending and prosecuting thieves and rustlers generally, and particularly those depredations of stock belonging to the association, the only restriction being, of course, that I should proceed in lawful manner.

-Pursuant to this agreement, I, some time in March, 1881, went to White Oaks, Lincoln county, New Mexico, which place was at that time quite a booming mining town, and was a sort of rendezvous for tough characters generally, including the following of "The Kid," their friends and sympathizers, of whom there were many. It was here that I first met Pat Garrett, who was at that time sheriff of Lincoln county, and after an interview with him, in which I explained the nature of my business in New Mexico, it was agreed that I should be commissioned as one of his deputies, which was done, and that we should co-operate in every way possible in an endeavor to suppress crime in that region generally, and particularly cattle rustling.

It should be remembered that, at this particular time, "The Kid" was lying in jail, or rather, held under guard, at Lincoln, the county seat, under sentence of death for murder, but had many sympathizers in the country and a number of followers still at large pursuing their trade of stealing cattle, committing robberies and various other crimes, and that they were operating from the Panhandle of Texas through a great part of New Mexico and into Arizona.

At our first meeting it was agreed between Garrett and myself that I should make a trip to Tombstone, Arizona, which was then in its palmiest days as a mining camp, and where some of the stolen cattle from the Panhandle had been driven, which I hoped to recover, and that upon my return to White Oaks, within a short time, we would



"Billy the Kid," from an old tintype taken shortly before his death, in 1881.

again meet and confer together over the situation, and decide upon what further course we were to pursue. This program was carried out, and on the day of our second meeting in White Oaks, some time during the month of April, information came from Lincoln, some forty miles distant, that "Billy the Kid" had escap-

ed from his guards, killing two of them, and was again at large. This occurred only a few days before the time set for "The Kid's" execution, and naturally caused a great deal of excitement throughout that region, as well as some rejoicing on the part of his friends and sympathizers.

Upon receipt of this information, Garrett immediately started for Lincoln, while it was agreed that I should remain on the lookout for "The Kid" at White Oaks for a time, as it was not known what direction he would take or where he would go after getting out of Lincoln.

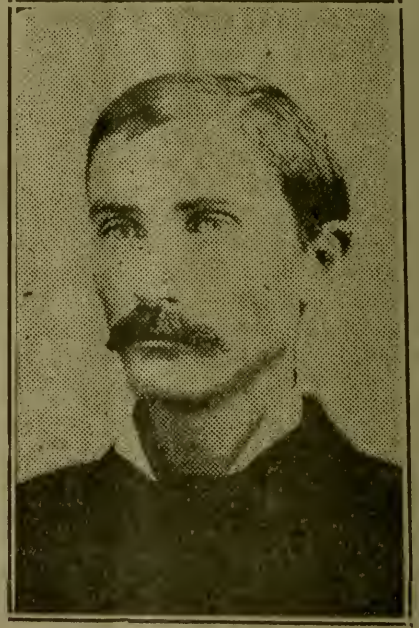
Upon arriving at Lincoln on the night following the day of the escape, Garrett found that two of his deputies (Bob Ollinger and a man named Bell) had been killed by "The Kid" who, partly by means of a cunning ruse, and partly by reason of the carelessness of the deputies, had broken into a room containing firearms, adjacent to where he was guarded, securing a shotgun and a six shooter, by means of which he immediately proceeded to add two more to his already long list of victims, and then had compelled another man on the premises to secure a horse for him, upon which he rode away, leaving the people of the little town completely terrorized.

Garrett at once organized several posses and scoured the country in all directions for several days, in an endeavor to re-capture his man, but failing to find any trace of him, finally gave up the hunt in the full belief that "The Kid" had gone to Old Mexico. According to my recollection, this killing and escape occurred in the latter part of April after which we were unable to learn anything whatever indicating the whereabouts of "The Kid" until the July following, notwithstanding the fact that we were constantly on the alert, and made the most strenuous efforts to locate him.

During the interval between the time of "The Kid's" escape and the time he was killed in July following, I continued to make headquarters at White Oaks, during which time I scoured the country thoroughly, finding many stolen cattle, also hides of stolen cattle which had been slaughtered, belonging to the Association I was representing; had a number of arrests made, prosecutions instituted, etc., being assisted in all this by Sheriff

Garrett, who co-operated with me in every way possible, and whom I found to be a very brave and efficient officer.

Some time in the early part of July following the happenings above related,



Sheriff Pat Garrett, who killed "Billy the Kid."

I was approached by a man in White Oaks whom I had formerly known in Texas, who, although addicted to habits of dissipation, was a man of good principles, and who had, on previous occasions, shown a desire to assist me in the work I had in hand.

This man told me a story in strict confidence—as he probably felt that his life depended on its being treated in that respect—the gist of which was that, for want of better place, he had for some time been occupying as sleeping quarters, a vacant room in a certain livery stable, owned and operated by two men who were known to be friends of "Billy the Kid," and that a short time previous, while in his sleeping quarters at night, he had overheard a conversation between the two men, which convinced him that "The Kid" was yet in the country, making his headquarters at Fort Sumner, about a hundred miles distant from White Oaks, and that he, at two different times since his escape from Lincoln, had been in the vicinity of White Oaks,

and had communicated with the two men whose conversation he had overheard.

I was somewhat skeptical as to the correctness of this information, as it seemed almost unbelievable that "The Kid," after nearly three months had elapsed from the time of his escape with price on his head, and under sentence of death, would still be lingering in the country. However, in view of the peculiar conditions then existing in the country, and the fact that "The Kid" had many friends and sympathizers who looked upon him as a hero and who would probably shelter and protect him. I came to the conclusion that there was possibly truth in the story which had been told me, and I immediately went to the county seat where I laid the matter before the sheriff as it had been told to me.

The sheriff was much more skeptical as to the truth of the story than I was—said he could not believe there was any truth in what the White Oaks man had told me, but finally said that if I desired it, he and I would go to Roswell, where we would find one of his deputies named McKinney, and from there the three of us would go to Fort Sumner with the determination of unearthing "The Kid" if he were there. This was agreed upon, and the following day we went to Roswell, where we found McKinney, who expressed his disbelief in the White Oaks story, but who willingly joined us for the expedition to Fort Sumner, which place is some eighty miles distant from Roswell.

After a few hours spent in Roswell arranging for the trip, we started about sundown, riding out of town in a different direction from that which we intended to travel later, as it was absolutely necessary to keep the public in ignorance of our plans if anything were to be accomplished. After we were well out of the settlements we changed our course and rode in the direction of Fort Sumner until about midnight, when we stopped, picketed our horses and slept on our saddle blankets for the remainder of the night. The next day we rode some fifty or fifty-five miles, halting late in the evening at a point in the sand hills some five or six miles out from Fort Sumner,

where we again picketed our horses and slept until morning.

It was then agreed that, as I was not known in Fort Sumner, while the other two men were, Garrett having a year or two previously resided there, I should ride into the place with the object of reconnoitering the ground and gathering such information as was possible that might aid us in our purpose, while the other two men were to remain out of sight in the sand hills for the day and in case of my failure to return to them before night, they were to meet me after darkness came on at a certain point agreed on, some four miles out of Fort Sumner.

In pursuance of this plan I next morning left my companions and rode into town, where I arrived about ten o'clock. Fort Sumner at this time had a population of only some two or three hundred people, nearly all of whom were natives or Mexicans, there being perhaps not more than one or two dozen Americans in the place, a majority of whom were tough or undesirable characters; in sympathy with "The Kid," while the remainder stood in terror of him.

When I entered the town I noticed that I was being watched from every side, and soon after I had stopped and hitched my horse in front of a store which had a saloon annex, a number of men gathered around and began to question me as to where I was from, where bound, etc. I answered with as plausible a yarn as I was able, telling them I was from White Oaks, where I had been engaged in mining, and was on my way to the Panhandle, where I had formerly lived. This story seemed to allay their suspicions to some extent, and I was invited to join in a social drink at the saloon, which I did, being very careful that I absorbed but a very small portion of the liquor. This operation was repeated several times, as was the custom in those days, after which I went to a nearby restaurant for something to eat. After I had eaten a square meal I loitered about the village for some three hours, chatting casually with people I met, in the hope of learning something definite as to whether or not "The Kid" was there, or had recently been there, but was unable to learn anything further than that the people with whom I conversed were still suspicious of me, and it was plain that many of

them were on the alert, expecting something to happen—in fact, there was a very tense situation in Fort Sumner on that day, as “The Kid” was at that very time hiding in one of the native’s houses there, and if the object of my visit had become known, I would have stood no chance for my life whatever.

It was understood when I left my companions in the morning that in case of my being unable to learn any definite information in Fort Sumner, I was to go to the ranch of a Mr. Rudolph (an acquaintance and supposed friend of Garrett’s), whose ranch was located some seven miles north of Fort Sumner at a place called “Sunnyside,” with the purpose of securing from him, if possible, some information as to the whereabouts of the man we were after. Accordingly I started from Fort Sumner about the middle of the afternoon for Rudolph’s ranch, arriving there some time before night. I found Mr. Rudolph at home, presented the letter of introduction which Garrett had given me, and told him that I wished to stop overnight with him. After reading the letter he said that Garrett was a very good friend of his, and that he would be very glad to furnish me with accommodations for the night; invited me into his house, took charge of my horse, etc. After supper was over I engaged in conversation with him, discussing the conditions in the country generally, and after some little time I led up to the escape of “Billy the Kid” from Lincoln, and remarked that I had heard a report that “The Kid” was hiding in or about Fort Sumner. Upon my making this remark, the old gentleman showed plainly that he was getting nervous; said he had heard that such a report was about, but did not believe it, as “The Kid” was, in his opinion, too shrewd to be caught lingering in that part of the country with a price on his head knowing that the officers of the law were diligently seeking him. By this time I was pretty well convinced that Mr. Rudolph was naturally well-intentioned, but like so many others, was in almost mortal terror of “The Kid,” and on account of this fear was very reluctant to say anything whatever about him. I then told him plainly the object of our errand—that I had come to him with the express purpose of learning, if possible, where “The Kid” could be found; that

we believed he was hiding in or near Fort Sumner, and that Garrett, the sheriff, expected that he (Rudolph) would be able to put us on the right trail. Upon my making this statement, Mr. Rudolph apparently became more nervous and excited than ever, and reiterated his reasons for believing that “The Kid” was not in that part of the country, and showed plainly—so it seemed to me—that he was not only embarrassed but alarmed. The truth was, we afterward learned, that he was well aware of the fact that “The Kid” was then, and had been for some time, hiding about Fort Sumner, but his dread of “The Kid” caused him to make misleading statements while withholding facts.

Darkness was now approaching and I said to Mr. Rudolph that, inasmuch as myself and my horse were by this time pretty well rested, having had a good feed, I had changed my mind, and instead of stopping overnight with him, would saddle up and ride during the cool of the evening to meet my companions. This I accordingly did, much, I thought to the relief of Rudolph. I rode directly to the point to where I had agreed to meet my companions, and, strange to say, as I approached the point from one direction, they came into view from the other, so that we did not have to wait for each other. This proved to be a night of strange happenings with us, however, all the way through. We here held a consultation as to what further course we should pursue. I had spent the day in endeavoring to learn something definite of the whereabouts of the man we wanted, but without success, save that from the actions of the people I had met at Fort Sumner, together with Mr. Rudolph’s nervous and excited manner, I was more firmly convinced than ever that our man was in that vicinity.

Garrett seemed to have but little confidence in our being able to accomplish the object of our trip, but said that he knew the location of a certain house occupied by a woman in Fort Sumner which “The Kid” had formerly frequented, and that if he was in or about Fort Sumner he would be most likely to be found entering or leaving this house some time during the night, and proposed that we go into a grove of

trees near the town, conceal our horses, then station ourselves in the peach orchard at the rear of the house and keep watch on who might come or go. This course was agreed on, and we entered the peach orchard about nine o'clock that night, stationing ourselves in the gloom or shadows of the peach trees, as the moon was shining very brightly. We kept up a fruitless watch here until some time after eleven o'clock, when Garrett stated that he believed we were on a cold trail; that he had had very little faith in our being able to accomplish anything when we started on the trip, and proposed that we leave the town without letting anyone know that we had been there in search for "The Kid."

I then proposed that before leaving we should go to the residence of Peter Maxwell, a man who, up to that time, I had never seen, but who by reputation I knew to be a man of wealth and influence, and who by reason of being a leading citizen and having large property interests should, according to my reasoning, be glad to furnish such information as he might have to aid us in ridding the country of a man who was looked upon as a scourge and curse by all law-abiding people.

Garrett agreed to this, and thereupon led us from the orchard by circuitous by-paths to Maxwell's residence, which was a building formerly used as officers' quarters during the days when a garrison of troops had been maintained at the fort. Upon our arriving at the residence (a very long, one-story adobe, standing end to end flush with the street having a porch on the south side, which was the direction from which we approached the premises all being enclosed by a paling fence, one side of which ran parallel up to and across the end of the porch to the corner of the building), Garrett said to me: "This is Maxwell's room in this corner. You fellows wait here while I go in and talk with him," and thereupon stepped upon the porch and entered Maxwell's room through the open door (left open on account of the extremely warm weather), while McKinney and myself stopped on the outside, McKinney squatting on the outside of the fence and I sitting on the edge of the porch in the small open gateway leading from the street onto the porch.

It should be mentioned here that up to this moment I had never seen "Billy the Kid" nor Maxwell, which fact, in view of the events transpiring immediately afterward placed me at an extreme disadvantage.

It was probably not more than 30 seconds after Garrett had entered Maxwell's room when my attention was attracted from where I sat in the little gateway, to a man approaching me on the inside of and along the fence, some forty or fifty steps away. I observed that he was only partially dressed and was both bare-headed and bare-footed—or rather, had only socks on his feet, and it seemed to me that he was fastening his trousers as he came toward me at a very brisk walk.

As Maxwell's was the one place in Fort Sumner that I had considered above suspicion of harboring "The Kid," I was entirely off my guard, the thought coming into my mind that the man approaching was either Maxwell or some guest of his who might have been staying there. He came on until he was almost within arm's length of where I sat before he saw me, as I was partially concealed from his view by the post of the gate. Upon his seeing me he covered me with his six-shooter as quick as lightning, sprang onto the porch, calling out in Spanish, "¿Quien es?" (Who is it), at the same time backing away from me toward the door through which Garrett only a few seconds before had passed, repeating his query, "Who is it?" in Spanish several times. At this I stood up and advanced toward him, telling him not to be alarmed; that he should not be hurt, and still without the least suspicion that this was the very man we were looking for. As I moved toward him trying to assure him, he backed up into the doorway of Maxwell's room, where he halted for a moment, his body concealed by the thick adobe wall at the side of the doorway, from whence he put his head out and asked in Spanish for the fourth or fifth time who I was. I was within a few feet of him when he disappeared into the room. After this, and until after the shooting, I was unable to see what took place on account of the darkness of the room but plainly heard what was said on the inside. An instant after the man left the door I heard a voice inquire in a sharp tone: "Pete, who are those fellows on the outside?"

An instant later a shot was fired in the room, followed immediately by what everyone within hearing distance thought was two other shots. However, there were only two shots fired, the third report, as we learned afterward, being caused by the rebound of the second bullet which had struck the adobe wall and rebounded against the headboard of a wooden bedstead.

I heard a groan and one or two gasps from where I stood in the doorway, as of someone dying in the room. An instant later Garrett came out, brushing against me as he passed. He stood by me close to the wall at the side of the door and said to me: "That was the Kid' that came in there onto me and I think I have got him." I said: "Pat, 'The Kid' would not come to this place—you have shot the wrong man." Upon my saying this, Garrett seemed to be in doubt himself as to whom he had shot, but quickly spoke up and said: "I am sure that was him, for I know his voice to well to be mistaken." This remark of Garrett's relieved me of considerable apprehension, as I had felt almost certain that someone whom we did not want had been killed.

A moment after Garrett came out of the door, Pete Maxwell rushed squarely onto me in a frantic effort to get out of the room, and I certainly would have shot him but for Garrett striking my gun down, saying, "Don't shoot Maxwell!"

As by this time I had begun to realize that we were in a place which was not above suspicion, such as I had thought the residence of Maxwell to be, and as Garrett was positive that "The Kid" was inside, I came to the conclusion that we were up against a case of "kill or be killed," as we had from the beginning realized such would be the case when we came upon "The Kid."

I have ever since felt gratified that I did not shoot Maxwell, for, as I learned afterward, he was at heart a well-meaning inoffensive man, but very timid. We afterward learned that "The Kid" had frequently been at his house after his escape from Lincoln, but Maxwell stood in such terror of him that he did not dare inform against him.

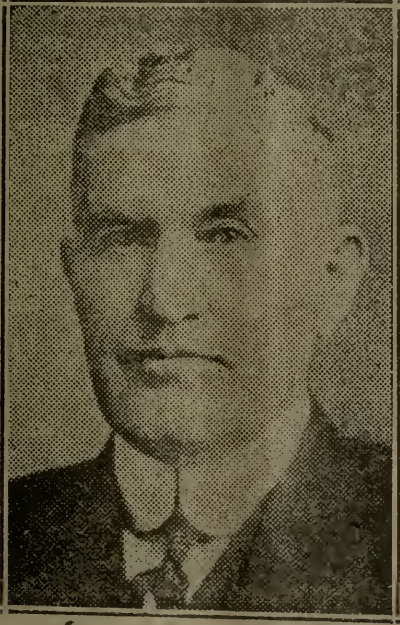
By this time all was quiet within the room, and as the darkness was such that we were unable to see what the condition were on the inside or what the result of

the shooting had been, we—after some rather forceful persuasion indeed—induced Maxwell to procure a light, which he finally did by bringing an old-fashioned tallow candle from his mother's room at the far end of the building, passing by the rear to the end where the shooting occurred, and placing the candle on the window sill from the outside. This enabled us to get a view of the inside, where we saw a man stretched upon his back dead, in the middle of the room, with a six-shooter lying at his right hand and a butcher knife at his left. Upon examining the body we found it to be that of "Billy the Kid." Garrett's shot had penetrated his breast just above the heart, thus ending the career of a desperado who, while only about 23 years of age at the time of his death, had killed a greater number of men than any of the desperadoes and 'killers' I have known or heard of during the 45 years I have been in the southwest.

Within a very short time after the shooting, quite a number of the native people had gathered around, some of them bewailing the death of their friend, while several women pleaded for permission to take charge of the body, which we allowed them to do. They carried it across the yard to a carpenter shop, where it was laid out on a workbench, the women placing candles lighted around it, according to their ideas of properly conducting a "wake" for the dead.

All that occurred after "The Kid" came into view in the yard, up to the time he was killed, happened in much less time than it takes to tell it, not more than thirty seconds intervening between the time I first saw him and the time he was shot. From Garrett's statement of what took place in the room after he entered, it appears that he left his Winchester rifle standing by the side of the door and approached the bed where Maxwell was sleeping, arousing him and sitting down on the edge of the bed near the head. A moment after he had taken this position for a talk with Maxwell he heard voices on the porch and sat quietly listening, when a man appeared in the doorway and a moment later ran up to Maxwell's bed, saying, "Pete, who are those fellows outside?" It being dark in the room he had not up to the moment, seen Garrett sitting at the head

of the bed. When he spoke to Maxwell Garrett recognized his voice and made a movement to draw his six-shooter. This movement attracted "The Kid's" attention, and seeing that a man was sitting there, he instantly covered him with his gun, backed away and demanded several times in Spanish to know who



John W. Poe

it was. Garrett made no reply, and and without rising from his seat, fired, with the result stated.

This occurred about midnight on the 14th of July, 1881. We spent the remainder of the night on the Maxwell premises, keeping constantly on our guard, as we were expecting to be attacked by the friends of the dead man. Nothing of the kind occurred, however. The next morning we sent for a justice of the peace who held an inquest over the body, the verdict of the jury being such as to justify the killing, and later on the same day, the body was buried in the old military burying ground at Fort Sumner.

There have been many wild and untrue stories of this affair, one of which was that we had in some way learned in advance that "The Kid" would come to Maxwell's residence that night, and had concealed ourselves there with the purpose of waylaying and killing him.

Another was that we had cut off his fingers and carried them away as trophies or souvenirs, and of later years it has been said many times that "The Kid" was not dead at all, but had been seen alive and well in various places. The actual facts, however, are exactly as stated herein, and while we no doubt would, under the circumstances, have laid in wait for him at the Maxwell premises if there had been the slightest reason for believing that he would come there, that fact that he did come was a complete surprise to us, absolutely unexpected and unlooked for as for as we three were concerned.

The story that we had cut off and carried off his fingers was even more absurd as the thought of such a thing never entered our minds, and besides, we were not that kind of people.

The killing of "The Kid" created a great sensation throughout the Southwest, and many of the law-abiding citizens of New Mexico and the Panhandle contributed substantially and liberally toward a reward for the officers whose work had finally rid the country of a man who was nothing less than a scourge.

The taking-off of "The Kid" had a very salutary effect in New Mexico and the Panhandle, most of his followers leaving the country for the time being, at least, and a great many persons who had sympathized with him or had been terrorized by him, completely changed their attitude toward the enforcement of the law.

The events that transpired at Maxwell's ranch the night of that 14th of July, to this day seem to me strange and mysterious, as "The Kid" was certainly a "killer," was absolutely desperate and had "the drop" first on me and then on Garrett. Why did he not use it? Possibly because he thought he was in the house of his friends and had no suspicion that the officers of the law would ever come to that place searching for him. From what we learned afterward, there was some reason for believing that we had been seen leaving the peach orchard by one of his friends, who ran to the house of his friends and had no suspicion night, warning him of our presence; upon which he had run out half dressed to Maxwell's, thinking perhaps that by reason of the standing of the Maxwell

family he would not be sought there. However this may be, it is still, in view of his character and the condition he was in, a mystery.

I have been in many close places and through many trying experiences both before and after this occurrence but never in one where I was so forcibly impressed with the idea that a Higher Power controls and rules the destinies of men. To me it seemed that what occurred in Fort Sumner that night had actually been foreordained.

The foregoing sketch or narrative was

written at odd moments, taken from a very busy business life, upon the urgent request and oft-repeated solicitations of friends, and it is the first—and probably the last—attempt of the writer, to record any of the facts related.

This story of the killing of Billy the Kid has been published by Mr. Briminstool in a neat pamphlet and copies can be obtained for 75c postpaid by addressing him at Box 1072 Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

That Red-Headed Man

When the Comanche Indians were settled on their reservation in Texas in 1855, a few white men—just white on the outside—began to drift into the reservation and erect cabins in remote corners. I very distinctly remember four such characters who were on the reservation. The circumstances which impressed their presence most upon me was the fact that frequently some of them would get decidedly drunk and exceedingly boisterous. One of these characters was red-headed and decidedly a tough-looking character, and if murder can shine forth from a man's face, it shone from his. In after times these hangers-on favored the Indians and were classed as Indian Men and bitterly hated the other faction known as the White Man. I can not say that these hangers-on were horse thieves but I can truthfully say that I sincerely believe they were. If they were not, they were in mighty bad company. There is a Spanish proverb which says, "Tell me who you go with and I'll tell you who you are." I think the proverb was thought out to fit the hangers-on. Go with Indians and you are an Indian with all it means to be one.

In the summer of 1857 a small party of Indians, together with a red-headed white man (white on outside only), surprised a family in the northern part of Erath county, which was then the extreme frontier. The family consisted of a man, his wife and a girl some eight or ten years of age. The Indians killed

the man, whereupon, the red-headed man searched the premises for valuables and among other things he searched was a trunk in which he found a small sum of money. Note the fact of the searching of the trunk. After searching the premises, the red-headed man and his friends left the horrible scene and took the little girl with them some ten or more miles and then released her. Carrying the child off, no doubt, was to delay the giving of the alarm. The murders no doubt calculated that the woman would not leave her dead husband and if they carried off the child there would be no one to give the alarm until they had a good start on any pursuers. After the girl was released she found some houses and related what had happened. On the next morning a few men got together and followed the trail some ten or fifteen miles, when the Indians purposely scattered in order to make trailing slow and difficult. The trail was entirely lost, but in scattering around to find it unfortunately the men found it again, as they thought, but this trail proved to be that of a lot of hunters returning home. Of course, before the mistake was discovered, the red-headed man and his Indian friends and associates in murder were safe on the Comanche reservation, where they had all necessary protection by the troops at Camp Cooper, and Fort Belknap, too, if need be, as subsequent frontier events clearly demonstrated.

It could not have been but little more than sixty-five miles from the place of the above murder to the Comanche reservation and an Indian could ride that distance in an incredibly short time. What a pity the men in pursuit lost the trail of those red-handed murderers! What a pity that red-headed man was not followed to his den and carried back to where he, in cold blood, had murdered his brother for the pitiful sum of a few dollars, and there identified by the surviving wife of the murdered man and the little girl, and then and there have had measured out to him that which he so justly deserved and thereby have saved the life of several other persons whom this red-headed man was instrumental in murdering!

In the early days the people of Jack county suffered greatly at the hands of blanketed horsethieves, and bloodthirsty savages. Some of the most revolting murders ever committed in Texas were committed in that county. Witness the massacre at the home of Calvin Gage, and the massacre of the McKinney family where the entire family, consisting of husband, wife and three children were ruthlessly slain, thus exterminating the entire family. Witness, also, the massacre of the Mason and Cameron families.

The Masons and Camerons settled in Jack county in 1858. Their cabins were about a half a mile apart and were not built close together for the purpose of mutual defense, as has been said by the writers of romance, because, at the distance of half a mile apart, they could be of no service to each other, as was clearly demonstrated when they were attacked. They fell the easy victims of the first band of murdering Indians which attacked them. The Camerons lost the father, mother, and a lad about fifteen years of age. Three small children were not killed, a little boy and girl and a baby. The Mason family, consisting of father, mother and baby, were completely wiped out, and however well prepared they may have been to defend themselves on former occasions, certain it is that on the fatal day when attacked they were entirely unprepared. What a pity! They might have killed that red-headed man if they had been prepared!

The Masons annihilated and three out of the Camerons killed and not an In-

dian so much as bruised, so far as we know, is a very bad report and shows the folly of unpreparedness. It was known that Mason had quite a sum of money in his home. After the Masons were killed a red-headed man searched a trunk, and if there was any money in it, he got it. After which he and his partners in crime left, taking with them two of the Cameron children, a little girl of six and a little boy of eight. This murder and carrying into captivity took place in the early spring of 1859.

A man by the name of Collins had a cow ranch on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, near where the town of Fort Griffin now is. When he located there I do not know. I know that in 1858 he had a contract to furnish beef to the Comanche Indians, for, my father sold him steers for that purpose. Collins had a wife but no children. In the early spring of 1859, Mrs. Collins went on a visit to her parents in Williamson county. During the absence of Mrs. Collins, Collins hired a young man to live with him. This is now the summer of 1859. At this particular time there was a company or, at any rate, a detachment of state troops stationed at or near Fort Belknap for frontier protection. This particular command did not seem to have any very great hankering after Indians, but a very pronounced longing for the blood of the White Man faction I have heretofore mentioned. Collins was very decidedly anti-Indian, for he had every reason for believing that the Comanche reservation was little better than headquarters for horse thieves and murderers. Collins owned a nice bunch of hogs. These hogs mysteriously disappeared and very naturally and properly Mr. Collins went in search of them and scouted several days without finding them. Finally he decided to go to a certain man's house to make inquiry about the hogs. When he arrived at the place there was no one at home. Hearing some hogs making a noise not far off he rode to where they were and there he found his hogs in a pen. He tore the pen down and drove them home and sent the man word about tearing the pen down and driving the hogs home. Right then and there Collins drove a nail in his own coffin. Not many days after the hog incident the man who had the hogs penned, and with relatives of

his and "that red-headed man" sneaked over near Collins's house and secreted themselves near where he got water for use at his house. Collins did not go for water but sent his hired man. When the hired man reached his destination he found himself in the presence and power of four heavily-armed men, each of whom was as savage as any hyena and as merciless as any tiger, and they held him by force. The hired man not returning within a reasonable time, Collins mounted his horse and went to search for him. When he got within range of the murderer's guns they made some threatening gesture which enable him to see who they were. Of course he knew what they were after from what they had done and at once turned his horse as if to return to the house, when he was shot in the back and instantly killed.

It was known that Collins always had a considerable sum of money in his house and immediately after he had been murdered the four murderers went to his house and the redheaded man broke open his trunk and took and carried away what valuables there were in it.

That was a bad day's work for those four men; a poor heritage indeed, to leave to mankind. How often have all the people of Texas been misjudged and condemned by the conduct of such characters as I have described above. The people of Texas have always been a good average, and I think our frontier people of the early days were very decidedly above an average. Collins was killed after the fight at the lower reservation, which I have heretofore described, by men who favored the Indians and at a time when the lives of these men was raised to its highest pitch by the hand-writing on the wall which needed no interpreter: "The Indians must leave Texas."

Not long after Collins was killed, the quartet which killed him clandestinely visited our ranch and in a very cowardly and brutal manner, with their guns bearing upon him, abused J. V. Howell, our boss man, who was an honest man and consequently a law abiding citizen, which is much more than could be said for the men who, with their guns leveled at him were abusing him.

Collins knew two of his murderers perfectly well. The other two were completely unknown to him and he com-

pletely unknown to them and that is why the murder was so cold-blooded and inexcusable. One of them was the man who had penned his hogs. The other one the red-headed hanger-on at the Comanche agency. The other two, who were unknown to him, belonged to the State troops, who were paid by the state to give protection to the frontier people but who, instead thereof, were engaged in terrorizing the lawabiding citizens.

During the war between the states the last named two were killed, Thank God! without intending to be in the least irreverent. The third one (of hog-pen fame) lived for many years after the war, so I have been told. I hope he lived long enough to be old enough to know that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." I have left now only the red-headed hanger-on.

At the last meeting of the Old Trail Drivers at San Antonio in November, 1924, in talking to my old time friend, Capt. J. B. Gillett of Marfa, about "that red headed man," he told me that upon one occasion, in conversation with some rangers, they told him that in an Indian fight in the Lost Valley country in Jack county, in the early seventies they killed a red-headed man who was with the Indians and was fighting with them against the rangers. This may have been the red headed man I have been writing about. I hope it was, if so, we have the murderers of Collins disposed of.

In speaking of our frontier people I have always sung their praise, spoken of them in the highest terms of respect. In doing that I did not have in mind, not even remotely, hangers-on at Indian reservations nor assassins who had drifted into the country and drifted out. I was for thinking of that class of people any more than I was of the Comanche, but I did have in mind that bold peasantry, which dwelt in the midst of dangers and hardships which cannot be uttered. I had in mind that people who for years dwelt in the shadow of tragedy and who were faithful to every trust, and of whom it may truthfully be said that no people who were ever upon the earth were more faithful, endured greater hardships, or accomplished more. They were as dependable and faithful as the Old Guard of Napoleon and yet, how often have they been judged by such characters as I have described above. In think-

in' of our frontier people and writing of them I had only in mind the same people Goldsmith had when he wrote the I'll fare, the land, to hastening ill a prey, Where wealth accumulation and men decay;

Princes and lords may flourish or fade,
A breath can leave them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, its country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.

A Frontier Home

By T. U. Taylor,

University of Texas.

The home herein described was located in the forks of the Bear Creeks, Parker county, Texas, about three miles west of the Tarrant county line. It was on the real frontier, on the borders of the Indian country; and during the time described herein Parker County was the "hot bed" of Indian raids and Indian attacks. During the light of the moon we always collected our horses and brought them near the house, and every settler was on the alert. The home was crude in comparison with houses of today because the lumber had to be hauled from the piney woods of East Texas. The frontier house consisted generally of a main room, 16x16, with a big fireplace, a front porch the full length of the house, and a shed in the rear, containing kitchen and dining room combined in one room. Often the shed room and porch were absent. Cooking was done on a fire place because cooking stoves had not yet made their appearance on the frontiers of Texas. Bread was baked in an old-fashioned "baker" or oven, which consisted of a cast iron oven about ten inches in diameter, six inches deep with three legs protruding from the bottom. It had a lid or cover with a rim around the outer edge from one-fourth to one-half inches high. The "baker" was placed on the live coals of fire; and when hot the biscuit were placed therein; the lid was placed on top and coals of fire placed on top of the lid. Did we get good bread? Believe me, Modern Scoffer, and Devotee of Home Economics, Domestic Science and Modern Conveniences, the bread that our mothers made on these old "bakers" classed 100 per cent compared with the inferior product of the most modern and up-to-date equipment. In addition to the "baker", the skillet and frying pan were ever present.

The old boiling pot was the incubator

of roasts and "greens," with its by-products of "pot likker." How many of you know what "pot likker" is? "Pot likker" and buttermilk were the standard beverages of every dinner table; and even to this day old settlers will dispute as to the merits of each. This boiling pot generally hung from an iron bar across the throat of the chimney by a hook and it could be moved from side to side.

The coffee pot was of generous proportions, of the same general outline and size as the camping pot today. It had its handle and its spout; but it was placed on live coals of fire and was liable to take a tumble without warning.

Our beds consisted of four-posters. Often the posts were extended from the floor to the bed, and not above. Springs and mattresses were unknown. A bed tick was filled with straw and placed on rope cords that gridironed from side to side rail and from head rail to foot rail. The straw bed was placed on this rope of gridirons and the luxurious old feather bed on top of this. Underneath this main bed was the ever-present trundle bed that shoved under the main during the day, and was brought forth at night out in the middle of the floor. It was the bed for the children while the grownups occupied the main bed. If company came some of the homefolks had to take quilts and make a pallet on the floor of the kitchen. Many have been the nights that the writer has spent on a pallet. We had the quilts, blankets, "cover lids" and counterpanes. I could tell a "cover lid" and a "counterpane" apart and call each by its right name, but to this day I cannot define either.

Quilts were made at a "quilting bee". When a housewife got ready for a new quilt she gave a "quilting" and invited her neighbors in. Four guide slats

were swung from the ceiling and the lower sheet was placed on and then the cover sheet was placed on top of the filling. On each side of this rectangle ladies sat, each one applying her needle vigorously and with absolute fidelity to the pattern of the design. The writer has long since forgotten many of the patterns.

In the kitchen in addition to the "baker," the skillet, the coffee pot, and the boiling pot, there was the "piggin" the "noggin," and the old dasher churn. The "piggin" was a small cedar bucket six to eight inches in diameter with one of the staves extended above for the handle. This was the universal milking vessel. The "noggin" was a small sized "piggin" with the handle absent. The buckets were all of the red cedar variety.

The clothes of the frontier were "homespun". This means exactly what it says. The clothes for the men's coats and trousers was woven by the mother and older daughters. There was the old-fashioned loom with its s'ay, shuttlecock and pedal. There was also the old spinning wheel and the hand cards. After the mother and daughters had washed the dishes at night, they brought out the old cards and combed the wool into "rolls" about twelve inches long and about three-fourths inch in diameter. These rolls were laid carefully into a box later to be twisted into thread by the old-fashioned spinning wheel. It would require an extra chapter to describe the loom with all its details. It was home-made and all its accessories were made in the neighborhood. The cloth that came from the old loom was tough, durable, and it lasted until the boys outgrew the clothes made from it. The writer has seen a pair of pants descended from one brother to the next in size. "Domestic" formed the shirt material and was used for a variety of purposes.

Wash day came once a week. There were no rubbing boards, or washing machines; and it was a back-breaking process. The rubbing was done with the hands and the only aid they had was an invention of the frontier, the "battling stick" and the "batting" bench. The "batting bench" consisted of a cottonwood slab four to six feet long and some

twelve or eighteen inches wide and three or four inches thick. It was supported on four legs and was about two and one-half feet from the ground. After being thoroughly soaked the clothes were placed on this "battling bench" and the good wife then plied her "battling stick" which consisted of a long paddle flattened out. The wet clothes were beaten and flayed. The "battling stick" has disappeared from civilization, but the "old timers" remember it distinctly, because there are living many ex-frontiersmen today that had to wield it for their mothers.

The soap was all home made, either "hard" or "soft." The "ash-hopper" was as common on the frontier as the family churn. A cottonwood log, at least twelve inches in diameter, was cut from ten to twelve feet long. A V-shaped trough was cut into the log from end to end. It was placed firmly on blocks in an inclining position with the trough on the upper side. A rectangular framework was constructed about the trough with side and end rails. Boards or planks were placed with their lower ends in the V-shaped trough and the upper ends resting on the side rails, the length of the boards being something like four or five feet. Their ends were closed by other planks. Into this "hopper" ashes from the wood fires were placed until it was filled. Water was then poured over the ashes and allowed to soak and leach through. This formed lye which reached the bottom of the V-shaped trough and flowed out in the lower end into a crock or an earthen vessel. This lye was carefully stored away. In the meantime all the bacon rinds and all forms of hog fat had been collected and carefully preserved. The lye and the fats were the chief ingredients of the soap. In a huge iron pot the lye and grease were placed with an appropriate amount of water, and the boiling process began. After completion the soap remained on top of the water several inches thick. It was then poured into soap buckets and was there kept "soft" or later was laid out on planks and permitted to harden. At a later time concentrated lye could be bought in small pint cans in the stores and the "ash-hopper" disappeared from the frontier life.

Somewhere in the county there was always an old-fashioned tan yard where

raw-hides were tanned by the bark process. It took many months for the process to be completed from the raw-hides to the leather. This bark-tanned leather could be obtained at the tan yard or in the stores. Our shoes were made by the country shoemaker. It was the old peg and awl process. Pegs were used to unite the upper and the sole. Sewed shoes were practically unknown.

Then there came the inevitable demand for shoestrings. The old Tennessee rifle was in every family and every male member over fifteen years old was a good shot. Squirrels were plentiful along the creeks. When killed, their hides were always saved and always tanned and kept for shoestrings. The writer's first recollection of the frontier economy was his introduction into the tanning process for squirrel hide. A hole was dug in the ground about a foot deep. The squirrel hide was spread on the bottom of the hole, and ashes were poured on top of the hair side about two inches deep. The dirt was poured back into the hole and a bucket or two of water poured in. In about a week the hide was exhumed, and the hair then could be scraped off easily. The hide was then thoroughly washed and rinsed in water. It was then stretched for a few hours to dry partially. Then came the rubbing process with the hands or drawing it over a pole or rail. In a few hours it was as soft and pliable as the best buckskin, and much stronger. This offered no difficulty in cutting or in the use of the string. Sometimes unsalted butter was used in the process of softening and drying the hide.

There was no such thing as a refrigerator on the frontier. Ice on the frontiers of Texas occurred occasionally during the cold winter but no one thought of an ice house or of trying to store it. If they had thought of it it would have been impossible because the ice was so thin that it could not be preserved. The absence of ice and refrigerators made it necessary for the housewife to keep her milk and butter cool by the use of the spring house. These spring houses were located, as the name implies, in the run-off from the spring, the source of the domestic water supply for the family. A long box was made 18 to 24 inches wide, something like 12 or 18 inches deep, and four to six feet long. This

box was placed in the accession of the stream so that the cool water from the spring would run through the box. Holes were bored in the spring-end of the box through which the cool water could enter and the run-off was through the downstream end. The milk and butter were placed in the box in crocks and the holes were so located that the level of the water was kept at such a stage that the crocks would not be overflowed. If there was a bluff near the house from which water dripped, it was found that this made an ideal spring-house, because the water could be so controlled that it would drip or drain through the box. The box had a strong top that was tied down except at the time that milk or butter was to be placed in or taken out.

Every frontier home had its smokehouse, which was not only a smokehouse but also constituted a store room for the enshaws, pumpkins, etc. There was no ice on the frontier of Texas until railroads came. The railroads brought ice and ice cream. The writer distinctly remembers that he was nineteen years old in Fannin county when he saw his first saucers of ice cream.

Schools ran for only a few months during each year. Boys from twelve years and over brought their guns to the schoolhouse and stood them in the corner ready for an attack. It was the ambition of the boy's life at least to arrive at the age where he could bring his gun to the schoolhouse. It was a badge of manhood and evidence of responsibility. Be it said that no boy, in case the schoolhouse was attacked by Indians, ever flinched or acted the coward.

School facilities were meagre and crude. Webster's Blue Backed Speller was the one universal book, and all grades took a spelling lesson once a day. Just before the noon recess or the closing hour in the afternoon the whole school was lined up for a big spelling lesson. The student maintaining the head of the class one week was given a "head mark." At the close of school the person having the greatest number of "head marks" obtained the cherished prize. Ray's Arithmetic was for advanced pupils. We played "town ball", "One-Eyed Cat" and "Two-Eyed Cat." Baseball was unheard of. The dogwood switch was a committee on discipline, and it must be said that it was

used without hesitation. If you laughed in school, if you did not know the lesson, if you did anything that the teacher did not think proper, the dogwood switch sang you a gentle song.

Neighbors lived from one to ten miles away. During the winter months an old-fashioned country dance would be given occasionally. The girls and boys and old folks for ten miles around would come, and it was danced all night until broad daylight, and all went home in the morning. The old people enjoyed it as much as the young ones, and some of the old settlers held the prize for doing the "back step" or the Irish Jigg. There were no round dances. It was all square and the tunes were "Buffalo Gals", "Cotton Eyed Joe", "Arkansas Traveler", "Money Musk" etc. Sometimes the fiddler would sing the words, and I recall a tribute that was paid to a certain dusky swain by the name of Cotton-Eyed Joe:

"If it hadn't been for Cotton-Eyed Joe
I'd 'a been married six or seven years
ago."

These are the only lines of this dance-song that I can recall. The "Buffalo Gals" were appealed to to come out tonight in the following melody:

"Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight?
Won't you come out tonight, won't you
come out tonight?
Buffalo Gals, won't you come out tonight
And dance by the light of the moon?"

A fiddler generally called the figures:
Honor your partner; ladies on the left.
Join hands and circle to the left;
Break and promenade home.
Side couples forward and back;
Forward and cross over;
Ladies change;
Half promenade.

There were few country doctors. The nearest doctor to our home was twenty miles away, and in case of necessity a rider was placed on a fleet horse and dispatched through rain and sleet to the doctor. Often this was an all-night ride. In one case the rider started to the doctor twenty miles away on a very

fleet pony. He arrived at the doctor's home the next morning at daylight. The doctors themselves did not consult their own comfort, but were always ready to start at any time of the day, even when they had just returned from another long trip. The doctors had to keep three or four good saddle horses ready at a moment's call to saddle up and ride even thirty miles. They were paid in horses, cattle, milk cows, etc. In one case the writer overheard a lady at an annual barbecue boasting that her doctor bill during the previous winter was seven horses. By force of necessity the mothers became trained nurses and somewhat skilled in treating the ordinary diseases incident to country life. One mother in our neighborhood was a dead shot on croup and chills. Many have been the nights that she has left her home and ridden to a neighbor's house even five miles away to cure a child of croup. The method of treatment was very simple, but few had the courage to go through with it. A towel was soaked in ice cold water and then wrapped around the neck of the sick child. This was kept wet and cold. Over the wet towel was placed some extra wrap to hold in the moisture. The treating might not have been strictly scientific, but it was certainly effective. The chills and fever were cured by the old-fashioned "pack". The day after the child the patient was placed on a feather bed with a blanket over him. A tea kettle of hot water was brought and poured over his whole body until he was soaked. Then four or five quilts or blankets were placed over him and there he was left for two hours steaming under the cover and the perspiration dripping from his brow. It was a severe ordeal, but I have seen the sheets at the end of the "sweat box" perfectly green with bile. It left the patient weak, but it was the most effective remedy in the crude West. The big-mouthed bottle of quinine and the bottle of "blue mass" were on the mantle piece ready for use. There was no necessity of sending for a neighbor to help. They came and helped without an invitation. The writer remembers one morning a neighbor came to a home two miles away, walked in, hung up her bonnet and said to another neighbor who had sat up all night: "Mary, you go home. I have cooked enough for Jack

and the children to last through tomorrow at dinner. I will stay until tomorrow at five o'clock when I will have to go home to attend to family duties." She did not ask "Can I help?" but walked in and took charge. That was the spirit of the frontier.

The old country doctor often found himself called upon to apply readymade psychology. An old doctor told the writer that he had often ridden thirty miles in the dead of the night on an urgent call and upon arriving at the end of his journey, he had found the lady of the house suffering with an overbait of cucumbers. In his young days he frankly told them that there was nothing the matter with them, but this did not satisfy; they thought he did not know his own business and they would promptly call another doctor. After awhile he fixed up a bitter concoction, the frame-work of which was bread. When he found a case of over-indulgence in cucumbers he would look solemn, give them about two dozen bitter bread pills to take and warn them to take one every hour. The pill was especially bitter to make the patients believe that it was heroic medicine. In two days the lady was up bragging on "them pills of the old doctor's".

At first the old doctor was modest about his bills, but at the annual barbecue he overheard two women boating about the size of their bills. The annual barbecue at the county seat was the social function of the year. One lady boasted that her bill the winter before was seven horses. The other retorted, "Why Mary, two years ago my bill was eleven horses!" The doctor overheard the conversation and he made up his mind then and there to give them something to brag about next time. The more he charged the better they were pleased because it gave them a text for a little social distinction at the annual barbecue.

These frontier doctors had to be dentists also. They always took their tooth pullers with them. On one occasion the old doctor pulled a tooth for a patient who was suffering agonies with the toothache. He extracted the tooth, looked at it, found it to be perfectly sound, put it in his pocket and immediately said, "Madam, we must pull another tooth." This time he got the right tooth, but the poor woman always boast-

ed that two of her teeth were aching at the same time.

The school house on Sunday was our church house. There were no paid preachers, and no regular services, but some unselfish minister that owned his own farm or ranch would ride from five to twenty miles to preach on Sunday, and be back at his day labor on Monday morning. There was old Brother Smith, who lived on the North Bear Creek where the Fort Worth-Granbury road crosses, and Old Brother Medearis who lived near the present town of Aledo. Each of these preached without money and without price, at the little log school house, whenever their appointments would permit. They asked no money, but the writer can testify to their fervency and devotion. Once during the summer a big camp meeting would be held at some point where there was a good spring, plenty of shade and wood. The meeting house was a brush arbor made by the neighbors. This brush arbor was of rare architectural design. Green posts about six to eight inches in diameter were cut about twelve feet long, terminating in a fork. These were inserted in the ground about three feet, and were located about ten feet apart in rows. Green poles were placed in these forks and other cross poles laid horizontally until a perfect matwork was constructed. On top of this matwork green brush was laid until a dense shade was formed. This constituted the brush arbor. In the earlier days the seats were constructed out of split logs; later lumber was obtained, and still later sawdust was spread over the ground. Long before Billy Sunday inaugurated the "sawdust trail" people in the West had been "hitting the dirt trail". In the early days there were no hymn books. The preacher would read two lines and the congregation would sing these two lines; then he would read two more and so on. It was an epoch when song books came into the community. The old-fashioned "mourners bench" was a reality and it was no idle tear that was wiped away from the eye. The preaching was the "brimstone" variety, and I must say that the preachers lived their religion and were held in great respect by the community. They were devout men, true to their religion and their country. They fought the Indians and the Devil

with equal fervency and bravery. Sometimes a neighbor would give the preacher a riding horse or a young colt. On one occasion one of these frontier preachers was going to the county seat, and about four miles from town he met two young men driving out from town in a buggy. They were under the influence of "John Barleycorn". They stopped and ordered the preacher to dismount and dance in the road. He refused, but told them he would fight either of them fist and skull and dared them to try it with him. They drew straws for the honor of whipping the preacher in a fist fight. The other young man solemnly agreed to be an impartial referee. There were no rounds, it was to be a knock-down, and no gouging of eyes. The preacher took off his coat, solemnly hung it on a limb, rolled up his sleeves and the battle was on in the middle of the road. In about ten minutes the youngblood from the county seat was about the worst whipped man that the county seat had ever seen. He was bleeding at the nose and mouth. His face was skinned and he was bruised and beaten all over the upper part of his body. He had encountered a man that worked by day labor during the week for his bread and preached for God on Sundays. The impromptu referee lifted his companion into the buggy, took him to town to a doctor, and had his wounds treated and dressed. Ever afterwards those two young men were the best friends this old fighting preacher had.

Then there was the old country preacher who had raised a few steers to sell. A sharp cattle buyer heard of the few steers owned by the old minister and he drove out sixteen miles one Sunday afternoon with the avowed purpose of staying all night with the preacher. On his way out he conceived the idea of pretending to be a member of the preacher's special church and a leader in the town congregation. The old preacher gave him a hearty supper, warmed up to him, discussed church matters until ten o'clock and finally he got up, reached on a shelf, pulled down the family Bible, laid it on the table and turning to the visitor said:

"My brother, you will conduct family prayers." The cattle buyer had lied about his church affiliation, even about his membership, and this got him good and cold. He made an excuse about see-

ing his horse first. He took the old preacher out to the corral with him and acknowledged to him that he had lied, and that he was not a member of the church. The old preacher took him back into the house, held family prayers himself and prayed for all sinners from the foundation of the world up to date. The next morning he made the cattle buyer pay five dollars more per steer than the market price; and the old preacher never told the story. Later, the cattle buyer told the story on himself. These western preachers were of the Samuel Doak variety, who preached on Sunday and Sunday night, worked six days in the week, and fought the battles of the Lord seven days in the week.

In the majority of cases the barbering was "home spun" and "home made". More men wore full beards than in the present day, and those who shaved had to perform that operation themselves. The men of each family attended to their own beards. The haircutting was a more refined art, and in each neighborhood some man developed the skill of an expert haircutter. Some of these were as expert as the best of barbers. Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings these men were busy, never charged a cent and never refused to aid a neighbor boy in getting rid of his locks. There was no such thing as bobbed hair among the women, and they needed no suggestions from the men and no aid of a barber to help out Dame Nature.

On rare occasions some boy would go to the county seat on business and get a haircut. The next Sunday morning he was the center of attraction at church and the neighboring farmer who did the haircutting was the first to inspect the town product.

On my way to church one Sunday morning, as I rode out of the lane into the big road, a neighbor boy nineteen years old came along on horseback on his way to church. He was sitting stiff and rigid on his horse and in a few moments he informed me that he had been to the county seat the day before and had his hair cut by a regular barber. He was very proud of his haircut, and he pulled off his hat to show me his well-parted hair. He informed me that he slept on the back of his head all night so as not to rumple his hair. I knew at the time that he was dead in love with a young

lady who attended church, and I can imagine how he expected to impress her with that new hair cut. As we were riding along, he informed me that the barber wanted to do more than cut his hair, and I asked him what more could be done. He told me that the barber wanted to "earpoon" it, but he wouldn't let him.

The Indians were a perpetual menace to our homes. I remember from the age of four, my father was on the frontier fighting Indians while my older half-brother was with Southern soldiers, fighting in the Mississippi Valley. Hardly a month passed that we did not hear of an Indian raid in the Western part of Parker county along the Grindstone Creek or the Brazos River or on the headwaters of the Clear Fork. Our neighbors, the Heffingtons, furnished sons for the frontier defense. We were always on guard, guns were always loaded, always ready for use, and, surprising to say, a boy ten or twelve years old would fight like a trained veteran. There was the case of a fourteen-year-old girl southwest of Parker county who, by sheer nerve, with an unloaded gun-barrel, stood off a crowd of Comanche Indians and saved her younger sisters. The pride of having been in an Indian fight was unequaled by any achievement of a frontiersman. Many are the times that I have gone to a neighbor's house to gaze upon the Indian trophies that their sons had brought home from the frontier. I never saw an Indian scalped, but I have seen many of the scalps brought back. It was the desire of the Indians to capture children between the ages of four and ten, because out of these they could make good Indians. The girls became wives of chiefs, and the boys always developed into fierce fighters.

In the frontier days there was no such thing as flour in commercial barrels. It came in sacks, and there was none imported until railroads came. In fact, flour went out from the frontier of my day, rather than came in. Every fall or late summer there was a practice for practically all farmers to have a load of wheat ground into flour, pack this flour into sacks, and haul it to the depot. This "depot" was the terminus of the Houston and Texas Central Railway, as it slowly crawled from Hempstead to Dallas. The mills themselves were of three

types. Every water-power site was taken advantage of, and small dams were erected to use the fall of the stream. I recall to this time four of such water-power mills in Parker county on the Clear Fork of the Trinity. As a mere kid, I hauled wheat to each and every one of them. They ground both flour and corn, but Parker county was a good wheat country, and there was plenty of flour bread. In addition to the water power mill there was ox-power mill and the steam mill, very few of the latter existing in the West on account of the cost of the engine. The water-power mills practically all used wooden overshot wheels made and constructed on the site. The ox-mill was an invention of the West. Imagine a wheel something like thirty feet in diameter with an axle of thirty feet in length, two feet in diameter, with the lower end rounded and working in a ball and socket foundation joint. This main axle was fixed in the upper end into secure frame work or collars and was inclined to the vertical. The wheel was so located on the axle that its lower edge would be some three feet from the ground. On the lower edge of the outer rim wooden cogs were inserted, and these cogs connected with the end of a horizontal axle or shaft. There was a roadway on the upper surface of the wheel some six to eight feet wide. When all was ready to grind, steers, cows or other young stock was driven through a gate onto the lower part of the wheel and on to the lower quarter of the track. The gate was closed behind and in front of them, and a brake was released, and the very weight of these cattle on the inclined plane supplied the motor power. It did not take them long to learn that all they had to do was walk slowly, but regularly.

The horizontal shaft connected with a pulley or second cog wheel to which the grinding mill was attached. The water-mill and the ox-mill were slow in their process, but the flour and the meal had one superior quality in that it was not overheated in the grinding process.

Many are the times that the writer as a boy had to take a "turn" to the mill three miles away. A bushel and a half of corn was shelled and placed in a two bushel sack, thrown across the old gray mare and the writer perched on top

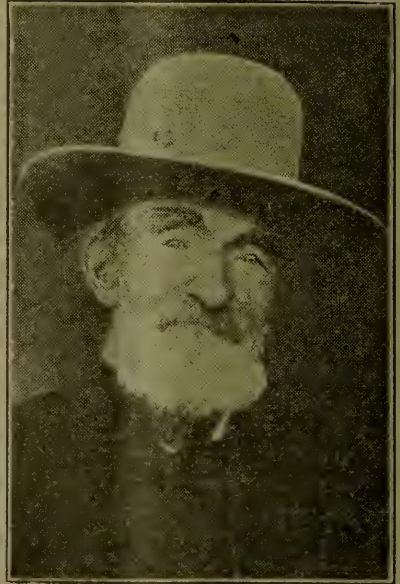
of the sack wended his way to the mill and returned some time during the day with the meal. Earlier, at the very close of the Civil War, he remembers that his older half-brother had to do the milking. There were two calves about six months old, and these were trained to work around the yard until they became thoroughly broken to the yoke. A small two-wheeled cart was constructed and one day the older half-brother essayed to take a "turn" to the mill three miles away with his two calves "Tom" and "Danger". He started early in the morning and returned long before night. The trip was so successful that Tom and Danger constituted the mill team until they became old enough to become regular work oxen. The old fat miller got considerable amusement out of this unique team of calves. He would always bring the "turn" out, place it on the hounds of the two-wheeled cart, tie it securely and call to the driver, "Here Sonny, take your calves home for their supper."

Each fall the farmer's wheat was ground into flour, shorts and bran. The bran and "shorts" were used largely for feeding purposes for stock, but I have known some farmers who anticipated the later evolution of domestic science by combining all of it into a flour, producing what is known to this day as "Graham Bread."

Buckelew, the Captive

Hunter's Printing House in Bandera has just completed the printing of a very interesting volume of nearly 200 pages, entitled, "Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," of which Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Dennis of Bandera are the authors. The book deals with the experiences of Rev. F. M. Buckelew, who was captured by the Lipans when he was about fourteen years old, and kept by them for over a year, afterwards making his escape and being restored to his people. Rev. Buckelew, now living at Medina, Texas, is a minister in the Methodist church. He tells a wonderful story of his captivity, of the hardships he endured, of the manners and customs of the tribe, of the early day tragedies, etc., and the book should be placed in the hands of every school boy and girl in Texas. The volume sells for only \$1.50, and may be obtained from T. S. Dennis, Bandera, Texas.

Bandera Pioneer Dead



George Hay, an early pioneer of Bandera county, died February 6, at the age of 89 years. Mr. Hay was born in Scotland in 1836 and came to Bandera county with Elder Wight's Mormon colonists in 1854. He is survived by his wife and ten children. For many years Mr. Hay was engaged in the mercantile business in Bandera. He helped to organize Bandera county in 1856, and was a member of a militia company for frontier protection.

Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillett's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for \$3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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.

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.

The Faithful Dog on the Frontier

I. D. Ferguson, in Dallas News, 1912.

The place is the old Fort Belknap, a Government post built and occupied by the United States troops in the days long gone by. It was then a wilderness in the far West; its principal inhabitants were buffaloes, Indians, wolves and prairie dogs. Come and take a walk out to that high bluff that overlooks the valley of the Brazos, and I will point out to you the country and tell why I think every man should love and respect his dog.

Do you see that bright strip of water winding its way through the yellow sand? That is the river. If it could talk, it could tell you many weird stories of things that occurred a long time ago.

If you could listen to its stories of what occurred along its banks, you would think you were in dreamland waking among ghostly specters and phantoms of the past; you would hear the hoarse grunt of the buffalo, the howl of wolves; you would hear the screams of frightened women and children and the war whoop of the Indian, and the ting of the bow string, and shriek of death, and then a sudden hush.

Look across the river to the northwest, away off yonder. Do you see that gray streak of timber about twelve miles away coming from the west toward the river? Well that is Elm Creek; once a small settlement of white people lived along the south banks of the stream. They had erected their houses into a small town, shaped like a shoe string when stretched out; the houses were built about forty or fifty yards apart for about one half mile along the creek bank.

At the lower end of the town lived a man named George Bragg. His house was the last house in the little village. About two miles this side of Bragg's in the river valley on the prairie was a house where an old lady by the name of Fitzpatrick and her widowed daughter with three children, two boys and a beautiful little girl about eight years old, all lived; they had a brindled ring-necked bull-dog, whose name I did not learn.

Now, let us go back to the village long enough to say that in it lived a man named Dock Wilson, whose name, as also should that of the dog, should go

down in history for noble deeds performed.

They were dangerous times then. It was in 1864, when the boom of the canon was heard at Petersburg, and the boys in Gray were dying in the last ditch to try to save the Confederacy. The Indians were coming down from the north under their chief Black Eagle, a thousand strong, to sweep the settlements along the Brazos River.

The writer was then a member of Rowland's company in J. B. Barry's regiment. We had been ordered from Harrisburg to Belknap for the purpose of meeting the invasion to protect the inhabitants. White's company of Rowland's regiment had also been ordered there for the same purpose and had arrived on the scene in time to check the advance of the invasion had they been strong enough.

Our command under Buck Barry had just reached Weatherford on the very day the Indians captured Fort Murphy. We advanced towards the little town and came in conflict with White's company on Boggy Creek, three miles north of Elm Creek, completely defeating his company killing five of his men and driving him across the river.

Two citizens, Perry Harmon, son and his father, were attacked by them, but fled to the brush and then stood the Indians off killing three of them. They then went on in the direction of the little town of Elm.

Dock Wilson being out from his home on the creek discovered the approach of the Indians. He ran with all his might to the little town, giving the alarm, and ran down the creek from house to house. The citizens with their women and children fled to the brush and hid. Just as Wilson ran into the yard at George Bragg's to give him the alarm the Indians were right behind him and shot him dead in front of Bragg's door.

Bragg hearing the noise stepped to the door and was also shot by the Indians, but was not killed. With the help of two cow-boys at his house they barricaded the door and like trapped rats fought the Indians to a finish, inflicting upon

them a bloody loss, driving them away from the house.

The Indians after pillaging the houses in the town moved on in the direction of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's leaving the little town tenantless and alone, except the house of George Bragg's, which stood in grim defiance. Bragg, with bleeding wounds, and the two cow boys with faces black with powder were ready to renew the bloody conflict to save their lives and the lives of the women and children who crouched beneath the bed. The inhabitants of the town had been saved; they were hid away in the brush like frightened quails, and Doek Wilson the man who saved them was lying dead in Bragg's yard.

The Indians went from the little town direct to Mrs. Fitzpatrick's. The only defence she had was the old brindled dog, the dog that loved his mistress and the children; the dog that had stood at bay the wolves and wild animals that came to prey upon the poultry; and through the long hours of the night had kept watch, and with deep mouthed bark and hoarse growl had kept away those who designed to intrude upon those who loved and fed him.

This poor old dog confronted from 800 to 1,000 Indians and died in his effort to save them.

Buck Barry's Rangers to which I belonged reached Fort Belknap the day after the disaster; the Indians had fled from the country and were gone. Our company under the command of Sergeant Pollard and Sergeant Christal was ordered to the relief of Bragg's family and to get the dead.

About seventy-five men constituted the company.

The first place we reached was Mrs. Fitzpatrick's. Here the little house stood alone on the prairie. As we reached the house we found the dog lying outside the house, his forefeet strongly braced against the ground his head turned toward us with gleaming eyes and grinding teeth, with bristles up as if snapping at Indians. He looked as if alive; but he was dead, with fifteen arrows sticking in his body: he was stiff, with the rigidity of death.

In the back yard lay the body of the lady and two little boys; they had been killed and scalped, and their clothes stripped from them. The old lady and the

little girl had been taken into captivity and carried off.

We dug a wide grave out in the garden in which we placed the mother and the two little boys, one on each side of her. As we got ready to cover them, Sergeant Christal said: "Boys that poor old dog died for the lady and her children, the Indians never entered that house until he was dead; we ought to bury him with his mistress and children."

Every man with one accord agreed. We pulled the arrows out of his body and gently laid him in the vault at the feet of those for whom he died.

To this noble dog should be erected a monument inscribed upon it his noble deeds; and the words of Byron:

But the poor dog, in life the finest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend
Whose honest heart is still his master's
own,
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for
him alone.

This is why I say that every man should love and respect his dog.

Heel Fly Time in Texas

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W. E. Cureton Dead.

We regret to learn of the death of William E. Cureton, which occurred at Austin, Texas, February 11. Mr. Cureton was the father of Chief Justice C. M. Cureton of the Supreme Court, and was the son of Capt. Jack Cureton, an early pioneer of this state. Mr. Cureton's home was at Meridian, Texas, but he generally spent the winters with Judge Cureton in Austin. He was 76 years old.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 2½ years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Sen' C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

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

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

One day an officer who was passing, asked me some questions in Spanish, and when I answered him in Spanish, he took a seat by me and talked with me for some time. He asked me a great many questions about the United States, our form of government, the number of our regular army, what State I came from and what induced me to come to Texas, etc., to all of which I frankly answered. He expressed much astonishment at the correctness of my pronunciation, and asked where I had learned to speak Spanish, saying he was sure I had not learned the language among the Mexicans. I told him that I had studied Spanish under a teacher of modern languages at a Catholic institution in Kentucky. He then asked if I was a Catholic myself, and when I told him I was not, he seemed dissatisfied, and tried in various ways to get some sort of admission from me that I had more faith in the Catholic religion than any other.

The talk I had with this officer made but little impression upon me at the time, but I have since thought on account of my youth, or because I had in some way gained his favor, he was desirous of an excuse or pretext to save me from the fate he probably knew was in store for us. I know that several of our men were saved from the massacre, for no other reason that I am aware of, than that they professed to be members of the Catholic church. Several times afterward the officer above mentioned came to talk with me, and he insisted that I was a Catholic if I would but own it; but I strenuously denied "the soft impeachment" to the last. If I had suspected his object in getting me to admit that I was a Catholic, it is probable I might have sought temporal as well as eternal safety in the bosom of the church. It would have been very easy for me to have passed for a good Catholic, for Catholicism (at least among the lower class of Mexicans) consists mainly in knowing how to make the sign of the cross, together with unbounded reverence first, for the Virgin Mary, and secondly, for the saints

generally—and the priests. But I did not suspect the object this officer had in view when he tried to make a convert of me to the true faith, and I am afraid I have lost the only chance I shall ever have of becoming a "good Catholic."

On the morning of the 27th of March, a Mexican officer came to us and ordered us to get ready for a march. He told us we were to be liberated on "parole," and that arrangements had been made to send us to New Orleans on board of vessels then at Copano. This, you may be sure, was joyful news to us, and we lost no time in making preparations to leave our uncomfortable quarters. When all was ready we were formed into three divisions and marched out under a strong guard. As we passed by some Mexican women who were standing near the main entrance to the fort, I heard them say "pobrecitos" (poor fellows), but the incident at the time made little impression on my mind.

One of our divisions was taken down the road leading to the lower ford of the river, one upon the road to San Patricio, and the division to which my company was attached, along the road leading to San Antonio. A strong guard accompanied us, marching in double file on both sides of our column. It occurred to me that this division of our men into three squads, and marching us off in three directions, was rather a singular maneuver, but still I had no suspicion of the foul play intended us. When about half a mile above town, a halt was made and the guard on the side next the river filed around to the opposite side. Hardly had this maneuver been executed, when I heard a heavy firing of musketry in the direction taken by the other two divisions. Some one near me exclaimed "Boys! they are going to shoot us!" and at the same instant I heard the clicking of musket locks all along the Mexican line. I turned to look, and as I did so, the Mexicans fired upon us, killing probably one hundred out of the one hundred and fifty men in the division. We were in double file and I was in the rear rank. The man in front of me was shot dead,

and in falling he knocked me down. I did not get up for a moment, and when I rose to my feet, I found that the whole Mexican line had charged over me, and were in hot pursuit of those who had not been shot and who were fleeing towards the river about five hundred yards distant. I followed on after them, for I knew that escape in any other direction (all open prairie) would be impossible, and I had nearly reached the river before it became necessary to make my way through the Mexican line ahead. As I did so, one of the soldiers charged upon me with his bayonet (his gun I suppose being empty). As he drew his musket back to make a lunge at me, one of our men coming from another direction, ran between us, and the bayonet was driven through his body. The blow was given with such force, that in falling, the man probably wrenched or twisted the bayonet in such a way as to prevent the Mexican from withdrawing it immediately. I saw him put his foot upon the man, and make an ineffectual attempt to extricate the bayonet from his body, but one look satisfied me, as I was somewhat in a hurry just then, and I hastened to the bank of the river and plunged in. The river at the point was deep and swift, but not wide, and being a good swimmer, I soon gained the opposite bank, untouched by any of the bullets that were pattering in the water around my head. But here I met with an unexpected difficulty. The bank on that side was so steep I found it was impossible to climb it, and I continued to swim down the river until I came to where a grape vine hung from the bough of a leaning tree nearly to the surface of the water. This I caught hold of and was climbing up it hand over hand, sailor fashion, when a Mexican on the opposite bank fired at me with his escopeta, and with so true an aim, that he cut the vine just above my head, and down I came into the water again. I then swam on about a hundred yards further, when I came to a place where the bank was not quite so steep, and with some difficulty I managed to clamber up.

The river on the north side was bordered by timber several hundred yards in width, through which I quickly passed and was just able to leave it and strike out into the open prairie, when I dis-

covered a party of lancers nearly in front of me, sitting on their horses, and evidently stationed there to intercept any one who should attempt to escape in that direction. I halted at once under cover of the timber, through which I could see the lancers in the open prairie, but which hid me entirely from their view.

Whilst I was thus waiting and undecided as to the best course to pursue under the circumstances, I saw a young man by the name of Holliday, one of my own messmates, passing through the timber above me in a course that would have taken him out at the point directly opposite to which the lancers were stationed. I called to him as loud as I dared and fortunately, being on the "qui vive," he heard me, and stopped far enough within the timber to prevent the lancers from discovering him. I then pulled off a fur cap I had on, and beckoned to him with it. This finally drew his attention to me, and soon as he saw me he came to where I was standing, from whence, without being visible to them, the lancers could be plainly seen.

A few moments afterwards we were joined by a young man by the name of Brown, from Georgia, who had just swam the river, and had accidentally stumbled on the place where Holliday and I were holding a "council of war" as to what was the best course to pursue. Holliday, though a brave man, was very much excited, and had lost to some extent his presence of mind, for he proposed we should leave the timber at once and take the chances of evading the lancers we saw on the prairie. I reasoned with him on the folly of such a proceeding, and told him it would be impossible for us to escape in the open prairie from a dozen men on horseback. "But," said Holliday, "the Mexicans are crossing the river behind us, and they will soon be here." "That may be," I replied, "but they are not here yet, and in the meantime something may turn up to favor our escape." Brown took the same view of the case as I did, and Holliday's wild proposition to banter a dozen mounted men for a race on the open prairie was "laid upon the table."

Whilst we were debating this (to us) momentous question, some four or five of our men passed out of the timber before we saw them, into the open prairie, and

when they discovered the lancers it was too late. The lancers charged upon them at once, speared them to death, and then dismounting robbed them of such things as they had upon their persons. From where we stood the whole proceeding was plainly visible to us, and as may be imagine, it was not calculated to encourage any hopes we might have had of making our escape. However, after the lancers had plundered the men they had robbed, they remounted, and in a few moments set off in a rapid gallop down the river to where it is probable they had discovered other fugitives coming out of the timber. We at once seized the opportunity thus afforded us to leave the strip of timber which we knew could give us shelter but for a few moments longer, and started out, taking advantage of a shallow ravine which partially hid us from view. We had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the timber, when we saw the lancers gallop back and take up their position at the same place they had previously occupied. Strange to say, however, they never observed us, although we were in plain view of them for more than a quarter of a mile, without a single brush or tree to screen us.

We traveled about five or six miles and stopped in a thick grove to rest ourselves, where we stayed until night. All day long we heard at intervals irregular discharges of musketry in the distance, indicating, as we supposed, where fugitives from the massacre were overtaken and shot by the pursuing parties of Mexicans.

As the undergrowth was pretty dense in the grove where we had stopped, we concluded the chances of being picked up by one of these pursuing parties would be greater if we traveled on than if we remained where we were, and we determined to "lie by" until night. In talking the matter over and reflecting upon the many narrow risks we had run in making our escape, we came to the conclusion that in all probability we were the only survivors of the hundreds who had that morning been led out to slaughter; although in fact as we subsequently learned, twenty-five or thirty of our men eventually reached the settlements on the Brazos. Drs. Shackelford and Barnard, our surgeons, were saved from the massacre to attend upon Mexi-

cans wounded in the fight on the Coletto, and when their forces retreated from Goliad after the battle of San Jacinto these were taken to San Antonio, where they were ultimately liberated. Our own wounded men, or rather those of them that survived up to the time of the massacre, were carried out into the open square of the fort, and there cruelly butchered by the guard. Capt. Miller and his men were saved, because, as I was subsequently informed, they had been captured soon after they landed from the vessel, without any arms, and of course without making any resistance.

Col. Fannin, who was confined to his quarters by a wound he had received at the fight on the Coletto, soon after the massacre of his men, was notified to prepare for immediate execution. He merely observed that he was ready then, as he had no desire to live after the cold-blooded, cowardly murder of his men. He was thereupon taken out to the square by the guard, where he was seated on a bench, and his eyes blindfolded. A moment before the order to "fire" was given, I was told (though I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement) he drew a fine gold watch from his pocket, and handing it to the officer in command of the guard, requested him to shoot him in the breast and not in the head. The officer took the watch and immediately ordered the guard to fire at his head. Col. Fannin fell dead and his body was thrown into one of the ravines near the fort. Thus died as brave a son of Georgia as ever came from that noble old State.

The escape of Wm. Hunter was most wonderful. At the first fire he fell pierced by a musket ball. A Mexican soldier thinking he was not dead, cut his throat with a butcher knife, but not deep enough to sever the jugular vein, stabbed him with his bayonet, and then beat him over the head with the breech of his musket, until he was satisfied his bloody work was accomplished. He then stripped him of his clothing and left him for dead upon the ground where he had fallen. Hunter laid there in a perfectly unconscious state until dark, but after night came on, the cool air and dew revived him, and by degrees he regained his senses. For a time all that had occurred since morning appeared like a troubled dream to him, but gradu-

ally the reality of the events that had taken place forced itself upon his mind, and he cautiously raised his head to reconnoitre. All was still around, and not a moving, living creature was visible, nothing but the pallid upturned faces of his murdered comrades dimly seen in the waning light of day. He found himself extremely weak from loss of blood, and his limbs were sore and stiffened; but he was suffering intensely from thirst, and he resolved, if possible, to drag himself to the river. With much pain and difficulty, he succeeded in reaching the water, and after quenching his thirst, he bound up his wounds as well as he could with strips of cloth torn from his shirt.

Before daylight he had recovered his strength so far that he was able to swim the river, and took his way to a Mexican ranch on the Manahulla creek, with the people of which he had had some previous acquaintance, thinking it was better to trust himself to their tender mercies than to attempt to travel through a wilderness in his wounded and weakened condition.

When near the ranch he met a Mexican woman, who told him he would certainly be killed if he went there. She advised him to secrete himself in a thicket she designated and told him as soon as it was dark she would come out to him and bring him some food and clothing. Hunter had his suspicions that she intended to betray him, yet there was no alternative but to trust her, and he hid himself in the thicket she had pointed out to him, and anxiously awaited her reappearance. True to her promise, a little while after dark, she returned, bringing some provisions and water, together with a suit of Mexican clothes.

For nearly a week this Mexican woman came to his place of concealment every night, fed him and dressed his wounds until he was sufficiently able to travel. She then supplied him with as much provisions as he could carry and also a flint and steel for making fire, and bidding him "adios" she returned to the ranch.

Thus recruited and supplied with clothing and provisions, Hunter took his course through the wilderness, and having a pretty good idea of the "lay of the land," after many narrow escapes he eventually made his way to the Texan army under General Houston.

As soon as it was dark we left our hiding place and set out in a northeasterly direction, as nearly as we could determine, and traveled until daylight, when we stopped an hour or so in a grove to rest. We then proceeded on our course again till near sunset, when we camped in a thick "mot" of timber without water. An unusually cold norther for the season of the year was blowing, and a steady drizzling rain was falling when we stopped. Brown, who had pulled off his coat and shoes before he swam the San Antonio river, suffered severely, and I was apprehensive, should we be exposed all night to such weather without a fire, that he would freeze to death. I had a little tinder box in my pocket containing a flint and steel, but all the tinder there was in it was a small piece not much larger than a pin head.

This I carefully placed on a batch of cotton taken from the lining of my fur cap, and after many unsuccessful efforts I managed at last to ignite it. With this we started a fire, and then the first thing I did was to tear off a portion of my drawers, which I partially burned, thus securing a good supply of tinder for future use. Before going to sleep we collected fuel enough to last until daylight, with which we occasionally replenished the fire so that we passed the night in tolerable comfort.

The next morning Brown, who as I have previously stated, had pulled off his cap, and after many unsuccessful efforts when he swam the river, found himself so sore and crippled he was unable to travel. The prairie we had passed over the day before, had been recently burned off and the sharp points of the stubble had lacerated his naked feet dreadfully. It was evident he could not go on without some sort of covering for his feet. I cut off the legs of my boots, and with a pair of scissors which he happened to have in his pocket, and some twine, I contrived to make a pair of sandals, such as I had seen worn by Mexican soldiers. After thus shoeing him (by way of remuneration, I suppose,) Brown separated the two blades of the scissors and gave me one of them, which was of great service to me, for by whetting it on stones I gave it an edge, and it answered pretty well in place of a knife.

The grove of timber in which we had passed the night, covered perhaps an

acre of ground, and just outside of it there was a strip of sandy soil almost bare of grass. In the morning when we left the grove we observed a good many fresh mocassin tracks which must have been made during the night by a party of Indians, who probably had been drawn to the locality by the light from our fire. Why they did not attack us I cannot imagine, unless it was because they were ignorant of our number and that we were without arms. At any rate, but for their tracks in the sand we would not have known they had been around our camp during the night.

The next morning we set out, as we supposed, in the direction we had traveled the day before, and in about one hour we came to some timber, bordering upon what I thought was one of the branches of the Coletto creek. Here we laid ourselves down on the grass to rest a few moments, and scarcely had we done so when a party of ten Mexican lancers made their appearance, riding along a trail that ran within fifty yards of where we were lying. As luck would have it, just as they came opposite to where we were, they met another soldier and stopped to have a talk with him. For nearly an hour, it seemed to me, but in fact, I suppose, for only a few minutes, they sat on their horses conversing together within a few paces of where we were lying, and without a single bush or tree intervening to hide us from their view, but fortunately they never looked toward us or we would inevitably have been discovered. At length they rode on, and we were very glad when we lost sight of them behind a point of timber.

The weather still continued cloudy and drizzly, and not being able to see the sun we had nothing to guide us, and in consequence were doubtful as to whether or not we were pursuing the right course. However, we traveled on until night, and again encamped in a thick grove of timber. Having eaten nothing since we left Goliad, and only a small piece of beef for two days previously, we had begun to suffer severely from the pangs of hunger. Game we had everywhere seen in greatest abundance, but having no guns, the sight of herds of deer and flocks of wild turkeys, suggestive as they were to our minds of juicy steaks and roasts, only served to aggravate the cravings of our appetite.

It was at a season of the year, too, when no berries or wild fruits were to be found, and the pecans and other nuts had fallen and had been destroyed by wild hogs, deer and other animals. But in spite of our hunger we slept pretty well on our beds of dry leaves, except that we were occasionally aroused from our slumbers by the howling of wolves, which were sometimes so impudent as to approach within a few paces of the fire about which we were lying.

In the morning the weather was still cloudy and cold, and we set out again upon our travels. Holliday being by several years the oldest of our party, had heretofore taken the lead to which Brown and I had made no opposition, but after an hour or so I was convinced he was leading us in the wrong direction, and in this opinion I was confirmed when in a little while we came to a creek I was pretty sure was Manahuila, the same we had crossed the day after leaving Goliad. I told Holliday I was confident he was taking the back track, but he thought not, and so we kept on until toward evening, when we came to several groves of live oak timber which I remembered having seen when hunting in the vicinity of Goliad. Holliday, however, had but little faith in my recollections of the locality, and proposed to Brown and myself that we should wait in one of these groves until he reconnoitered the country ahead, and we consented to do so.

In about an hour he returned and told us that he had been in sight of Goliad, and that he had distinctly heard the beating of drums and the bugle calls of cavalry in the town. We felt very much discouraged, as may well be supposed, to find ourselves, after traveling so long, almost at the same point we started from; but it was useless to repine, and we set out again in the right direction. Holliday, as usual, leading the way. After an hour or so I found that Holliday was gradually turning his course toward Goliad again. Time with us was too precious to be wasted. I came to a halt and told Holliday I would follow him no farther. He insisted he was going the right direction, and as I was positive that he was going directly contrary to the course we ought to pursue. He was obstinate, and so was I. Holliday, I knew, had been born and raised in a city, whilst I had lived the greater

part of my life on the frontier, and had been accustomed to the woods since I was old enough to carry a gun. Besides I knew that I possessed to a considerable degree what frontiersmen call "hog-knowledge," by which is meant a kind of instinctive knowledge that enables some people to steer their way through pathless woods and prairies without a compass or any landmarks to guide them. I therefore told Holliday, if he persisted in traveling in the direction he was going, we would certainly have to part company, although I was very loath to do so under the circumstances. Thereupon and without further parley I turned and took the opposite course to the one we had been traveling. Brown, who made no pretensions to being a woodman, followed me, for the reason, I suppose that he had lost confidence in Holliday as a guide, and thought possibly I might

do better. Holliday remained standing where we had left him, apparently undetermined what to do, until we had had gone perhaps a hundred yards, when he turned and followed us. As he came up he merely said he would rather go wrong than to part company, and no allusion afterwards was made to the subject,—but from that time on I always took the lead as a matter of course.

Recrossing the Manahuila creek, and night coming on shortly afterwards, we encamped by the side of a pool of water in a thick "island" of timber. By this time we were suffering greatly with hunger, nevertheless I slept soundly through the night, although in my slumbers I was constantly tantalized by dreams of juicy steaks, hot biscuits and butter, etc. which always mysteriously disappeared when I attempted to "grab" them.

(Continued Next Month)

The Manuel Flores Fight

Written by Charles Badden

In May 1839, Captain Mike Adams and Lieutenant James C. Rice, with a force consisting of about twenty men, were scouting on Onion Creek, about fifteen miles south of Austin, when they discovered Manuel Flores' trail.

Notwithstanding the defeat of the Mexican general, Santa Anna, at San Jacinto nearly three years before, Mexico still hoped to repossess Texas.

Flores and his party were returning from Mexico, where he had made a conspiracy with the Mexican Government to instigate an Indians uprising at Nacogdoches. It was just before this that Flores, with "Big Foot Wallace" tied a dead man's body, whose head they cut off, to one of Flores' horses and used this as a joke to frighten some of the old pioneers by letting the horse with the headless body strapped on it, wander over the fields and prairies for several weeks. Instead of frightening the people as Flores intended to, this prank gave the writer of the fable "The Headless Horseman" his inspiration. Vicente Cordova, chief of the Indians, was to make an incessant warfare on the whites, lay bare their homes, and their fields, and then drive them out of the country. Cordova was not with Flores

on account of a wound he received on his way to Matamoras, and because of poison from it. At the Colorado River, Flores and his party were dismayed to learn that General Bureson was advancing upon them and that an engagement was but a matter of a few hours. Evidently they intended to go east in the direction of Nacogdoches, but decided to go further north through the mountains west of Austin, and then go east to avoid Bureson's forces. They followed Cross Creek (commonly called Sandy Creek) to a point west of Bagdad, now Leander, coming out at what is now known as the Huddleston place on the road which goes from Leander to Liberty Hill. Then they crossed the San Gabriel, three miles north of what is now Leander. The attacking party was evidently in sight because Flores stopped on the bank of descent. If the attacking party had not been so near Flores and his party, they would have had time to have gone about a mile further upstream and crossed there.

The Ranger forces at this time were increased by six civilians. But the strength of the force which continued the pursuit under command of James C. Rice was only seventeen. They crossed

the San Gabriel River near the celebrated Springs, not far from the residence of Uncle Billy Johnson. Here Flores had eaten his military meal and left four camp fires about a mile beyond. The advance guard reported that the enemy had just passed over the hill. It was not long before the pursuing party saw Flores.

When the Rangers neared the steep bank, Flores with eight or ten men,

Department of History,
Taylor High School.

Taylor, Texas, Feb. 3, 1925.

Editor of Frontier Times,
Bandera, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed you will find a short manuscript of the fight and capture of the raider, Manuel Flores. This is written by a student of the History department of Taylor High School, and is authentic in all details that could be verified. This paper is the result of an all day exploration trip conducted by the history classes in the search of local history. I am sending you this account and hope that you will be able to publish it in your next issue. The local history class frequently takes up your excellent magazine for class room studies, and we receive a great deal of interesting information from this source. Thanking you in advance for any trouble that we might cause you, and hoping that you will see fit to publish this account, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

(MISS) MARTHA EMMONS

(some authorities say twenty or thirty) charged and fired without effect. The Rangers had just dismounted, and had not hitched their horses, so they were not properly prepared for the fight at the moment, but William Wallace was the first to get into firing position and readiness. He fired and Manuel Flores rolled off his horse, shot through the heart. Two shots put the rest of the party to

flight. They abandoned everything they had. The spoils realized were about 150 head of horses and mules; 300 pounds of powder, a small amount of guns, a large amount of lead already moulded into ball and shot, besides all their packed utensils. Among the spoils was a sack containing the correspondence between Cordova and the Mexican officials.

Wilbarger says: "At this late day when we contemplate the destruction of life and property which might have resulted had Flores not been killed, and his valuable correspondence captured, we can not but think that the fight on the San Gabriel River was second in importance to Texas only to the battle of San Jacinto."

Below is a copy of the dispatch sent to Albert Sidney Johnston by Edward Burleson, concerning the Flores fight.

Austin, Texas

To Hon. Albert Sidney Johnson:

May 22nd, 1839. Report of Col. E. Burleson's fight with Mexicans and Indians, May, 1839, on San Gabriel about twenty-five miles from Austin, twenty or thirty Indians and Mexicans.

Lieut. Rice made a deadly attack. Fired and killed their leader, Manuel Flores, and two shots put the rest to flight.

Took about 300 pounds of powder and arms and of lead ready run into balls and shot. One hundred fourteen head of mules, horses and their packing apparatus.

This Lieut. Rice and his 17 gallant men deserve the highest esteem and transit to you all papers considered important but one which his Gen. mislaid. It was a letter from Cordova to Manuel Flores stating that he could not accompany him account of a wound and poison he received on his way to Matamoras. He is behind and I shall keep a good lookout for him. I think I shall pick him up if he attempts to cross below or within thirty miles of the foot of the mountains. Give my respects to the past Col. MeFad and accept the highest esteem for yourself.

EDWARD BURLESON

P. S. This skirmish took place on the San Gabriel fork of the Little River, about fifteen miles from the city of Austin.

ED. BURLESON

FRONTIER TIMES

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Compliments Our Humble Efforts

Mr. J. Frank Dobie, Professor of English in the A. & M. College of Oklahoma at Stillwater, takes occasion to pay the editor of Frontier Times a very pretty compliment in a paper entitled "Folk-Lore of the Southwest; What Is Being Done to Preserve It," published in the Chronicles of Oklahoma, published by the Oklahoma State Historical Society, September, 1924. If we had space we would publish Mr. Dobie's excellent article in full, for it is intensely interesting from start to finish, and occupies sixteen pages of that journal. Mr. Dobie says:

"Whatever loss to the record of dialect the changing of fashion of fiction may have entailed, is, however, more than compensated for by the increasing number of chronicles and biographies from the folk themselves. Hundreds of words, metaphors, sayings common to the pioneer stock of the Southwest can be gleaned from such a homely and interesting magazine as Frontier Times, edited and published by Mr. J. Marvin Hunter of Bandera, Texas. The Trail Drivers of Texas, a remarkable compilation, in two volumes, of the lives and experiences of old time trail drivers up the Chisholm Trail, is a veritable mine of linguistic material from the point of view of folklore. Time does not allow of a list of chronicles, downright and of the very soil, that have in them the diction, the genius itself, of frontier Americans. They are the stuff out of which great fiction may someday be woven, even as Emerson Hough wove from The Trail Drivers of Texas the best part of his epic, North of 36. The material of the volumes was collected by Mr. George W. Saunders, an old time cowman of San Antonio, Texas, and the books are published by him for the Old Trail Drivers' Association of Texas, of which he is president, J. Marvin Hunter is editor of them."

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

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Frontier Times is in position to make the following clubbing offers:

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One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," regular price for the two \$3.00. Our price \$2.00, postpaid.

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One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "Heel-Fly Time in Texas," regular price, \$2.00. Our price \$1.75, postpaid.

An Indian, who once wore the blanket and received government rations, is today guiding the Senate of the United States. He is Charles Curtis, of Kansas, who has taken the place formerly filled by Henry Cabot Lodge.

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Quite a number of subscriptions to Frontier Times expire this month. If you find an expiration notice in your copy of the little magazine we hope you will promptly renew, as it is our policy to discontinue sending Frontier Times at expiration of time paid for, inasmuch as the existence of this magazine depends solely upon its subscriptions. Please watch your date and renew promptly. Frontier Times needs every subscriber on the list if the little magazine is to be a permanent publication.

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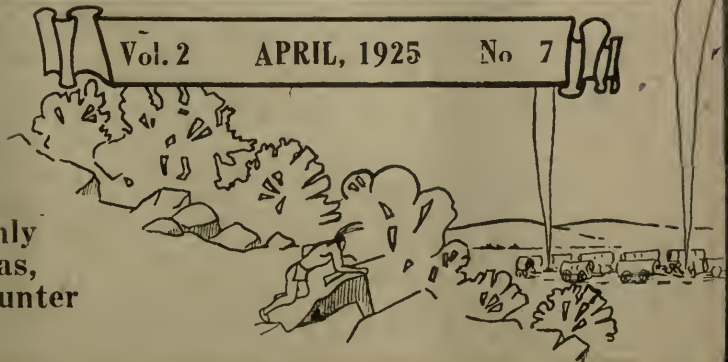
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Military Outpost in Coleman County

Henry C. Fuller in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, Jan. 30, 1925.

Near the Jim Ned Creek, in the north-eastern portion of Coleman County, there stands today a rock-built residence made of native stone, and one room of this home formed a part of Camp Colorado, erected in 1856 by the United States Army as an outpost for its cavalry troops in their combats with Indians on the Texas frontier. The Hon. Henry Sackett, now a Representative in the Texas Legislature from Brown and Coleman counties, has his home on the site of this old military camp, and the builders of this home many years ago utilized a small part of the Government building erected nearly sixty-nine years ago.

At the time this military post was established, August, 1856, the Federal authorities little dreamed that the officers they were training there would in a few years be leaders of a formidable opposition army that would fight for four long years for what it conceived to be the right, but history relates that some of the most intrepid and valuable officers of the Confederacy spent a few years at this camp just preceding the outbreak of the war between the states. The list of these men includes Maj. Earl Van Dorn, Capt. Theodore O'Hara, Gen. John B. Hood, Gen. James P. Major, Gen. E. Kirby Smith and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee.

Maj. Earl Van Dorn, who was first in command of the fort, left Camp Colorado and went to Utah at the outbreak of the Mormon trouble in 1857. He later became one of the leading Generals of the Confederacy, but was killed, it was said, over a personal matter in May, 1863. Capt. Theodore O'Hara is famous as the author of the poem entitled "The

Major went from Camp Colorado with Bivouac of the Dead." Gen. James P. the foree under Van Dorn and Capt. L. S. Ross on the expedition that resulted in the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker, and he is credited with saving the life of Ross after the latter had been stabbed by an Indian with a butcher knife and was about to be slain. Capt. Ross served with distinction throughout the Civil War and later was Governor of Texas for two years. The capture of Cynthia Ann Parker was one of the most thrilling episodes of the West in the early days of fighting the Indians. According to the best information available, final preparations for the expedition that resulted in the capture of the white woman and her restoration to her own people were made at Camp Colorado.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee, served with distinction during the Civil War. He afterward was Governor of Virginia, and later American Consul at Havana, Cuba, being there when the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor. After the Spanish-American War Gen. Lee served as Governor General of Cuba.

Old United States Army records show that the following military organizations were stationed at Camp Colorado:

Troop A, Second Cavalry, August, 1856, to July, 1857.

Troop D, Second Cavalry, August, 1856 to February, 1857.

Company I, First Cavalry, July, 1858, to August, 1858.

Troop E, First Infantry, August, 1858, to March 1859.

Troop B, Second Cavalry, November, 1859, to February, 1861.

Frontier Times will soon begin the publication of "The Life of John Wesley Hardin" serially in these columns, Don't miss this story.

Henry Sisk's Indian Fight

By T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas.

Before reaching his majority, Henry Sisk was a peace officer in Parker county. He was brave to a degree, cool as an ice-berg, thin as a rail, and an unerring shot. He served not only Parker county, but the State of Texas. He was reliable and would have been a fit companion for Bill McDonald and Captain Sullivan.

In 1867, Henry Sisk was on one of his peace missions in the western part of Parker county, and he soon saw that he would be late in reaching Weatherford. The sun was about an hour high and Henry was some eight or ten miles northwest of Weatherford and was galloping his pony towards the historic town. A creek ran for several hundred yards almost parallel to the river before it took a sudden turn to the right to join the river. The creek and river thus formed a peninsula. There was a ford in the creek near its mouth that was well known to Henry Sisk. While galloping along this peninsula headed towards Weatherford, four Comanche Indians suddenly surrounded him and began firing arrows. Each was equipped with his bow and arrow and inevitable shield. Henry quickly drew his pistol and began firing but the shield protected each Indian. After firing several shots, Henry realized that a cap and ball six shooter would soon be empty and he would be helpless. He had already discovered that one of the four Indians was a chief. Suddenly pointing his six shooter at the chief's head, the chief struck up his shield to protect his head and with a lightning flash, Henry lowered his pistol and shot the chief in the stomach. He told me that the chief gave a squall that was louder than anything he had heard in Parker county. Henry had one load left in his six shooter. The chief was about to fall off his pony, when the three Indians stopped shooting at Henry and rushed to the aid of their chief. Henry did not wait for further investigation, but dashed away on his tired pony, crossed the creek and darted into the woods and escaped. He reached his home in Weatherford late at night, unharmed and untouched.

Henry's friends told it later that the Indians did not have a fair chance because Henry was so thin and narrow they could not hit him with the arrows and that if he had taken the time he could have clubbed the Indians to death with his empty pistol.

The writer was a boy in Parker county, about ten years of age, when the report of this fight spread all over West Texas, and Henry Sisk's fame was told at many a fireside all over Parker, Wise, and Johnson counties, and to the uttermost parts of West Texas. Later the writer saw Sisk as a young deputy sheriff in Parker County. He was the terror of evil doers and was the stern advocate of law and order. The name of Henry Sisk was a tower of strength on the side of law and order in Old Parker.

In the summer of 1903, the writer boarded the train at Victoria, Texas, enroute to El Campo. He went into the smoking ear, sat down by an elderly gentleman and soon noticed that his seat companion was heavily armed. He further noticed in the seats in front several prisoners chained together. The writer struck up a conversation with his seat companion and he was soon asked whom he was supporting for governor. The writer replied, "I shall vote for Sam Lanham, because I used to live in Parker county and he hails from old Parker." The officer replied "When and where did you live in Parker?" The writer replied, "I was born there in 1858 in the Forks of the Bear Creeks." "What do you remember of Old Parker inquired the officer. The writer replied, "My most vivid recollection is the Indian fight of Henry Sisk." The officer returned "What did you remember about that?" The writer then related the fight as above described from beginning to end. It had been thirty-six years since the fight had occurred but it was still fresh on my memory. "Stranger", said he "The description you have given of the Indian fight of Henry Sisk is correct in every detail. I am Henry Sisk."

He is now living in California at the age of nearly four-score.

Finds a Ruby Arrowhead

(Morris Kidkoff in Austin American-Statesman.)

Real rubies of any size are not to be scoffed at, and a ruby of 15 karats is considered a very valuable possession. But W. E. Snavelly of Taylor can go all jewelers and jewel collectors one better for he has in his possession what has been declared by several jewelers to be a genuine ruby weighing over 15 karats and cut in the shape of an arrow head.

Snavelly's prized possession is a beautiful, red, perfectly shaped arrow head, cut by Indians many years ago. Besides this large ruby, Mr. Snavelly has found in his many years of searching several other arrow heads, some rubies, some sapphires and some of an unknown transparent substance. He has also found hundreds of other jewels in the rough and rare stones and rocks.

The ruby arrow heads, when tested with carborundum recently by Mr. Barrett of The Atec, Inc., manufacturing jewelry company of Austin, resisted the hard surface of the testing metal. In fact, the rubies easily wore away the carborundum.

Mr. Snavelly is Texas born and was reared in the Lone Star State. He was born in Columbus in 1867 and for a great part of his fifty-seven years he has made stone collecting his hobby, until now he has a beautiful collection of precious stones. All of his assortment were found in various parts of Texas.

"Many people around here think I am crazy for going around 'rock hunting' as they call it, but I find it very interesting. Of course I have never studied geology and know practically nothing about precious metals, but after many years of constant searching I am now able to tell whether a piece I find is of any value.

"I have had many rare pieces stolen from me in various ways. Once a visitor from Pennsylvania who was camping with me, offered to buy my collection of sapphire arrowheads. I refused to sell 'em. Well, he must have wanted them pretty bad, for when he left he took my jewels with him.

"Not long ago I lost another beautiful stone. A certain jeweler had been begging me to let him have a particular jewel cut for me. It was then in the

rough, of course, and he wanted to send it off and have it cut on-the-halves. I let him have it and I haven't seen it since it was a very rare piece. It's color was a royal purple and it was very hard. I'm sure it was a very rare stone, for I have never seen nor heard of another like it."

The genial collector is now preparing to send his ruby arrow heads to Dr. Kuntz, jewel expert with the Tiffany company in New York City. Dr. Kuntz is perhaps the best known authority on jewels and precious metals in the country. It was he, by the way, who verified the genuineness of the diamonds found some years ago in Arkansas. After being assured by several jewelers in various parts of the country that his arrow heads are real rubies, Mr. Snavelly feels confident of getting a market for his findings.

Old Fashioned Box Suppers.

What has come of this, one of America's greatest institutions? The auctioneer always kept folks laughing, and occasionally a seat crashed, or some fellow fell out the window. There never were any dull moments at those old fashioned box suppers. The boxes were filled with fried chicken, and slabs of peach pie, and potato salad with sliced boiled eggs on top, and frosted cake and just about everything that was good. Every one of us knew his girl's box, and always paid a dime more than anybody else offered for it. If he happened to be with a new girl, he paid fifteen cents or a quarter more, just to impress her. Oh, we were spendthrifts, never fear!

Somebody put a pumpkin pie in Homer Cameron's chair, while he was standing up to bid. Homer was our Beau Brummel, and this was the joke of the evening. Up until the time Homer went away to work in a bank he was called Pumpkin.

Alas, "Them days is gone forever!"

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.

Spent Four Long Years in a Cave

Jap Brown, a man by the name of Star, a Mr. Hitchcock, the Pierces and one or two others whose names cannot be recalled, formed a little colony or neighborhood on the Blanco river in Blanco county. They were a simple folk, quiet, unobtrusive and, like all Texans of the olden time, were noted for their generous hospitality. They cultivated small farms, lived in cedar log cabins and devoted much of their time to making cedar shingles and cutting cedar posts which they hauled to Austin where these articles always found a ready market. Jap Brown, who will prove the leading character in this story, was a noted bee hunter and devoted much of his time to the pursuit of bees and the gathering of wild honey from bee caves which abounded in the cliffs and canyons of the Blanco streams, and while following this calling, he acquired a thorough knowledge of every mountain path, every nook, recess and cavern in all the region thereabouts, and, as the sequel will show, this knowledge proved of great service to him during the Civil War. About one mile from Brown's house there was a large cave, the small entrance to which opened out in the walls of the cliff, or rather a precipice some 50 to 60 feet above the floor of a canyon through which flowed the Blanco river. The entrance to this cavern could not be seen from the crest of the cliff and was scarcely observable from the bottom of the canyon or any other point of view.

When the war came on, Jap Brown and the parties named refused to go into the army as volunteers. They kept their own counsel, refused to discuss the question of secession with outsiders, and pursued the even tenor of their way until the conscript law went into force. One or two of these men were forced into the ranks, but Brown and one other decided that freedom even in cavernous depths of the Blanco mountains was preferable to the life of a conscript and in pursuance of that decision, they sought and found refuge in places of concealment almost within earshot of their homes. While many Unionists and Neutrals, in that and other sections, fled to Mexico, it was known to the author-

ities that Jap Brown was in hiding some where in the mountains near his home, and for more than three years, conscript officers and Home Guards, known in that day as "Heel Flies," made their monthly and often weekly "roundup" in that section, trying to find and arrest Jap Brown. They searched his house over and often they explored and beat up in the brush in every canyon, on every hillside and mountain top for miles around but they could never find even a trace of Brown, and yet they knew that the object of their search was somewhere in concealment. All this while Brown and his companion were in the afore-mentioned cave, and could look down unobserved upon the cavalcade of Heel-Flies as they rode through the canyon in quest of their quarry.

The families of these men had formulated a code of signals which each member understood perfectly, and at the slightest approach of danger, every member of the community was warned. Thus, when an officer, with a company of men, or a stranger came into the settlement, the signal was given. From this cavern perch, Brown had full view of a neighbor's house and yard, down in the little valley. When he glanced out and saw a white garment on the clothes line, he knew that it was the danger signal. But with all these precautions on several occasions their capture came near being effected. Old Grandma Pierce was chosen to carry provisions, occasionally, to Brown. The old man usually performed this service under cover of darkness but there came a period when the "Heel-Flies" seemed to relax their vigilance and this caused him to assume a boldness that came near being the undoing of Mr. Brown. His good old wife, Grandma Pierce, was of a very superstitious turn of mind and one day she had prepared a supply of rations including a pot of coffee, all to be carried to Brown's cave by the old man. It was about one o'clock when he placed the provisions in a basket preparatory to starting, and as he went to take up the coffee pot, the old lady begged him to leave it alone "I see death in that coffee-pot and in that basket!" cried the old mother. "Don't

touch that coffee pot and don't take that basket, if you do we will be betrayed!" Probably the old matron had seen one of the many danger signals and was forewarned, as to that, no one knows, but her spouse heeded her warning and with the provisions—corn pone and jerked beef—concealed under his shirt, inside, he set forth from the house with a long walking-stick in one hand and a few ears of corn in the basket. He went in the direction of the cave, half bent with age and decrepitude, leaning on his staff and all the while calling hogs, which, in reality, was a signal that Brown understood. When he had covered about half the distance between the house and the cave he found himself suddenly surrounded by twenty-five Home Guards who demanded to know where he was going. "I am hunting my old bell sow; have you fellers seen an old spotted sow with a bell on?" was the ready response of the old pioneer. After some further questioning, the old man was permitted to proceed in quest of his "old belled sow," but he did not go further in the direction of the cave. Old Grandmother Pierce always afterward contended that if he had taken the coffee pot along his bell sow story would not have been accepted by the "Heel-Flies." They would have reasoned that hogs do not drink coffee.

Mrs. Brown was a thrifty woman, industrious and withal, a most resourceful lady. She cultivated the little farm, made good crops, her premises swarmed with poultry, she carded, spun and made clothing for herself and children, and all during the war she seemed prosperous. Her field was a little way off the road but in full view and passers by often saw her following the plow. Her table was always well supplied and she often fed the very men who were scouring the country in search of her husband and on these occasions, from his aerie in the cliff-side, he read the signal that told him of the presence and even the number of his persecutors.

But Mrs. Brown did not do all the plowing and planting on that little farm. A lady who knew the Browns, Pierces, and Hitchcocks intimately during those times and who now lives in San Antonio relates the following incident in connection with this story: "I passed a certain sheep ranch one day and saw Mrs. Jap

Brown, with other women, shearing sheep. An hour later I passed the Brown place and when I came in sight of the field I was surprised to see Mrs. Brown in the field plowing. Of course, it was not Mrs. Brown, since she was three or four miles away shearing sheep. It was Jap Brown clad in his wife's attire. He as often seen by near neighbors, plowing in the field dressed up in woman's apparel".

John C. Pierce was Brown's constant companion in hiding and the year before the war closed Pierce had the hardihood to venture forth from their cave and get married.

After the close of the war, the fact was revealed that these men were not idle while mewed up in that cave. Cotton and wool cards and a spinning wheel became a part of their cavern furniture, tallow candles cast in old time candle molds by the good wife at home afforded light for them and the vast amount of spun thread carried from the cave under cover of darkness was a prime factor in causing people to wonder how it was that Mrs. Brown made more cloth than any two women in the country. During the early days many boys were taught to card and spin.

Jap Brown remained on his little farm and prospered for several years after the war. At length he became involved in a feud and was killed while crossing the Colorado river at Austin.

Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillett's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for \$3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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.

NO MUSIC METHOD compares with my Ten Self-Explanatory Piano Lessons. Result of 25 years' teaching. Fifteen dollars for course. Sen' C. O. D. —Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas.

Henry Bruemmer's Experience

Sent in by Paul Morgan, Wichita Falls, Texas.

Twin Sisters is the name of a little hamlet in Blanco County, and it is the home of Henry Bruemmer, a pioneer of that section, who has passed through some harrowing and thrilling experiences during the early days. Twin Sisters derives its name from two majestic peaks which rise above the hills of that region, and besides a postoffice there are two stores, a blacksmith shop, two filling stations, two churches, and a number of dwellings in the village. The two mountain peaks mentioned are of the same height and so greatly resemble each other that the early settlers named them the Twin Sisters." From their summit, years ago, signal fires gleamed to guide the savage red men on their raids and they were used as a lookout point by the minute men and rangers on trail of marauding bands of Indians, for from them could be obtained a view for many miles around.

Henry Bruemmer relates some of his experiences as follows:

"The Indians made us much trouble in 1868. On July 2nd, of that year, we were threshing wheat, when a young man came along and told us that he had observed from a high mountain at Denegan's Bend a party of ten or twelve Indians crossing the Guadalupe river and coming our way. The people were very busy and did not pay much attention to this young man's warning, thinking possibly he could have been mistaken. On July 6th, Anton Kneuper, a pioneer of that section, rode out to look for some cattle, and found the dead bodies of a man, a woman, and a two-year old child, who had been killed by Indians. I think this family was named Sheppard. They had a thirteen year-old son who was taken captive by the Indians at the time of this massacre. The woman had an arrow in her breast and had been stripped of most of her clothing. The man had a bullet hole under his right arm and an arrow between his shoulders, and had been stripped of his clothing. They had been scalped and when found presented a grewsome sight. As decomposition had set in the bodies could not be moved, and were buried where they were found.

"That same night the Indians stole fifty or sixty head of horses from William Jones.

"In 1870 the Indians came back again. We were just ready to start threshing when a runner came to inform us that the Indians were near August Jonas' place, and were killing his cattle.

"Within forty minutes time fourteen men were assembled and we hurried to the Jonas place, where we found only one steer had been shot with an arrow. We took the trail of the Indians, Mr. Peel, who had ten or twelve hounds, taking the lead. When we reached the field of August Wuest we found another steer which had been killed by the Indians. Mr. Peel tried to put his dogs on the track, but they did not want to follow it, so we rode to Crabapple Mountain, which we ascended to get a view of the surrounding country. We saw a man with a canteen in his hand, and about the same time we saw several others coming from the other side of the mountain with a grey horse. They halloved and the man began running toward them, and when they came together he jumped upon the gray horse and they rode off. We then discovered they were Indians, and we started after them at top speed. When we came on top of a mountain we found a big fire where the Indians had been roasting meat. The cooked meat had been placed on bushes, but the Indians were gone. Mr. Peel put his hounds on the track and we followed those dogs all the way up from Crabapple bottom, but they went too slow to overtake the Indians. When we left the bottom the dogs traveled to the left, and as we were going forward I heard a shout to the right. About a half mile further on there was a deep canyon with high cherry trees. The dogs got into this canyon and barked as if they had all of those Indians treed. Mr. Peel took his double-barreled rifle and went into the canyon, and soon called to us that he had found their horses, but the Indians were all gone. In the July heat the dogs had played out and would not follow the tracks any further. The redshins got away from us.

"On July 3, 1871, the Indians made their last raid in the Twin Sisters neighborhood, when they killed Chris Krukemeier, who was out hunting for a cow. His folks heard the report of a gun, and when his horse came home with a bloody saddle the alarm was given and the neighbors began a search but did not find his body until next day, when it was found by Gotleib Koeh and Peter Kneuper near the Kendalia road.

"On the morning before this happened Mr. Engle started to New Braunfels to make his quarterly report as postmaster. He was accompanied by two little boys, August Engle and Willie Schuetz. When they had passed Fritz Fischer's place they discovered ten or twelve Indians coming toward them. At first Mr. Engle did not think they were Indians and took time to adjust his spectacles to get a better view, when they began shooting, and Mr. Engle and the boys turned to flee. In the race Mr. Engle lost his saddle bags, which the Indians stopped to pick up, and no doubt enabled him to escape and reach the Fischer home, and the Indians did not follow them.

"I know of only two instances in this section when mobs took the law into their own hands and executed criminals. The first was of a man named Blasingame, for the murder of Captain Callahan. It is said that Captain Callahan went to Blasingame's home to investigate certain talk that had been made about his female relatives, and ordered Blasingame to leave the country. When Callahan and Mr. Hines rode up to the Blasingame residence a volley was fired from the house and Captain Callahan was instantly killed. Blasingame was placed under arrest and guarded at the residence of Mr. Link, the justice of the peace at Twin Sisters, when a mob of fifty or sixty men came from Lockhart and lynched Blasingame. This took place between 1857 and 1860 I think.

"The next mobbing was that of a man named Lackey, which occurred in 1886 or 1887. Lackey was accused of being too intimate with his step-daughter, and his kinfolks resented the violation, and he killed four or five of his neighbors. He was arrested and put in jail, when a mob gathered and hung him to a live oak tree."

First Post Route in America.

On New Year's Day of the year 1672, a lone horseman started out on a perilous journey from New York to Boston, to open up the first postal delivery route in the American Colonies. A proclamation had gone forth that letters would "bee conveyed to Hartford, Connecticut, Boston and other parts along the road and be carefully delivered according to the Directions by a sworn Mesenger and Post, who is purposely employed in that Affayre."

The path which this first postman traveled was beset with dangers. First there was the trackless and uncharted wilderness which had to be traveled. Raging storms and savage beasts might be encountered and worst of all, death-bearing arrows from the hand of the Indian. But the pioneer spirit shrinks at nothing and some unnamed hero was found to undertake this perilous ride.

The postman started out on the first Monday in each month from New York and returned within the month. His mail bag, he gathered up at the Coffee House on the Battery, for the keeper of the tavern was none other than the postmaster. Letters were left with the innkeeper, who, after collecting a small fee, affixed certain "Post payed figures" and designs, and assorted the letters according to their destination. The incoming letters were kept in a rack until they were called for, in person, by those who were expecting mail.

The mail bags which were designed for such cities as Boston and Hartford, were carefully sealed by the secretary's office, but the bag that contained mail to be delivered along the road was left unsealed.

In those days without the aid of newspapers, news traveled so slowly that the postman was regarded as the best informed person within reach. He came direct from the large centers and brought the latest news.

In those days there was no such thing as postage stamps and even in 1692 when the postoffice was moved from the Coffee House to Richard Nicoll's grocery store at 62 Broad Street, the "Post Payed Figures and Designs" were still employed. It was not until 1847 that Congress authorized the first issue of stamps.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

The next morning we again took our course across the prairie, but owing to the rank growth of grass with which in many parts it was covered, and our increasing weakness, our progress was slow and painful. On the way, Holiday found about a dozen wild onions, which he divided with Brown and myself; but the quantity for each was so small that it seemed only to aggravate the pangs of hunger. During the day we, saw in the distance several parties of Mexicans or Indians, we could not tell which, as they only came near enough for us to see that they were men on horseback.

That night we again encamped in a strip of woods bordering a small creek, but we slept very little on account of our sufferings from hunger, which had now become excruciating. The next morning Brown was so weak he could scarcely walk two hundred yards without stopping to rest, nevertheless we went on as fast as we could travel. A part of the way was over high rolling prairie, on which on water could be found, and the pangs of thirst were added to those of hunger, until alleviated by the juice of some "Turks heads" which we found growing on the top of a pebbly knoll. These plants are, I believe, a species of the cactus, about the size of a large turnip, grow on top of the ground, and are protected on the outside by a number of tough, horny prickles. The inside is filled with a spongy substance, which when pressed yields a quantity of tasteless juice that answers as a tolerable substitute for water.

The evening of the fifth day after leaving Goliad, we descried a long line of timber ahead of us, and just before sunset we came to a large stream, which from my knowledge of the geography of the country I was sure must be the Guada'upe. At the point where we struck it, the prairie extended up to the bank, which was high and very steep. A few hundred yards above us we saw a cow and her calf grazing near the edge of the bluff, and approaching them cautiously we attempted to drive them

over it, hoping that one or the other would be disabled or killed by the fall, but after several ineffectual efforts to force them to take the leap, they finally broke through our line and made their way to the prairie, taking with them some steaks we stood very much in need of.

Completely exhausted by our exertions and suffering extremely from hunger, we looked around for a suitable place to camp as it was now nearly night, and coming to a pit or sink twelve or fourteen feet deep which would protect us from the cold wind blowing at the time, we built a fire at the bottom, laid down upon the leaves, and in a little while we all went to sleep. How long I had slept I do not know, but I was at length aroused from my slumbers by a rattling of sticks and dry leaves above me, and looking up I discovered a wild sow with her litter of pigs coming down the almost perpendicular bank of the sink. I silently grasped a billet of wood lying near me, and waited their approach. The old sow came on, totally unsuspecting that three ravenous chaps were occupying her bed at the bottom (for by this time our fire had burnt out), and when she and her pigs were in striking distance I suddenly sprang up and began a vigorous assault upon the pigs. The noise aroused Brown and Holiday, and comprehending at once the state of affairs they sprang to my assistance, and before the sow and her pigs could make their escape up the steep sides of the pit we had "bagged" five of the latter. We made a desperate attack on the old sow also, but weak as we were from starvation, and with our inefficient weapons, she routed us completely, leaving us however in possession of the field and the "spoils of war." We immediately started our fire again, and with no other preparation than a slight roasting on the coals, enough to singe off their hair, we very expeditiously disposed of the five pigs we had killed—nearly a pig and a half for each one, but there were small suckling pigs, and that we had not had a mouthful to eat for five

days except a handful of wild onions. Greatly refreshed by our supper of scorched pig, we laid down again upon the leaves at the bottom of the sink, and slept soundly until the sun was an hour or so high.

As soon as we awoke, we left the sink and went out to make a reconnoissance of the river, to see what the chances were for crossing it. Though not very wide at that point, we soon perceived we had a difficult job to undertake, for the river was much swollen by recent rains, and its turbid waters were rushing along at a rapid rate. Holliday and I were both good swimmers, and I felt sure we could reach the opposite bank safely; but I had my doubts about Brown. He was a poor swimmer, and consequently was timid in water. However, there was no alternative but to make the attempt, and we therefore stripped off our clothes, tied them in a bundle on our heads to keep them as dry as possible, and plunge in the turbid flood. Holliday and I soon reached the opposite bank, and hardly had we done so when I heard Brown cry out for help, and looking back I saw that he was some distance from the shore, and evidently just on the eve of going under. At the very point where I landed there happened to water, which I instantly seized, and be a slab of dry timber lying near the swimming with it to the place where Brown was struggling to keep his head above the surface, I pushed the end of the slab to him, which he grasped and to which he held on with the usual tenacity of a drowning man, and with the assistance of Holliday I at last got him to the shore and dragged him out of the water. It was very fortunate for Brown that Holliday and I, between us, had taken his clothes, as otherwise no doubt he would have lost them all.

Continuing our course, we passed through a heavily timbered bottom more than a mile wide, and then came to a large prairie in which we saw many herds of deer and some antelopes. The antelope is a beautiful animal about the size of a deer, but much more fleet. They do not run as deer do, by springs or bounds, but evenly, like the horse. Their horns consist of two curved shafts, with a single prong to each. A man on a good saddle horse can easily overtake a fat deer on the prairie, but it would

require a thorough bred racer with a light rider to come up with an antelope.

We also saw to-day a party of Indians on horses, but we eluded them by concealing ourselves in some tall grass that grew in the bottom of a ravine. About dusk we came to the timber on the farther side of the prairie, in which we encamped under the spreading branches of a live oak tree.

Next morning we continued our route, and after passing through some open post oak woods, we came to a small stream not more than knee deep, and of course easily forded. Crossing this stream we went through more post oak woods and then entered another large prairie, and it was late in the evening owing to the difficulty of making our way through tall and tangled grass, before we reached the timber on the opposite side, where we encamped in a little open place surrounded by a dense growth of underwood. Here we made a fire, and slept soundly till morning.

As soon as daylight appeared we were off again, and passing through a skirt of woods we came to another small stream, which was also fordable. Crossing it, we entered a large prairie, on the opposite side of which a long line of timber was dimly visible in the distance. All day long, stopping occasionally to rest, we toiled through the matted grass with which the prairie was covered, and just at sunset we came to the woods we had seen, where we encamped by a pool of water. Whilst collecting a supply of fuel for the night, I came upon a heap of brush and leaves, and scraping off the top to see what was beneath, I discovered about half the carcass of a deer which apparently had been recently killed and partly eaten by a panther or Mexican lion, and the remainder "cached" in this heap for future use. Of course, under the circumstances, I had no scruples about appropriating the venison, and calling Brown and Holliday to my assistance, we carried it to camp, where, after cutting off the ragged and torn portions of the meat, we soon had balance spitted before a blazing fire. After making a hearty supper on our stolen venison, we raked a quantity of dry leaves close to the fire and "turned into bed."

During the night, at various times we heard the roaring of a Mexican lion

(very probably the lawful owner of the larder that had supplied us with supper), and for fear he might be disposed to make a meal of one of us in place of the venison, we took good care not to let our fire burn down too low. There is no animal, I believe, on the American continent, with the exception of the grizzly bear, that has ever been known to attack a man sleeping near a fire. The Mexican lion is, I think, described in books of natural history under the name of puma or South American lion. They are of a tawny or dun color, about the size of the East Indian tiger, have a large round head and a short mane upon the neck. Their nails are very long, sharp and crooked—coming to an edge on the inner side—as keen as that of a knife. Their roar is very similar to that of the African lion. They are fierce and strong, but cowardly; although when pressed by hunger, they have been known to attack men in open daylight. One instance of this comes within my own knowledge. Several teamsters, with their wagons, were traveling the road from San Antonio to Victoria, and a teamster needing a staff for his ox whip, went to a thicket eighty or a hundred yards from the road to cut one; whilst occupied in cutting down a small sapling with his pocket knife, a Mexican lion stealthily crawled up behind him and sprang upon him before he was aware of its presence. The man's cries for help was heard by one of the teamsters, who hurried to his assistance. The only thing he had in the shape of a weapon was his ox whip, but with that he boldly attacked the lion, which frightened by his approach and the loud popping of the whip, let go its prey and made a rapid retreat, but the poor fellow he had caught was dreadfully bitten and torn, and it was a long time before his wounds were healed. The Mexican lion is now rarely seen in Texas except among the dense chapparals between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers.

As soon as it was fairly light we again started, and passing through a heavily timbered bottom, came to the Lavaca or Cow river, a small stream about thirty yards wide where we struck it. In going through the bottom we noticed several piles of rails and some clapboards, the first indications we had seen of settlements since we left Goliad.

We also saw a drove of hogs in the bottom, which confirmed us in the opinion that there had been an American settlement somewhere in the vicinity. These hogs were of the genuine "razor-back" species, and as wild and fleet as deer; consequently, although our hunger was almost as perishing as ever, we did not care to exhaust our strength in what we knew would be a hopeless attempt to capture one of them.

We swam the river without difficulty, and stopped an hour or so on the bank to rest ourselves and dry our clothes. We then went on, but as the bottom on that side was very wide, and the day being cloudy, we lost our way and it was nearly sunset when we reached the open prairie. A few hundred yards below where we came out of the timber we observed ten or a dozen horses "staked," and, on approaching them, we heard people talking in the woods near by. I advised an immediate retreat from the locality, but for some reason Holliday came to the conclusion that the horses belonged to a company of Texan scouts, and proposed that we conceal ourselves in a clump of bushes from whence we could see any one who might come to look after them and thus satisfy ourselves without running any risk as to whether the owners were Americans or Mexicans. Holliday's counsel prevailed, and Brown and I hid ourselves in a small bunch of bushes and Holliday in another. A dog which was at the camp, all this time kept up an incessant barking, and probably it aroused the suspicions of the owners that some one was trying to steal their horses; at any rate, in a few moments after we had hidden ourselves, a strapping "ranchero" came out of the timber and when he had looked to see if the horses had been disturbed in any way, he came as straight as he could walk to the bunch of bushes in which Brown and myself had taken our position and was just on the eve of entering it when he saw us. He instantly sprang back exclaiming, "Hey! Americanos! What are you doing here? Do you want to steal our horses?" He then made signs for us to follow him, which we did knowing that resistance, weak as we were and without arms, would be useless, and that one shot from the ranchero would bring those in camp to his assistance.

Holliday as I have said was concealed in a separate clump of bushes, and keeping quiet, the rancho did not discover him. Brown and I got up and followed him as far as his camp. I saw that his course would take him very close at one point to the timbered bottom, and as we went along Brown and I agreed upon a plan to escape from our captor, which was to follow him quietly until near the timber, and then suddenly "break ranks" and get under cover as speedily as possible. Then we were to take different directions and meet at the same place the next morning. The rancho, although he could plainly see that Brown and I were unarmed, kept some paces ahead of us all the time, every now and then looking back to see if we were following. Before Brown and I separated I told him I would meet him at the Mexican camp the next morning, as it was probable that they would leave it before we could return there.

In pursuance of our plan, as soon as we came very close to the edge of the timber, we suddenly left our rancho without even saying "adios", and in a moment we were hidden from his sight by the dense undergrowth. When we thus so unceremoniously left our new acquaintance we were so near the camp that we could plainly hear the the rancheros conversing with each other, and the moment we made a "break" our escort shouted to his companions to hasten to his assistance. "Here are Americans, come quick and bring your guns," but just at this juncture Brown and I had some little matters of our own that required immediate dispatch, and we did not wait for the Mexicans "to come and bring their guns with them." Brown went one way and I another as soon as we entered the timber, and I never saw him again until several weeks afterwards when he came to the army on the Brazos.

The sun had just set when we entered the timber, and night soon set in dark and cloudy. After going perhaps a mile, I concluded that it would be impossible for the Mexicans to find me and I pitched my camp, which was speedily done by pitching myself on the ground at the foot of a tree on which there was a thick growth of Spanish moss, that served to protect me in a measure from

a drizzling rain that commenced falling. I did not dare start a fire for fear the light from it might bring the Mexicans to the locality, should they be in pursuit.

I had never felt so despondent since making my escape from Goliad as I did that night. My separation from my companions, my uncertainty as to their fate, the thought of my helpless situation, without arms of any kind to protect myself against the attacks of wild beasts, and still more merciless Mexicans and Indians, together with the mournful howling of wolves in the distance, all conspired to fill my mind with gloomy forebodings and anticipations. However, I soon fell asleep and slept soundly until morning.

(Continued next month)

Lost Bullion in Lavaca County.

We received the following letter from Capt. A. E. Nolen of Big Springs, Texas:

"Dear Editor:—I read every issue of Frontier Times and like it fine. I was living in Lavaca county in 1870, and while I was there my brother hired a man named Bundick to work on his farm. One rainy day Bundick went down on the Lavaca river to kill some turkeys, and as he was crawling into a thicket his knee came in contact with some hard substance which caused him great pain. He looked down to see what it was and discovered something that looked like small bricks. He picked up one and put it in his shot pouch, carried it home and showed it to my brother. They went back to find the bricks but Bundick could never find the place again. My brother had the brick analyzed and it was pure silver bullion. This pile of bullion has been found twice since by two different boys, but each was unable to locate the exact spot. I have searched dilligently for it, and am sure I have been within one hundred steps of the place a number of times, but without success.

"I knew all of those people mentioned in the story, 'Heel Fly Time in Texas,' which you published some time ago. I will some time give you a sketch of John Wesley Hardin. He stayed in Lavaca and Dewitt counties a long time. And I can tell you a lot about Jim and Bill Taylor also. I am now 67 years old."

The Adolphus Sterne Diary

Houston Chronicle, February 15, 1925.

Adolphus Sterne's Diary of five volumes, covering a period from 1838 to 1851. 1925, by his son, C. A. Sterne of Palestine, 94 years old, the oldest living native Texan, was presented to the State of Texas at a joint session of the legislature in Austin, for the State Library. A. G. Greenwood of Palestine made the presentation.

The first volume covers 1838-40; second volume 1840-1; third volume 1841-3; fourth volume 1843-4; fifth volume February to November, 1851.

Adolph Sterne, who came to Nacogdoches in 1826 raised a volunteer company in New Orleans to help the Texans in their war for independence. He bore their transportation expenses to Texas. They were uniformed by the citizens of New Orleans and were called the "New Orleans Grays."

He was elected representative to the first legislature of Texas.

He commanded a company, captain, in the battle of the Neches, July 15, 1839, the last battle fought in that part of the republic, in which the Cherokee Indians were driven from their territory in East Texas, and their chief, Bowles, was killed. Troops commanded by General K. E. Douglas.

He served in Nacogdoches as notary public, as judge, deputy clerk of the board of land commissioners, deputy clerk of county court, justice of the peace and postmaster for many years.

He was state senator from the Eleventh district in 1851.

He died in 1852.

Statement of C. A. Sterne,
Taken Down by Kate Hunter,
October 7, 1923.

Adolphus Sterne, my father, was born in the city of Cologne on the Rhine in the year (April 15) 1801. He came to America when he was 16 years old, and landed in New Orleans.

Here he got a position to clerk in a store and while clerking read law, but he never followed the calling of law, Here he got an appointment from the Mexican government to sell goods to the

soldiers, and moved to Nacogdoches in 1824.

My father was a sympathiser in the Fredonian rebellion, and he furnished them ammunition which he secured in the city of New Orleans, and secreted it in barrels of coffee, and when it arrived at Nacogdoches it was discovered. The Mexican government anticipating that ammunition was being smuggled in, had sent detectives to New Orleans. These detectives located my father as the culprit, and he was charged with treason, arrested, court martialed and was sentenced to be shot. Awaiting the approval of the governor of Coahuila and Texas, he was chained and confined in the lower west room of the Old Stone House. The iron staple to which the chain was securely fastened, remained there until the removal of the Old Stone House. It required some 30 days to communicate with the government at Monckova, Mexico, and during the interval the Masonic fraternity of New Orleans, where he was made a Mason, took up the matter with the grand master of the grand lodge of the state of Louisiana and in co-operation with a number of United States senators and members of congress, who were Masons, his pardon was secured, on condition that he renew his oath of allegiance to the Mexican government, which he did.

Now when the battle of Nacogdoches came on, a company of Redlanders from San Augustine halted in front of his home to get water in their Spanish gourds. My father assisted in drawing the water and then gave them directions how to pass through the woods up the Lanana Creek east of Nacogdoches and north of the Spanish graveyard, thence west to the Bonita Creek west of the town and approach the public square in the rear of the Mexican army.

The Spanish barricaded the streets anticipating the attack from the east; demoralized by this surprise, they were easily routed. After the battle the Spanish fled to the Durst crossing on the Angelina River, where many were drowned and killed by the pursuing Fredonians.

My father, Adolphus Sterne, assisted in burying the dead after the battle. This was in August, the weather was hot and it was difficult to find men to dig graves. My father knowing a number of the Spanish officers who were killed, whom he knew to be Masons, took charge of their bodies and buried them in graves in the Spanish Cemetery, near the noted mound where the present high school building now stands. The military detail assisting in the burial work, threw the bodies of the dead in some open wells and covered them over. One of these wells was in the yard of the cuartel, or Mexican general headquarters, known as the Red House, afterwards the home of General Rusk, later purchased and used as the University of Nacogdoches. As late as 1845 when I attended there, there was a two-foot depression over this old well. These bodies which were thrown in the wells were taken from the upper story of the cuartel, where they were firing at men in the street from the dormer windows, and so great was the carnage that the blood stains stayed on the floor for many years. I've seen the stains many times.

My father served in the first legislature of the state of Texas, together with Hon. John H. Reagan, from the Eleventh Senatorial District (Nacogdoches). The representatives from Eastern Texas went in a body on horseback, not so much from fear of being attacked by Indians at that late date, but for fear of the Indians stealing their horses at night when they camped out. The place of greatest danger was a point where they crossed a creek about 25 miles this side of Austin. It was the custom of the Indians on moonlight nights to secret themselves so as to watch the travelers on the King's Highway or San Antonio Road, and to follow them to where they camped. They, the Indians, were not afraid of the number in the party but were afraid of the number of guns. Each man carried a gun and the Mexicans in charge of the pack mules and camp outfit were required to carry long black sticks on their shoulders, representing guns to deceive the Indians.

One night when camped the horses were all staked out in a circle around them, and guards placed outside the

circle to watch for the approach of Indians, who invariably approached, crawling in the grass, occasionally raising their heads above the grass to locate the particular horse they wanted to steal. Now the guards all understood the camouflage. One night, after the guards were stationed, and the remainder of the party were engaged in an innocent game of poker on a blanket spread on the ground, one of the guards supposed that he saw an Indian approaching. As he raised up his head above the grass the guard fired both barrels of the shotgun, which caused consternation in the camp, and temporarily broke up the game. Every man to his gun, they rushed to the place where the gun was fired thinking to find a dead Indian, but to their surprise found a large grey wolf, which was attracted by the smell of some venison hanging in a mesquite tree nearby.

In staking out his horses each man carried in his camping outfit a rod of iron about 12 inches long, with a hole in one end, and sharpened to a point at the other, which was driven in the ground, and the horse tied to it, with a range of 15 feet for each horse.

My father's house stood in Nacogdoches on the Lanana Creek, near where the Bonita and Lanana meet. It was at the east end of the edge of town. My father took great pride and interest in his gardens and orchard. There were three gardens on the place. The one on the north was devoted to flowers, with a great variety of roses and rare shrubs and plants, which he had brought from Louisiana, and which had been imported from France.

In the center of the garden was a summer house, which was covered with morning glories and multiflora roses. The fence was covered with woodbine and yellow jessamine. The south garden had vegetables of every variety. The west garden was the orchard with a variety of fruit trees, and a butterbean arbor running the entire width of the garden. My father often resorted to this butterbean arbor to read and study. The home stood thus from 1832 up to the present day, without much change.

My mother, Eva Catherine Rosine Ruff, was born in Eslinger, Germany, July 23, 1810, and was brought to the United States by her parents, John Everhardt Ruff (and don't remember

her name), his wife when she was six years old. They landed in New Orleans, and on their way up Red River to Camp-ty, the yellow fever broke out on the steamer, and both parents died. She was taken to Nacogdoches, La., and there adopted, by a wealthy French family by the name of Placide Bosier (and wife.) They were Catholics and she was reared in the Catholic Church.

My father, Adolphus Sterne, was merchandising in Nacogdoches, and had to go to Nachitoches to take a steamer for New Orleans, where he bought goods; here he met my mother. They were married in Nachitoches, June 2, 1828, and he brought her as a bride Nacogdoches, and she lived there until 1860, and died in Houston.

My mother was of medium height, black curly hair, blue eyes, and was considered a very handsome and attractive woman. She was rather retiring in her disposition and made many friends. During her long residence in Nacogdoches which was then the gateway to the United States, she probably entertained more distinguished guests in her home than any woman in Texas. Governor Sam Houston, J. Pickney Henderson, David S. Kaufman, Kenneth L. Anderson, Thomas J. Rusk, David Crockett, and many other distinguished Texans as well as Mexican officers were frequent visitors to our house, coming and going from Texas to the United States, and those visiting Nacogdoches, in the state.

The old King's Highway led from San Antonio through Nacogdoches and it was the only safe way to cross the river, for the highway passed over the Colorado, the Brazos, the Trinity the Nueces, Angelina. The first old Mexican King's Highway stopped at Nacogdoches, but was later extended through San Augustine to the Sabine. There were ferries across the rivers where the highway crossed, and this way was the beaten track from San Antonio.

As a general thing, my mother's home, the 21st of April, San Jacinto Day, was celebrated in great style and became almost an annual social event. My mother joined my father in his great love for this adopted state, and she was a loyal Texan. She was one of the most graceful dancers I ever saw, and her home was a social center. Mrs.

Sam Houston was her guest on several occasions, when passing through Nacogdoches on her way with Sam Houston to visit his home in Tennessee.

My mother was a successful amateur florist, and she had collected many rare and beautiful specimens of plants. She spent a great deal of her time with her flowers. Our home was right in the forks of two creeks, which made a juncture south of the house, Lanana and Bonita. Our home was on the east side of Nacogdoches, at the edge of town (about two blocks from the square), and had about 30 acres in all. We had an upper garden, in which we grew flowers, and a lower garden where we grew both vegetables and flowers. My father took as much interest in the flowers as my mother, and brought many fine specimens of shrubs and trees from Louisiana for her, where they had been imported from France.

My mother was Sam Houston's godmother. He could not take part as a citizen of Texas in the affairs of state without embracing the Catholic religion. Sam Houston was baptized in our parlor, with my mother as his godmother in 1836, I don't remember the month. It was just before the declaration of independence of Texas. He was not eligible to be a delegate to the convention at Washington on the Brazos, until he embraced the state religion. He gave my mother a diamond ring as a christening present.

I think John S. Roberst, a citizen of Nacogdoches, was his godfather.

My father died in 1852 and my mother lived on at Nacogdoches until 1860, when she went to Austin to live with her daughter, Mrs. W. E. Cave, whose husband was then secretary of state under Sam Houston. She died in Houston——, and is buried in Nacogdoches.

My father Adolphus Sterne's father was a Jew, but my father's mother who was his second wife, was a Christian, and a member of the Lutheran Church. My father became a Catholic when he married my mother, and always professed the Christian religion. He was a Knight Templar, a thirty-third degree Scottish Rite Mason, and one of the strongest things in his life was his Masonic affiliation.

(Signed)

C. A. STERNE.

Old Newspaper Published in 1839

The newspaper field in Texas in 1839 is effectively portrayed in a copy of the "National Intelligencer," published in Houston, August 22, 1839, and now in the hands of Andrew Kaulbaeh of Beaumont. The old number is well preserved and was found in the papers of Mr. Kaulbaeh's father who died in La Grange a few years ago. This was Vol. II. No. 32 of the paper.

S. Whiting, the publisher, took the title of "printer to congress," and charged "\$5 per volume in advance, or \$7 at the end of the year." The paper was published weekly. The publisher, however, had his eye on another field and on the editorial page offered the paper and printing plant for sale. He did say that the paper was located in the largest city in the republic and terms would be "accommodating."

One of the prominent advertisements in the paper is the appointment of administrators of deceased soldiers signed by A. Sidney Johnston, secretary of war.

Thomas W. House, founder of the first big banking house in Houston, was operating a confectionery at that time. His advertisement "solicits orders for weddings, tea or dinner parties, for cake, pies, tarts, jellies, or anything required in this line, and pledges himself that for neatness and expedition he will not be surpassed in this city. Ice cream, ice punch and ice lemonade will be kept constantly on hand during the summer. Hot pies, cakes and eustards every day."

Adams and Harris advertise for sale "1 pipe of cherry wine, 15 barrels of whiskey, 30 boxes of lemons, 1 dozen claret, 3 pipes of Holland gin, 20 baskets of annisetts, 100,000 superior Havana segars, 10,000 pounds superior bacon hams and 10 casks of loaf sugar."

J. W. Pipkin, Main Street, offers "the greatest variety and most beautiful assortment of beads ever offered for sale in this market, put up exclusively for the Indian and Mexican trade."

Considerable more space was devoted in the four-page paper to town lot advertisements than to commerce, indicating that the early settlers were "on to" the town boom game. The largest advertisement is devoted to the "Town

of Cushattee," 10 miles above the town of Liberty.

John W. Starr, secretary of the Republic of Texas, pursuant to a law passed by the third congress, offers for sale lots in the City of Calhoun. "Calhoun is situated on the east end of Matagorda Island directly on the main pass into Matagorda Bay and from its advantageous position will probably become the principal commercial city of west Texas," he says.

The only currency recognized at the time was gold, silver, and paper and promissory notes of the government.

Edmund Andrews offered for sale lots in the town of Adelante (formerly upper Bolivar) on the east bank of the Brazos at the extreme head of navigation, "there being at all times 8 to 12 feet of water at this point and the impediments to navigation being immediately above."

The Republic of Texas also began the second sale of lots in Austin. Burleson & Jarmen offered for sale lots in the town of Burleson on the Colorado River about 25 miles above La Grange and 12 or 15 miles below Bastrop, Levi Jones, agent for the Galveston City Company, offers for sale the remaining one-half of the lots in that city. John Jerman offers for sale lots in the town of Lafayette, with settlement probably commencing the ensuing spring: "Lafayette," he says, "is situated about the proper distance for the county seat above the city of Austin."

How Texas Was Named.

An old newspaper article copied from the Galveston News of April 21, 1870, gives the meaning of the word "Texas" as follows: "In the correspondence between John Quincy Adams, secretary of state, and Don Onis, in order to prove the prior possession of Spain, gives the official report of a Spanish officer, who took possession of the country (West I believe) on Matagorda bay. He states that he met a tribe of Indians soon after his arrival who saluted him with the word, "Tohas," which in their language meant "Friends." This is doubtless the true meaning of the word."

Fight With a Mexican Lynx

Leonard Passmore, Voca, Texas.

In soliciting subscriptions for *Frontier Times*, I was accosted by a friend of mine, Mr. Noah Allen; about as follows:

"I would like to subscribe for *Frontier Times*, if it had any stories about 'coon fights. I enjoyed 'coon hunting and like to read hunting stories."

I did not say anything to him, but I conceived the idea, then and there, of writing out a full account of a personal combat I once had when a boy with a huge Mexican lynx, the large spotted kind, with tufts in its ears.

It was in the winter I think of 1889, when I was sixteen years of age. My father owned a great many hogs, that were running loose on the ranges, and in order to pen them we had to keep a large coterie of well trained dogs. They were named as follows: Sport, Drive, Fannie and Beaver, and a finer set of dogs I never saw. We could find and pen any bunch of hogs with them, and then if we cared to hunt at night we could enjoy coon fights and fox chases to our heart's content. At this particular time we had been hunting hogs all the week and all the dogs except Beaver, which we kept tied at home on account of his viciousness among hogs, were wearied and footsore. In addition to this pack of dogs someone had given me a puppy, and I was anxious to give him some training. I mentioned the fact to my father and he told me to take the pup out with old Beaver and let the other dogs rest, and that afternoon I did so.

I walked about two miles down Onion Creek, a stream that passed near our home in Gillespie county, when I heard Beaver and the pup barking viciously as though they had something treed. With my youthful heart leaping with joy, I ran to the dogs and to my surprise saw a large lynx up in a tall black jack tree. The animal seemed very ferocious, and growled angrily at me, as I approached.

I had no gun with which to shoot the lynx, and I knew that Beaver and the pup could not kill it, so I began to screamed, thinking a man who lived near by, would hear me and bring a gun, but he did not.

At last I fell upon the plan, of securing a pole, and tying my pocket knife on the end of it, with which to give the animal a deadly thrust. Finding a suitable one, I tied my knife on the end of it with my shoestrings, and climbed up far enough to use the apparatus as an Indian used a spear. Striking as hard as I could, it seemed that the knife did not penetrate the tough hide of the lynx; but the animal leaped out. The dogs gave chase, and as the lynx was very full stomached, it soon took another tree, a small live oak. This time I had access to some rocks with which I pelted the animal heavily. It soon leaped out, and the dogs gave another chase. I took another tree, a slanting post-oak. I again tried the knife and pole; but as I reached up the animal snatched the knife in its mouth. I pushed vigorously, and succeeded, in bringing a good stream of blood, though the animal with its claws, ruined my shoe strings, and with its mouth chewed the wooden handle from my knife.

The lynx soon took another tree, and was being weakened somewhat by the loss of blood, but at the same time becoming more vicious. His growls, and snarls, were something fearful. Cutting some, "Mexican Daggers" a form of cactus, I made some strings with which I again tied my knife to the pole, and ascended the tree, I raised the knife slowly, and as I expected, the animal grabbed it in its mouth, whereupon I pushed as hard as I could, and succeeded in making another wound, from which the blood flowed very freely. At the same time, I pushed the animal out of the tree. The dogs again gave chase, and I ran down the tree to follow, where I saw the lynx coming right towards me from around a live oak thicket, and old Beaver in close pursuit. I grabbed up a mesquite stick, but just as the animal was in a few feet of me Beaver caught him. With a masterful kick with his hind legs, the lynx sent the dog rolling behind, and with glaring, green eyes, made a leap at me. I struck at him with my mesquite stick, and hit him on the back of the head. He dropped as

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Adventures of a Mier Prisoner

Thrilling Story of John Rufus Alexander, a Member of the Ill-Fated Expedition into Mexico

Written by John Warren, Hunter.

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At dawn, September 11, 1842, Gen. Woll at the head of 1,200 troops took possession of the town of San Antonio. The battle on the Salado followed on the 17th, where a mere handful of men under old "Paint" Caldwell, after fighting nearly all day, sent the minions of Santa Anna reeling back into San Antonio. On the retreat of these dastards they encountered Dawson's company which was trying to reach Captain Caldwell's forces, and, ignoring the white flag which was hoisted in token of surrender, these brave men were put to the sword, only a few escaping to tell the story of Mexican perfidy and of Mexican atrocity. Upon Woll's advent into San Antonio, the call to arms rang out and was borne on the wings of wind from the Gaudalupe to the Brazos, from the Brazos to the Sabine; the blood of Dawson's men cried aloud for vengeance, and Texas hastily responded to the appeal. The call reached me at my home in Brazoria county, and seizing my rifle and mounting my best horse I hurried forward and joined Capt. Shelby McNeal's company and a few days later we reached San Antonio, where we remained in camp several weeks.

I wish to say just here, at the outset, that it is not my purpose to write the Mier expedition, giving in minute detail its causes and fatal results; able writers have faithfully accomplished that task, and all the world has read the harrowing story of Mier, the shocking tragedy of Salado, where seventeen of my comrades were inhumanly put to death by Santa Anna's orders, and of the long and cruel imprisonment of those who were finally driven in chains into the Castle of Perote. For the benefit of my children and those of my countrymen who would preserve the record of suffering and sacrifice of the men who fought for Texas and who laid in blood and tears the foundation of a mighty State, I, the only survivor of the six who escaped from Salado, and amid the evening shadows of a long and eventful life, as-

sume the pleasing task of placing upon record a truthful account of my personal experience as a member of the Mier Expedition, as a Mier prisoner, and my providential escape from Salado, and something of my sufferings while making my way through those inhospitable regions of Northern Mexico, back to Texas and home.

I do not recall the date of our departure from San Antonio for the Rio Grande; suffice it to say that our army, 1,000 to 1,200 strong, under command of General Somervell, set forth and after a tedious march, reached Laredo, where we remained in camp two or three days. The spirit of revenge and retaliation for numberless wrongs was rife among our men, who all the while had been made to believe that we were to be led into the enemy's country for the purpose of administering just and merited chastisement, and when General Somervell broke camp late one evening at Laredo, and took up the line of march in a direction contrary to that of our expectations, loud mutinous murmurings were heard in all the ranks. After marching all night, we halted for breakfast and seeing the discontent and threatening attitude of his men, and the spirit of insubordination that menaced the entire command, Gen. Somervell assembled the army and made a speech, at the conclusion of which he tendered his resignation as commander-in-chief and requested the men to elect his successor, adding that he would continue with the army and would go as far as any man dare go. This later statement seemed so generous and appealed to the boys in such friendly force that they refused to accept the offered resignation, but by almost unanimous vote, continued Somervell as commander of the expedition. After this expression of confidence the general stepped out in an open space, raised a flag and asked all who would pledge obedience to orders to rally to the colors, and all who wished to abandon the expedition and return home were at liberty

to do so. Five or six hundred men fell in line about the flag, while over three hundred preferred going home, and a short time later, under the leadership of Capt. Bennett took up the line of march for San Antonio.

With Gurrero as our next objective point, we marched down the river and when nearly opposite that place, which is three or four miles from the Rio Grande, we crossed to the south bank by swimming the stream and went into camp near town. From this camp General Somervell made a requisition on the town authorities for a large supply of hats, shoes and blankets, all of which our men stood in great need, and also a supply of provisions. The obsequious alcalde of the town agreed to comply with the demand made upon him and his people, only asking that time be granted in which to gather up supplies. The first consignment came in, and its inspection brought forth shouts of merriment from some, while others, those of direct need of clothing, vented their disgust in explosions of profanity. The stuff delivered consisted of a lot of old tattered garments that would shame a beggar; the men refused to touch it, and the alcalde was told to take it out of our camp, throw it in the river, and then hurry back to town and tell his people they would have to do better, else, something was going to happen, right away. With regard to provisions, the alcalde put up a doleful tale. He said the country was exhausted, that his own people were on the verge of starvation, and that no supplies were to be had. We remained in camp several days, after which with feelings of utter disgust and disappointment General Somervell issued orders to recross the river, and take up the line of march for San Antonio. Safely on the Texas side, we went into camp, and then came a storm of crimination, vituperation, separation and reorganization. Forgetting his pledge that he would go as far as any man in the expedition, General Somervell had determined to abandon the enterprise and return home, but there were restless determined spirits in the army who resolved to follow his leadership no farther. They swore they would never return home until the objects of the expedition had been accomplished, and Tom Green asked Somervell if he ever heard of any

glory accruing to the French general who marched his army up the hill and then halted and marched back down the hill. As I remember, those most vehemently opposed to a retrograde movement were Captains Cameron, Pearson, Ryan, Eastland, Buster, Gen. Green and Dr. Brenham. A call was made for volunteers to carry the war into Mexico, and three hundred fell in line. Colonel Fisher was elected commander and those of my company, Mc-Niel's, who remained firm, re-organized and elected Reese as captain. Somervell and his followers started for San Antonio and Fisher's army of 300 resumed the march down the river, selecting the town of Mier as the first point of attack. It being late in December, the country was bare, bleak and desolate, affording little grass for our horses and less subsistence for the men, in consequence of which many of our horses became exhausted and had to be abandoned. This placed some thirty men on foot, but fortunately for these footmen, Gen. Tom Green discovered two flat boats which the Mexicans had attempted to conceal along the river; these were "holy-stoned," rigged up and put in commission, the footmen were taken aboard, a red flag was hoisted, and "Commodore" Green, with his new navy, set sail down the Rio Grande. Army and fleet kept pace, and at nightfall the "Commodore" would hove to, cast anchor, land his marines and camp with the land forces, adding to our depleted commissary any supplies he may have captured during the day's cruise. And thus we continued until we reached a point opposite the town of Mier. Here, I should state that during the descent, we encountered a few of the inhabitants; there were only a few ranches on the Texas side; these had been abandoned and the stock driven off. Green's boatmen came upon a few while foraging on the Mexican side along the river, but these had little or nothing worth taking and none of them could or would give any information as to whether or not there were any Mexican troops in the country.

On the evening of the 21st we went into camp opposite Mier, four of five miles distant, on the following morning we crossed the river and marched into town; where a requisition for clothing and provisions was made on the alcalde.

The response was prompt and energetic; the contributions were piled in heaps and heaps on the plaza until Fisher soon found he had more than he expected and having no means of transportation to remove the supplies, an agreement was had in which it was stipulated that the goods should be delivered at our camp on the following morning. We then returned to our camp on the east bank of the river, taking the alcalde along with us as security for the faithful performance of the contract. The next day was spent patiently waiting for the promised supplies, likewise the day following, and no supplies came. Meantime Captain Baker and spies had been kept on the lookout on the south side of the river and on Christmas eve they captured a Mexican from whom it was learned that Gen. Ampudia with a large force had reached Mier and had forbidden the fulfillment of the alcalde's promise. On learning this, we left our horses and camp outfit in charge of a detail of forty men, crossed the river and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were on the march for Mier, determined to beard the lion in his den. We had not gone far when we came in sight of the Mexicans, who had marched out to meet us, but when they saw us they fell back to the town.

General Green with his "marines" led the advance, and at nightfall we reached the outskirts of Mier, and were halted on the banks of the little river, the Alcantra I believe they called it, which in the darkness seemed impassable for footmen. While General Green and others were searching for a crossing, Joe Berry fell from a high bank and sustained a broken thigh. He was carried and placed in a deserted jacal nearby and left in charge of Dr. Sinnickson, Bate Berry and six others. General Green soon found a crossing and we moved forward under a heavy fire, reaching one of the main streets leading to the plaza where the enemy's artillery and main forces seemed to be stationed. The old alcalde whom we held as hostage, had been placed in the care of an old Irish sea captain named Lyons. When we had crossed the Alcantra, General Green happened alongside of Lyons and, not seeing the alcalde, asked as to his whereabouts. "Shure, sor, an' he's gone adhr-rift!" replied the old sea dog. A

laugh and a cheer rang down the line as we hurried along.

The firing of grape, which swept the street, forced us to take shelter around the corners, where we would load our rifles, then between fires, or while the enemy was reloading, we would rush out and on to the next corner. Early in the night a light rain set in, and in order to keep our powder dry, we entered the houses along the street and chopped our way through the walls until daylight found us within close rifle shot of the plaza.

The Mexican soldiers covered the flat roofs of the houses, many of whom were directly over our heads when we entered the lower apartments, but when it became light enough to draw a bead on those in sight we punched loopholes in the walls and soon silenced the artillery for the time being and drove the yellow rascals from the roofs. The Mexicans rallied and the firing continued until about noon. I do not remember the number we lost during this time. A comrade by the name of Jones was killed by my side; Colonel Fisher was severely wounded and there were others, but I have forgotten their names. During the progress of this fighting or earlier in the day a party of Mexicans surrounded the jacal in which we had left Joe Berry with a broken thigh. His brother, Bate Berry, Dr. Sinnickson, and others were made prisoners, but as Joe Berry was unable to walk, he was murdered at the very feet of his pleading brother, who later escaped a like fate by drawing a white bean at Salado, lived through a long captivity at Perote, returned home, and when the war with Mexico and the United States broke out, was among the first to enlist under Jack Hays, and with tiger-like ferocity fought on many fields to avenge his brother's murder.

About 1 o'clock the Mexicans made a desperate charge, but were repulsed. During this charge I think every Texan rifle was loaded, primed and ready for service, and every shot fired brought down a Mexican. The repulse was swift, bloody and complete, as I thought, and the cheers of our boys almost shook the town. A little after this repulse Dr. Sinnickson, who was then a prisoner, was sent under a white flag to us, and on his appearance we were ordered to cease firing. A moment later several Mexican

officers rode forward and called for Col. Fisher. The Colonel met them and, after a long parley, he returned with the announcement that he had been summoned to surrender under the promise that we should be treated as prisoners of war, that we should not be sent to Mexico, but held on the Rio Grande border until exchanged, or until peace was declared, and that we had just one hour to decide, and if the terms of surrender proposed by them were not accepted in that time we would be shown no quarter.

I have no language to describe the scene of confusion that followed this announcement. The older men, those who had fought at San Jacinto or had lost friends or relatives at the Alamo and Goliad,, became furious and denounced those in favor of surrender as cowards and traitors. They argued that our advance so far had been one of triumph, that we had whipped the enemy back from the start, and now had Ampudia badly beaten, and that he had resorted to strategy on order to frighten us into surrender. And thus the muddle continued until the hour had almost expired. Some wanted to fight to the last ditch, others wanted to continue the fight until night and try to make our escape under cover of darkness. Those from the States, and the weaker element, who had small grievances and who had yet to learn of Mexican perfidy, favored surrendering, and began to stack their arms on the plaza. Seeing this, Captain Cameron made a final appeal and proposed that if as many as 100 men would stand by him he would lead them out even if he had to cut their way through the enemy's line. Only about sixty responded, and it was then decided that the number was too small, and the entire command yielded as prisoners of war. This fatal mistake was made on the evening of Christmas Day, 1842. In this action we lost sixteen killed, including those who died later of their wounds, besides twenty-six more or less severely wounded, out of a total of 261 that went into battle. I never learned how many the Mexicans lost; they held us in Mier until the following Saturday, nearly a week, and during much of the time they were digging graves and burying their dead, and from this we estimated that they must have lost at least, 500 killed outright, and, counting the wounded,

which must have been double the number killed, would show that each Texan killed or wounded three Mexicans, and if we had been allowed to continue the fight a few hours longer we would have wiped out Ampudia and his entire army, whose numerical strength was given as 2,000 men.

On Saturday the last day of the old year, we started on a long march to Matamoras, leaving our wounded in Mier in charge of Dr. Sinniekson. We were guarded by Ampudia's whole army, and at Camargo we were held up one day while each man's name, nativity, age and occupation was placed upon record. When we reached the next town Reynosa, we were halted on the outskirts of the miserable village, in order to allow the artillery to move forward, take position and fire salvos in honor of the immortal Ampudia and his great victory over the hated Tejanos. Finally, when all were in readiness, we marched into town, where we found triumphal arches on the only street, and these were adorned with every species of childish tawdry. The rabble lined the street and flat roofs and shouted themselves hoarse; now in laudation of the benemerito, Ampudia, and next, hurling anathemas at the Texas prisoners.

When the general entered the plaza he was preceded by about a dozen boys togged out in what these barbarians considered holiday costumes, and these little friskies danced, or rather capered, before his mightiness while he, with his prisoners, marched three times around the filth-laden plaza. All during this time there was a babble of noise, the firing of cannon, the blare of nerve racking music and the strident shouts of the multitude. At the close of this patriotic demonstration the general and his staff, led by a few sleek old priests, entered the church, where they went through some sort of ceremony, thanksgiving I suppose.

From Reynosa we were marched to Matamoras, a long and painful journey, and when we reached that place another triumphal reception awaited the "conquering hero." We were held there three days and during the time Major Oldham sent for an Englishman, then a resident of Matamoras, and whom he had formerly known in Kentucky. This generous acquaintance came promptly, and he

loaned Major Oldham \$100 and advanced to the prisoners the sum of \$2,000. In addition to this he gave as a free gift \$5 to each man that chanced to be from Kentucky. From Matamoras on January 14, we started for Monterey in charge of General Canales with a guard of 600 men. This march was marked with no unusual incidents save the sufferings of the weary, footsore prisoners who, all the while, were planning among themselves to make a break for liberty. We arrived at Monterey on the 29th, and remained until February 2, when we set out for Saltillo in charge of General Barragan and 350 men, all raw troops except a company of regulars, whom we soon learned to call Red Caps. During all this journey we were seldom free from the pangs of hunger, our daily allowance being a small piece of lean beef which had been boiled. This was doled out to us in a pint of water in which the meat had been cooked with a few grains of rice and a few beans. This stuff, and a small piece of dry, stale bread, was issued twice a day to each man and was barely sufficient to ward off starvation. Those who had shared the bounty of the generous Englishman at Matamoras fared better. There was no dearth of peddlers along our route. Our coming seemed to have been heralded far in advance, and every old palado that could scrape together a few eggs, tortillas, goat milk or goat milk cheese, got out on the road to wait our coming, and those who had the money could buy, while the moneyless man had to resort to stealing. And if the man without money got to the peddler first the latter soon found his stock entirely exhausted; he was soon surrounded by the friendliest people in the world, who oggled him clear away from his basket of goods, and when he carried his complaint to the officers they treated it as a huge joke—on the pelado.

The plotting continued. We lay over at Saltillo one day and then resumed our journey toward the City of Mexico—and Perote. Seventy-five miles from Saltillo we reached a station called Hacienda Salado. Here we came up with Colonel Fisher, General Green, Dr. Sheppard and their interpreter, Dan Henry, and also the old sea captain, Lyons, whom Gen. Green had proclaimed as his body servant. These officers had been sent

forward in order to keep them separate from us, but now since having penetrated far into the interior. Mexican vigilance seems to have relaxed to a certain extent, and that evening we were corraled some of these officers were allowed to visit us for a short time.

On arriving at this Hacienda Salado we were marched into an enclosure, the walls of which were eight, probably ten feet in height. This enclosure more properly speaking, corral, was divided into two pens or compartments, and into the smaller of these we were placed, while the larger was occupied by the infantry guards. The entrance to the pen assigned us opened into the compartment where the guards were bivouacked, and as soon as we all had passed in sentinels were placed at this entrance. The soldiers stacked their arms against the south wall, every movement being closely observed by keen watchful eyes.

At the opposite end of the enclosure, and built into the wall, was a house, with doorways leading from the main corral to the outside. The red caps took up quarters in this house for the night. During the brief visit of our officers, as before mentioned they were assured that if we made the break next morning as contemplated, we would certainly attack their escort and effect their release, but it seems that the Mexicans became suspicious and left with their prisoners before we made the stampede. At all events they were not far away, since General Green says in his History of the Mier Expedition that he heard our yells and the firing, and that he and his fellow prisoners were pushed forward with all speed, traveling seventy-five miles before they were allowed to halt. But to return to the men in the corral. It was the night of February 10. There was a chill in the air, and as night advanced a cold wind swept down from the Sierras. We had few blankets and we had been given only a slender supply of wood to light a fire. Before taps there was the usual amount of merriment among the boys, and it appeared to me that the spirit of fun and repartee ran with greater exuberance than on any former occasion, even to the extent that it attracted notice on the part of some of our guards, and one of the petty officers came in and asked Captain Cameron the cause of the general good humor.

He was told that it was in view of the near approach of St. Valentine's, our saint's day, which we always celebrated with great rejoicing and hilarity, since it never failed to bring good fortune.

Long before daylight on the morning of the 11th, I rose and made a small fire, and while trying to "thaw out," my benumbed limbs I was joined by others, Dr. Brenham and Mr. Copeland. In whispers we began to discuss our chances for a break that morning, and I expressed the opinion that the effort would not be made, that as heretofore, somebody would weaken because of the fearful hazard and the long distance from Texas, and also the fearful odds in point of the numbers against us, "but" said I, "if the break is made, I will be among the first in the charge, and I believe I can go as far as any man." Mr. Copeland said that the agreement to stampede was sure and binding and that we would run over guards as if they were a gang of hoodlums, and that we would get out in the mountains and live on the fat of the land. Dr. Cameron had been a Santa Fe prisoner and said if he was taken to the City of Mexico he would be recognized and immediately ordered to execution. "The break will be made this morning," said he, "if I have to make it all alone and single handed; I would rather die fighting like a man, here, than to be led out and shot like a felon at Perote."

Few of us gave heed to the chill of the morning air. The murky dawn announced the approach of a great crisis, and it found the men ready, eager and waiting for the signal. There was no unusual movement observable among the men; there was a total absence of that spirit of levity and good-natured badinage that had prevailed the evening before; a silence that presaged the coming of a great event in our lives prevailed; the men stood in groups, or sauntered in apparent listlessness about the narrow confines of our prison as dumb, submissive cattle, waiting the coming of the pound master to dole out the morning provender. Men looked into each others faces with inquiring eyes and read decision in every countenance and grim determination in every eye. Our shackles were to be broken, the grave had less terrors than the dungeons of Perote, our backs were to be turned towards Santa Anna's boasted capital, and our faces

toward home, Texas, and liberty. What greater incentive to nerve men to daring deeds? I saw men grasp each others' hands in silence, as if in greeting, encouragement, congratulation, or a final farewell, each, seemingly, realizing that the minute hand of time was swiftly approaching the stroke of doom, or the ehime of freedom for over 200 brave men. It was a scene fit to arouse the war gods of antiquity, and to command the admiration of the world. The Spartans at Thermopylae were led by tried and experienced officers and in their hands swords, spears and lances; the immortals who went down in the Alamo stood behind walls of masonry while their unerring eyes glanced along the gleaming barrels of the deadly rifles. The Captives of Mier, cold, hungry, their emaciated forms clad in rags that fluttered in responsive salute to the mountains' chilling breath; these stood in expectant silence awaiting the signal to spring upon a vigilant, heavily-armed foe, Weapons? Bare hands, more deft in the arts of peace than implements of warfare Armor? Rugged breasts that never quaked with fear, always turned to the enemy, and faces that never blanched in the presence of danger. But these coarse, brawny hands were not without missiles and rude implements of hurtling design. Let me relate one instance: At Saltillo, one of our guards derisively cast at Bate Berry's feet an old cast-off infantryman's jacket, a mass of tatters that, ordinarily, a rag picker would have kicked aside. Ever on the alert, Berry took it up and finding one of the sleeves partially intact, removed it and concealed it underneath the folds of his own dilapidated raiment. With this empty sleeve and a small round stone, weighing about one pound, he fashioned a sling-shot, and with this rude and primitive weapon he brained two of the guards when the break was made—his first blood offering on the altar of revenge.

All eyes were fixed upon Sam Walker and Captain Ryan as they carelessly advanced towards the doorway leading into the compartment occupied by the guards. Captain Ryan after looking through the gateway, turned and said something to those who stood near, and the word was soon whispered around: "Too late; the Red Caps were already under arms!" Ryan and Walker still

stood in the doorway as if waiting, while Capt. Cameron stood a few steps directly in their rear. The sun was rising, the silence most oppressive, and the suspense amounted to torture. Suddenly Capt. Cameron threw off his hat and pushing up his sleeves, his face aflame with a strange light shouted: "Now is your time! Come on, boys!" With Walker at his side, these two were the first to rush through the gateway, each grappling with a sentinel whom they disarmed and knocked down. With piercing shouts and deafening yells our men poured through the gateway, crushing the feeble resistance offered until they reached the stack of arms at the south wall; this point reached, and seeing us in possession of their guns, the guards either begged quarter or fled precipitately through the front gateway. A few stoutly resisted, but these were knocked down, run over, disarmed and a few killed. It was here that Berry got in his deadly work with his sling-shot. When I got to the stack of guns I grabbed a short musket, but imagine our chagrin when we found that the guns were not loaded. During this brief time the Red Caps were firing, but it seemed more like a rambling, desultory fire, without any particular aim, and when we had siezed the guns and were making a rush for the amunition, these valient Red Caps took to flight, joined by the Infantry, or those who had succeeded in getting out of our reach. As I passed through this main entrance I saw the brave Dr. Brenham and a man by the name of Lyons lying dead. Both had been Santa Fe prisoners, and had fallen as they emerged from the enclosure. One or two others whose names I do not recall, had been killed near them.

It required only a brief moment to supply ourselves with amunition, and seeing the Mexicans scampering off in every direction a rush was made for their horses which were being held near by. Of these we captured about 100 head, sufficient to mount less than half of our men. Five of our men were killed in this action and a number wounded. We paroled our prisoners with the distinct understanding that the wounded we would be compelled to leave should receive humane care and treatment. We spent a couple of hours burying our fallen comrades, making our wounded—

those to be left behind— as comfortable as possible, collecting amunition, provisions and other things that would prove useful on our journey. Next to the arms and horses our most important capture was the military chest, which contained \$1,400.

Along about 10 o'clock we faced about and took up the line of march for home and Texas. We took turn about riding and walking, and with radiant faces pursued the route we had followed after leaving Saltillo, and during the remainder of that day and a few hours of night travel we covered the distance that required two days' travel while under guard. In other words, we halted at a point where we had camped two nights before. Here, finding a house well filled with corn, we fed our horses, ate supper, remounted and proceeded about six miles and went into camp. The next morning, finding ourselves within about ten miles of Saltillo, a halt was called and the question submitted as to whether we should leave the main road and try to make our escape through the mountains or pursue our present course and take chances on cutting our way through. Our most sagacious leaders opposed leaving the main highway. They readily admitted the force of the argument advanced by those in favor of the mountain route. True, they said, the news of our uprising will travel on the wings of the wind, a large force will doubtless be in waiting to intercept us at Saltillo, and even should we get past the town in safety, every mile of the road to the Rio Grande will be beset with dangers. But in the face of this, consider what we have accomplished this day. With bare hands we have overcome our enemies, three to one, captured their arms, we ought to vanquish any number of convict soldiers Santa Anna may send against us. Take to the mountains, they argued, and we are lost. We would have to encounter all the extremes of heat and cold, traverse trackless wastes, climb lofty heights, follow the meanderings of boulder-strewn canyons and hew our way across arid plains set with forests of hurtling cactus, without food, without water, with absolutely no hope of escape.

The question was put to a vote and a majority stood in favor of the mountain route. Fatal decision!

The break at Salado was made February 11, 1843, and after leaving the road and directing our wandering steps into the mountains, I soon lost all reckoning as to dates.

Leaving Saltillo to the right, we struck into the mountains, and for two days we traveled over abandoned trails and roads. In the afternoon of the third day we came to a small station occupied by a few soldiers. Captain Cameron sent John Brennan forward to ask if we could obtain water and provisions, but when he approached within hailing distance he was ordered away on pain of being shot, learning of which Cameron decided it best to proceed without further disturbance. The next day we came to another military post, and as we approached, the occupants opened a brisk fire upon us at a distance of at least 500 yards. "Convicts," said Patrick Mahan, "just out of the penitentiary, and the officers want them to get used to the sound of their own guns, which are about as safe at one end as at the other, and little harm in either."

We did not return their weakling fire but passed on. The next morning we struck a road, and after traveling some distance, came to water and went into camp, and while resting at this point an Englishman, accompanied by a Mexican officer came to us and inquired for our leader. Captain Cameron was pointed out, and after introducing himself and discovering that Cameron was a Scotchman, the Briton became quite communicative and displayed the most friendly solicitude for our well-being. He said he knew the country, and gave Cameron explicit directions with regard to the route he should pursue, and on parting offered the Captain a well filled purse as an earnest of his friendship. This was politely declined the Captain informing him that he already possessed ample funds for present wants. All the while the Mexican maintained silence, and after their departure we were unable to surmise the object of his coming unless he came as a spy. However, we followed the Englishman's directions until towards night, when certain signs and surroundings led us to conclude that he was a treacherous rascal, a villainous spy in the pay of Santa Anna, and that his object was to lead us into a snare. Whereupon we abandoned the route designated

by the Englishman, and the day following we ascended to the summit of a high mountain, and from our lofty elevation we discovered a canyon, which, having its source near the base of the mountain, stretched away toward the east, the course we wanted to pursue. We made our way down the rugged side of this mountain and entered the canyon, and it seemed the farther we advanced the higher the perpendicular walls of granite grew and the more broken and difficult the surface of the boulder-strewn floor, with here and there breaks or falls of two to four feet at first, but increasing in height or rather depth, as we proceeded. Over a number of these it became necessary to push our horses, which was rather perilous, and a few of the poor animals sustained severe bruises and contusions in the operation. Having passed one of these declivities of six feet perpendicular fall, we came to one of at least fifteen feet, forming a barrier that forbade all hope of further advance with our horses. The six-foot wall was just behind us, at our feet was a fifteen-foot precipice; we could neither advance nor retrace our steps; we could only kill our faithful horses. It was a sad, heart-rending ordeal, and touched the most obdurate heart. These patient animals had borne us thus far, and even now, while we were planning their destruction in their famished condition, their gentle lustrous eyes were turned upon us appealingly for relief. But there was no alternative; we also were threatened with starvation, and the sacrifice had to be made. The die was cast, the horses were slaughtered, and some of the men drank their warm blood in order to relieve their consuming thirst. As the meat of these horses was being prepared for transportation, some of the men went down the canyon in search of water, which was found in a basin two miles below. The quantity was small, about two barrels, and I made two trips with as many Spanish gourds as I could carry when filled. In those days the Spanish gourd was used instead of the canteen. Here a division was made of the \$1,400 we had captured, my portion amounting to \$7.00.

From this point of desolation we resumed our march, each man carrying a supply of raw horse meat. Ours was a dry camp that night and we traveled all

next day without water. In the afternoon of that day Captain Cameron directed that those having sufficient strength remaining should scour the country to the right and left of our course and search for water, while he, with those so nearly exhausted, would move forward to a designated mountain peak in the distance, where we would all rendezvous. I went with the squad that turned to the right and after a fruitless search we ascended the mountain and waited until all the men came up. From this point we saw in our front a broad valley with a lofty range of mountains beyond, and in this valley there was a small round mountain, which Captain Cameron pointed out and said we would leave that elevation on our left.

Water! water! was the cry of the famishing men, and some, through sheer exhaustion, had thrown away their guns and blankets. We descended the mountain, I among the foremost, and when I reached the valley my thirst was so intense that I struck out alone in search of water, and finding none, went to the top of the little round mountain, where I had an excellent view of the surrounding country, but discovered no indications of water anywhere. It was a vast picture of aridity and desolation. Bordering on despair, I threw my blanket over a bush to shelter me from the scorching rays of the sun and lay down in the shade thus afforded to await the coming of Cameron. In a short time Jack Johnson and Gibson came up. The evening was far advanced and as Cameron failed to appear, we concluded that he had changed his course and gone in the direction of a mountain pass that we could see northeast of us.

A little to the left of that gap or pass we could see two very high peaks with a low elevation between them, and realizing the probability that this pass or gap would be guarded, we decided that we would avoid the pass and attempt to cross over the low swell between the two peaks. Acting upon this decision we three set out and traveled the remainder of the day and night, our famished condition rendering our progress slow and extremely painful. A heavy fog prevailed next morning, somewhat to our relief, and as we entered a small valley we suddenly came upon four of our comrades, Ackerman, Arthur, Cash and Jim Neely. Our little squad now

numbered seven and we pushed on in the direction of the peaks until noon, when we halted, and while trying to press a little moisture from the piths of a species of dagger tree Gibson wandered away and was lost—delirious of thirst and hardship.

We six finally reached the base of the mountain and during the night made the ascent, reaching the summit an hour or two before daylight. Here we lay down and slept, and during my sleep I had one of those peculiar dreams experienced. It is said only by those on the verge of dissolution from thirst and starvation. I was being welcomed at home, and was at a great feast prepared by generous relatives and friends. Long tables laden with viands, rich, rare and bounteous, were before me, and I was urged to eat. I craved water, only water, and when this was forthcoming I emptied each jar as it was brought to me and called for more. Each draught seemed to inflame my thirst, and yet on one of the vast company seemed astonished at the amount of water I drank. My thirst was unquenchable.

From this tantalizing creature of a distempered brain I awoke at daylight. We dragged our emaciated bodies down the mountain side and as we reached the plain we glanced up to the right and our eager eyes caught the silver sheen of a waterfall. Glorious vision! We hastened around the point of the mountain and came to a beautiful stream of clear, cold water. We had been four days without this life-preserving element, and here we rested during the remainder of the day, drinking and bathing and feasting on the now partially spoiled horse meat that yet remained.

Leaving this stream we proceeded on our eastward course, and after traveling quite a distance we discovered a man on foot pursuing a road that led northward, and on taking our bearings we found that we were near the entrance to a pass through which the road led and fearing to go through this pass during the daytime, we went into concealment and lay by until nightfall, after which we entered the pass, where we found water, and while replenishing our water gourds a horseman passed near us, going northward. As soon as he passed out of hearing we followed, and after proceeding about a mile we emerged from

the pass and entered a valley. Jim Neely had remained a short distance behind as a sort of rear guard, and when we had gone some distance in the valley he came up and said some one was dogging our steps. On this notice we moved off about forty yards from the road and waited developments. The moon was shining, and presently a footman came along. When opposite where we lay he halted, and after a moment as if listening, he called out in a low tone of voice: "Boys, where are you?" The stranger proved to be Major Oldham, and I never saw a man so overjoyed to get back into good, but very forlorn, company. The Major reported as follows: "I remained with Capt. Cameron two days after you left him and from the time of your departure the men maddened with thirst, began to wander off, singly and in groups, searching for water. No persuasion, no advice or counsel could deter them; they were crazed with burning, consuming thirst, the Mexicans picking them up here and there. Captain Pearson, with eleven men, myself included, became separated from the others and while searching for water, I and Thompson being considerably in the rear, a squad of cavalry surrounded Pearson, capturing him and the men with him. The Mexicans failed to see us, and hence our narrow escape. When this cavalcade had gone I and Thompson proceeded in quest of water, and when we came to a pass in the mountains we discovered a Mexican camp. By this time Thompson was wild and said there was water in that camp and he was going to get it. I tried to dissuade him, but to no effect. He was determined and, giving me his gun and ammunition, we shook hands and he was off. This occurred during the night, and to avoid discovery, when daylight came I concealed myself in a deep gulley and remained there all day, my position being in full view of the Mexican camp. About sundown a large body of Mexican cavalry passed near me, going in the direction of the gap in the mountain where they went into camp. This occupancy of the gap forced me to elimb the mountain in order to evade the enemy thus placed on guard, and when I had accomplished this toilsome feat I descended into the gap, where I found water the first I had obtained in five

days. After satisfying to some extent my thirst I filled my only water vessel, a tin cup, and resumed my journey northward and continued until overcome with exhaustion. I dropped down and slept until morning, and when I awoke a bird was sitting on my breast almost splitting his little throat with his morning song. When I moved he flew away, and I regarded the incident as being a good omen; it gave me new courage and I resumed my travels with a lighter heart and continued until I overtook you boys."

With the arrival of Major Oldham our party again numbered seven, and pushing ahead, we traveled the remainder of that night and all next day without water. Late in the evening we came to an arroyo where we expected to find more water, but not a drop was to be found. After resting awhile, Johnson and Cash proposed going up the arroyo as far as a designated point, where they would remain in waiting for us while we explored certain gulches that led off in the direction indicated. They firmly believed that water could be found somewhere in that vicinity. Later, when we reached the point designated, a small elevation, these two men were nowhere to be seen, and made no response to our repeated calls. With heavy hearts we went forward. I loved Cash, and it grieved me to lose him in that impossible wilderness, and my grief was greatly intensified long afterward when I learned that he was among those recaptured who drew the black bean at Salado and was cruelly murdered.

Our little squad of wanderers was now reduced to five and that night, still being without water, we lay down and slept until morning, when, upon rising, we discovered that we were at the head of two "draws" or valleys. Mr. Ackerman said he would follow down the one on right while we moved down along that on the left, and that we would meet at the confluence of the two, which did not seem very far distant. We never saw Mr. Ackerman again. On reaching the confluence of the two valleys, we waited and called repeatedly, but receiving no answer and giving him up for lost, we continued our course, our number now being reduced to four, and after having traveled several hours

we came to a dry arroyo, where we found cattle tracks, which gave us the assurance that water was near at hand. Following the cattle sign up the arroyo we had not gone far when Major Oldham and Mr. Arthur yielded to exhaustion. Leaving them with the promise that if we found water we would return to their succor, I and Neely pushed forward but we had not proceeded very far when I also had to fall by the wayside. Neely left me to continue the search, and in about half an hour I heard his signal announcing the discovery of water. He hurried back with the good tidings, and related having seen an old bull at the watering place, which he said I must kill, as we needed beef. While Neely went to the relief of Major Oldham and Arthur I managed to reach the water hole, which I found contained very little water. However, with my hands I scraped out a basin in the yielding mud and clay and soon had a bountiful supply. Meanwhile my three comrades had come up, and after a short rest Neely borrowed the Major's gun and we set out to kill the old bull, which we succeeded in doing after having fired three shots and engaging in almost a hand to hand fight, before bringing him down. In the entire party there was only one knife, an old worn out pocket knife, and with this makeshift we found it a laborious task removing sufficient hide to enable us to carve out a few chunks of meat.

We remained there two days and nights, resting, recuperating, drying meat, feasting on tough roasts and repairing our footwear with bull hide. Major Oldham mended his gun stock which Jim Neely had broken over the head of the old bull.

We left this camp greatly refreshed late one evening and during the night Neely and Arthur became separated from us. Discovering their absence we ascended a high ridge nearby and called, shouted, fired our gun and waited, but they did not answer, and we two, Major Oldham and I, were forced to proceed without them, and pledging ourselves to stay together, even to the end, we set forth, persuaded that those brave men who had separated from us did so through choice, preferring to take chances alone rather than risk themselves in the company with others, and

on the principle that one man can pass unobserved through a country easier than a party of men.

That night we rested in a stony valley that trended northward, and this we followed through the day, passing large forests of pine and oak. Late in the evening we came to the head of this valley and next morning we reached the top of a mountain, from which we saw in the distance cattle grazing in a valley that lay in front. We descended into this valley and, after a toilsome day's travel, went into camp, as usual, without water. During the night a 'possum visited us, was captured, and, after going a short distance next morning, we found water, roasted our 'possum, made a cup of horsemint tea, and feasted; our supply of bull beef having been exhausted. That evening we reached a stream and along toward sundown we saw cattle coming to water. Here was a chance for more beef, and taking my stand near a deep cut or trail in the bank, I waited until a nice, fat two-year-old heifer came along and shot her. We built a fire and began barbecuing the meat, which we found far more palatable than our late ration of bull beef.

Here let me say, that from this time until we reached San Antonio, my narrative cannot recollect dates and details of each day's travel. We had lost all record of time.

Loading ourselves with a good supply of nice beef, we broke camp and traveled three days in a northeast course, without water. At last we came to a dry arroyo and, following it some distance down stream, we came to high bluff beneath which was a depression. With my hands I scraped out a small pit in this depression and soon had a supply of water. After satisfying our thirst, we noticed a number of bees swarming around the water and I soon obtained a "bee course" following which about 200 yards below, I discovered a bee cave in the wall of the arroyo, about eight feet from the base. With Major Oldham's bayonet we scooped out all the honey our tin cups would hold and went into camp. Either from eating too much honey or from the effects of the bee stings, the Major came near dying that night, but by morning relief came and he was able to stir around. Removing his goatskin leggings, he tied

the lower ends, revisited the bee cave and filled them with honey for future use.

Late in the after noon, next day after leaving our bee camp, we came into a road, and a few minutes later we were overtaken by a young Mexican on horseback. In response to our inquiries he said he lived on the road about a league distant. He seemed quite obliging, gave us some leaf tobacco and a cake of bread, and refused the offer of pay, saying that all our wants would be supplied and kind hospitality accorded us on reaching his home. His seeming generosity so far wrought upon the major that, over my protest, he allowed him to carry his gun, the Major hardly able to walk because of physical exhaustion; the riddance of the burdensome gun was a great relief. Darkness overtaking us, I told the major he must recover his gun, that that Mexican, like all others of his class, was a rascal. The major yielded, and when he asked for his "shootin' iron" the Mexican put spurs to his horse, and that was the last of the major's old musket. A few minutes later we heard the barking of dogs and from this we inferred that the Mexican had reached home. The night was intensely dark, with a misting rain, and we could scarcely follow the road, but moved forward until we found ourselves in what seemed to be a village, or a large ranch, judging from the number of lights that issued from a number of doors and windows. To avoid discovery, we turned off to the left and entered an irrigated field where, for some time we floundered around in mud, slime, and ditches, until we came at a late hour to a rippling stream about forty yards wide and rather deep. We forded this river with great difficulty, as the water was over waist deep and very swift. Being much taller in stature, I had to carry our scant baggage over and then return and assist the major. We next found ourselves in a dense swamp, and, finding a place comparatively dry, we halted and slept until morning. Rising early we proceeded on our way, and that evening we found ourselves in a sheep range and coming up with a herder, we took charge of him and tried to purchase a sheep, which he positively refused to sell, saying they were not his property and that he had no authority to dispose of even one

sheep. We gave him to understand that we were hungry and were going to have a mutton, and with certain very effective powers of persuasion we induced him to catch the fattest finest sheep in the flock, one of our own selection. For his trouble we gave him the head and hide, paying him a dollar for the sheep. I also gave him 25 cents for an old swybaek butcher knife, which I lost a few days later. We asked this honest simpleton many questions which, I believe, he answered correctly in so far as his very limited knowledge extended. We told him we were on our way to Kendalia, but when beyond his sight we changed our course, went into camp on a river and barbecued our mutton.

From this place we traveled two days and nights without water, and on the second day while resting, prone upon the ground, we heard a low, sullen roar, the source of which we decided was a little to the right of our course. We also decided that it was the sound of a waterfall, which it proved to be. Pushing on down the mountain through the darkness, we reached the falls of a beautiful river, where we camped, made a cup of mint tea and devoured the last of our mutton supply.

Continuing up the river valley the next day, late in the afternoon we found ourselves in another sheep range, and while seeking the shepherd we came upon his shanty and flock pens. We entered this jacal, or shanty, took possession and made ourselves quite at home. Looking around we found a mug of goat's milk and a small supply of tortillas, which we promptly transferred to the department of the interior. We also found about three quarts of shelled corn and a small amount of mutton suet which found lodgement in our wallets. This was all in the way of provisions, we could find; among other things, in the herdsman's wardrobe I found a pair of tanned goat skin pants, all complete save the waistband. Of my old pants all that remained was the waist band. These new pants fitted me to a fraction, and, splicing them on my old waistband, I went forth as proud as any boy with his first pair of breeches. A bunch of kids were playing about the pens and we tried to secure one of these, but failed on account of our extreme weakness from hunger and hardships. Leaving

this ranch and going some distance, we found a secluded place where we lighted a fire, parched a supply of corn in the embers, and that, with the mutton suet, formed the menu for our supper, which we greatly enjoyed.

Before us was a river, and to get across this deep stream was our next task. We soon came to a point where there was an island, where we found a fallen tree across the other channel, which was quite deep, and on this foot-log we passed safely to the opposite shore and without water we traveled the two days following, and on the third day a furious norther blew up, and owing to the intense cold we were forced to lay by a day and night, following there came a heavy frost, and after this had cleared away we set forward and late that evening I became deathly sick. Major Oldham made a fire and did all he could for my relief, but I steadily grew worse, and believing that my hour had come, I begged him to leave me and try to make his way through, that we were starving, and it would be folly for him to waste time in a hopeless case. He reminded me of our pledge to stand by each other through all danger, and that he would not violate that obligation. During the day following the Major's attack of illness at the bee cave camp, he came upon an herb which was in great repute among the housewives in Texas as being a sovereign remedy for a great variety of ills. This herb, he said was balmona, and he pulled up a handful and stowed it away in his wallet for use in case of an emergency. When he found that my case was really serious he thought of his herb and brewed a cup of the most villainous compound I ever tasted. In a short time it took effect, and the effect was nearly as fierce as the disease, but it brought me around, and by morning I was able to move about. In the afternoon I was able to travel at a slow gait and on reaching an elevation we could see ahead of us a long belt of timber, and when within about a mile of this timber, we discovered a couple of deer, and taking my gun, Oldham managed by stealth to kill one of these, which we carried to the timber which as we surmised, was on the bank of a large bold river. It being near night we went into camp, and while I went to the river to get water the Major roasted the

deer's liver and some venison. We had no salt, but the viands were savory and greatly relished. Going down to the river bank next morning, we decided that we had reached the Rio Grande and joy filled our souls as we gazed upon the opposite shore and said to each other, "That is grand old Texas!" We traveled down the river two days seeking means of crossing, and on the morning of the third day we came to an old stock pen built of poles. We were elated over the find and proceeded to make a raft. When it was completed, Major Oldham mounted the front end of our raft, while I took station aft, and with poles we launched forth on our voyage and landed safely in Texas. Removing our slim cargo we set the raft adrift and continued our course, down the valley, and on the second day we discovered signs which convinced us that we were approaching a settlement. We bore to the left, being satisfied that we were near Laredo, and it was our plan to lave the town to the right and, if possible, to get into the San Antonio road. It was now night, and there being so many roads we became confused, and crossed the one we were seeking without being aware that it was the San Antonio route, so we decided to halt. Next morning we heard a church bell, which seemed close by, and found ourselves near the river below town. Taking our bearings, we set out, and soon came to a road that seemed to lead in the right direction, and while deliberating on the advisability of following this road, a Mexican rode up within forty yards of us, halted, and while eyeing us, I called out, "Buenas dias, amigo!" whereupon he wheeled his horse and fled with all speed back the way he came, toward town. Just then we concluded that we could get along without a road, and turning eastward, we proceeded a dense chaparral, satisfied that the pelado who had discovered us would soon have a gang of his companeros at our heels. After going about ten miles we came to a creek which we recognized as one we had crossed during our march to Laredo, and nightfall being at hand, we went into camp. The next morning, after proceeding about two hundred yards, we came to the San Antonio road. Before entering this road we peered cautiously up and down the road to see

if the way was clear, and about four hundred yards north of us we saw a Mexican standing near his horse as if waiting for some one. We, seeing no way to get around him, concealed ourselves in a gulch nearby, which emptied into the creek. From this hiding place we watched the Mexican, and after waiting a short while he mounted and rode down to the creek and watered his horse within twenty steps of us, then rode up on the bank, dismounted, and lay down while his horse was allowed to graze. He was not thirty steps away. We could almost hear him breathing, and we decided to arrest him, take him along for a day's travel and then turn him loose, afoot. We needed his horse. Just as we were about to carry this plan into effect, a large party of Mexicans were seen coming down the road from the direction this Mexican had come. Being in the gulch, well hidden by the tall grass, we hugged the ground, now and then peering out to observe the enemy, thinking probably that after all our miseries and hardships we might be discovered, retaken, and that, too, so near home. But fortune once more favored us. The cavalcade passed on, within a few steps of us. The lazy pelado remounted and joined his palsanos, and they were soon out of sight, going toward Laredo. Our natural conclusion was that the fellow whom we had hailed near town had hastened into Laredo, told of having seen two Tejanos, and this was the returning company that had been sent to head us off and recapture us.

After a wearisome day's travel, that night we camped at the "Thirty Mile" water hole, and the night following we reached the Nueces without incident, save that during the evening I found a pair of saddle bags which contained a Texas soldier's regulation coat, three shirts, a fine silk handkerchief, some tobacco and a few bars of lead. The coat and shirt came as a godsend. We were needy. On the next day our meat supply failed; deer were plentiful, but we failed to kill any, although the major fired several shots at close range. When we reached the Frio river we found a great many wild turkeys. I wasted three shots trying to kill one without success. Those Mexican muskets were not made for a Texan. The next morn-

ing Major Oldham fired our last round of powder at a deer and brought it down in its tracks. By this time our hunger had become ravenous, and removing the liver, we hastily built a fire and cooked and ate it in short order. The meat we barbecued after carrying it with us until we came to water. Two days later we reached the Medina river, where we passed the night with a hospitable Mexican, from whom we learned of the recapture of our comrades and that every tenth man had been shot. We also learned that it was then the fourth day of April—nearly two months since we made the break at Salado, and yet it seemed an age. The next day we reached San Antonio. Two prouder and yet more ragged, uncouth and more forlorn looking men never entered the plaza of that old town. Men, women and children gazed at us with wonder until it became quickly known that we were Mier prisoners who had escaped from Salado, and when this news was carried through the city we became the object of a solicitude and compassion which we felt that we did not altogether merit. In truth the attentions we received were so generous and spontaneous that to an extent they became embarrassing. Homes were thrown open to us, the town was ours, every want was anticipated and supplied, clothing, saddles, bridles, and horses to carry us home. For three days we enjoyed the splendid hospitalities of the great-souled people of San Antonio, and during which time a great many—fathers, mothers, wives and sisters—flocked to us to learn the fate of sons, brothers, husbands or relatives.

From San Antonio we went to our homes in Fayette county, where there was a repetition of the hospitality shown by San Antonio and where we had the same questions propounded and the same answers to render. This closes the account of my capture and escape as a member of the Mier expedition, an account as near correct in its details as I can give from memory, it being written for my children and grand children.

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Old Fort Clark, a Frontier Post

By Chaplain Cephas C. Bateman, U. S. A., in Recruiting News

Historic Fort Clark is situated in Kinney County, Texas, near Brackettville, the county seat, 140 miles west of San Antonio, ten miles from Spofford Junction, Southern Pacific Railway, and twenty miles from the Rio Grande. Its altitude is eleven hundred and thirty feet above the Gulf of Mexico; distant from tide water two hundred and fifty miles.

The site, when chosen early in 1852, was deemed not only eligible, but strategic. Upon the mesa, over sixty feet higher than Las Moras Spring, a few hundred yards away, the post was established June 15, 1852. A fine view of the almost limitless mesquite plains is here commanded. Las Moras Mountain is a conspicuous landmark as one looks toward the northeast.

The first U. S. troops to arrive upon the scene were two companies of the First Infantry, accompanied by an advance and rear guard of U. S. Mounted Rifles. The column was in command of Major Joseph Hatch La Motte. He was graduated from West Point in 1827, resigned from the Army 1856, and died November 15, 1888.

The post was named after Major John B. Clark, First Infantry, in an order dated July 16, 1852. This officer entered the Army as an Ensign of the 28th Infantry, May 20, 1813 and had reached the rank of Major by 1845, and died August 23, 1847 while the war with Mexico was still in progress.

The site of Ft. Clark was held as an encampment or entonment for nearly four years before the erection of anything like permanent quarters was begun. Soldier labor for all purposes was largely employed.

It is known that the present headquarters building was constructed in 1857. This date stands out in relief above the east entrance to this day. Tradition has it that the original post hospital, bakery, and guard house antedated this by a year or more. The material extensively used for walls was and still is an inferior free stone which is easily eroded.

A great procession of officers and men have passed and repassed at Fort

Clark during the long period of occupancy. It is interesting to note that the First and Second Dragoons and the Mounted Rifles became the First, Second and Third Regiments of Cavalry. Nearly if not quite all of the old regiments knew something of the Mexican border at the outbreak of the Civil War, while most of them were familiar with the stamping grounds of the Lipans, the Kiekapoots and the Comanches.

After the ordinance of secession was passed in Texas over the vehement protest of General Sam Houston, Fort Clark was one of the eighteen federal posts surrendered by General David E. Twiggs to the Texas Commission, Feb., 1861. On March 19 of that year it was evacuated by the Federal troops, being shortly afterward occupied by Texas volunteers under command of Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor. During this period post records disappeared for the period 1852-1866.

One of the incidents of the Federal evacuation was the sudden conversion of the post-surgeon and the hospital steward to the Confederate cause. The records show treatment for about everything that can befall men, women, and children. Here were brought the Confederate wounded from the so-called "Dutch Battle Ground," near the upper Nueces.

The old post cemetery, now no longer used, offers solemn suggestion of the violence and bloodshed of the Mexican border. On entering the walled enclosure one is impressed with the number of graves marked "Unknown." Out of the 146 graves, 102 hold the dust of persons whose identity had been utterly lost. This may be explained in part at least by the traditions that all white people found dead upon the plains within a radius of many miles were brought here for decent interment.

From the headstone erected in memory of a soldier who died from wounds received at the hands of Kiekapoots I have taken the following inscription:

O pray for the soldier, you kind-hearted stranger;

He has roamed the prairie for many a year;

He has kept the Comanches away from your ranches—

And followed them far over the Texas frontier.

Fort Clark was regarrisoned by Federal troops December 12, 1866, Company C, 4th Cavalry, commanded by Capt. John E. Willecox, composing the force to which was committed the two-fold task of fighting Indians and restoring the place. In March, 1868, the 4th Cavalry was reinforced by troops of the 41st Infantry, joining in command of Brevet Brigadier General R. S. Mackenzie. This officer occupies a large page in the history of the post all through the years we come upon the autographs of distinguished men who served here.

The signature of Wesley Merrit, W. H. Lawton, T. J. Wint, J. K. Mizner, W. R. Shafter, C. R. Edwards and many others.

To have "served at Clark," was at one time nearly equivalent to honorable mention, for such an entry in one's record was a sure token that the fortunate or unfortunate individual had been really initiated into army life.

I noticed that in the old days here if they did not have compulsory church attendance they had something that was a good deal worse. Chaplain Barr was ordered to present himself on the parade ground at 2 p. m. Sundays before the garrison in line and read the Articles of War, after which he was authorized to conduct any service he might choose for the occasion. I find no record of men falling dead at this "church."

The high cost of living bore heavily upon slender purses of those days. Old schedules framed by post councils of administration show that tomatoes were fifty cents a can, while a glass of jelly sold for \$1.25. Whiskey varied in price from \$4.00 to \$7.00 per gallon. All whiskey was supposed to be "good" in those days, but some brands were "better" than others. For close quarters and quick action the four dollar grade was probably the "best" the country afforded.

It is a remarkable fact that, although Fort Clark was established so long ago, the government did not secure a deed to the land of this military reservation until 1885, when the sum of \$80,000 was paid for 3693.2 acres.

During the war with Spain (1898)

Fort Clark was garrisoned by the 3rd Regiment of Texas Infantry and kept in good condition.

Fort Clark today is one of the most desirable locations in the southwest. Blessed with an abundance of pure spring water and the purest of air from the Gulf and great plains, the sick reports have always been low.

All talk of abandonment has long since ceased. A period of enlargement and reconstruction began in 1917 and the work is still in progress. One of the best Y. M. C. A.'s (now the Service Club) in the department was dedicated by Major General John W. Ruekman early in 1918. Since that time nearly \$200,000 have been expended in modern improvements such as electric lighting, sewage system, concrete walks and driveways. Parks have been laid out which by reason of the presence of ancient oaks and pecans lend themselves to every form of beautification. Bridle paths follow the curve of Las Moras creek under the shade of forest monarchs centuries old at Clark.

(Editor's Note—Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor mentioned above, was the father of our good friend and regular contributor to Frontier Times, Colonel W. K. Baylor, of San Antonio.)

Our Clubbing Offers

Frontier Times is in position to make the following clubbing offers:

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," regular price of the two \$4.00. Our price \$3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," regular price for the two \$3.00. Our price \$2.25 postpaid.

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Some of My Frontier Experience

Jno O. Allen, Cookville, Texas.

I was born in Kaufman county, Texas, June 22, 1850. Raised myself from a nine year old boy, slopped the hogs, milked the cows and cut wood to pay my way through school, was trained to work with my hands as well as my head, and like most of the Texas boys of the fifties and sixties was trained early to use the guns that we then had in use. With the small rifle that I used in learning to shoot I could take off a squirrel's nose and leave the brains. I was also early trained to ride, and to use the lariat. When I was fifteen years old there were but few horses that I could not ride. My life has been an outdoor life, and even now at seventy-four years old, I am ready to go.

In the early summer of 1868, when the buffalo were just beginning to go back North, and when I was just 18 years old, a party of ten of us organized for a buffalo hunt on the frontier of Texas. We had for our captain or leader a man by the name West. All of the ten men were married men except myself, and two or three of the men had had some experience on the frontier. We secured a good wagon and two good horses for our chuck wagon, and we bought the best guns and pistols that could be had at that time, and put in a double supply of ammunition, and every man rode the best horse that could be had in Kaufman county. On the 23rd day of June we started for Ft. Worth and from there we went to Jacksboro and on near Lost Valley, where we saw our first buffalo, a few old stragglers, but we did not molest them, as we wanted to go further out where we could see the buffalos in countless numbers.

After we left Lost Valley we went out by what was then known as the Russell Ranch. Late in the evening after we passed the Russell Ranch, traveling in the direction of the Washita Hills we came in sight of multiplied thousands of buffalo, also deer and antelopes by the hundreds.

About 4 P. M. we arranged a camping place where we could get the most protection from the Indians, in a small canyon with only one outlet. We dug a pit in which to barbecue our buffalo

meat and brought up a good lot of mesquite wood; then we put out our guards for the night and assembled around the chuck wagon and partook of some of the finest venison steak which one of the boys had killed, after which we all took a good smoke and lay down on our blankets and passed a quiet night.

Early the next morning we organized for the buffalo hunt. The plan was for five to go on the hunt and five to remain to guard the camp and horses that were left there, and after buffalo enough was killed, the five who remained in camp were to barbecue the best parts of the buffalo to carry back home with us.

When the pickets or guards that we had out came in, they reported thousands of buffalo within one half mile of the camp, so the first five boys started out to begin the fun, and after having gone around a small hill they began shooting, taking the buffalo on surprise, and they turned around the hill and came back within fifty yards of the camp. The boys at the camp commenced shooting and brought down three fine ones, and the boys on the hunt killed four, so we had on the first day more meat than we could haul home in a dozen wagons like we had. We spent the remainder of the day getting in the best parts of the buffalo we had killed and commenced to barbecue the meat to carry home. That night we had a conference and having found that we had already killed more buffalo than we could do anything with, all the boys having participated in the hunt, and having had such fine success in not coming in contact with the Indians, we decided to cook meat all night and get ready by noon the next day to start on our return trip and get as far as the Russell Ranch that night. The next morning after the hunt, the boys asked me how many buffalo I saw that day, I answered that I only saw one and he was big enough to cover the prairie as far as I could see. The men that visited the frontier of Texas during 1868 and 1869 saw sights in the way of wild game that they will never forget, and if I knew where another country is like that was then, I would start to it right now. We

broke camp at 1 P. M. and reached the Russell Ranch about sun down and camped about 100 yards from the Ranch. After we had put out our guards the boys detailed me to go to the ranch and see if we could get some milk. After supper I went to the house and found an old lady and two grown girls. The old lady told me that the family consisted of her two daughters and a grown son who had gone to the trading post for supplies. I got my milk and returned to camp but before I left, the girls and their mother asked me to come back and stay awhile with them, so I got the boys to let me take my turn at standing guard the latter part of the night and I went back to the house and had the time of my life. The oldest girl was a perfect brunette and the finest specimen of womanhood that I had ever beheld, and Cupid at once got out his arrows and sent one into the most vital part of my life. Just think of an 18-year-old boy looking at the first woman he ever loved. Her name was Lucy.

After I had stayed as long as I could, and got up to start, Lucy arose and stood right in front of me and told me that she had one request to make of me, and I told her I would grant it if it were possible for me to do so. She told me that she wanted me to persuade her brother to move back to the settlements; that they were in danger of being murdered by the Indians at any time. I told her that if I could meet her brother I would do my best to get him to move back to where there was no danger. As I spoke she stepped a little closer and put her hand on my shoulder, and as I looked into those jet black eyes with a tear in them, and beheld those quivering ruby lips, I don't see how I kept from caressing them—and I won't say that I didn't. You can just think what you would have done if you had been in my place. I bid them good night and told Lucy that I would run down in the morning and see if her brother had returned. The next morning I went to the house and the ladies all met me at the gate and I went in with them, so the boys at the camp could not see what took place when we got into the house. They told me Mr. Russell had not returned, and they wanted me to stay until he came, but I told them it was impossible for me to do so. I told them briefly about our buffalo hunt, and how

we had missed seeing any Indians, and that I had already planned to come back and take another hunt the next summer. Before I left I told Miss Lucy that, as she had made a request of me, that I had one to make of her. She came a little closer and asked me what it was. I told her that the Comanches had not captured me, but that she had, and as I said this, I saw two big tears coming from those black eyes, and I just reached down and brushed them away, but not with my handkerchief you may be sure. I then asked her if she was going to grant my request, and she said she would. I took her face in my hands, and sealed our troth with a kiss. I then told her that I must return to the camp or the boys would come after me. Just as I was in the act of leaving, the old lady spoke to me and said: "Young man, it is plain to me that you have captured my oldest daughter, and before you go I want you to give me some assurance that you are sincere in your words and actions." I said, "Mrs. Russell, I will give you my life if you require it." She took me by both hands and said, "God bless you, my son; we want you to return as soon as you can." When I got back to the camp the boys wanted to know what I had been doing to stay so long, and I told them that I had just been talking to that very interesting old lady. We started on our journey and arrived at home without any trouble. This was a most enjoyable trip, but the one that followed the next summer was when we had the great trouble and a hard battle with Comanche Indians. During the winter I received one letter from Lucy, but could not get another letter through, as the mails were very uncertain in those days. I looked forward to the early summer of 1869 for the next buffalo hunt, or rather to see and bring home my Lucy, which I fully expected to do.

About the first of June, 1869, we again organized for another buffalo hunt on the frontier. This time there were fifteen of us, and we had a better outfit, especially better guns and pistols, and it was well that we were better armed, for we sure did have to use them before we returned. During the fall and winter of 1868-69 there had been quite a lot of Indians depredations on the frontier. Many people had been murdered and houses had been burned and stock stolen. We traveled

about the same route that we went the year before, and when we reached Jacksboro we learned that during the light nights in January, 1869, the Comanche had murdered the Russell family, all except the young man, who was away from home. They killed Mrs. Russell and scalped her, burnt the house and carried the two girls off as captives and the Rangers that followed them on the old Comanche trail, about two miles from the Russell Ranch, found the body of Lucy scalped and left dead, the other girl was never heard from so far as I know. When I heard of the murder of the Russell family at Jacksboro, I was almost crazy, and determined then and there to have revenge. Up to this time I had never met the young Mr. Russell. At the time that we passed Jacksboro he was on the war-path seeking every opportunity to kill Comanche Indians. On this second trip we passed out as before, by the Russell ranch, and saw the remains of the old house where it had been burned. After passing the ranch on the Comanche trail, and about two or three miles from the ranch about 6 P. M. up the trail we saw an Indian about one half mile in front of us, and near the spot where the body of Lucy Russell was found. When we saw this Indian the boys wanted to give chase, but our leader said it was a decoy to lead us into a trap. The ridge where we saw the Indian was covered in most places with a thick growth of bushes, and to the left as a creek that led up towards where we saw the Indian. Our captain as quick as possible took ten of our men and left five with the wagon, and turned abruptly to the left and went up the creek. We saw some of the Indians in hiding expecting us to come in after the Indian that we had seen go in, so we completely surprised them from behind. We slipped along until we had gotten within about 100 yards of them, and then with our Colts revolvers we charged them. For a few minutes the hottest battle raged that was ever fought on the frontier of Texas, but we soon put them to route, killing two and wounding others, and had only one man in our outfit wounded. After we routed them at every opportunity, until it began to get dusk. Just as we passed out of the head of the creek after them, going at full speed, my horse snorted and jumped

to the right and as I threw my head back I saw something under some bushes near an old dead mesquite tree. I thought it was an Indian. When it began to get too dark to chase them further, and the boys halted to get in shape to return, I told them that we had another dead Indian back on the trail, and told them that I could find him by the old dead mesquite tree, so we started back on the trail. The wind was blowing from the south, the direction we were going, and after we had gone some distance my horse began to snort. I got down and gave the bridle to one of the boys, took my winchester with a bullet in the barrel and my finger on the trigger and went along until I could skylight the old dead tree and when I got up closer I could see an object lying under the bushes. I turned my gun on it and walked up to within three feet of it, still holding my gun ready for action, for I had been told that dead Indians would fight. Finally I kicked it with my foot and it did not move, so I took hold of it, and when I pulled it out I found that it was an Indian's shield made from the thickest of buffalo hides and in the shape of an old fashion bread tray, with two covers of finely painted deer skin and with a white woman's scalp on it worked with beads. The scalp was about as large as a small saucer, stretched open with a small hoop of wood and the hair was about 18 inches long, plaited and hung down to the bottom of the shield. Inside where it had not faded you could tell that it was jet black. This was placed on the inside of the shield where the two loops were that the Indian put his arm through to hold it. Some of our bullets had cut the loops which had caused it to fall, and there was also fresh blood on it. The minute I found this scalp on the shield it flashed through my mind that it was Lucy Russell's scalp. The time it looked to have been killed, the color of the hair, the length of the hair, and the trail on which it was captured all corroborated, and convinced me at once that it was my Lucy Russell's scalp, but I kept this all to myself. We returned, met our wagon and dressed our wounded man's arm, which was a slight wound, went down to the first water hole and camped, put out our guards and spent

the night. The next morning we went to the battle ground where we had fought the Indians, and as I rode down the creek on the battle ground I saw a bloody trail leading up the hill into the thick brush. I dismounted, gave my horse to one of the boys and followed the trail. As I came near the thick brush I saw something move in the thicket. I dropped down on my knee, raised my gun, and as I did I saw an Indian putting an arrow in his bow. I fired and struck him between the eyes. He gave a groan and rolled over. The boys came and we pulled him out and found that he had gunshot wounds in the stomach. This made three that we killed in this fight. When we got back to camp we decided we would abandon the buffalo hunt, as we had one man wounded and the Indians were so bad, which decision suited me exactly, as my business now was to hunt up Mr. Russell and find out the facts about the murder of his family. We broke camp and went to Jacksboro. There I made inquiry about the Russell family and was told that Mr. Russell was at Weatherford. The next morning we started out and as our route home left Weatherford about forty miles to the right, I told the boys that I wanted to go by Weatherford to see an uncle of mine who lived there, but in fact I wanted to find Mr. Russell, so I packed my horse and started out to make the forty mile ride by myself, taking my shield with me. My uncle, Rev. W. G. Parsons, had a little store there and I went straight to it and found that Mr. Russell had been there but had gone back to Young county. I hung up my shield in my uncle's store and started out to hunt him up, and ran across some cow men gathering a herd of beeves to take to Kansas, and I stopped with them and stayed two days. The very day that I left Weatherford Mr. Russell came in and found the shield that I had left there and claimed it as his sister's scalp. My uncle told him who it belonged to, and he at once set out to hunt me as my uncle told him about the route I was going to travel. In the evening of the second day he came to the herd of cattle that I was with and inquired for me and they told him that I was out helping to guard some horses and he came straight to me. When I saw him coming I knew who he was, yet I had

never seen him. He rode up and got down and asked me if my name was Allen, then he told me his name was Russell, and asked me if I was the man that captured the shield that was in my uncle's store. I told him that I was, and I asked him what his sister's name was, and he said Lucy. He told me that Lucy had told him about me, and what had passed between us. Then we both shed tears because we could not help it. I then told him that I had stayed to get revenge, and that I had already helped to take three Comanche scalps, and after I went home I was coming back early in the spring and stay in Young, Jack. Parker and Palo Pinto counties until I scalped more Indians for the murder of the girl that was so dear to me. After we had talked over our troubles we parted with the understanding that I was to come back early in 1870 and would make my headquarters in Young county, which I considered the paradise of Texas.

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The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

The Paint Creek Fight

Somewhere near the middle of June, 1860 my father, John R. Baylor; his brother, Geo. Wythe Baylor; my oldest brother, John W. Baylor; a negro man of my father's and myself, were on Hubbard's Creek hunting cattle. Early one morning a messenger came to us, informing us of the killing of Josephus Browning and the wounding of his brother, Frank, by a large band of Indians. After a few hours of fast riding we reached the Browning ranch, which was on Hubbard's Creek near its mouth. Upon arriving we learned that the body of Josephus Browning had just been brought home and upon examination showed thirty ghastly wounds and besides he had been scalped and very likely was scalped while alive. Frank Browning was seriously wounded, having been shot through the chest three times. As the arrows were shot into him, he would pull them through and cast them on the ground. He got away simply by being able to outrun the Indians.

the Indians.

On the day of the killing these two young men had gone out to ride among their cattle. At noon they stopped to let their ponies graze. They had hobbled and unbridled them and were themselves quietly resting under a shade when suddenly they heard the sound of approaching horsemen. Upon looking, they saw a band of Indians rapidly approaching them. The young men ran for their horses, hurriedly bridled them and cut the hobbles. By that time the Indians were right at them. Josephus Browning cut the hobbles in such a way that his horse tripped, so the Indians overtook and killed him in a short distance from where he started to run. Frank made his escape wounded, as before stated.

Shortly after our arrival at the Browning ranch, a pursuing party was disuessed. Several men agreed to go as soon as they could get ready. John R. Baylor was selected to take charge of the situation and advised the men that immediate pursuit of the Indians was not advisable, that the Indians would keep some of

their number on the lookout at all times for a day or two and if no pursuing party was seen by them they would feel safe and become careless and our chance for a killing would be greatly enhanced. "Get all the powder you can, mould plenty of bullets and come to the Dawson Ranch in three days," said Capt. Baylor.

We then left the Browning ranch and went to the Dawson ranch on the Clear Fork. For about two days, my brother, J. W. Baylor, and myself engaged in moulding bullets, which was rather a slow process, as the mould only made one bullet at a time. At the end of the two days we had quite a pile of what afterwards proved to be missiles of death. I did not kill any Indians, but if I were to claim I did there are few now to dispute my claim. I was a party to the crime, however, if crime it was, for I had heroically moulded bullets in the hot June sun, to be used in killing the Indians.

On the morning of the third day after the Browning killing there came to the Dawson Ranch for the purpose of pursuing the Indians, Elias Hale, Min. Wright and Tom Stockton. There were already at the Dawson ranch John R. Baylor, George Wythe Baylor and John Dawson. The pursuing party then consisted of these six men. John R. Baylor was chosen captain and a start was made to find the trail of the Indians, which was found and trailed all that day. Dark came on and our party reached the Clear Fork, a few miles above Camp Cooper, where camp was made. On scouting around the next morning to find the trail it was discovered that the Baylor party camped near where the Indians had. It was also discovered that the Indians had a picket cut at a convenient high point which made it evident that any earlier pursuit of them would have been void of results.

In scouting for the trail, George Wythe Baylor found the scalp of Josephus Browning which the Indians had lost. The scalp was returned and buried in the grave with Browning's body. The trail was finally found and on this day

while trailing, our little party saw six water fowls standing in line, five of them white and one blue. Some one remarked: "They are exactly our number." Captain Baylor said to the party: "You see there is one blue bird. That is a sign we are going to have one man wounded." The prophecy proved true. John Dawson was slightly wounded in the fight. The next few days were spent in trailing. On the fourth day of pursuit, our party found some meat piled in a ravine and noted that the Indians who had left it had gone North. Capt. Baylor decided he had found a good place to await developments. He decided some would be coming after the meat before long. There was a splendid view for some distance in the direction the Indians had gone and our party could not be seen because of the ravine.

Horses being tired, bridles were removed in order for them to graze while a strict watch was being kept for the return of the Indians. Suddenly the horses raised their heads and looked Southward. Upon looking, our party saw two Indians coming around the hill. Horses were eagerly sought, bridled and mounted, ready for battle. The Indians seemed to discover they were not among their friends and started on a run for their lives. They were chased, overtaken and both killed. The first was killed by Captain Baylor and the other by George W. Baylor. Captain Baylor was riding his horse, "Belton." After the Indians were killed, the word was, "If killing is your game, here's at you." Later on the same day a band of Indians was sighted, charged and a most desperate fight took place in which two Indians were killed and several wounded, who escaped. Indians seemed to be plentiful and there certainly was plenty of sign, such as horse tracks, camp fires and slaughtered animals.

Captain Baylor decided, since Indians were so plentiful, that there must be a large body of them in the neighborhood, and if his little party should encounter a large body that it might be wiped off the earth, so it was decided that the best thing to do was to start for home.

We had not gone far and were rejoicing over our success and not expecting to see any more Indians, when George Baylor who was riding ahead, while the other men were driving the horses they

had captured, looking ahead, saw a large bunch of horses driven by six Indians. He at once stopped the horses and told the party what was just ahead. All made ready for a fight and they were not disappointed. Before them was the hardest fight of all. The Indians came leisurely along, talking and laughing, and on looking up they were greatly astonished to see six white men between themselves and their horses. They broke to run and our little party followed them, keeping between the Indians and the horses. Finally the Indians halted; our men did the same; some of the Indians dismounted. Then there were six Indians against six cow boys. The fight was opened by Captain Baylor whose first shot wounded an Indian, but not seriously. Another Indian who seemed to be a chief, who had only a lance, thinking Capt. Baylor's gun empty, charged toward him, but as Baylor stood still with his gun pointed toward the Indian, the Indian whirled and as he did so, Baylor fired. The Indian was badly wounded. He said something to another Indian who sprang up behind him and held him on the horse. Capt. Baylor put in another shot at them as they fled.

While this was happening, the other men were doing good work. George W. Baylor had crippled two Indians and Minn Wright had got one just under the eye and dropped him in his tracks. There were two others fighting desperately, fighting worthy of a better cause. They fought until they were riddled with bullets. Every one of the Baylor party fired several shots at these Indians and all had an interest in killing them. The Indians fought desperately, but for what did they fight? Simply to save themselves some fifty head of horses they had stolen. As I have said before, a Comanche would steal your horse and fight you to the death over him.

After the battle was over, it being known that several wounded Indians must be hiding, they were searched for, found and dispatched. Bows, arrows, shields, a lance and other trophies were gathered, including the Indian horses. Several of the horses showed signs of George Baylor's shot-gun and several had arrows in them which had been intended for the white men. Two or three of the horses were killed and a

few others mortally wounded.

About the time all was in readiness to start on the homeward journey our little party discovered a large band of Indians, about forty, having with them several hundred head of horses. A council was at once held and an account of ammunition was taken and it was found that ammunition was low. It was decided that it would not be wise to attack so large a body of Indians with plenty of ammunition and certainly not with such a small supply as we had left. The logical thing to do was to save whatever we had, our scalps included.

A hurried start was made for Camp Cooper which was safely reached the next day, where our party supplied themselves with ammunition. Captain Baylor reported to the officer in command at Cooper what he had done and what he had seen. A scouting party was sent out, but neither the Indians nor large body of horses was encountered, but four dead Comanches the Baylor party had failed to find and pay their respects to were found by the scouting party.

There were six Comanches in the east bunch our little party fought and five of them were killed in the fight, and if one of the four dead ones found by the scouts was the sixth, then all six of them were killed.

In the fight above mentioned, George W. Baylor had the shot-gun which Mr. Cassidy gave Capt. Baylor and five of the Indians killed bore evidence on their bodies that they had been within range of this old "Cassiday," as we called the gun, and besides bows were injured, bow strings and arrows shot in two and rendered useless; one bow was split wide open from top to bottom, and be it known that the first Indian killed was overtaken by old "Belton", and Capt. Baylor was riding him.

If the death of a valuable citizen can be avenged by the death of any number of Comanches, then the death of young, brave Josephus Browning was at least in part avenged.

One of the Indians killed had the scalp of a white woman dangling from his shield. The scalp showed a beautiful auburn hair. The scalp had been trimmed around the edge with beads of different colors and showed prominently on the shield. This same Indian had a large

silver decoration which he fastened to his hair and let hang down his back. This silver was later made into two belt buckles by Bell, of San Antonio, one for John R. Baylor and one for George Wythe Baylor, which are still in the families and highly prized.

This Indian, whoever and whatever he was among his people, may have killed and scalped many white women and children too. He doubtless helped to kill, scalp and wound the Brownings. But after he fought six Texas cow boys, in June, 1860, he never killed any one else.

This fight was always known as the "Paint Creek Fight," and considering the number of whites and that no one of the white men was seriously injured makes this by long odds the most successful Indian fight ever fought on the northern frontier of Texas.

In a few days after the return of Capt. Baylor and his men, a big barbecue was given in honor of them. The entire neighborhood turned out, anxious to hear about the fight and see the proof of the number of Indians killed. Capt. Baylor gave them the details of the various fights and exhibited the bows, arrows, shields, lances and other proofs of the number killed.

In due time an owner was found for the horses and they were taken away, to our great relief, as they were a great care as we had to corral them at night and herd them during the day to keep the Indians from stealing them.

In a few days after the barbecue just mentioned, Capt. Baylor, G. O. Baylor, my eldest brother, J. W. Baylor and myself bundled up the Indian trophies to take them to Weatherford. In a few days after arriving at Weatherford, a big ball was given at the court house. Before the dance begun, a rope was stretched across the court house and all the Indian paraphernalia was fastened to the rope and the dance went merrily on.

A short time afterwards, a barbecue was given at Palo Pinto and great rejoicing was in evidence everywhere, and Capt. Baylor and his men were decidedly the men of the hour. The news of their success spread all over Texas and from all quarters came the cry: "Exterminate the Indians."

Not one of the men who took part in the Indian fight I have mentioned is living. Of the persons who were camped

on Hubbard's Creek, when the news of the killing and the wounding of the Brownings came to them, I am the sole survivor.

I know of but one person now living excepting myself, who was on the Clear Fork and was at the barbecue given to Capt. Baylor and his men. One of them is George T. Reynolds, a noble son of Texas, and the other is R. E. Tackitt of Estelline, Hall County, Texas, recently deceased.

Writing of those events on this the 20th day of June, 1922, looking backwards, I see that just sixty years ago, on this day, the first Indians were killed in the Paint Creek fight. The others were killed on June 21st, 1860. The Paint Creek fight took place in what is now Haskell county.

I lived amongst scenes, such as I have been describing, for six consecutive years, saw many times the work of the bloody scalping knife and heard the savage war whoop; saw men and women who had been killed and scalped.

The events of those days are indelibly impressed upon my mind and are as plain before my eyes today as though they happened but yesterday.

Concerning the dance at the court house at Weatherford, under what people would call the evidence of death, we did not consider it the evidence of death but the evidence of victory over a lot of human hyenas, who for years had been killing and scalping innocent little children and helpless women. Yes, on that night Weatherford, a little village of some three hundred souls, had gathered there, her beauty and her chivalry, and the dance went on until a late hour.

Few are left who attended that ball. Hon. A. J. Bell of Dallas attended, as did Mrs. Ann Roach, Mrs. R. E. Bell and Mrs. Gns Bell of Weatherford; also did many others, all of whom were the very salt of the earth.

“THE TRAIL DRIVERS OF TEXAS, compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter, under direction of Geo. W. Saunders, president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association. Two volumes, 500 pages each. Price \$3.00 per single volume, or \$5.00 for the two volumes. Postpaid. Send all orders to George W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

FIGHT WITH MEXICAN LYNX.

(From Page 16.)

lynx, and I knew the dog well enough
lynx, the dog gripped the neck of the
lynx. Approaching to the back of the
Beaver was up, and had come to my
though he were shot. By this time I
to know that he was in for a life and
death struggle. The animal, somewhat
recovering from the blow I had given
him, fought ferociously but the dog
never relinquished his hold. The pup
stood off at a good distance, and “root-
ed” for the dog, by barking as loud and
fast as he could. Fearing the lynx
would get the best of the dog, I ran
to the tree where I had dropped my
knife and pole, untied the dagger strings,
and seizing the knife in my hand ran
back to the scene of combat. Watching
my chance, I plunged the knife, almost
to the part of the handle that remained,
into the head of the lynx, just back of
one ear. I saw the animal weakening,
and knew that my faithful dog was
gaining the victory. Soon the lynx lay
prostrated before me, and the dog, badly
bleeding, stood by his side, panting, and
occasionally looking up at me, with an
expression of victory on his canine face.

I skinned the lynx and took his head
and hide home as trophies of my chase.

Seeing the animal was very full, I cut
him open to see what he had been eating,
and found three whole turkey feet in
his stomach.

Beaver became very weak from the
loss of blood, before I reached home.
My father, bound up the dog's wounds,
and turning to me said, “Don't you
ever risk a thing like that again.”

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Over the Old Chisholm Trail

By W. J. Morris of Austin, in San Antonio Express, Dec. 21, 1924.

On April 6, 1882, myself and a young man by the name of James Holden, a boyhood friend of mine, joined a cow outfit near Buda, Hays county, Texas, about 15 miles south of Austin. Ike T. Pryor had contracted 6,000 head of stock cattle to be delivered to parties at Ogalalla, Nebraska. The cattle were cut into two herds and driven overland the entire distance, the country being open, with abundance of fine grass. One herd was under the supervision of Ocie Cato; the other driven by James Kingsbury. Holden and myself were with Cato's outfit. By way of explanation will say that all bunches of cattlemen were called an outfit. Our outfit consisted of 15 men all told, whose duties were as follows:

First the boss, who had charge of the outfit; 12 men to handle the cattle, one man to look after the remuda (Spanish for horse herd), or horses, and one cook. We had a large wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen which was for the accommodation of our provisions, cooking utensils, bedding, etc., and driven by the cook. We received a monthly salary of \$45 and board, each man furnishing his saddle, bedding, etc. To each of us was allotted seven horses as our mounts. These horses were ridden very hard and as they were fed no grain, only getting grass, one would think they could not have stood the work, but as we only rode each horse every sixth day, they were always in good condition. Each man picked the best horse he had to be used for a "night horse," for the rider's life often depends on the sure-footedness of his horse. Before retiring at night to our pallet on the ground we saddled our night horses, tying them close by ready to mount at a minute's notice.

The remuda which consisted of about 100 horses, was driven in day time a short distance in front of the cattle and never allowed to become mixed with the cattle.

After we had gotten out of the thickly settled counties, the horses were driven some distance from the cattle and turned loose for the night. The man who looked after the remuda and known as horse wrangler, held an important posi-

tion, and was usually filled by one who was familiar with the habits of horses.

Taking a northwesterly course, we soon left behind the thickly settled counties and found ourselves in the Panhandle of Texas, a most beautiful country, with its level prairies, covered with fine grass, the cattle gaining flesh each day. We were now on the old Chisholm cow trail, passing through Throckmorton, Baylor and Wilbarger Counties. Crossing Red River at Doan's Store, we passed over into the Indian Territory, and here the trail ran up the valley of the north fork of the Red River, passing through a gap in the Washita Mountains. We could see these mountains for several days before reaching them as they rose to considerable height and resembled hay stacks on a level lot, the earth being level right up to their base. Shortly after entering into the Indian Territory, Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanche Indians, came to our camp with a couple of his men. They were dressed in U. S. regular clothes, but all had their hair plaited in two braids hanging down their backs.

Quanah Parker, although a half breed white man, had all the earmarks of a full blood Indian and looked to be about 40 years old. He was tall, broad-shouldered and as straight as an arrow. His people gave us trouble, and after passing through that part of the country occupied by the Comanches we came to that part of the Indian Territory occupied by the Kiowas, of which Lone Wolf was chief. Lone Wolf was a stout pot-bellied Indian, and he was all the the name implied for he was as mean as a wolf. He ate dinner with us, and after eating his fill demanded a beef. I shall never forget his words, addressing Cato he said: "Injun wants Woha," "Woha," in Indian, meaning beef. Cato told him nix. He got on his horse and left the camp. In about 30 minutes some 50 of his warriors on horseback came running and yelling into our camp and they demanded in strong terms a beef. Cato saw what he was up against with only 15 poorly-armed men, and he gave them a beef. Cato knew if he incurred their enmity they would return at night and

stampede our cattle, which would enable them under cover of darkness to get several hundred head. The Indians all knew Cato as he had passed through their country each spring for several years, all addressing him as "How Keto."

About sunset the cattle are hedged on a smooth even piece of ground, by rounding them up into a compact bunch; they soon lie down to rest and if nothing disturbs them will lie quietly until about midnight when all get up, and after a short time lie down on the other side. The men at night are divided into four watches of two men, who ride around the sleeping cattle, each going in an opposite direction, passing each other every few minutes, and are required to sing or whistle as the cattle soon learn to know the men are about them and not as easily frightened or stampeded.

Cattle seldom stampede in clear weather, but great care must be exercised in rainy weather, and if the men on guard see a storm or rain coming up, go at once and wake the boss who arouses all the men. Soon all the men are riding around the cattle singing and trying to keep them from getting frightened. When the rain and thunder begins the cattle all get to their feet and become restless. The men now realize they may stampede at any minute. As the storm rages the men ride faster and sing louder around the cattle. When the cattle stampede all run at the same instant, in the same direction, breaking legs and horns of many in their mad rush. The men must be careful not to get mixed with the cattle while they are running as they would trample both horse and rider to death. During a stampede the rider must trust to his horse for he can see objects in the dark much better than his rider.

The trail, as it was commonly called, was composed of many small paths, running parallel to each other, making a road or trail a couple of hundred yards in width. Thousands of cattle passing over the trail each day killed all vegetation, keeping the ground worked up into a fine dust and looking at a herd being driven at a distance one could only see a great cloud of dust rising to the heavens.

About sunrise the cattle are allowed to begin to feed, grazing along near the trail, always headed in the direction in

which they are to go. They are allowed to feed about two hours and then are turned into the trail. They get so accustomed to what is expected of them they seldom leave the roadway, but keep walking to about noon when they are again allowed to feed. While the herd is being driven the men ride along near the cattle, the men being some distance apart hallowing and urging them along, with two men in the rear punching up the drags.

Strange to say, the cattle that were in the lead when we started were the lead cattle the entire trip, they being composed of large steers and cows much stronger than the balance of the herd.

The cook is the first one in camp to arise in the morning; he is up before daylight, and as the first streaks of dawn appear he wakes the men who are scattered about the camp rolled up in their blankets on the ground. When the men are up and ready for breakfast the cook announces in a loud voice "grub pile," meaning breakfast is ready. Then all gather around each man getting his tin plate, knife fork, and tin cup, seat themselves on the ground in a circle, the cook passing by serves each with food and coffee. No one is allowed in any way to molest the cook's pots and pans but if he wishes more must ask for it. Cowmen are good providers for their men and the men are well fed. The outdoor living gives all a fine appetite and all are happy and contented with but little discord.

Cattle in large herds are driven about 12 miles per day.

In passing through the Indian Territory I am sure we did not see a house for 200 miles. All this country is now in nice farms, as we passed through about where now stands the flourishing little city of Hobart.

Passing out of the Indian Territory we entered into the Kansas, traveling through a fine prairie country covered with abundance of fine grass. Upon our arrival at Wolf Creek we camped for several days; here the grass was exceptionally fine. From Wolf Creek we journeyed on to Dodge City, at that time the meeting place for many cowmen. Here Mr. Pryor came to our camp, this being the first time we had seen him since leaving Austin. After leaving Dodge City we passed on through Kan-

sas and into Nebraska. We swam many swollen streams from excessive rains, which is a dangerous undertaking, but you cannot afford to wait, so must cross them as you find them. Cattle do not like to enter a swollen stream. We would force a few into the water and head them for the opposite bank, the rest would then follow. In swimming these swollen rivers we would remain in wet clothing until the sun and warmth of our bodies would dry them. I have seen men stay in their saddles for three days and nights when raining, with only time to eat, and strange to say we never had a man seriously sick with the exception of my friend, Holden, mentioned in the outset, who became sick just after starting, returning to his mother's home near Peacan Spring where he died of measles.

In the summer we arrived at Ogallala, Nebraska, where we turned our cattle over to the parties to whom they were contracted. We stayed in Ogallala for several days, bought new clothing, had our hair cut and could hardly recognize each other for we had been for five months on the road with but little attention to our personal appearance.

Mr. Cato soon afterward moved with his family to Miles City, Montana, where he remained in the cattle business, and in later years he was elected by his people as State senator, a position he filled with credit to himself and his people. About five years ago Mr. Cato returned to his old home at Austin, where he died. And I wish to state that no more honorable man ever rode the prairies of Texas than he, being kind and considerate of all with whom he came in contact.

Of the 15 men in our outfit I know of but one now living besides myself, that being Charles Kluge of Austin, Texas.

I have never talked with any old trail man that when the grass rises in the spring he does not again wish to hit the trail, but, alas the grass is gone and cattle must now be shipped by rail if delivered to far-away markets.

Capt. J. B. Gillet's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for \$3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Happy New Year, Despite—

The following New Year's greeting was sent to his friends last year by President Griffith of the State Bank of Terrell, Texas.

Thirty years ago we remember when eggs were 5 cents a dozen; butter was 10 cents a pound; milk was 10 cents a gallon; the butcher gave away liver and treated the kids with bologna; the hired girl received \$2 a week and did the washing. When women did not powder and paint (in public), smoke, vote, play poker or shake the shimie.

Men wore whiskers and boots, chewed tobacco, spit on the side walks and cussed. Beer was 5 cents a glass and the lunch free. Laborers worked ten hours a day and never went on strike. No tips were given the waiters, and the hat check grafter was unknown. A kerosene hanging lamp and a stereoscope in the parlor were luxuries.

No one was ever operated on for appendicitis or bought glands. Microbes were unheard of; folks lived to a good old age, and every year walked miles to wish their friends a Merry Christmas.

Today, you know, everybody rides in automobiles or flies, plays golf, shoots craps, plays the piano with their feet, goes to the movies nightly, smokes cigarettes, drinks corn juice, blames the high cost of living on their neighbors, never go to bed the same day they get up, and think they are having a hell of a time.

These are the days of suffragettes profiteering, rent hogs, excess taxes and prohibition. If you think life is worth living, I wish you a Happy New Year.

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Raid by Mexicans in 1875

Corpus Christi Caller, Dec. 22, 1912.

There are some of the old-timers in Corpus Christi that hate to talk of the early days. There's a reason. There are men and women in that city who have suffered, for themselves and their children, untold atrocities at the hands of the early Mexican raiders, marauders, robbers and murderers that infested every section of the once disputed territory, and before the days when Uncle Sam was in position to extend his protectorate over this section some awful deeds are recorded.

Long after the Civil War cloud had passed over the head of the nation the territory lying between Victoria and Brownsville was open to loot. True there was a law, and the enforcement of the law was rigid, the penalties severe—when the offender was caught. Oftimes there was not much of a trial. Guilt was generally brazen. Men, either good men and true, or criminals, were hard. Criminals from choice—good men from necessity. Men scorned to skulk behind technicality. They were "guilty or not guilty."

Men knew that penalties were severe. There were no lingering methods. For that reason, if a man chose the wayward path he usually made things lively in his section of the "woods" for the time being, realizing that when caught there would be the "short shift at the long end of the rope."

Several Mexican raids have been recorded. They were of greater or less importance according to the locality in which they were staged. In the year 1875 one raid is of peculiar significance, and before it was finished practically fifty people had been taken prisoners by the Mexicans, but only two or three killed. The rest were turned loose after hours of mental anguish.

There is one instance recorded of an old lady who is alive to this day, being caught by a gang of Mexicans and Indians, stripped her of her clothing, and initiated in the mysteries of the Indian tribe. On account of some jealousies that sprang up between the Indians and Mexicans, the sacred rites were annulled, also the ceremony of adoption, and she was returned to her people, still minus

her clothing. Aside from the rather embarrassing undress procedure she suffered no other indignities.

But the story which follows, told by Thomas Noakes, is still fresh in the memory of many people still living in this section. It is a remarkably well preserved story, this being due to the fact that M. Noakes wrote an account of it in his diary directly after it happened. It has been published in part, before. It follows:

"I and my boys had worked very hard up to the day before completing fences making a small field to cultivate, and a pasture which I intended to plant to Bermuda grass. This, together with the bridge over the gully west of my place, and the wharf and warehouse on the river, finished the plans that I had made ten years ago, with the additional satisfaction of knowing that everything was paid for. And we had pinched ourselves up to this time in our domestic affairs, to enable us to carry out our plans, I now concluded that for the future we could afford to live and eat generally in a more liberal manner than had been our wont and hope to get some little enjoyment out of life. Such enjoyment, however was never to be ours, as by sundown the same evening everything in and about the house, store and warehouse, everything we valued in this world except our lives, was wiped out, gone, and as the day had been warm we were but half clad, and the children without shoes, and no home to shelter us or food to eat.

"After finishing my letters, I made up the mail in readiness for the carrier who was about due, when a man named Smith came to the store for some flour and while in the act of handing him a parcel over the counter, I saw three Mexicans ride up and fasten their horses to the rack in front of the store and excitedly approach the door, heavily armed. I said nothing to Smith of the circumstances, but walked hastily to the sitting room at the back of the store to get my Winchester rifle, thinking things looked shaky. I had no sooner gotten my rifle in my hand when Smith came rushing into the room closely followed

by a savage looking Mexican who had his gun in an attitude to shoot Smith, but immediately on seeing me brought it around on me, but before he could shoot my bullet had perforated his chest and knocked all the fight out of him. In the meantime Smith had escaped out of a door opposite the one by which he had entered the room, and my wife passing in as he went out, was with me in the room. Seeing the wounded Mexican could shoot no more, I made ready for the next to follow him. Having seen but three Mexicans I felt no apprehension as to my being able to cope with that number and expected that when they heard the firing they would come to the assistance of their comrade, but none coming, I stepped to the door leading into the store to see where they were and taking aim at the fellow nearest me when my attention was attracted by a great number of Mexicans outside the front of the store. There appeared to me to be at least a hundred.

"Realizing at once that I was overpowered (for one man cannot with much hope of success, fight a hundred) I did not fire, but turned expecting to see my wife in the room, but she was nowhere to be found, and the doors and windows looking from three sides of the room where I was all being open, and the Mexicans taking up positions so as to surround us, I was compelled to avail myself of a trap-door through the floor, by which I passed into trench enabling me to pass from one part of the house to another, and thus get into any room I wanted to without being exposed to sight. I found Smith, who, crawling under the house at the back, had found the trench. He was very excited and I advised him to stay where he was and keep quiet and I would go to the front of the house and see if there was any chance to fight them off when, if I saw he could do any good with it, I would furnish him with a pistol. Excited as he was he was best without one.

"On reaching the trench from which I could see the crowd out in front of the store, I noticed several Americans held as prisoners. Among them was a person named Lane, another Dunn, and one Nelson, and I came to the conclusion that the Mexicans meant to take all the prisoners they could from among the Americans, and, as soon as they were

through robbing, have the enjoyment of a general massacre, a la Peniseal, I determined at once that I would not be taken alive, so passed back to a place where I could command the store with my rifle, but to my consternation I found my wife in the store, surrounded by the raiders, and two of them placed in such a way, with cocked pistols, that any shot that should be fired from any unseen party, would be retaliated on her by one of the fiends. Consequently, to resume firing was only to insure her being shot, and I had to remain inactive while my wife was trying to persuade them not to carry out the threat of taking me to the burning house. Several times after they had lighted a fire in the store my wife put it out, the first time by throwing a pitcher of water on it.

"I now noticed that Smith had left the trench and hearing shots from the direction in which he must have gone, knew that he was shot down by the guards placed to keep us from leaving the house. I could now hear the roar of fire over my head, and to remain longer was certain death and my only chance lay in shooting down the Mexican who guarded the back of the house and escape in the smoke. When I reached the end of the trench from which to put my design into operation, my wife called to me that the Mexicans were not there and now was my only chance to leave alive, she helped me through a hole through the fence by which to escape. When I left her she was getting a feather bed out of the house and in spite of the impending danger I could not but feel amused at such a notion as getting out a bed while thousands of other articles, in my estimation, would have had the preference.

"I expected every minute to be fired upon and in such a ease had made up my mind to lie flat and return the fire, but I was allowed to turn the corner of the fence without molestation and by keeping along the other angle of the fence I reached a point where to go farther I had to pass open ground where I should be seen. I concluded to remain and see it out. I passed by Smith soon after leaving the house. He was lying on his face and covered with blood and I thought dead. The Mexicans not seeing me leave boasted they had burned me with the house, as was their intention.

"When I reconnoitered from my trench the crowd in front of my store, I noticed the mail rider among the prisoners. They took him as he came up to deliver his mail and he was not allowed to perform his duty, but he and both of his horses were carried off by them, together with the mail bags.

"From the numerous murders and deeds that had been reported within the last two years, I deemed it necessary to be well prepared for such an emergency whenever my time came, I always having had a presentiment it would come, I had used all my spare time in making preparations for the event and gone to great expense. In planning the trench I had shaped it so that a person in it was perfectly safe from shots from the outside, and I reached it from the outside, and I reached it from three trap doors, one in the front of my bed, one by my desk in the store, and another from a room beside the store, and it led to a way of escape at the back of the house, which saved my life. A trench also led to the cellar to the front of the new stoop.

"At the trap door in the side room I could reach the top of the house by means of a hidden ladder and in the top of the house I kept a needle gun with five hundred rounds of ammunition, and I had to the best of my recollection, sixteen improved pistols and fifty boxes of cartridges about the house, I considered myself alone capable of fighting off twelve or fifteen men and had determined never to surrender it to a force no larger.

"My wife tells me that when she left the house, as she ran down the hill towards the river, the two Mexicans who had shot Smith rode after her and were preparing to shoot at her, but she begged them to spare her for the sake of her baby, and they let her go.

"Early in the attack my wife had given the baby to my little daughter and her brother, both together being hardly able to carry the smallest, telling them to carry him away as quickly as they could, and the three had about reached very nearly the point where the Mexicans shot Smith and were witnesses of the deed and from what they saw became so horrified that they fell to the ground incapable of moving. In the meantime the two elder boys, who had

been on the river and knew nothing of what was going on, suspected something was wrong at the house, having seen the Mexicans shoot down Smith, caught sight of the little ones and seeing them fall came to their rescue. And all agreed that while crossing the flats the five were fired at by the Mexicans, and one of the shots intended for Smith nearly hit Grace, the little girl. The children reached the river and crossed in the skiff, where my wife joined them some time later.

"As soon as darkness set in the Mexicans turned loose all of their prisoners except the mail-rider and two or three others, among whom was W. A. Ball, our justice of the peace, whom I afterwards learned they took with them some distance before they allowed him to escape. As soon as the Mexicans were gone I went to Smith, whom I found alive, but with so many bullet holes in him that death seemed inevitable. I now met my wife who told me that the children were all safe, which made me feel very grateful. Smith was lying about one hundred yards from the house and praying for water. I went to the place where the house had stood with the idea of getting water, but of course everything was gone or red hot, and I could not find anything that would even hold water. While I was hunting for something in which to carry water, two men, strangers, rode up to the fire on the other side and one of them requested me to approach the fence, and as soon as I was close to him he demanded my rifles at the same time covering me with his six-shooter and threatening to kill me unless I complied with his demands.

"Not dreaming of such conduct from a white man I was totally unprepared and he could have shot me before I refused his request, saying that I needed the rifle for my own and family's protection. However, as he insisted that he could do more good with it than I could, as he was going in pursuit of the Mexicans I gave the rifle to him on his promise that he would return it, but, poor fellow, in less than an hour he was dead, and only through luck I recovered the rifle, which was picked up near his body by F. Sims. The person who took the rifle was named Swanks, I was told and was at the front during the pursuit of the Mexicans and was report-

ed at the time to have been killed by them. He was a brave man and it was a pity there was no more like him.

"I now returned to Smith, who would not let me leave him although I had no hat or clothes to keep me warm. After a while Nesties brought a cart and took him away.

"Then we hunted up the little ones, who were by this time huddled together under a fence near the ruins, crying and half-witted from fright. Marie had luckily pulled the running gear of the light wagon out of reach of the flames and we now took the hind wheels and mustered up all of our possessions, which consisted of a bed, a blanket and a quilt, which Marie had carried out while the house was burning. With these and the sewing machine and the five little ones we started down the hill

to the warehouse I had recently built on the river, and in the darkness took possession of the only home we ever owned. Three days before the warehouse had been full of flour, meal, coffee, sugar and groceries and I had worked hard to get it all up to the store just in time to get it burned. Now we had not so much as a bite of bread.

"While the house was burning I had to stand and watch from my retreat by the fence the huge tongues of flames shoot heavenward, knowing they were licking up the fruits of ten years' toil and everything, except ourselves, that I valued in the world, yet I never experienced so maddening a feeling as that which came over me when I first realized the fact that my children were crying for the want of a roof to cover them because of those blood thirsty fiends."

The Bickel Family Murdered

(Contributed by Alex Brinkmann, of Comfort Texas.)

Boerne, Texas, Aug. 30, 1868.—Last night a most fiendish and brutal murder was committed within four miles of our usually quiet town. Mr. Bickel, Miss Bickel, Mr. Spangenberg and a three-year old child were brutally murdered and mutilated. Each victim had the throat cut. A small boy of twelve years escaped to the home of his neighbor, Mr. Zoeller. The boy says that Mexicans committed the crime, but he also thinks that two of the six fiends might be white men. The manner in which this foul murder was perpetrated is as follows:

Mr. Bickel, an honest old farmer and the head of a family, was called from his house by one of these hell-hounds. As he stepped out of the door on to his porch, he was felled with a stick of wood. Thereupon, Mr. Spangenberg rushed out to the assistance of his friend and neighbor, only to be knocked down and foully murdered. Mr. Bickel's daughter, a young woman, tried to evade the devilish assassins, but was overtaken and killed. Lastly, the innocent little tot of three years met the fate of the others. The fifth and last of this household, a boy of twelve, saved his life by jumping through a window and running to the house of his neighbor, Mr. Zoeller. After investigation, it de-

velopes that no white men participated in the butchery. Circumstantial evidence indicates that the assassins were a gang of Mexican horse thieves, who are making our border unsafe. Having murdered the family, they stole fifty-five dollars in currency from a table drawer. It was all the money Bickel had on hand.

(Later report)—From Boerne comes the news that the murderers of the Bickel family have been captured.

Subsequent information is that six Mexicans were found hanging to a tree on the Cibolo. They were not the murderers of the Bickel family, but were connected with the band of thieves and cut throats that is harrasing the upper country. They have been staying around Boerne without any visible means of support, and never working. So, the supposition was that they were the prime factors in the daily occurrence of horse stealing. The supposition of their guilt became a reality in the minds of the people when the loafing vagabonds were caught making arrowheads. These had been used by them occasionally to kill cattle, with the object of giving the impression that Indians had been around.—"Freie Presse fuer Texas," Sept. 5, 1868.

FRONTIER TIMES

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J. MARVIN HUNTER, PUBLISHER

Subscription, \$1.50 Per Year

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Paul Morgan, of Wichita Falls, sends us an interesting sketch given by Henry Bruemmer, a pioneer settler of Blanco county, which appears in this issue of Frontier Times.

Captain A. M. Gildea, former ranger and Indian fighter, writes us that he is now sojourning at Pearee, Arizona, where he wants to receive Frontier Times. Captain Gildea has hundreds of friends all over West Texas.

Our good friend, Major W. M. Green of Meridian, Texas, sends us a very interesting little pamphlet detailing the the experiences of Ole T. Nystel, who was at one time a captive of the Comanche Indians. Mr. Nystel is still living in Bosque county. We will publish a portion of his interesting narrative in the May number of Frontier Times.

With the close of the second volume of Frontier Times in September we expect to make several changes in the appearance of this little magazine. We will bring it out in different form, larger pages and on high grade book paper. Our subscription list is growing fast, and nearly all of the old subscribers are renewing as fast as their subscriptions expire. We want to reach ten thousand by the close of our third year. You can help us reach the goal by urging your friends to subscribe.

Leonard Passmore, of Voea, Texas, sends us six new subscribers to Frontier Times. Mr. Passmore is a writer of frontier history, and sends us an interesting sketch detailing a fight with a Mexican lynx.

Our friend, Capt. John O. Allen, of Cooksville, Texas, sends in an interesting sketch of his frontier experience, which is published in this number of Frontier Times. Captain Allen is Chaplain of the Texas Ex-Rangers' Association.

The editor of Frontier Times is receiving many complimentary letters and words of encouragement from old frontiersmen and early settlers of Texas. We greatly appreciate the kind words offered. We want each old timer to feel that Frontier Times is his or her own magazine, and write freely. Sometimes we may be delayed in answering your letter, because of trying to handle the mechanical work of the magazine, but we will get around to you bye and bye. Send in your sketches, giving your experience on the frontier.

We are in receipt of Dot Babb's interesting book, "In the Bosom of the Comanches," which tells of Mr. Babb's captivity and experience among the Indians. It is full of thrills, and we are pleased to place it in our library. Mr. Babb, who now lives at Amarillo, has given us permission to use a portion of this book in Frontier Times, and we shall do so in a future issue.

Our Clubbing Offers

Frontier Times is in position to make the following clubbing offers:

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," regular price of the two \$4.00. Our price \$3.00, postpaid.

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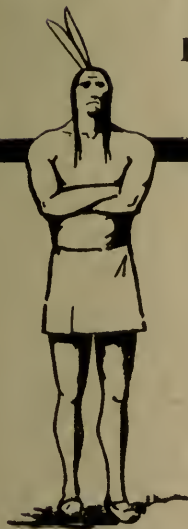
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FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy,
Pioneer Achievement



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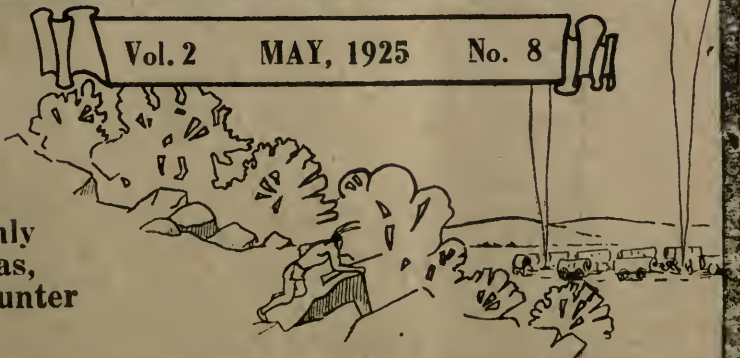
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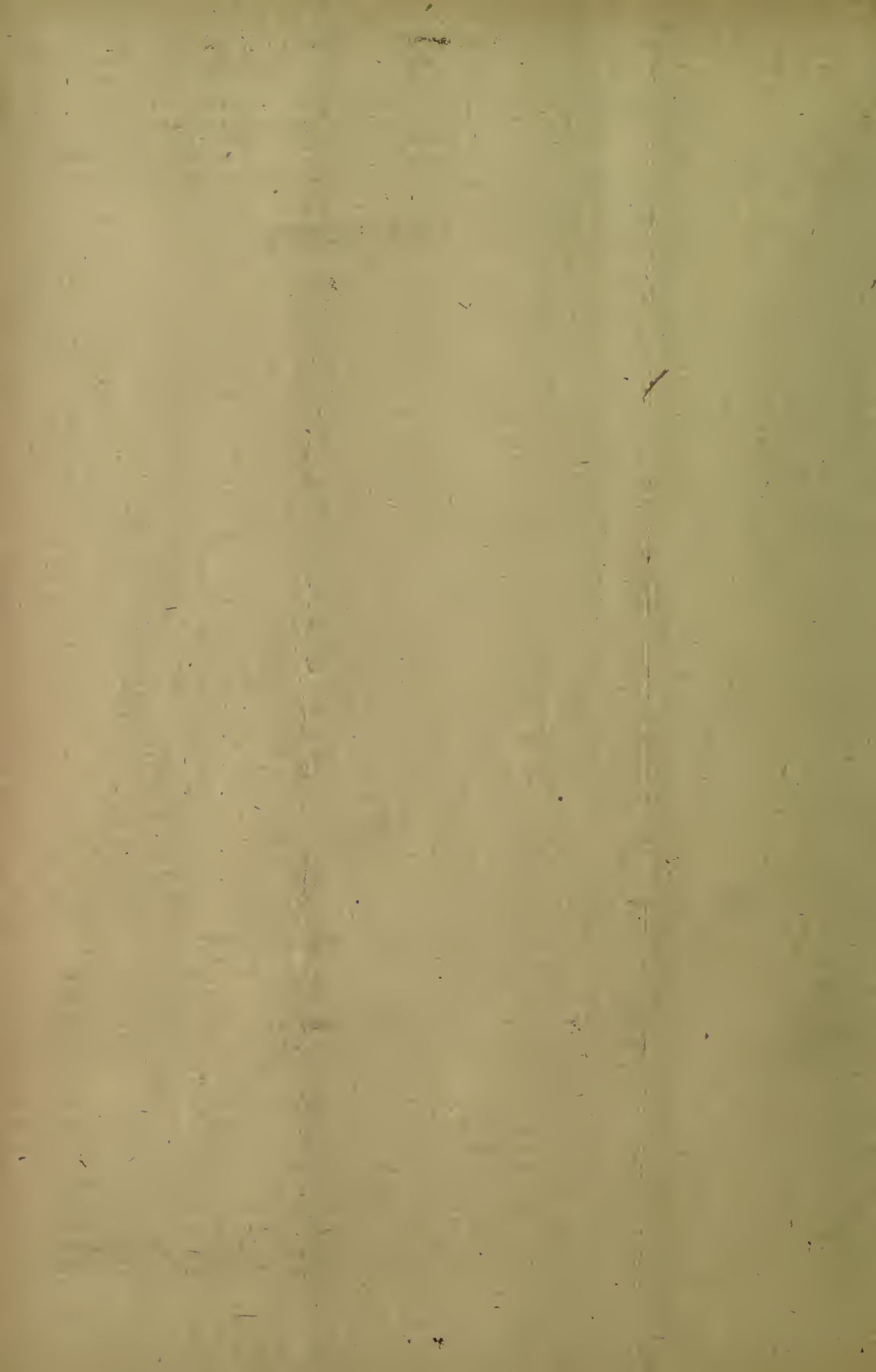
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

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Childhood Memories

Mrs. L. A. Scott, McKinney, Texas.

In the year 1832 my maternal grandfather, R. R. Royall, came to Texas by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Gulf of Mexico and Matagorda Bay, where he landed in a terrible storm. One boat, all household goods, and farming implements were lost. All livestock and passengers were saved. Eleven families had come by boat from near Tuseumbia, Alabama, to settle in Austin colony.

Stephen F. Austin had been a guest in my grandfather's home three months before they embarked for this new country. R. R. Royall at once became identified with the political interests of Texas then a province of Mexico, and was elected president of all the councils of safety which convened at Wharton, Matagorda, Columbia and other towns of that precinct. He was a merchant of Matagorda and owned a large plantation nearby, known as "Old Caney." He was a member of the first Legislature of Texas and loaned the state large sums of money to establish her government and was repaid in lands at so nominal a price that at his death he owned land in thirty-two counties.

Many, many experiences related at this period of Texas history comprises a chapter in my childhood memories. One is known in history as "The Run-away Scrape." When citizens of Matagorda county had to flee to the Sabine River from marauding Mexicans, my grandfather placed his older children in a carriage with a trusted driver and rode horseback, carrying his motherless infant on a pillow.

When Bollivar Point was garrisoned as protection to Galveston from Indian and Mexican marauders, Captain James Long was in command, with several other officers who had their families with them. After making several observation trips around the Fort, Captain Long concluded he would go into the

interior. Taking his party and leaving his wife, baby and little negro girl servant in care of friends, he requested those left behind to remain until his return. After weeks of waiting the officers at the fort knew that the worst had happened. Mrs. Long, like the boy on the burning deck, refused to go, having all faith in her husband's return. When the fort was abandoned, provisions were left for Mrs. Long, the baby, and the negro girl. Alone, with these helpless ones she raised a red flannel petticoat as a warning to Indians whom she could see at a distance. Peace reigned at the fort. The heroism of this woman was truly Spartan. While in this lonely condition a second child was born. When finally convinced of her husband's death she returned with friends to Richmond, Texas. Later she made the trip to Mexico City, nearly all the way on horseback, to learn the fate of her husband. He and his party had been captured by Mexicans, taken to Mexico City and executed. The story of Mrs. Long's heroism so impressed me that when I sat on her knees, I remember how I gazed into her face to see how she differed from other mortals. The child born in that lonely fort married a cousin of mine.

I shall never forget another experience while on this visit to Richmond, Texas. Over the home of my dear old aunt, Mrs. Newell, where my mother, sister and I were visiting, had recently fallen the pall of death. In the agony of her new grief, this dear soul would go to the room, where her oldest daughter had passed away, and spend an hour every morning. Another daughter, living in the home, a large colonial building, employed a negro nurse girl about fourteen years of age. There was quite a group of children among the relations who were completely controlled by this

nurse girl. One morning she assembled us at one end of the hall up stairs and delivered the following admonition: "Ebber morning when missus goes to dat room of Miss E's, she comes walking on dat flo', all dressed in long white trailin' dress and veil. Now if you chilluns don't run your best ebber time you pass dat do dat ghost gwine to ketch you." To this day I can feel the almost cessation of heartbeat I experienced as I would literally fly past that door.

It was such experiences as Capt. Long's that lead to Texas' rebellion against Mexico's Congress that resulted in the Republic of Texas. I have in my possession a picture of the house of two rooms where the first legislature of Texas convened at Washington. Neither room being large enough for both bodies, Houston assembled them under a large oak tree, in the yard. A painting of this tree was presented to me about fifteen years ago by a daughter of the Republic of Texas.

One of Matagorda's social customs was the act of a musical organization that I think was most unique. Whether they were influenced by Spanish customs of "singing at my lady's window," or whether the troubadour spirit of the wild got into their blood, I know not, but every week this company would take a piano and other musical instruments in a wagon and serenade the town. Think of hauling a piano around for a glee club! From nursery stories I can hear the crooning of negro songs and the dialect of negro dialogue as they went about their duties on "Old Caney" plantation. Seamstresses took their places in "the house" and corn-field negroes were called in to talk with the master, just to see them fall on the waxed floors.

There being no schools for advanced pupils, the elder children were sent back to the Old States for college training. The carriage, with driver and maid on top, and governess and children inside, made this journey of weeks. On the return trip I suppose the governess would find someone traveling this way and would give them a lift for company. The trip would be repeated at the end of the school term.

Access by means of waterways to South Texas made it easier for early settlers to enter this part of the state,

than by means of wagons in the northern portions. Therefore, much more wealth was accumulated in South than North Texas at the colonizing period.

It was in the year 1849 that my grandfather, Jonathan Allen, moved to Collin county. He and my father hewed the boundary line of his estate while Indians were roaming through the woods. On one occasion they secreted themselves behind large trees as the red skins passed. My father, M. W. Allen, was elected to the state senate in 1853, and served until 1857. It was in Austin that he met and married Miss Virginia Royall. What is known as the Texas land bill was his work, and proved a blessing to the newcomers against land sharks who were forging bogus titles. M. W. Allen was also chairman of the committee that was sent to New York to interest northern capitalists in extending the first railroad of Texas from Houston to Harrisburg. He was appointed by the Texas legislature to survey the boundary lines of Fannin, Grayson and Collin counties from the Fannin district.

When Oklahoma made her new map Royall Jonathan Allen, son of M. W. Allen, was chairman of the boundary line committee.

During the Civil War my father, Col. M. W. Allen was stationed near Denton Texas, with troops to guard the frontier against Indian depredations. He left his family only a few miles distant in care of faithful negroes. One night two masked men rode up to the gate and called; there was no one to answer but the negroes. The oldest negro man said to my mother, "Now, Missus, just give me the guns, and I'll answer," so he and his wife slipped out in the dark and began firing. Before the smoke could clear away they moved and fired again, their object being to impress the men with their superior forces, which apparently they did.

One of the mysteries of my childhood were the Ku Klux riders who appeared suddenly among our negroes just after the Civil War. Distinctly I remember one moonlight night when the negroes were thrown into a state of great consternation by the Ku Klux who rode white horses and asked at the gate of a neighbor for a bucket of water. Evidently one man was prepared with a rubber pouch, as he drank the entire

amount of water, declaring it to be the first he had drunk since the battle of Manassas.

It was the custom in our family to assemble at our Grandfather Allen's home for an occasional evening's visit. The children were allowed to go to old Frank's cabin to hear his stories. Our hero was part Indian and revelled in wild tales. One evening after he had tired of his audience he stretched his immense mouth to its entire capacity and said, "I have swallowed some chilluns." One of the curious cousins asked how he accomplished this feat, to which Frank replied "I grease my mouth till it stretches big enuff." It is needless to say that we were soon trooping to the house. Fifty years later I ministered to Frank's wants in his old age, and sent flowers to his funeral.

My grandfather, Jonathan Allen, bought two medical books immediately after coming to Texas, and began practicing among his negroes. So successful was he that his services were solicited far and near. Though never having read law, he was chosen the first judge of Collin county, and presided when the county seat was three miles west of McKinney. By way of diversion I will give a glimpse into social life at the time my father entered the State. Most of the houses had puncheon floors and when a dance was given the call to commence would be "Partners to your puncheon," then "hands in your pockets and backs to the wall, take a chaw ter-backer and balance all." And other calls in the same vernacular.

But North Texas is a glorious country today and can well afford a little fun over her past history.

After the return from our stay in Denton county during the war, the family again took up the old regime of a new country's life. There was no church nearer than five miles away. No picture is more beautifully painted on memory's walls than the drives Sunday mornings to this little church that stood on the knoll just out of a woodland. As we passed under leafy bowers of long lanes of hedges, where nature's songsters trilled their glad hallelujahs, on those bright Sabbath mornings, our hearts were gladdened and thrilled with ecstasy and love for our Maker. On the church grounds neighbors greeted

each other in friendly manner that bespoke the simple life, a life that leads to individual responsibility to God

Santa Anna's Leg.

Springfield, Illinois, hears that Texas is coming after Santa Anna's leg. The leg is now in the Illinois State Museum, and as Springfield hears it, Texas wants it. The leg, of course, is of cork. This remarkable relic came into the keeping of Illinois, it is explained, through capture by three members of the Fourth Regular Illinois Volunteers who engaged in the battle of Cerro Gordo in 1847 and took the leg before general Santa Anna had time to put it on. The general was in somewhat of a hurry at the time and made off without the artificial limb.

The Springfield account tells of a visit by a Mrs. F. Brown of Concord, Ill., to the museum with her sons. "I wanted my boys to see this wooden leg," she told a newspaper man, "for it was their great uncle who helped capture it. The young boy there is named Waldron after Private Waldron." Uncle Abe Waldron it seems, served in the Mexican War and came home with the leg. "My mother," says Mrs. Brown, "was Mrs. Angeline Waldron, and often told me how Uncle Abe came marching home from the Mexican War with the Mexican General's wooden leg."

The Springfield dispatch says that Texas wants the leg because of the connection it has with the winning of Texas independence. Santa Anna, according to the Illinois account, lost his natural leg at San Jacinto. If that be true, it is a remarkable circumstance that he should have lost another at Vera Cruz. And if he lost one at San Jacinto he must have concealed it artfully, for when he was captured after the battle he was afoot and headed elsewhere. But then, to be sure, a leg more or less never halted Santa Anna when he felt that he had business of urgent character at some considerable distance from the scene of action, as he proved at Cerro Gordo with distinctly greater success than he did at San Jacinto.—Dallas News.

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.

The Eldridge Expedition in 1843

While Gen. Sam Houston was serving his second term as President of the Republic of Texas, and the seat of government was temporarily at the town of Washington on the Brazos, it occurred to him that by marking out a dividing line between territory to be occupied by the Indians and that in which white people might make their homes, and establishing along that line trading posts, he might control the wild men to a great extent and save the lives of many people. Joseph C. Eldridge, a gentleman of education, large experience and undoubted courage, was then Commissioner of Indian affairs for the Republic. President Houston, after frequent interviews with them, gave three Delaware Indians, Jim Shaw, John Conner and Jim Second-Eye, reason to believe they would be appointed commissioners to negotiate with the wild tribes such a treaty as was desired, but, on second thought, decided to appoint Commissioner Eldridge for that onerous and hazardous mission—he to be accompanied by two or three white men and by the Delawares named and a few Indians of other tribes. Unfortunately, though he neglected to disabuse the minds of the Delawares of the impression they had gained that they were to be the commissioners, and thus failure caused trouble.

John Henry Brown gives an account of that expedition in his history of Texas, and as it is very interesting we offer it to our readers. He writes:

Captain Eldridge eagerly applied to his young and bosom friend, Hamilton P. Bee, to accompany him. They had crossed the gulf together on their first arrival in Texas in 1837—Bee accompanying his mother from South Carolina to join his father, Col. Barnard E. Bee, already in the service of Texas, and Eldridge coming from his native State, Connecticut.

"The preparations being completed, the party left Washington late in March, 1843, and consisted of Joseph C. Eldridge, commissioner, Thomas Torrey, Indian agent; the three Delawares as guides and interpreters; several other Delawares, and hunters, helpers and traders; Acoquash, the Waco head chief, who was one of those who had been to see the President, and Hamilton P. Bee. There may have

been a few other Indians. They had a small caravan of pack mules to transport their provisions and presents for the Indians. They also had with them, for delivery to their own people, two Comanche children about 12 years old, one a girl named Maria and the other a boy who had taken the name of William Hoekley, being two of the captives of the Council House fight in San Antonio on March 19, 1840. They also had two young Waco women, previously taken as prisoners, but these were placed in charge of Acoquash.

"They passed up the valley of the Brazos, passing Fort Milam, near the present town of Marlin, around which was the outside habitations of the white settlers. Further up on Tehuacano Creek, six or seven miles southeast of the present city of Waco, they reached the newly established trading house of the Torrey brothers, afterwards well known for a resort for Indians and traders. Here they found a large party of Delawares

The Delawares accompanying Eldridge also had mules freighted with goods for traffic with the wild tribes, and, among other commodities, a goodly supply of that scourage of our race, whiskey, doubtless intended for the Delawares found here, as expected by those with Eldridge, for at that time the wild tribes did not drink it.

"On the arrival of the commissioners all became bustle and activity. The liquor was soon tapped and a merry time inaugurated, but soon after dark every Indian surrendered his knife and firearms to the chiefs, by whom they were secreted. Then loose rein was given the unarmed warriors, and throughout the night pandemonium prevailed, accompanied by screams, hideous yells, fisticuffs, scratching, biting and all manner of unarmed combat, causing wakefulness and some degree of apprehension among the white men. But no one was killed or seriously injured, and in due time sheer exhaustion was followed by quiet slumber, the red men showing the same maudlin beastliness when crazed by mean whiskey as, alas, characterized his white brother in like condition. It required two days to

recover from the frolic, and then Eldridge resumed his march into the wilds beyond. His instructions were to visit as many of the wild tribes as possible, and the head chief of the Comanches—to deliver to them the word of friendship from the Great Father, the President, and invite them all to attend a grand council to be held at Bird's Fort, on the north side of the main or West Trinity, commencing on the 10th of August, 1843, where they would meet duly accredited commissioners and by the President in person to treat with them. This fort was about twenty-two miles westerly from where Dallas was subsequently founded.

"At a point above the three forks of the Trinity, probably in Wise of Jack County, the expedition halted for a few days and sent out Delaware messengers to invite any tribes found in the surrounding country to visit them. Delegations from eleven small tribes responded by coming in, among them being Wacos, Anadareos, Two-c-ashes, Caddos, Keechis, Tehuacanos, Delawares, Bedais, Boluxies, Ionies and a few others constituting a large assemblage, the deliberations of which were duly opened by the solemnities of embracing, smoking and a wordly interchange of civilities. Captain Eldridge appeared in full uniform and Bee performed the duties of secretary.

"The council opened from the address of the Delaware interpreter and the whole day was consumed in a series of dialogues between them and the wild chiefs, Captain Eldridge getting no opportunity to speak, and when desiring to do so was told by the Delawares that it was not yet time, as they had not talked enough to the wild men. So, at night, the council adjourned till next day, when Eldridge delivered his talk, which was interpreted to the different tribes by the Delawares. Finally Eldridge said: "Tell them I am the mouthpiece of the President and speak his words." Two of the Delawares interpreted the sentence, but Jim Shaw refused, saying it was a lie. The other two conveyed the language to all. The result was satisfactory and the tribes present all agreed to attend the council at Bird's Fort.

"Returning to his tent, Captain Eldridge demanded of Shaw, who was the leader and more intelligent of the Delawares, the meaning of his strange con-

duet, to which he replied that the three Delawares considered themselves the commissioners, Eldridge being along only to write down whatever was done. He also charged that Eldridge had their commission, attested by seals and ribbons, with his badge. This document being Eldridge's instructions as commissioner, was brought out, read and explained by Bee. Jim Shaw was greatly excited, and had evidently believed what he said; but Eldridge bore himself with great composure and firmness. After the reading, Jim Shaw said: "I beg your pardon, Joe, but I have been misled. I thought the Delawares were to make the treaties. We will go no farther, but go to our own country on the Missouri River—will start tomorrow, and will never return to Texas."

"Alarmed at this unexpected phase of affairs, Eldridge appealed to the trio to stay and guide him, as the President expected them to do; but they seemed inexorable. To proceed without them was madness, and in this dilemma Eldridge sent for Jose Maria, the noted chief of the Anadareos, who had been so severely wounded in the victorious fight with the whites, in Bryant's defeat near Marlin in January, 1839. He explained to him the facts just related and asked him if he would escort him back into the settlements. Greatly pleased at such a mark of confidence—his keen black eyes giving full expression to his gratified pride—he promptly and solemnly promised to do so.

"On the next morning, while Eldridge was packing and mounting for his homeward march, surrounded by his promised escort of 100 Anadareo warriors, well mounted and well armed with bows and lances, with Jose Maria at their head. Jim Shaw sent word that he had changed his mind and would continue the trip. An interview followed and a full understanding was entered into, acknowledging Captain Eldridge as the sole head of the expedition; but after this the manner of the Delaware trio was formal and reserved, and their intercourse long confined to business matters.

"Continuing the march they next reached the principal village of the Wacos, whither they had been proceeded by Acoquash, with the two released Waco girls, who greeted them warmly. During their stay he was their guest, and most

of the time had his family on hand. It was a little odd, but his friendship was too valuable to be sacrificed on a question of etiquette. Here the Delawares announced that it would be necessary to send out messengers to find the Comanches, but this would require fifteen days, during which time the trio, Shaw, Conner and Second Eye, would take the peltries they had on hand to Warren's trading house down the Red River, for deposit or sale, and return within the time named. During the delay, Eldridge camped three miles from the village but was daily surrounded and more or less annoyed by the Wacos, men, women, and children. The wife of Acoquash, became violently ill and he requested his white brothers to exert their skill as medicine men. Mr. Bee administered to her jalap and rhubarb, which fortunately for them, as will be seen later, speedily relieved and restored her to health.

"The messengers sent to the Comanches returned on time with rather encouraging reports but the essential trio so indispensable to progress were absent twenty-eight instead of fifteen days, causing a loss of precious time. Their next move was for Wichita village, at or near the present site of Fort Sill. They were kindly received by this warlike tribe, who had heard of their mission and promised to attend the council at Bird's Fort. They next bore westerly for the great prairies and plains in search of the Comanches. Acoquash and his wife being with them. It was now in June and all their provisions were exhausted, reducing them to an entire dependence on wild meat, which, however was abundant, and they soon found the tallow of the buffalo, quite unlike that of the cow, a good substitute for bread. They carried in abundance strings of cooked meat on their pack-mules.

"After twelve days they found Indian signs in a plum thicket. They saw where Indians had been eating plums during the same day, and there they encamped. Pretty soon an Indian, splendidly mounted, approached, having a boy of six years before him. He proved to be blind—but a distinguished chief of the Comanches—a man of remarkable physique, over six feet in height, a model in proportions and his hair growing down over his face. He

told the Delaware interpreter the locality in which they were, and that the town of Payhayuco, the great head chief of the Comanches, was only a few miles distant.

"As soon as the blind chief's boy—a beautiful child handsomely dressed in ornamented buckskin—gathered a supply of plums, they mounted and returned to their town, accompanied by a few of the Delawares. In the afternoon, a delegation of the Comanches visited Eldridge and invited him and his party to visit their town. Promptly saddling up and escorted by about 500 Comanche warriors, in about two hours ride, they entered the town of the great chief, Payhayuco, and for the first time beheld the glory of the wild tribes. With considerable ceremony they were conducted to the tent of Payhayuco, who was absent, but the honors were done by the chief of his seven wives, who caused the best tent to be vacated and placed at the disposal of her white guests. It was now summer weather and such crowds of Comanches, of all ages and sexes, pressed in and around the tent that it became so suffocating as to necessitate the erection of their own tent, which was open at both ends. First getting the consent of their hostess, this was done.

"Finding that the chief would be absent a week yet to come, and their business being with him, they could only patiently await his arrival. They were ceaseless curiosities to all the younger Comanches, who had never seen a white man and who continued to crowd around to show their white arms to the children, etc. While thus delayed the Comanches twice moved their town and our people were astonished at the regularity with which each new location was laid off into streets and the precision with which each family took its position in each new place. Mr. Bee accompanied the warriors on two or three buffalo hunts, and was surprised at their wonderful dexterity."

Payhayuco arrived on the afternoon of August 8, (1843), and occupied the tent adjoining the whites. They were soon informally presented to him and courteously received, but no clue was obtained as to the state of his mind. At sunrise next morning about one hundred warriors met in council in a large tent, sitting on the ground in a series of circles diminishing from circumference to

center, wherein Payhayuco sat. Eldridge and his white companions, not being invited, took brief glances at them and retired to their own tent, leaving the case with the Delawares, who attended the council. About 10 a. m. a sort of committee from the council waited on them to say that a report had come from the Waco village, where they had tarried so long, charging that they were bad men and had given poison to the Wacos, and wanted to know what they had to say about it. This was supremely preposterous, but it was also gravely suggestive of danger. They repelled the charge, and referred to the old Waco chief, Acoquash, then present, their companion on the whole journey, and whose wife they had cured. What a hazard they had passed! Had that poor squaw died instead of recovering under Bee's treatment, their fate would have been sealed. A Choctaw negro, who understood but little Comanche, told them the council was deliberating on their lives and talking savagely. They sent for the Delawares and told them of this. The Delawares denied it, and re-assured them, but in half an hour their favorite Delaware hunter, the only one in whose friendship they fully confided, informed them that the Comanches were going to kill them. They were, of course, much alarmed by this second warning, and, again summoning the trio, told Jim Shaw they were not children, but men, and demanded to know the truth. Shaw replied that he had desired to conceal their peril from them as long as possible, and for that reason had told them a lie; but in truth the council was clamorous and unanimous for their death; that all the chiefs who had a right to speak had done so, and all were against them; that they (Shaw and Conner) had done all they could for them, as they had promised the White Father they would take care of them and never return without them; and that Acoquash had been equally true to them. They added that old Payhayuco was yet to speak, but even should he take the opposite side they did not think that he had influence enough to save their lives.

I now quote the language of General Bee on this incident: "Next came into our tent our dear old friend Acoquash, where we three white men were sitting, betraying the most intense feeling, shak-

ing all over and great tears rolling from his eyes, and as best he could told us that we would soon be put to death. He said that he had told them his father was once a great chief, the head of a nation who were lords of the prairie, but had always been the friend of the Comanches, who always listened to the councils of his father, for it was always good, and he had begged them to listen to him as their fathers had listened to his father, when he told them that we (Eldridge, Bee and Torrey) were messengers of peace; that we had the 'white flag' and that the vengeance of the Great Spirit would be turned against them if they killed such messengers; but he said it was of no avail. We had to die and he would die with us, for he loved us as his own children. Poor old Indian. My heart yearns to him yet after the lapse of many years.

"Acoquash then returned to the council. Our friends, of course, agonized as brave men may who are to die as dogs, but they soon recovered composure and resolved on their course. Each had two pistols. When the party should come to take them out for death, each would kill an Indian with one, and then, to escape slow torture, empty the other into his own brain. From 12 till 4 o'clock not a word was spoken in that council. All sat in silence awaiting the voice of Payhayuco. At 4 o'clock his voice was heard. Bee said to Eldridge: "See the setting sun, old fellow. It is the last we shall see on earth." At that same instant approaching footsteps were heard. Each of the three sprang to his feet, a pistol in each hand, when dear old Acoquash burst into the tent and threw himself into the arms of Eldridge. Bee and Torrey thought the old Spartan had come to redeem his pledge and die with them, but in a moment realized that his convulsive action was the fruit of uncontrollable joy. The next moment the Delawares rushed in exclaiming, "Saved! saved!"

Oh, God, can I ever forget that moment?" says General Bee. "To the earth from which we came, we fell as if shot, communing with Him who reigns over all—a scene which might be portrayed on canvas, but not described. Prostrate on the earth lay the white man and the red man, creatures of a common brotherhood, typified and made evident

that day in the wilderness; not a word was spoken; each bowed to the earth, brothers in danger and brothers in the holy electric spark which caused each in his way, to thank God for deliverance."

After this ordeal had passed, succeeded by a measure of almost heavenly repose, the interpreters, now fully reconciled to Eldridge, explained that after that solemn silence of four hours, Payhayuco had eloquently espoused the cause of mercy and the sanctity of the white flag borne by the messengers of peace. His appeal was, perhaps, as powerful and pathetic as ever fell from the lips of an untutored son of the forest. Upon conclusion, amid much confusion and the hum of excited voices, he took the vote per capita and was sustained by a small majority. The sun sank at the same moment, reflecting rays of joy upon the western horizon, causing among the saved a solemn and expressibly grateful sense of the majesty and benignity of the King of Kings—our Father in heaven.

As darkness came the stentorian voice of Payhayuco was successively heard in the four quarters of the town, its tones denoting words of command. Our countrymen demanded of the interpreters to know what he was saying. The latter answered, "He is telling them that you are under his protection and must not, at the peril of their lives, be hurt." A hundred warriors were then placed in a circle around the tent, and so remained until next morning. No Indian was allowed to enter the circle.

When morning came they were invited to the council, when Captain Eldridge delivered the message of friendship from President Houston, and invited them to accompany him in and meet the council at Bird's Fort; but this was a day after the date heretofore fixed for the assemblage, and a new day would be selected promptly on their arrival or sooner if runners were sent in advance. The presents were then distributed and an answer awaited.

On their arrival the little Comanche boy had been given up. He still remembered some of his mother tongue and at once relapsed into barbarism. But now Captain Eldridge tendered to the chief little Maria, a beautiful Indian child, neatly dressed, who knew no word but English. A scene followed which brought tears to the eyes of not only the

white men, but also of the Delawares. The child seemed horrified, elung desperately and imploringly to Captain Eldridge and screamed most piteously. It was simply heart-rending. She was taken up by a huge warrior and borne away, uttering piercing cries of despair. For years afterwards she was occasionally heard of, still bearing the name of Maria and acting as interpreter at Indian councils.

Succeeding this last scene they were informed that the council had refused to send delegates to the proposed meeting. Payhayuco favored the measure, but was overruled by the majority. Within an hour after this announcement the commissioners mounted and started on their long journey home—fully five hundred miles through a trackless wilderness.

Without remarkable incident and in due time Eldridge and his party arrived again at the principal Wichita village (at or near the present site of Fort Sill) and were again kindly received. The day fixed for the treaty having passed, Eldridge knew the President would be disappointed and impatient, so after consultation, it was agreed that Torrey, with Jim Shaw, John Conner and the other Indian attaches, still with them, should return on the route they had gone out, gather up the tribes first mentioned in this narrative, and conduct them to Bird's Fort, while Eldridge, Bee and their most trusted Delaware hunter, with Jim Second Eye as guide, would proceed directly to the fort. Thus they separated, each party on its mission, and to Eldridge and Bee it was a perilous one.

On the second day, at 3 p. m., they halted in a pretty grove on a beautiful stream, to cook their last food, a little Wichita green corn. This enraged Second Eye, who seized the hunter's gun and galloped away, leaving them with only holster pistols. The Delaware hunter was a stranger in the country and could only communicate by signs. For three days he kept a bee line for Warren's trading house on Red River, as safer than going directly to Bird's Fort, guided by the information he had casually picked up from his brothers on the trip, for neither of the white men knew the country. On the third day they entered the Cross Timbers where brush and briars retarded their progress,

and camped near night on a pretty creek. The Delaware climbed a high tree and soon began joyful gesticulations. Descending, he indicated that Eldridge should accompany him, leaving Bee in camp. He did so and they were gone two or three hours, but finally returned with a good supply of fresh cornbread, a grateful repast to men who had been without an ounce of food for three days and nights. The camp visited proved to be that of a party of men cutting hay for Fort Arbuckle, on the Wichita, who cooked and gave them the bread and other provisions, with directions to find the trading house and the information that they could reach it the next day. With full stomachs, they slept soundly, started early in the morning and about 2 p. m., rode up to Warren's trading house. The first man seen was Jim Second Eye, the treacherous scoundrel who had left them at the mercy of any straggling party of hostile or thieving savages. He hastened forward with extended hand, exclaiming, "How are you, Joe? How are you, Ham? Glad to see you."

The always courteous Eldridge, usually gentle and never given to profane language, sprang from his horse and showered upon him such a torrent of denunciatory expletives as to exhaust himself; then recovering, presented himself and Mr. Bee to Mr. Warren, with an explanatory apology for his violent language—justified, as he thought, toward the base wretch to whom it was addressed. Quite a crowd of Indians and a few white men were present. Mr. Warren received and entertained them most kindly. They never more beheld Jim Second Eye.

After a rest of two days, Eldridge and Bee, with their faithful Delaware, left for Bird's Fort, and, without special incident, arrived there, to be welcomed by the commissioners, Messrs. George W. Terrell and E. H. Tarrant, who had given them up as lost. The President had remained at the Fort for a month, when, greatly disappointed, he had left for the seat of government.

Captain Eldridge anxious to report to the President tarried not at the fort, but with Bee, Callaway H. Patrick, and the Delaware, continued on. On the way Mr. Bee was siezed with chills and fever of a violent type, insomuch that, at

Fort Milam, Eldridge left him in charge of Mr. Patriek and hurried on. Captain Eldridge, after some delay, met and reported to the President, but was not received with the cordiality he thought due his services. Jim Shaw and John Conner had preceded him and misstated various matters to the prejudice of Eldridge, and, to the amazement of many who knew his great merit and his tried fidelity to President Houston, he was dismissed from office. Very soon, however, the old hero became convinced of his error; had Eldridge appointed Chief Clerk of the State Department under Anson Jones, and, immediately after annexation in 1846, secured his appointment by President Polk as paymaster in the United States Navy, a position he held till his death in Brooklyn, New York, in 1881.

On the 29th of September, 1843, a few days after Eldridge and Bee left, a treaty was concluded by Messrs. Tarrant and Terrell with the following tribes: Tehuacanos, Keechis, Wacos, Anadarcos, Ionics, Boluxies, Delawares, and thirty isolated Cherokees. The Wichitas and Two-c-ashes were deterred from coming in by the lies of some of the Creeks.

The government now pays congressmen \$10,000 a year, instead of \$7,500 as formerly. But the old frontiersman who went out on the border of civilization and established his habitation in the wilderness to serve as a bulwark against savage invasion, is not given even a pittance to sustain him in his old age and poverty. Verily, "republics are ungrateful."

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The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

The Congress of Texas, in January, 1838, appointed five commissioners to select a site for the capitol of the Republic. The commissioners, consisting of Albert C. Horton, Lewis P. Cook, Isaac W. Burton, William Menifee and J. Campbell, after careful examination, made choice of the present location on the Colorado River. At the time of its selection it was on the extreme frontier, Bastrop being the nearest town, thirty five miles lower down on the river. Thomas J. Hardeman who came to Texas in 1835 from Tennessee, and for whom Hardeman county in that state was named and who served in the congress of the Republic and the Legislature of the State of Texas, had the distinction of proposing the name of Austin for the capital of Texas in 1836. He had the further distinction of having a son, Thomas Monroe Hardeman, in the battle of San Jacinto. He also had four sons in the battle of Plum Creek, Thomas Monroe, William P., Owen B., and Leonidas Hardeman. In this battle Thomas Monroe Hardeman commanded a company and Owen B. received honorable mention for distinguished services in the battle, which was fought August 12, 1840, in what is now Caldwell county. In this battle the Indians (Comanches) numbered about four hundred, and the Texans about half that number.

William P. Hardeman entered the Confederate army early in 1861, as a captain and at the close of the war was a brigadier general. After the completion of the new capitol, he was for many years superintendent of public buildings and grounds. He was the first superintendent of the state's Confederate Home, and died there while superintendent. General Hardeman came to Texas in 1835. He was a soldier in the Texas army of patriots in 1836 but because of serious illness he was prevented from taking part in the battle of San Jacinto. He served faithfully however, and passed

through all the hardships attending the Texas army. In the wilderness he braved its dangers, and the prowling Indian and treacherous Mexican. His soldiers called him "Old Gotch," because he carried his head slightly to one side, but he was universally loved and respected by them. He had a kind heart and helping hand for everyone. He was born November 4th, 1816, and died on the 8th day of April, 1898, aged 82 years, a venerable old pioneer, and was buried in the State Cemetery at Austin. His ashes rest in the bosom of the State he loved so well and served so faithfully. His life and deeds will be told in song and story and will be preserved with all the hallowed traditions of the State and the Confederacy. A very fine oil painting of General Hardeman hangs upon the walls of the Capitol among the portraits of the noted men of Texas, where it belongs.

This may be thought something of a digression from the object of this sketch: but the subject is important enough and sufficiently in line with the general purpose to make such digression pardonable.

To Austin in time, temporary buildings having been erected, government offices were moved in October, 1839, and in November following, the Congress met at the new City of Austin. Before that time of the councils of the young Republic had been held by executive appointment at different places, for convenience and safety. First at San Felipe, November 1835; met at Washington, March, 1836; next at Harrisburg the same month; next at Galveston, April 16, 1836; next at Velasco, May, 1836; (At this place the treaties with Santa Anna were signed) next, by order of Congress, at Columbia, in October, 1836; next at Houston, in May, 1837. next at Austin, in October, 1839. Austin City was incorporated in 1840.

Early in March, 1842, Mexican forces

Next month Mr. Baylor will tell about the fight Rev. Pleasant Tackitt and three boys had with a band of Indians

under General Vasquez made an incursion into Texas, which was met by the Texans, and the invaders driven back. President Houston, deeming the national archives in danger from the enemy, felt it his duty to order their removal as well as the removal of the government offices to a place of safety. Accordingly he ordered their prompt removal to Houston, Texas. This gave rise to what is known as the "Archive Wra," the result of which has been the location of the seat of government at Austin up to this time. The citizens of Travis county had, a short time before, gone to meet the invaders of their country, leaving behind them a growing and prosperous city, and on their return found a deserted village. They were exasperated, and had good cause to be. They thought the president had acted in bad faith towards Austin. They had expected money for city lots, had built houses on them, and had felt secure under the strong arm of the government. This was now suddenly removed from them. The president was urged to come back, but without avail. The citizens then determined to take the matter in their own hands. The records of the General Land Office had not yet been taken away, and these citizens of Austin determined at all hazards to keep that one branch at least. The president insisted that these archives should be taken to Houston; and sent for them, but without success. The young men of the city, in order to show their contempt for the executive went so far as to shave the manes and tails of the horses of two of the messengers sent, who did not relish the joke at the time, but afterwards became reconciled to it, and became permanent citizens of Austin. The president, seeing that he could not obtain the records of the land office peaceably, he sent an armed force of thirty men, with instructions to take them at all hazards.

This company arrived on the morning of December 29th, 1842, drove their wagons to the land office building, and at once commenced loading. The citizens, finding out what was going on, at once armed and assembled in force. Great excitement prevailed. Cannon charged with grape and canister were brought out and planted, so as to bear on the wagons; and the signal for action was impatiently waited for. The wagons

were by this time loaded, and were about starting, when the word "Fire" was given, and the cannon were discharged, taking effect on the building but hurting no one. As to who touched off the cannons, is not definitely settled, but it is generally conceded that it was done by Mrs. Eberly, a worthy and respected lady, and at the time proprietress of the Eberly House. The wagons, with their load and escort now left town in double quick time. The citizens at once formed themselves into a company under command of Captain M. B. Lewis, and pursued, overtaking them during the night at Brushy Creek, eighteen miles northeast of Austin. The wagons and escort were surrounded and negotiations opened. The citizens demanded that the archives should be taken back to Austin, which, after some parley was agreed to. Next morning early the train went back in triumph to Austin, and arriving there the records were deposited in the house of Mrs. Eberly, until the land office was reopened. No further attempt was made to remove them.

The government offices remained at Houston until November, 1842, when by executive proclamation, Congress met at Washington. Here the capital remained until it was again established at Austin in 1845. In 1850 an election was held to locate the seat of government of Texas, and Austin City was chosen by the people to be the capital for twenty years, or until the next general election after the year 1870. This election was held November 5th to 9th, 1872, and resulted in the re-election of Austin by a majority of more than 15,000 votes over both Houston and Waco, its competitors. This election settled the question of a seat of government for Texas as long as she remains Texas.

The declaration of Texas Independence was adopted March 2nd, 1836.

The constitution of the Republic of Texas was adopted March 17th, 1836.

The first Government of the Republic of Texas was represented in the persons of David G. Burnet, President; Lorenzo de Zavala, Vice-President; Samuel P. Carson, Secretary of State; Bailey Harde-man, Secretary of the Treasury; Thos. J. Rusk, Secretary of War; Robt. Potter, Secretary of the Navy, and David Thomas, Attorney General.

Of the above ad interim officers David G. Burnet was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1789. He came to Texas in 1826, and at once became an active participant in her affairs. In 1833, he was elected a delegate to the Convention at San Felipe, and was a leading member in its deliberations. In 1834 he was appointed Judge of the Municipality of Austin, which position he filled with marked ability. When the repressive acts of Santa Anna drove the people of Texas into resistance, he took an early and decided stand in favor of the independence of the state. In 1838 he was elected Vice-President of Texas, Lamar being President. In 1846 he was made Secretary of State, and held that office until the close of Governor Henderson's administration. In 1866 he was elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Texas, but was not admitted to a seat. David G. Burnet was a man of culture and refinement. He was a ready and fluent writer, and an eloquent orator. His death occurred in 1870.

Lorenzo de Zavala was a native of Yucatan. While quite young he was elected to the legislative body of Spain to represent his State. He was afterward a member of the Mexican Congress and Governor of the City of Mexico. After the overthrow of the Mexican Republic in 1822, he became an ardent supporter of the constitution of 1824. This brought him in opposition to General Santa Anna. Those who dared to oppose that tyrant were punished and hunted down like wild beasts and of this number was Lorenzo de Zavala. In order to avoid being hounded and hunted, in July, 1835, he fled from the tyranny of Santa Anna and sought refuge in Texas where he found friends in deep sympathy with him and who warmly welcomed him. No sooner had the Mexican authorities learned of his flight than an order as dispatched to have him arrested. The acting political chief, on July 26th, refused to arrest Mr. de Zavala. Santa Anna was extremely solicitous to obtain possession of the person of Mr. Zavala, who had been his friend, and had sustained him in a trying hour. But the aid was given for the cause of liberty! Santa Anna had deserted that cause and now wished to sacrifice an ancient friend, who might live to reproach him for his perfidy. The Mexican officials were

commanded to bring into action all their ingenuity and activity in arranging plans for success in the apprehension of Don Lorenzo de Zavala. The officers were particularly instructed that they spare no means to secure his person, and place it at the disposition of the supreme government. The next point was to execute this order. Mr. de Zavala was at this time actively engaged in the affairs of Texas and was needed by the Texans in organizing their defense, and the time had not yet arrived when he should be shot. Immediately upon his arrival in Texas Mr. de Zavala was recognized as a distinguished personage, and he at once took a prominent part in the struggle for liberty. He was elected Vice-President of Texas in 1836, and died shortly afterward.

Samuel P. Carson, came to Texas from North Carolina in 1835. He had been a member of Congress of the United States and was a member of the convention which declared the independence of Texas.

Bailey Hardeman came from Tennessee to Texas in 1835 and died in 1836. He was a member of the convention of 1836, and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Thomas J. Rusk was one of the noblest sons of Texas. He was born in South Carolina in 1803. He was educated for the law, and having removed to Georgia, he became distinguished at the early age of twenty-nine, as one of the first lawyers in that state.

In 1835 he came to Texas and settled at Nacogdoches, and in 1836 was elected delegate to the convention at Washington, and by that body was chosen Secretary of War. In the battles which followed, General Rusk took an active and distinguished part, and when Gen. Houston was disabled by wounds received at San Jacinto, he was made commander-in-chief of the army. In November, 1836, he was appointed to a seat in the cabinet. The congress of 1838 elected him Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, which position had been vacated by the death of James Collingsworth. In 1843, General Rusk was elected Major-General of the State Militia and in 1845, he was made president of the convention which assembled at Austin to frame a State Constitution. In 1846, the first legislature of Texas elected him United

States Senator, which position he filled with marked ability and satisfaction to the people of Texas until his death in 1857. Thomas J. Rusk was one of those men whose death was the signal of mourning to a host of friends all over the state he had faithfully served. Modest in manners and disposition, social and domestic in habits; and with a warm and generous heart, he was indeed one of nature's noblemen.

Robert Potter came from North Carolina to Texas in 1835. He had been a member of Congress from that State, and was a member of the convention which declared the independence of Texas.

David Thomas came from Tennessee to Texas in 1835, and died in 1836. He was a member of the convention of 1836.

The Provisional Government was superseded by the convention that met at Washington on the first day of March, 1836.

General Sam Houston was the first Commander-in-Chief of the Texan army, and achieved the complete overthrow of the Mexican forces sent to subjugate Texas, at the memorable battle of San Jacinto, fought on the banks of the river of the same name, April 21, 1836.

The first president of Texas, regularly elected by the people, was General Sam Houston, in November, 1836. Among the new-comers into Texas in the year 1832, was Sam Houston, late governor of Tennessee, a man of extraordinary fortunes. By birth a Virginian, but brought up in Blount county, among the mountains of East Tennessee, he volunteered at an early age as a soldier in the army, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; and fought at the battle of Horseshoe, in which he was severely wounded. He returned to Tennessee, where he attracted the attention of General Jackson, and was taken into his military family; was appointed Indian agent for the Cherokees; he afterwards studied law, was elected attorney general for Tennessee, and major-general of the State Militia; represented the Nashville district in Congress; was elected governor of the State; married, which proved unfortunate, and he resigned his office of governor, and in April 1829, went into voluntary exile, among the Cherokee Indians, for whom he had been agent twelve years before.

General Houston was appointed second lieutenant in the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry, by President Madison, on the 20th of April, 1815, to rank as such from the 20th of May, 1814, and first lieutenant in the First Regiment of Infantry, by President Monroe, on the 5th of March, 1818, to rank as such from the first of May, 1817. In November, 1817, he was appointed sub-agent of the Cherokee Indians. On the 14th of December, 1821, he was elected major general of the middle division of Tennessee Militia. In August, 1823, and 1825, he was elected a representative to Congress; and in August, 1827, he was chosen governor of the State of Tennessee.

After General Houston went into exile, he remained with the Indians until he came to Texas in December, 1832.

"His well earned fame in Texas, and the remembrance of his virtues, are alike the property of his countrymen. The praise of the historian is not needed to magnify the one, nor could his silence or censure detract from the other". He died in July 1863.

The second president thus chosen, was Mirabeau B. Lamar, in November, 1838. He was born in Georgia in 1798; came to Texas in 1835, and served with distinction in the Texas revolution, and afterward in the Mexican War. He was the first Vice-President of Texas. He died in 1859. President Lamar possessed fine literary taste, and was the author of a book of poems called "Verses Memoriales."

General Barnard E. Bee came from South Carolina to Texas in 1836. He was Secretary of War of the Republic under Houston's first administration and was Secretary of State under President Lamar's administration while Albert Sidney Johnston was Secretary of War. In 1839, the Mexican Federalists were well disposed towards Texas and their leader did not fail to keep up a correspondence with the Republic. A trade of some importance sprang up between Bexar and the Rio Grande. Indeed, Texas was so much deceived by the evidences of friendship that she thought negotiations for peace might be started. With this view General Bee was dispatched as a minister to Mexico. The Texan minister was not received, nor did he even present his papers. He died in 1853.

Albert Sidney Johnston was Secretary of War during Lamar's administration beginning in 1838. He was born in Mason county Kentucky, on the 3rd day of February, 1803. He graduated from West Point in 1826, and served for eight years in the U. S. Infantry as a company officer, adjutant, and staff officer. In 1834 he resigned his commission, emigrated in 1836 to Texas, then a republic, and joined its army as a private. His rise was very rapid, and before long he was serving as commander in-chief in preference to General Felix Houston, with whom he fought a duel. From 1838 to 1840 he was Texas' Secretary of War, and in 1839 he led a successful expedition against the Cherokee Indians. From 1840 to the outbreak of the Mexican War he lived in retirement on his farm, but in 1846 he led a regiment of Texas volunteers in the field, and at Monterey, as a staff officer, he had three horses shot from under him. In 1849 he returned to the United States army as a Major and paymaster, and in 1855 became colonel of the 2nd U. S. Cavalry, in which his lieutenant colonel was Robert E. Lee and his majors were Hardee and Thomas. In 1857 he commanded the expedition sent against the Mormons, and performed his difficult and dangerous mission so successfully that the objects of the expedition were attained without bloodshed. He was rewarded with the brevet of brigadier-general. At the outbreak of the war in 1861 Johnston, then in command of the Pacific department, resigned his commission and made his way to Richmond, where President Jefferson Davis, whom he had known at West Point at once made him a full general in the Confederate army and assigned him to command of the department of Kentucky. Here he had to defend a long and weak line from the Mississippi to the Alleghany Mountains, which was dangerously advanced on account of the political necessity of covering friendly country. The first serious advance of the Federals forced him back at once, and he was freely criticized and denounced for what, in ignorance of the facts, the Southern press and people regarded as a weak and irresolute defence. Johnston himself who entered upon the Confederate War with the reputation of being the foremost soldier on either side, bore with fortitude the reproaches of his

countrymen, and President Davis loyally supported his old friend. General Johnston then marched to join General Beauregard at Corinth, Miss., and with the United forces took the offensive against General Grant's army at Pittsburg Landing. The battle of Shiloh took place on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862. The Federals were completely surprised, and Gen. Johnston was in the full tide of success when he fell mortally wounded. He died a few minutes afterwards. President Davis said, in his message to the Confederate Congress, "Without doing injustice to the living, it may safely be said that our loss is irreparable," and the subsequent history of the war in the west went far to prove the truth of his eulogy.

The third President chosen by the people, was General Sam Houston, for a second term.

The fourth and last president thus chosen, was Anson Jones. He was born in Massachusetts in 1879, and came to Texas in 1833. During the struggle for independence he entered the army as a private soldier. He was elected to the second Congress of Texas in 1837, and 1838 he was appointed Texas minister to the United States. After his return he was elected Senator from Brazoria county, and was Secretary of State under Houston's second administration. In 1844 he was elected president of Texas, which position he held until after annexation, when he surrendered the executive office to Governor Henderson, who had been elected first governor of the state of Texas. He put an end to his life in a fit of mental aberration in 1858.

The first Governor of the State of Texas, chosen by the people, was J. Pickney Henderson, who was born in North Carolina in 1809. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. In 1836, he raised a company of volunteers in Mississippi, and came to Texas. In November, 1836, he was appointed attorney-general of Texas and in 1837, was appointed minister plenipotentiary from Texas to England and France, to secure the recognition of Texas by these powers. Returning in 1840, he resumed the practice of law. In 1844, he was appointed one of the envoys to Washington, to negotiate a treaty of annexation. In 1845, he was elected a delegate to the convention, to frame a State constitution. In Nov-

ember of the same year, he was elected first governor of Texas. On May 9th 1846, a joint resolution of the legislature was passed granting leave and authority to Governor Henderson to command in person all troops of the State in the Mexican War, then in progress, and in the resolution the right to do so was expressly asserted. Consequently, the governor did command several regiments of Texas troops in the battle of Monterey, and acted as one of the commissioners to adjust the terms of capitulation after the battle. He acted as major-general of the United States army and was awarded a sword by Congress for his distinguished services. In 1857, he was elected by the legislature to the Senate of the United States, in place of the lamented Rusk. In spite of feeble health, he repaired to the national capital, but had scarcely entered upon his duties when he was stricken down by the hand of death. He was inaugurated Governor February 19, 1846.

The second Governor of Texas chosen by the people, was George T. Wood, elected November, 1847, and served 1847 to 1849. He was a native of Georgia. He was a senator in the first legislature and was in the Mexican War in command of a regiment of Texas volunteers. He died in Polk county, Texas.

The third governor of Texas, chosen by the people was P. Hansboro Bell, a native of Virginia. He came to Texas in 1836. He took part in the battle of San Jacinto, and was for a time in command of the Texas troops upon the Indian frontier. He was elected governor of Texas in 1849, and again in 1851. He was elected representative to the United States Congress in 1853, and again in 1855. After his marriage, which took place while he was representative in Congress, he removed from Texas to North Carolina.

The fifth Governor of Texas, chosen by the people was Elisha M. Pease, elected November 1853, and re-elected November, 1855. Governor Pease was born in Connecticut, in 1812 and came to Texas in 1835. He was secretary of the general consultation at San Felipe, in 1835, and was chief clerk in the Navy and also in the treasury department under the government ad interim, holding the later appointment until the adjournment of the first congress. In June

1837, he was appointed Comptroller of Public Accounts, by General Houston. This he resigned in December, 1837. After annexation, Governor Pease was elected successively to the house in first and second legislature of Texas, and senator in the third legislature. In 1867 he was, by General Sheridan, appointed provisional governor, which post he resigned in 1869. In 1874, he was tendered the appointment of collector of the port of Galveston, which he declined.

The seventh Governor of Texas, chosen by the people was Hardin R. Runnels, elected November, 1857. He was born in Mississippi and came to Texas in 1842. He was speaker of the House of Representatives in 1853, was Lieutenant Governor of Texas during Pease's second term of office, and died in Bowie county, Texas, in 1873.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

Of Frontier Times, published monthly at Bandera, Texas, for April, 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 law, deposes and says that he is the publisher 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 side of this form, to wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, 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, mortgagees, and other security holders owing or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

J. MARVIN HUNTER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of April, 1925.

W. S. ETHRIDGE,
Notary Public.

The Massacre of Henry Warren's Train

*Excerpts from "Five Years a Cavalryman." Copied and Sent to Frontier Times
by Captain June Peak, 4409 Worth Street, Dallas, Texas*

During the early months of 1871 the incursions of hostile Indians had been unusually frequent, and were marked by a degree of ferocity unknown during recent years, and so loud and urgent were the appeals made by the citizens to the authorities at Washington that General W. T. Sherman, then commanding the army, determined to extend a tour of the frontier posts which he had in contemplation, so as to embrace Fort Richardson Texas, and Fort Sill, Indian Territory.

On the evening of May 17th General Sherman, accompanied by General Randolph B. Marcy, Inspector General of the Army and an escort of seventeen men of the Tenth Infantry, arrived at Fort Richardson from Fort Belknap, having left San Antonio May 2d, and visited the entire chain of posts that at that time marked the limit of the settlements in Western Texas. The veteran Marcy, one of the most accomplished soldiers of the old army as stated, accompanied him, and he took occasion to remark in his journal as he rode from Belknap to Jacksboro:

"This rich and beautiful section of country does not contain today (Mar 17, 1871.) as many white people as it did when I was stationed here eighteen years ago, and if the Indian marauders are not punished, the whole country seems to be in a fair way to becoming depopulated."

On May 18th, the day after General Sherman arrived at Fort Richardson, the mule-train of Captain Henry Warren, a government conductor at Fort Griffin, was attacked by a band of one hundred and fifty Indians while en route from Jacksboro to the latter place, near Flat Top Mountain, about halfway between Jacksboro and Belknap, and the wagon-master and six teamsters killed, one other teamster severely wounded, and the remaining teamsters escaping.

The very spot on which the massacre took place had been passed over by the General and his party the day previous, and had the Indians attacked them, so overwhelming was their number, he and those who accompanied him might have

met a similar fate to those with the wagon train.

The trip of General Sherman's was of momentous importance to this whole region of country, and it is fair to presume, had it not occurred, Jack county and other counties now thickly settled with a prosperous and happy people would not contain a tithe of their present population. Immediately on receipt of the news of the massacre, the General sent "General Mackenzie with one hundred and fifty cavalry and thirty days rations on pack animals, to pursue and chastise the marauders."

On the 19th, the last day of General Sherman's stay at Fort Richardson, a delegation of citizens from Jacksboro proceeded to visit him, and lay before him the exact condition of affairs growing out of the policy allowing the Indians to leave their reservation, and assured him that unless decisive action was taken, and these stopped, Northwest Texas would soon become depopulated, and a delightful and improving country allowed to lapse into barbarism.

The General listened attentively to their representations, and seemed to grasp the situation, stating that he felt keenly the injustice of the Indian policy of the government, and promised to do all in his power to remedy the existing conditions. The deputation obtained permission to go to Fort Sill and recover stock stolen from them by the Indians, in case they could identify, satisfactorily, the animals. During this day (the 19th) General Mackenzie verified the report of the massacre of the teamsters of Captain Warren's train; their bodies were found to be horribly mutilated, and one of the Elliot brothers (Samuel) burned to a cinder, the savages having chained the poor fellow between the wheels of a wagon and built a fire under him:

On the 20th day of May General Sherman and his escort left for Fort Sill, via Victoria Peak and Red River Station, reaching there on the afternoon of the 23rd.

Lowrie Taten, the agent of the Kiowas and Comanches, an estimable Quaker

gentleman, called on General Sherman soon after his arrival, and it was very evident that he conscientiously believed the experiment then being tried with those Indians was a failure in a great measure.

During the 24th and 25th General Sherman remained at Fort Sill inspecting the buildings and visiting the signal station on one of the most elevated easterly peaks of the Wichita Mountains, which attain a very considerable altitude in this vicinity.

On the afternoon of May 27th, about four o'clock, several Kiowa chiefs, among them Satanta, Satank, Kicking Bird and Lone Wolf, came to the agency to draw their rations. In a talk with the agent, Satanta boasted that he, "With one hundred warriors, had made the recent attack upon the train;" that he (or they) had killed seven teamsters and driven off forty-one mules. Said he: "If any other Indian said he did it, he was a liar; he was the chief who commanded." He pointed out Satank and Big (or Tall) Tree and also another chief as having taken part in the action. The interpreter having conveyed Satanta's words to the agent, the latter at once reported the facts to General Sherman, and requested him to arrest the Indians concerned, whereupon the General sent for them, and Satanta acknowledged what he had stated to the agent, and the General immediately informed him he should confine them and send them to Texas for trial by the civil authorities. Satanta now began to see the serious trouble he was in, and to protest that he "did not personally kill anybody in the fight, nor did he even blow his bugle; that his young men wanted a little fight and to take a few white scalps, and he went with them merely to show them how to make war." He added, that awhile before this the whites had killed three of his people and wounded four more, and he thought he was now square and ready to quit. Gen. Sherman told him it was very cowardly for a hundred warriors to attack twelve poor teamsters, and that he should send the three Indians implicated to Texas. Seeing no escape, Satanta remarked that rather than be sent to Texas, he preferred being shot on the spot. Kicking Bird, one of the most influential chiefs of his tribe, addressed the General, and

protested his having done all in his power to prevent the young warriors from leaving the reservation, and interceded for his friends, but the General, while informing him that he was aware of his good influence, firmly told him that the arrested Indians must be sent to Texas.

This now historic chief, Satanta, is described by W. E. Webb, in his Western sketches, "Buffalo Land," "as the very embodiment of treachery, ferocity and bravado. Phrenologically considered, his head must have been a carnal marvel, and the bumps on it mapping out the kingdom of evil, a sort of Rocky Mountain chain towering over the more peaceful valleys around. Viewed from the towering peaks of combativeness and acquisitiveness, the territory of his past would reveal to the phrenologist an untold number of government mules fenced in by sutlers' stores, while bending over the bloody trail, leading back almost to his bark cradle, would be the shades of many mothers and wives, searching among the wrecks of emigrant trains for flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone. Satanta was long a name on the plains to hate and abhor: an abject beggar in the camps of the pale-face, a demon on the trail." All of which poetic description means that Satanta was a typical Indian, and consequently a bad one. The truth is, however, that neither Satanta nor Big Tree were either exceptionally bad or unusually distinguished above their fellows; in fact, they were not very prominent as chiefs in their tribe, but as they happened to be caught in the perpetration of this crime during the opportune visit of the General of the army, and were made examples of, as was proper, it is in order to depict them in the blackest colors, and ascribed to them all the crimes in the (Indian) calendar, and all the savage traits in the superlative degree. They have at any rate achieved celebrity, and their capture and trail will go down into history one of the causes celebre.

"At the conclusion of Kicking Bird's harangue, a detachment of about twenty soldiers came up in front of the piazza where we were assembled, at which the Indians seemed much excited, nearly all of them having either a Colt's revolver or a Spencer carbine, or both. Lone Wolf, a chief, now rode up on a fine

horse, dismounted, laid two carbines and a bow and quiver of arrows on the ground, tied his horse to the fence, then throwing his blanket from his shoulders fastened it around his waist, picked up the carbines in one hand and the bow and arrows in the other, and with the most deliberate and defiant air strode up to the piazza; then giving one of the carbines to an Indian who had no arms, and the bow and arrows to another, who at once strung the bow and pulled out a handful of arrows, he seated himself and cocked his carbine, at which the soldiers all brought their carbines to an 'aim' upon the crowd, whereupon Satanta and some other Indians held up their hands and cried: "No! No! No! Don't shoot." The soldiers were directed not to fire, but at that moment we heard shots fired outside the fort, which resulted from the fact that the guard had been ordered to permit no Indians to leave without further instructions. Some Indians attempting to go out had been halted by the sentinels, when one of them shot an arrow, wounding one of the sentinels; the shot was returned by the soldier, killing the Indian as he was riding off. When the excitement had subsided a little the General told the Indians that they must return the forty-one mules, which Kicking Bird promised to do, and he went off for them, but on his arrival at the camp he discovered that the squaws had been frightened and ran off with all of the animals except eight, which were taken possession of. All the Indians were allowed to leave except the prisoners, who were put in irons and closely guarded.

"The benevolent, civilizing peace policy, so urgently advocated by a class of people in the Eastern States, has received a long and fair experimental trial with these Indians. They have been regularly fed and the kindest treatment extended to them by our authorities but it has not had the slightest effect upon them. They have no more conception of gratitude than so many wolves, and they have not only acknowledged their atrocities, but have boasted of them. There was scarcely a day during our trip through the frontier settlements of Texas that we did not see or hear of some persons who had suffered from Indian raids, and there seemed to be no prospect of their ceasing. The

question has resolved itself into this, that the border settlers of Texas must be annihilated, or the Indians chastised and disarmed."

General Sherman and his party remained at Fort Sill until May 30th, when he resumed his trip, visiting and attending a convention of several semi-civilized Indian tribes at Ockmulgee on June 5th, and upon invitation he addressed the assembly, giving them some good advice. He arrived at Fort Gibson on the 7th, and on the 9th departed for Fort Leavenworth, reaching there on the 10th inst.

This ended a trip momentous in its importance to the whole region through which he passed, and it is incontrovertible that his prompt action saved Northwest Texas from the raids of the savage, and pushed forward the "dial hand of progress."

As stated above, Satanta, Big Tree and Satank were arrested on May 27th; they were at once heavily ironed (what Colonel Starr used to call "shoeing them all around"), and on the 31st two of them were safely lodged in the guard-house of Fort Richardson by Colonel R. S. Mackenzie, under whose escort, with a detachment of soldiers, they were brought from Fort Sill. One day while on the trip from there, Satank loosed his heavy iron hand-cuffs by gnawing and stripping the flesh to the bone. With the swiftness and ferocity of a tiger he seized a carbine, and springing from the wagon, attempted to shoot one of the soldiers, although he must have known the consequences, but preferred death in any form to taking the chances of Texas justice. A soldier at once sent a "carbine fifty-six" Spencer ball through him, and he fell lifeless to the ground. This incident had a salutary effect on Satanta and Big Tree, and they were exceedingly docile during the rest of the trip. The arrest of these Indians and their approaching trial created interest throughout Northwest Texas, and Judge Charles Soward, at that time Judge of the Judicial district in which Jacksboro was embraced, as soon as he was informed of the arrival of the prisoners, fixed for their trial at the approaching term of the district court.

Upon the opening of the July term of the court the grand jury, of which S. W. Eastin was foreman, promptly indicted

the two distinguished cutthroats, and on Wednesday, July 5, 1871, this memorable trial commenced in the old court-house at Jacksboro. His Honor, Charles Soward, on the bench. The prosecution was conducted by Hon. S. W. T. Lanham, the district attorney, and Thomas Ball and Joe Woolfork appeared as counsel for the prisoners. The jury before whom they were tried consisted of Thomas Williams (a brother of the famous "Blue Jeans" of Indiana, and a pioneer settler), foreman; John Cameron, Evert Johnson, Jr., H. B. Verner, Stanley Cooper, William Hensley, John H. Brown, Peter Lynn, Peter Hart, Daniel C. Brown, L. P. Bunch and James Cooley. The principal witnesses were General R. S. Mackenzie, Lowrie Taten and Thomas Brazale (one of the teamsters who escaped the massacre). At the conclusion of the testimony the attorneys for the prisoners made every effort to convince the jury of the innocence of their clients(?), after which Mr. Lanham closed with a powerful address, from which we can only give brief extracts:

"This is a novel and important trial, and has perhaps no precedent in the history of American criminal jurisprudence. The remarkable character of the prisoners, who are leading representatives of their race; their crude and barbarous appearance, the gravity of the charge, the number of the victims, the horrid brutality and inhuman butchery inflicted upon the bodies of the dead, the dreadful and terrific spectacle of seven men who were husbands, fathers, brothers, sons and lovers on the morning of the dark and bloody day of this atrocious deed, and rose from their rude tents, bright with hope, in prime and pride of manhood, found at a later hour beyond recognition, in every condition of horrid disfiguration, unutterable mutilation and death, lying

'Stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies.'

"This vast collection of our border people, this 'sea of faces,' including distinguished gentlemen, civic and military, who have come hither to witness the triumph of law and justice over barbarism; the matron and maiden, the gray-haired sire and the immature lad who have been attracted to this tribunal by this unusual occasion, all conspire to

surround this cause with thrilling and extraordinary interest!

"Satanta, the veteran counsel chief of the Kiowas, the orator, diplomat, the counsellor of his tribe, the pulse of his race; Big Tree, the young war chief who leads in the thickest of the fight, and follows no one in the chase, the warrior athlete, with the speed of the deer and the eye of the eagle, are before this bar in the charge of the law! So they would be described by Indian admirers who live in more secure and favored lands remote from the frontier, where 'distance lands enchantment' to the imagination, where the story of Pocahontas and the speech of Logan, the Mingo, are read, and where the dread sound of the warwhoop is not heard. We, who see them today, disrobed of all their fancied graces, exposed in the light of reality, behold them through far different lenses! We recognize in Satanta the arch-fiend of treachery and blood, * * * the artful dealer in bravado while in the powwow, and the abject coward in the field, as well as the eating and double-tongued hypocrite when detected and overcome! In Big Tree we perceive the tiger-demon who has tasted blood and loves it as his food, who stops at no crime how black soever, who is swift at every species of ferocity, and pities not at any sight of agony or death, and has no feeling of sympathy or remorse. * * Mistaken sympathy for these vile creatures has kindled the flame around the cabin of the pioneer, and despoiled him of his hard earnings, murdered and scalped our people and carried off our women into captivity worse than death. * * We have cried aloud for help, we have begged for relief, deaf ears have been turned to our cries, and the story of our wrongs has been discredited. Had it not been for General Sherman and his most opportune journey through this section, and his personal observation of this dire tragedy, it may well be doubted whether these brutes in human shape would ever have been brought to trial. We are greatly indebted to the military arm of government for kindly offices and co-operation in procuring the arrest and transference of the defendants. If the entire management of the Indian question were submitted to that gallant and distinguished army officer (General Mackenzie) who graces this occasion with his dignified presence, our frontier

would soon enjoy immunity from these marauders."

The evidence against the prisoners was so direct; their absence from the reservation for thirty days, their return with the captured mules and other property, the boasting of Satanta that it was he, Satank and Big Tree who led the raid, the evidence of the sergeant who identified and described the arrows as those of the Kiowas; in short, the same amount of evidence would have convicted white men had they been charged with similar crimes, and after a typical Indian speech by Satanta, through his interpreter, Jones, the case went to the jury. On July 8th Judge Soward delivered his charge to the jury, minutely detailing the facts as adduced at the trial, and after a brief absence they returned and rendered their verdict of "murder in the first degree." The prisoners were remanded to the custody of the sheriff, and subsequently sentenced to be hung on September 1, 1871.

The most dramatic incident connected with this trial was the speech of Satanta, made at its conclusion, and interpreted by Mr. Jones, a remarkable man in his way, who had lived among the Kiowas and Comanches for many years, and was familiar with all their dialects. He is now (1889) still at Fort Sill and is invaluable in his capacity of interpreter.

The harangue was spoken in the Comanche tongue, that being the dominant vernacular among the Indians on the plains. The chief was handcuffed at the time of his speech, which was delivered semi-signal, semi-oral, so to speak. Of course it cannot now be literally reproduced, but is given below as substantially remembered:

"I cannot speak with these things upon my wrists (holding up his arms to show the iron bracelets); I am a squaw. Has anything been heard from the Great Father? I have never been so near the Tehannas (Texans) before. I look around me and see your braves, squaws and papooses, and I have said in my heart if I ever get back to my people I will never make war upon you. I have always been the friend of the white man. ever since I was so high (indicating by sign the height of a boy). My tribe has taunted me and called me a squaw because I have been the friend of the Tehannas. I am suffering now for the crimes

of the Indians—of Satank and Lone Wolf and Kicking Bird and Big How and Fast Bear and Eagle Heart, and if you will let me go I will kill the three latter with my own hand. I did not kill the Tehannas. I came down to Pease river as a big medicine man to doctor the wounds of the braves. I am a big chief among my people, and have great influence among the warriors of my tribe—they know my voice and will hear my word. If you will let me go back to my people I will withdraw my warriors from Tehanna. I will take them all across Red River and that shall be the line between us and the pale-faces. I will wash out the spots of blood and make it a white land, and there shall be peace, and the Tehannas may plow and drive their oxen to the river; but if you kill me it will be a spark on the prairie—make big fire—burn heap."

On the 10th of July, immediately after the adjournment of the court at Jacksboro, Judge Soward addressed a lengthy communication to Edmund J. Davis, then Governor of Texas, in which he sets forth many reasons why it seemed polite to commute the sentences of these Indians to imprisonment for life, and urging upon the Governor that not only would imprisonment be a greater punishment to these wild natures than death, and in view of the Quaker agent at Fort Sill having committed himself to the policy of turning Indians charged with depredations over to Texas authorities, it seemed best to commute these sentences. Besides this, Sa'anta having implicated other chiefs, the Judge recommended that a commission be sent through the proper military channels to General Mackenzie for their immediate arrest.

On August 2, 1871, Governor Davis issued his proclamation as follows:

"The State of Texas.

"To all to whom these presents shall come:

"Whereas, At the July term, A. D. 1871, of the district court of Jack county, in said State, one 'Satanta' and 'Big Tree,' known as Indians of the Kiowa tribe, were tried and convicted on a charge of murder and sentenced therefore to suffer the penalty of death on the first day of September, A. D. 1871, and,

"Whereas, it is deemed that a commutation of said sentence to imprisonment for life will be more likely to

operate as a restraint upon others of the tribe to which these Indians belong; and,

"Whereas, The killing for which these Indians were sentenced can hardly be considered as just consideration of the animus as coming within the technical crime of murder under the statutes of the State, but rather as an act of savage warfare;

"Now, therefore, I, Edmund J. Davis, Governor of Texas, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the constitution and laws of this State, do hereby commute the sentences of Satanta and Big Tree to imprisonment for life, at hard labour, in the State penitentiary, and hereby direct the Clerk of the District Court of Jack county to make this commutation of sentence a matter of record in his office."

In accordance with the foregoing, General Reynolds, then commanding the Department of Texas and Louisiana (Par. 4 of special orders No. 185, September 12, 1871), directed the commanding officer at Fort Richardson to send the prisoners "under suitable guard to Huntsville, Texas, and cause them to be delivered to the warden of said penitentiary, taking a receipt for their delivery." The records of the penitentiary show that these two famous outlaws were duly received on November 12, 1871, and registered as No. 2107 and 2108 respectively.

Immense efforts were made by sentimentalists in the North from time to time to have them released, seconded by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, but what particular influence was brought to bear upon President Grant is not known; however, on August 19, 1873, the penitentiary records contain this entry: "Set at liberty by Governor Davis this day, upon recommendation of the President of the United States, upon parole."

Satanta and Big Tree were accordingly set at liberty and escorted from Huntsville back to Fort Sill. Raiding along the border broke out anew, and on October 30, 1874, Lieutenant General Sheridan, from a camp on the North Fork of the Canadian river, directed their "arrest and return to the Texas penitentiary," which was done, but Big Tree was never subsequently captured. The former finally ended his life by jumping or throwing himself from the upper window of the prison.

The fall of 1873 marked, I believe, the last murder committed by hostile Indians in Jack county, although in the succeeding year large parties of surveyors began to cover all of the North west Texas, locating the enormous grants made to the various railroads that were projecting in the State, and which in the near future were to cover its "magnificent distances" with a network of iron rails.

During this time when these vast bodies of land were being located, Jacksboro was in a manner revived by the presence of large surveying parties, numbering in some instances forty or fifty men, and for a few days at a time would brighten up with a temporary or remittent excitement that would almost remained one of the "halcyon days" gone by. These parties would "outfit" here, the boys would spend their money liberally and occasionally kill each other, and it really made the oldtimer rub his hands with glee, and cause a smile to irradiate his countenance, as he saw again in his dreams Jacksboro putting on her former airs and graces as a red-hot town.

Here was the headquarters of a surveying district which embraced about all of Texas north and west of Jack county, attached for land purposes, and the books and records of this immense territory were all in Jacksboro, and her county surveyor, Uncle Billy Benson, was really "Monarch of all he surveyed."

But alas! this was the fitful, expiring gleam of flush times, which flared up for the moment, and then went out quickly, and left us a time of long and weary waiting for the legitimate setting up of the country, which was to come by immigration and come to stay.

Fast following on the heels of these land locators, the wagons of the emigrant began to move forward toward the "waste places;" safety at last was felt outside of the shadow of the military posts, which, since the close of the war had formed the only nuclei for settlements, and the garrisons began to be reduced and many of the less important posts abandoned. Fort Richardson continued to be occupied by a small garrison until May, 1878, when the flag was hauled down for the last time, the last wagon-load of the immense supply of stores rolled out for forts still being maintained further West, the last blue-

coated soldier disappeared on the horizon, the buildings reverted to the owner from whom they had been leased, and nothing remained at Jacksboro but a tradition of the red-hot times "when the soldiers were here."

The post cemetery, with its silent occupants, whose last "retreat" had sounded, and over whom "taps" had been blown for the last time, remained for a few years longer, a solemn reminiscence

of the stirring scenes about the old post, but in 1883 an agent of the Quartermaster's Department removed the bodies to the National Cemetery at San Antonio, and military occupation was forever ended on that part of the Texas frontier which I was familiar with, and on which, in "twenty odd years," I have seen such surprising changes occur as neither the lamp of Aladdin nor the magician's wand could have brought about.

The Battle of Bandera Pass

A. J. Sowell in San Antonio Light September 27, 1921.

Bandera Pass is situated in the northeastern edge of Bandera county, and is noted for two famous battles fought there and these battles were about 100 years apart.

About 60 years prior to our War of the Revolution a Spanish colony from the Canary Islands settled where the city of San Antonio now is. One of the objects of this colony was to civilize the wild tribes of Indians who roamed over the great plains of Texas. Some of these tribes who were not as warlike were easily humbled and helped to build the missions and dig the irrigation ditches. Many of them also were taken into the Catholic church. There was one powerful, haughty, warlike tribe, however, who could not be handled by the colonists. They were the Apaches, and their home was in and around the now famous pass, many villages of tepees being on the creeks adjacent. They made many raids on San Antonio, carried off their stock and robbed their houses, often making the citizens hold their horses while they pillaged the premises.

This state of affairs could not be endured, and the King of Spain was notified of the situation. He at once sent General Bandera with a body of troops for the protection of the colonists. The stronghold of the Apaches was easily located on account of the plain trails which led from San Antonio. The Indians discovered the approach of the Spaniards and abandoned the villages, scattering the squaws and papooses in the hills and numbers occupied the pass and hills adjoining and there awaited the onset of the Spanish army. A terrible battle raged for three days, but finally were

defeated with great slaughter and the remnant retreated west across the plains and settled in New Mexico, and their descendants are there yet. The villages were burned and General Bandera returned to San Antonio and was stationed there for the protection of the colonists in case of future raids. The pass, creek, town and county were named for this Spanish general. His name means flag in English.

John Coffee Hays, better known in Texas as Jack Hayes, was born in Wilson county, Tenn., in 1818. He was named for General Coffee who commanded a brigade in the army of General Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans. He came to Texas in 1837 when but 19 years of age, and located at San Antonio. He was a surveyor by profession and was employed to survey lands on the frontier. His active life on the frontier gave him a hardy constitution and none could bear more hardships than he. His talent as a commander and leader of border men early developed and he was soon among the chosen leaders of the pioneers of Southwest Texas. His reputation as a fighter rose so rapidly he was given command of the frontier with the rank of major in 1840. This was in part owing to his gallantry in the great Indian battle of Plum Creek, where 200 Texans defeated 600 Comanche Indians and pursued them to the foot of the mountains, the pursuit ending where the town of Kyle is now. This was in 1840. He attracted the attention of President Houston who commissioned him to raise a company of rangers to be stationed in or near San Antonio for the protection of the settlers. It was during this time

that he fought the battle of Bandera Pass with the Comanche Indians.

At this time the rangers under Hays were camped on Leon Creek, seven miles west of San Antonio. His scouting ground was Pedernales, Guadalupe, Nueces, Medina, Llano and the Frios, and these scouts fought six battles with the Comanches. In 1842, about 100 years after Bandera fought the Apaches, Captain Hays started with about 40 men, intending to go out through the pass and scout up the Guadalupe. They made their last camp where the town of Bandera now is and arrived at the pass about 10 o'clock the following morning. In the meantime, about 100 Comanches were coming south on a raid and discovered the approach of the rangers while several miles away as the country was not brushy then.

The Indian chief laid an ambush, secreting warriors on both sides of the pass, a dense body of them being in a ravine which entered the pass on the west side. When the Rangers entered the pass they were considerably scattered. The Indians allowed them to penetrate about half way before the attack was made. They came in such numbers and so furiously, yelling and shooting, some confusion prevailed, frightened and wounded horses wheeling and trying to run back. The presence and coolness of Hays soon restored order.

The fight was fierce and bloody, often hand to hand with Bowie knives, when rifles and the small five-shooting revolvers could no longer be loaded. Finally the Comanche chief was killed by Kit Aekland in a desperate knife battle. The gallant ranger was also badly cut. The Indians soon withdrew to the north end of the pass and the rangers to the south end where there was a big water hole and went into camp. They brought their dead and wounded with them. Five rangers were killed and six wounded. The dead were buried near the water hole, the graves being dug with hatchets and knives.

Among the killed was George Jackson, son of Tom Jackson, who was killed with Travis in the Alamo. Another one was Peter Fore, shot through the heart with an arrow. The wounded were Tom Galbreath, Ben Highsmith, Kit Aekland, Sam Luckey, Sam Walker and Andrew

Erskine. The Indians kept up a great noise until late at night, but when daylight came they were all gone. Their dead had all been removed and the chief buried near the north end of the pass, the grave having a pile of rocks on it. The horses of the slain warriors were killed at the north end of the pass. This was part of their religion, believing that the dead warriors will need their horses to ride to the "Happy Hunting Ground". Great quantities of these horses bones were still to be seen when the first settlers came into the country. The dead Indians were hidden somewhere but the rangers did not look for them. Captain Hays carried his wounded men at once to San Antonio, where they could get medical aid.

It is quite remarkable that so many of these young rangers who fought this battle became noted men afterwards, Jack Hays commanded a regiment of Texas rangers in General Taylor's army in Mexico. Sam Walker who was badly lanced at Bandera Pass was lieutenant colonel of Hays's regiment and was killed at the battle of Humantla. Ben McCulloch commanded a spy company in the regiment of Hays in Mexico, was major general in the Confederate army in the Civil War and was killed at the battle of Elk Horn. P. Hansborough Bell commanded a regiment in the Mexican war and was afterwards governor of Texas. Ad. Gillespie was a captain in the regiment of Hays and was killed at the storming of Monterey. Bigfoot Wallace was his lieutenant and carried him away from the walls which they were assaulting. Mike Chevalier was a major in Hays' regiment. George Neill was a veteran of San Jacinto and son of Colonel Neill who was in command of the Alamo until relieved by Colonel Travis. Andrew Erskine, a prominent citizen of Guadalupe county was killed at the battle of Gaines Mill during the Civil War. Creed Taylor, one of a historic family of the early days in Texas, died at a very advanced age at his ranch in Kimble county. Mike Chevalier and Kit Aekland went with Colonel Hays to California in 1848. Colonel Hays died in California in 1873, near Piedmont. Ben Highsmith, 86 years of age, died near Utopia; Tom Galbreath, 85, died near Devine in Medina county.

Old Camp Verde and the Camels

A. J. Sowell in San Antonio Light November 27, 1921.

This historic place is situated on Verde creek about eight miles west of Center Point and is laid down on the Spanish maps as "Verde arroyo," (Green Creek). It was established as a frontier post by an act of congress in 1855 and was also intended for a camel post. In 1856 forty camels arrived with twelve Armenian drivers and their families. A sketch had been made of an eastern caravansary in Asia Minor, and it was reproduced at Camp Verde in every minute particular. It was built in a rectangular shape except the north wall, which made an angle, the distance from each corner to this angle being 150 feet. This wall was fifteen feet high and made of concrete and timber, called "Pise" work. The timber came from Pensacola, Fla., and cost the government \$125 a thousand to get it here. The south walls were not so high, and in front was an open court, in which was a well with the old style Egyptian sweep. This project of using camels on the frontier originated with Jefferson Davis. He thought that camels could cross the desert country with more ease and quicker than horses and go longer without water, which would greatly facilitate carrying dispatches and following Indians. This was all true enough. The camels could cross the desert stretches better than a horse if it had all been desert sand, but Camp Verde is a mountainous and rocky country, over which the camel with its soft spongy feet, only suited to sand, could make but little headway. The Spanish pony could beat him. Later it might have succeeded when the line of post extended out to the great plains, but the project at Camp Verde was a failure.

Capt. I. N. Palmer was the first commander at this post, and he rose to the rank of general in the United States army during the Civil War. Major Browman next occupied the position, and died here. Lieutenant Wheaton, afterwards a general, also commanded here. Gen. Robert E. Lee and General Albert Sidney Johnson were also at this post, and it was here that General Johnson started on the expedition across the plains, by order of the United States

government, to operate against the Mormons in 1857. The Johnson fork of the Guadalupe was named for him. He was a major general in the Confederate army in the Civil War and was killed at the battle of Shiloh. His body was brought back to Texas and buried at Austin, as was also that of Gen. Ben McCulloch. Bigfoot Wallace's also buried near their graves.

The post was surrendered to the Confederates in 1861 and occupied by them until 1865, when the United States government again took possession of it. The camels being a failure they were sold in 1868 to Bethel Coopwood. Up to that time they had increased to 125. The price that Coopwood paid for them was around \$14. Part of the breeding stock was then sold to a man here in Texas who raised them for a circus, and the remainder was bought (that is, of the breeding stock), by a California man who raised them for their hair value. The strong camels were sent to Mexico to be used by a transportation company, a scheme of Mr Coopwood, but it failed. They were kept some time in Mexico and their feed bill ran up \$800, when they were sold to cover it. They were redeemed by the Vance brothers and brought back to the United States and placed with a bunch in California. Some few escaped from Camp Verde and went into the mountains here, and a good price was paid for them when found and brought back by anyone. At that time they had not become wild and could be easily managed when found. When the writer was at Castroville on one occasion an old German told me that he caught one of the camels when a boy and carried it to San Antonio and the government paid him \$30 for it. During the cholera scare of 1892, General Wheaton, who was in command of the department of Texas, took an option of the property for a year, with a privilege of longer time, so they could absolutely have a quarantine camp by closing roads and stopping all travel to this place. This arrangement was made by the commissioners court through J. A. Bonnell, who then owned the Camp Verde property.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

SEVENTH INSTALLMENT.

When I awoke day was beginning to break, birds were singing and squirrels chattering in the trees. The rain had ceased, and after brushing off the damp leaves that adhered to my clothes, my toilet was made, and I started back in the direction of the bottom very near the place where I had entered it the evening before, but no living thing was visible on the prairie as far as I could see, except some herds of deer and a flock of wild turkeys. I proceeded cautiously along the edge of timber until I came to the place where the Mexicans had staked their horses. They were gone and hearing no sounds from the woods in which they had camped, I ventured in to reconnoitre. Their fires were still burning, but the camp was deserted and there was nothing left to indicate the probable fate of my companions.

I was exceedingly hungry, and I searched the camp closely, hoping the Mexicans might have forgotten some-remnant of their provisions when they went off, but I found no vestige of eatables of any kind except a few egg shells. Leaving the camp, I returned to the prairie and traveled up and down the timber for several miles hoping to meet with one or the other of my companions. I continued my search for them until late in the evening, when having abandoned all hopes of finding them, I struck out across the prairie in the direction I intended going. Before I had gone a quarter of a mile I happened to look back towards the river and saw a house that had been hidden from my view, when searching for my companions, by a strip of timber. As I was suffering much from hunger, I concluded to return and make an examination of this house and premises, hoping I might find something to eat.

I approached the house cautiously for fear it might be occupied by a marauding party of Mexicans, but seeing nothing to excite my suspicions, I ventured up. Everything about the house—furniture broken and strewn in fragments over the floor, beds ripped open and their contents scattered around, plainly indi-

cated that it had been visited by some plundering bunch of rancheros or Indians. However, in an outhouse near the main building, I found a piece of bacon and four or five ears of corn. The corn, I ground upon a steel mill that was fastened to a post in the yard, and starting a fire in one of the chimneys of the main building, I very soon prepared a substantial meal of "ash cake" and broiled bacon, to which I paid my sincere respects. By this time night had set in, and, spreading some tattered bed clothes left in the house upon the floor, I slept comfortably until morning.

The next morning, after making a hearty breakfast on ash cake and bacon, as there was no urgent necessity for hurrying forward, I concluded I would make another attempt to find my companions, and again I traveled several miles above and below, along the edge of the timber, but seeing nothing of them I at length became satisfied that they had been captured by the Mexicans, or had gone on without waiting for me. The factes were, however, as I afterwards learned from both of them when I subsequently met them on the Brazos, about as follows: After Brown and I broke away from the rancheiro and went off in different directions, he pursued Brown, came up with him and took him back to the camp. There they tied him securely to a tree, and then proceeded leisurely to cook and eat their supper. Brown, who could speak a little Spanish, told them he was starving and begged them to give him something to eat, but they said it was useless to do so as they intended to hoot him in the morning. He then told them if such was their intention to shoot him at once and not to keep him tied up to a tree like a dog all night, but the Mexicans paid no attention to his request and when they had finished their supper, they laid down upon their blankets and went to sleep. Brown tried his best to untie himself, but the rancheiro had fastened him so securely to the tree that he found it impossible to get loose and was compelled to remain in a standing position all night.

The next morning, as soon as it was fairly light, one of the rancheros walked up to Brown and pinned a piece of white cloth to his breast, telling him it was a mark for them to shoot at. Four or five rancheros then stationed themselves a few paces in front of him, cocked their guns and presented them as if about to shoot. All this time, Brown, who had been rendered perfectly desperate by pain and hunger, was cursing the Mexicans as much as his imperfect knowledge of the language would permit. He told them they were a set of cowardly scoundrels, and that the bravest feat they had ever performed was the murder of an unarmed and helpless prisoner, and so on. Brown said he was suffering and had suffered so exherciatingly from pain and hunger all night that he really wanted the Mexicans to shoot him and put him out of his misery, but they seemed astonished at his boldness and sang froid, and the one in command of the party came to where he was tied, cut the ropes and told him to go, that he was "muy bravo" (very brave), and that in place of shooting him they would leave him to perish of hunger. Then they saddled their horses and rode off. Some days afterwards Brown was again captured by a party of Mexicans, but in some way he managed to escape from them and finally, more by good luck than anything else, for he was a poor woodsman, he made his way to the army on the Brazos.

Holliday, as I have before stated, was not seen when the ranchero captured Brown and myself, and as soon as it was dark he left his hiding place and took his course across the prairie. Subsequently he had many narrow escapes from marauding parties of Mexicans and Indians. On one occasion a party of Mexicans pursued him so closely that he took refuge in a lake. He waded on till the water was up to his neck, when the Mexicans amused themselves for some time by firing off their scopets at his head, but fortunately for Holliday night came on, and under cover of the darkness he skipped out and dodged his pursuers.

Another time, two runaway negro men caught him in a house to which he had gone in search of something to eat. They asked him if he was a Texan, and upon his replying in the affirmative they told him they intended to kill him. Where-

upon they tied him securely in the room and went out, but in a few moments returned each one with a heavy club in his hand, and they told him to say his prayers speedily, as they were going to beat out his brains. Holliday, however, "reasoned" the matter with them, telling them it wasn't fair to kill him for what other white men might have done to them—that he had never injured them in any way, etc. His talk seemed to produce some effect upon one of the negroes, but the other insisted upon killing him. Finally, however, the one who was inclined to favor him prevailed upon the other to abandon his intention of beating out his brains, they said they would not kill him but would take him to the camp of some Mexican guerrillas near by. Holliday thought this would be better than "jumping out of the frying pan into the fire;" that such a proceeding would not be better than having his brains knocked out,—and he urged all the arguments he could think of against it. At length, much to Holliday's relief, they agreed to let him go, and before they left they not only gave him provisions, but directions that enabled him to make his way through an unknown country to the Texan army under General Houston. He came into Columbia, on the Brazos, about ten days after I did. Holliday was subsequently appointed to a captaincy in the Texas regular army, was again taken prisoner in the unfortunate Santa Fe expedition, carried to the City of Mexico, and, after his liberation, died of yellow fever on the voyage from Vera Cruz to New Orleans, and was buried at sea.

Giving up all hopes of finding my companions, I started out across the large prairie that extended in the direction I was going as far as my eye could reach. The game on this prairie was more abundant than I had seen it elsewhere. I am sure that frequently there were a thousand deer in sight at a time. Here, too, I first saw the painted grouse, or prairie hen. At first I supposed the call of the cock was the distant lowing of wild cattle, some of which were grazing on the prairie. Wild turkey were also numerous, and so unused to the sight of man, that they permitted me to approach within a few paces of them.

During the day I saw several parties of Mexicans or Indians on horses, but

they did not come near me. About three o'clock in the evening I reached the timber on the Navidad, where I stopped to rest a while and lunch on some of the ash cake and bacon I had brought along with me. I then proceeded on my course through the bottom, and after going half a mile I came to the Navidad river, at that place thirty or forty yards wide. It was swollen by recent rains and not fordable, so I was compelled to swim it, which I did easily, stripping off my clothes and tying them on a piece of dry wood, and pushing it before me as I swam.

As soon as I reached the bank I dressed myself and continued my course through the bottom, which was much wider on that side. I had gone perhaps half a mile, when my attention was drawn to the continuous barking of a dog in the direction from which I had come. At first I did not notice it particularly, supposing it was some dog left behind by the settlers on the Navidad when they fled from the invading Mexican army. But at length I observed that although I was traveling at a pretty rapid walk the barking of this dog seemed nearer and nearer to me, and I suspected he was trailing me and that probably there was some one with him. I therefore hurried on as fast as possible, and in an hour or so came to the open prairie on the north side of the river. All this time I could hear the baying of the dog at apparently about the same distance behind me as when I first noticed it. I was sure then he was trailing me, and never halted for a moment, but continued on my course, into the prairie for several hundred yards to a fallen tree, among the limbs of which I concealed myself, and from whence I could have a distinct view of anything coming out of the bottom at the point I left it.

After I had thus "holed" myself, the barking of the dog grew louder and louder and nearer every moment, and in a little while I saw the dog, followed by three Indians, emerge from the timber, precisely at the point where I had left it, one of the Indians held the dog by a leash, and was armed with a gun, the other two had their bows and lances. If I had been armed with the poorest pot-metal, muzzle-loading shotgun that was ever manufactured at Birmingham, I would not have feared them, but as I

had no weapon more formidable than the scissor blade given me by Brown, I "laid low" and watched them from my hiding place. When the Indians following the dog come to the place in the prairie from whence I had turned back on my trail, the dog lost it of course, but the Indians (taking it for granted, I suppose, that I had gone on in the same direction) urged and led the dog that way until finally they went out of sight. If I had not thrown them off my trail in the manner described, there is no doubt I would have lost my scalp on that occasion, and I took considerable credit to myself for having beaten them at their own game.

I remained but a little while in the hiding place after the Indians left. But the course I wished to travel was the one they had taken, and for that reason, and because my provisions were nearly exhausted, I determined to keep up along the edge of the timber, hoping to find some settlement and replenish my larder. I followed up the margin of the timber for several miles and at length came to a "clearing", on the opposite side I saw a house. I cautiously advanced towards the house until I was satisfied it was unoccupied, and I could venture up with safety. On entering it I found that a marauding party of Mexicans had lately been there and appropriated to their own use whatever there might have been eatable on the premises. I searched the house thoroughly, but could find nothing in the way of "provender."

By the time I had finished my fruitless search for something to eat the sun was about setting, and as there was a bed in the house, which looked very inviting to me after sleeping so long on the ground, I concluded to accept the invitation and pass the night in it. After a very frugal and unsatisfying repast upon the small remnant of ash cake and bacon in my knapsack, I turned into my bed and was soon fast asleep.

It must have been near midnight when I was aroused by some noise. I listened attentively and soon ascertained that the noise was nothing but the grunting of some hogs that had taken up their quarters under the house whilst I was asleep. The house was set upon blocks, a foot or so above the ground and the space beneath the floor was therefore sufficiently roomy for their accommoda-

tion. The floor was made of puncheons or slabs, which are held in their places solely by their weight. Hunger as well as necessity is the mother of invention, and it occurred to me that I might bag one of these porkers by quietly lifting a puncheon immediately above the spot where they were lying and then quickly grabbing the first one I could get hold of.

I therefore got up from my comfortable bed and after listening awhile to their grunting so as to ascertain what part of the floor they were under, I slowly and noiselessly lifted a slab above them and laid it aside. Thrusting my arm down through the opening I had made, I felt around until my hand came in contact with the leg of a hog, when I suddenly seized it, and the row began. I had got hold of a hog much too large for me to manage well, and found it no easy matter to induce him to come up into my comfortable quarters. He struggled vigorously to get loose, squealing all the while in a most ear-piercing manner, and for some time I thought it very doubtful how the contest would end—whether I would succeed in hauling the hog up into the room, or the hog in dragging me under the floor. But I knew if I “let go” there would be no pork steaks for breakfast, as the other hogs had been frightened by the squealing and struggling, and had left for parts unknown. But the idea of having no steak for breakfast gave me more than my usual strength, and at last, but not until he had cut me severely with his hard hoofs and rasped a good deal of skin off my knuckles against the sharp edges of the puncheons, I drew him by main “strength and brutality” into the room and replaced the puncheon. I had secured my hog, how to kill and butcher him was the next question. I had nothing to do it with except one of the blades of the little pair of scissors given me by Brown, and that I knew was totally inadequate for the purpose. I could find nothing in the room that would do, so I slipped out, carefully fastening the door after me, to see if there was anything about the premises with which I could dispatch the porker. The moon was shining brightly, and I looked all around for something that would enable me to convert my hog into pork, but could find nothing but a large maul that had been used for splitting rails, and

with this I re-entered the room and made a determined assault upon the hog. The maul, however, was so heavy and unwieldy I could not handle it with sufficient celerity to inflict a stunning blow. Round and round the room we went for a quarter of an hour or more, the hog squealing all the while and his hoofs clattering on the puncheons and making altogether such a “racket” as might have been heard at the distance of half a mile. At last, however, I got a fair lick at his cranium, which brought him to the floor, where I finished him by continuous “mauling.”

When the bloody deed had been committed, I was so completely exhausted that I tumbled back on the bed, was asleep in a few moments, and did not awake until the sun was high in the heavens. I got up and the first thing I did was to drag my hog to a spring near the house, where I butchered him after a fashion, with a piece of broken drawing knife I picked up in the yard. After finishing this job I started a fire and roasted four or five pounds of the pork for breakfast, I packed as much pork as I could carry in my knapsack, and started up the bottom again, keeping close to the edge of the timber so that I might readily take shelter in the event that I should meet with a party of Mexicans or Indians. I had come to the conclusion by this time that previously I had been steering my course too low down the country, and I thought it best to keep up the river some distance before I resumed it again, in order to avoid the lagoons and swamps which I supposed abounded in the vicinity of the coast.

I traveled five or six miles without seeing anything worthy of note, and at noon stopped an hour or so at a pool of water to rest and cook some of my pork, and to “barbecue” the remainder so as to prevent it from spoiling. It was late in the evening before I started again, and about sunset, not finding another house, I concluded to encamp in a point of timber near a pool of water.

Just after I had turned into a bed of dry grass for the night, I saw a light spring up, apparently five or six hundred yards above, on the edge of the bottom, and I concluded to get up and see what caused it. The moon had not yet made her appearance and I thought I could reconnoiter the locality with safety, even

if the light should prove to be from the camp fire of Mexicans or Indians. Guided by the light which continued to shine steadily, I went perhaps a quarter of a mile, when I saw that it came from the chinks of a small log cabin. I approached it silently, and when near it, I saw there were several other cabins near it, but no lights were visible in them. The chinks between the logs of the cabin in which the light was shining were all open, and I carefully crept to the side nearest me and peeped through one of them. I had heard for some time a queer kind of rasping sound proceeding from within the cabin, for which I could not account until I looked through the chink, and then I saw a Mexican soldier sitting on the floor, shelling corn into a tub, which he did by rasping the ears on the edge. He had on his shot pouch and powder horn, but his gun I noticed was leaning against the wall next to me, and as there was an opening between two of the logs it was leaning against wide enough to shove my arm through, it occurred to me that possibly I might be able to draw the gun through this opening before the Mexican was aware that anyone was in the vicinity, as his back was turned towards me. So I reached in, seized the gun cautiously, near the muzzle, and began to draw it slowly through the chink between the logs. There is no doubt I would have succeeded in my attempt to get the gun, but when the barrel was fairly outside and I felt sure I had secured the prize, to my great disappointment the breech was so large that it stuck hard and fast between the logs. In my effort to pull the gun through, I unavoidably made some noise that attracted the attention of the soldier, and he turned and uttered an exclamation of fear and astonishment when he saw his gun thus mysteriously disappearing through the chink in the cabin, and he instantly sprang forward and clutched it by the breech.

The noise aroused three or four dogs sleeping near the cabin, and they began to bay me furiously. I was sure there were more Mexican soldiers in the adjoining houses, and thinking I might find a "healthier" location than the one where I was, I made off at "double quick" for the bottom, closely pursued by the dogs. When I reached the timber, I heard a good deal of shouting and

"earahooing" at the cabins, but as the night was quite dark I had no fear of being pursued, and leisurely took my way along the edge of the timber. When I had got I suppose a mile from the cabins, I went into the timber and encamped in a secure place.

My failure to get the soldier's gun was a great disappointment to me. Every house I had visited since I struck the settlements, I had searched closely for a gun, hoping that one might have been left by the occupants when they hurriedly fled before the invading army, but my search was always fruitless. People had abandoned a great deal of valuable property, but whatever arms they had they carried off. I had an abundance of ammunition, for at one of the houses I had searched I found powder and shot, which I secured, and all I lacked was a gun. I would willingly have given all the money I had in the world (amounting to seventy-five cents in specie) for the poorest pot-metal gun that was ever manufactured, and taken the chances of its bursting whenever I fired it.

(Continued Next Month.)

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Exciting Chase After a Band of Indians

W. M. Green, Major Commanding Texas Ex-Rangers' Association.

As well as I remember, it was about the first of November, 1874, when a cowboy came to the headquarters camp of Company A, Frontier Battalion, on Gonzales Creek in Stephens county, and reported that Indians were at the Jim Carter ranch on Big Sandy, fifteen miles west of us, the night before, and informed us they were coming our way, with Carter and two of his cowboys on their trail. The messenger arrived at our camp about 3 p. m., and Lieutenant J. M. Milligan, who was in command of Company A at that time, ordered a detachment of thirteen men to be ready as soon as possible to take the trail. In less than thirty minutes we were in the saddles, with Milligan in command.

It was a very dark day, the clouds hanging low. It had rained all the night before, and at this time a fine mist was falling, which made it difficult to see very far ahead. We had no trouble in finding the trail, as the Indians had passed within a few hundred yards of our camp. Lieutenant Milligan ordered Al Barber and myself to take the trail, detailing three others to go with us, while he, with the rest of the boys, went back on the trail to meet Carter, so as to be sure some of us were right. After going about two miles he met Carter and learned that we were on the right trail. But as we were traveling in opposite directions, we had a space of several miles between us. The trail led to the northeast, through a very brushy region, but as the ground was very soft we could follow it with ease. When we had gone about a mile we found where the Indians had been lounging, evidently waiting for nightfall, when they probably intended to make a run on our camp. They, of course, had their lookouts, who when they saw the stir in our camp reported to the main bunch, and they decided it was time to move out. About this time we lost one of our men, John Maples, who had charge of the pack mule. We held the steel to our mounts, and it wasn't long until we were out of sight of Maples and the mule. The mule refused to lead faster than a walk, or drive any direction except camp. It

was about fifteen miles to where the brush was not so thick, where the trail ran to a high point of mountain, and up this mountain went the Indians, probably with the intention of ascertaining our number. It was doubtful, however, if they were able to see us, as by this time the sun was getting low, and, as before stated, the clouds were hanging so low and a fine mist was falling. True to their tactics, they ascended to the top of the mountain, possibly hoping that by crossing the rocks they would so dim their trail that we would lose it. We stopped to adjust our saddle blankets, which worked from under the saddles, when we heard Lieutenant Milligan and the other nine men coming on behind us. This delay of five or ten minutes probably saved the four of us the scrap that was anticipated. The Indians turned more to the east, through a heavy mesquite flat and headed for Spy Mountain, five miles away, where they hoped to get another look at us.

I will state here that before Lieutenant Milligan overtook us, we discovered we were so close on the heels of the Indians that we could see where they crossed little pools of water that had accumulated in low places the foam or bubbles were still in evidence.

When Lieutenant Milligan arrived the trail was described in as few words as possible, and after cautioning Barber and I to keep a close lookout, he instructed us to take the trail and follow it as fast as possible for we had but little time, as it was then near sunset, and we must overtake those Indians. We had not gone far when Milligan sent Bud Boykin up to assist Barber and I on the trail, and as a precautionary step to protect the trailers, as the scout was kept from one to two hundred yards behind them. The trail led straight to Spy Mountain. On arriving at the foot of the mountain, a high round peak with a lateral extending to the head of a deep gulch, we discovered the Indians' horses on top of the mountain. Among the horses was a big pair of mules which had been stolen from the Jim Carter ranch on Battle Creek. These mules

were Carter's chuck team. There was also a white horse which belonged to Dock Grounds. By this time it was getting dark, and we had no time to lose. We at once dismounted, tied our horses with heavy hitch-ropes, and began, as we thought, the perilous run for the horses at the top of the mountain, but when we arrived at the point where the horses were standing we found, to our disappointment, the Indians had fled, and it was too dark to follow them. The horses were so run down the redskins were forced to abandon them.

Our booty, besides the horses and mules, consisted of one saddle, two new

leather bridles, six lariats, five of buffalo calf skin and one of buckskin, and thirteen blankets, which were divided among the boys, the lariats being given to Lieutenant Milligan. Thus ended a very exciting little run, and our boys all came off with their scalps intact.

As my mind reverts back to those days, many pleasant memories are brought to the front, though mingled with sadness. William Boykin and Al Barber have long since passed over the Great Divide; in fact, so far as I know I am the only one now living who took part in that chase.

Origin of Jim Ned and Mukewater

Brownwod Bulletin.

No doubt many people wonder as they pass the splendid brick school house situated almost on the line of Brown and Coleman counties but in Brown county, why it was that the community was called "Mukewater." Recently a Bulletin man passed that way and stopped to ask a man working in a field close at hand as to the origin of the name. The man said it was a German name and he understood that it came from an old time German pioneer. This didn't sound right and so the inquiry was continued, to be answered finally by that old timer, "Uncle" B. F. Gholson, of Coryell county, who was one of the men with Sul Ross when he captured Cynthia Ann Parker on Pease river in the Wichita mountains, the latter part of December, 1860.

Mr. Gholson says in his letter:

"You asked about the origin of 'Jim Ned.' The creek was named in memory of Jim Ned, the Kiowa chieftian, whose tribe made their winter quarters, as a rule, in the locality just above the junction of Hoards Creek and the stream now known as Jim Ned creek. This is only a short distance from old Camp Colorado, where Capt. Henry Sackett now lives. It was in 1835 that a party of surveyors ventured into that locality and were found and taken in charge by

a band of Jim Ned's warriors. Jim Ned claimed that the surveyors were violating certain treaty stipulations and so he took the entire bunch to Santanta, the head chief of the Kiowas whose headquarters was just south of the mountains now known as Santa Anna Mountain. Santanta told the men they would have to stand trial. So a jury of war chiefs was summoned and the trial started. It looked like squally times had arrived for the surveyors but they put up a brave front and all put in a plea of absolute ignorance of the treaty stipulations, which was probably true on their part. The men when called on to speak demanded protection from the Mexican government. The men were not killed but were held until the next spring, then taken to Nacogdoches and turned over to the Mexican authorities.

Another band of Indians in winter quarters not far from the headquarters of Santana, on a small stream were under command of Chief Mukewaka. This stream and locality took its name from the chief by that name.

It was said by old timers that old Jim Ned, the Kiowa chief, was a half breed, but further that that his origin seems to be enveloped in the many mysteries of pioneer days in Texas.

If you are interested in the preservation of our early history you are urged to subscribe for Frontier Times and help to sustain it,

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William E. Hawks, "Historian of the Plains," owner of the Two Bar Seventy Ranch at Bennington, Vermont, writes: "Every old timer who is lucky enough to get one of your Frontier Times should thank you as long as they live. Every story told by the old timers crosses trails with some noted event of the old West."

Henry Bruemmer, Twin Sisters, Texas, takes advantage of our offer to send old time Texans Frontier Times for a dollar. He was born in Comal county, Texas, in 1856, and his parents moved to Blanco county in 1857. A good sketch appeared in our April issue in regard to Mr. Bruemmer's experiences.

Mrs. L. A. Scott, of McKinney, Texas, writes us as follows: I appreciate your desire to make your sturdy little magazine more attractive. I do not know the significance of the yellow cover, but beg to say I think a gray cover with the black lettering, scroll and Indian in black, would make a cover page that would be a classic. I trust Frontier Times may have sufficient support to advance in all lines you desire, for it certainly is a valuable (unblemished by selfish motives) historical publication. Your heroic efforts in undertaking such heavy duties will, I assure you, be appreciated by all pioneers of our state and their descendants."

H. Klappenbach of Eagle Pass, Texas, writes: "A copy of your magazine, Frontier Times, came to my hands through our banker, W. A. Bonnet, and I am enclosing my check for \$1.50 to cover subscription. I am the oldest son of August Klappenbach, and was born in Bandera on March 26, 1857, consequently belonged to the early frontier days of Bandera. Our family moved away from Bandera in 1867, and I have never been back, but I intend to take a vacation of eight or ten days some time this summer and go back to the old home."

Paul Morgan, principal of Barwise School, Wichita Falls, Texas, writes: "Your publication is indeed interesting and furnishes entertainment for all classes. I congratulate you on the work and the magazine."

E. B. Sayles, of Abilene, Texas, writes: "You are publishing, I think, a very worthy little magazine. The subject matter is important to anyone interested in the history of the Southwest, and you are doing a great work in securing these life sketches before all of our old pioneers have followed the frontier into the beyond. I regret that I did not sooner become one of your subscribers."

In our April issue we announced that it is our intention to make some changes in the typographical appearance of Frontier Times, when we complete the present volume, in September. We had in mind a change in the size of the pages, and expect to use a better and heavier grade of paper, as well as a more attractive cover design. A number of our friends have written us, protesting against too radical a change, and we have decided to maintain the present size page, but will increase the number of pages, and use a better grade of paper, and at this time we are negotiating for the production of lithographed covers for the magazine. These improvements mean a great outlay of money, but we anticipate that by the time we are ready to make the change our list of subscribers will have increased to where we can meet the additional expense. Frontier Times is depending solely upon its subscription list for sustenance, and if every patriotic Texan, who wants to see this little magazine made a permanent publication, will send in his or her subscription renewal promptly and will urge others to subscribe, it will help us wonderfully to make Frontier Times all it should be.

Frontier Times hopes to see the day come when every man and woman who lived on the frontiers of Texas prior to 1875, is allowed a pension from the government.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

The Old Blue Back Speller

In the early days our fathers and mothers, who were fortunate enough to get to go to school used the Old Blue Back Speller. Today the Old Blue Back Speller is out-of-date, and you seldom see one of them, unless it be among the relics and keepsakes of families who know its value. With all of our advancement and higher education, a greater text book than the Old Blue Back Speller has never been found, yet it has fallen into disuse long ago. How would you like to have one of these books to place in your library to keep so that your children and your children's children may see how your parents or your grandparents were taught to spell. We have been fortunate in securing about a hundred of these original old BlueBack Spellers from a publishing house which happened to have them on hand, so we purchased the lot, and we are going to pass them on to readers of Frontier Times, at the very low price of .42 cents each, postpaid.

Now when you subscribe for Frontier Times, or renew your subscription to this little magazine, just include an additional .42 cents and tell us to send you the Blue Back Speller; or if you are already a paid up subscriber, send us four dimes and two pennies and the Speller will come to you promptly. Do not send us postage stamps if you can avoid it.

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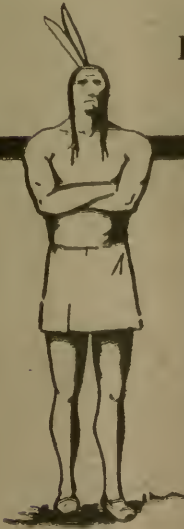
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Vol. 2—No. 9.

JUNE, 1925.

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Fight With Indians at Loving's Ranch

R. S. Purdy, Cement Oklahoma, in Dallas News, 1904.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the early part of July, 1874, that a party of four horsemen may have been seen riding across the prairie in what is now Archer County, Texas. Their course was nearly north toward a streak of timber that bordered the west fork of the Trinity River. Their dress and accouterments showed them to be Texas Rangers, and a scout from Company B of the frontier battalion stationed in Young County. They were on their way to meet another scout from company C, stationed in Clay County. It was the custom for each county to send out a patrol or scout, to meet at some appointed place about half way between each company and camp together for the night, returning to their respective company the next day, and by this means the round between each company was examined each day and if an Indian trail was discovered going into the settlement it was reported at camp and a force of rangers sent after them. By this means the trail was followed into the settlement and the Indians were nearly always caught before they could get back across Red River to their homes, where the rangers were not allowed to follow.

About sunset the party of horsemen reached the timber, and selecting a good camping place for the night staked or hobbled their horses out on the grass which grew in abundance, and prepared to make themselves comfortable for the night. They did not have to wait long before they were joined by the patrol from Company C and then supper was prepared. In this way each man carried a quart cup to make coffee in. Each man had a small piece of bacon. If they did not have bacon they would kill game and broil it over the fire. For bread they had biscuit cooked at camp. After supper guards were put around the horses and the balance of the boys told

stories or would sing songs until bed time, when they spread their blankets, taking their saddles for pillows, and slept until time to change guards, which was done every two hours through the night, and when day came they saddled their horses, and were on their way to the company.

When emerging from the timber on to the prairie they saw thirty-five or forty Indians about a hundred yards away in their war paint going into the settlements to steal horses and get all the scalps they could, of course. This took the boys by surprise for a few minutes, but they soon had their carbines, which was the old reliable Sharps, ready for use, and fired a few shots into the Indians. When the Indians fell back just over the brow of a small ridge and returned the fire, hitting Laman's horse in the hip and another in the leg, but not so bad as to disable them. The Rangers, thinking there were more Indians than they wanted to tackle, retreated into the timber, made a detour and coming out on the prairie a few miles farther east each party struck out in double quick time for their respective companies. The Rangers from Company B reached camp, which was then at Old Fort Murry on the Brazos River above Belknap, and reported the Indians going in, and it was but a few minutes until a squad of about forty Rangers was in the saddle and on the move to intercept the Indians if possible before they could reach the settlement and do any damage, and as the Indians were traveling southeast we took a course a little north of east, for the writer was in the squad, and Jim Boyd of Boyd's Mills in the eastern part of Wise County, was in command. Jim White was acting as pilot. We struck the trail not far from the Jack County line, and followed them into Lost Valley, where we found a beef which the Indians

had killed and had taken what they wanted. After killing the beef they scattered and we lost the trail. It had been very hot all day, but was now about noon and a cloud coming up. The air became a little cooler and we repaired to a hole of water surrounded by a grove of elm and oak timber, and were eating a cold dinner when it commenced raining and we got under the shelter of the trees until the shower was over, when we remounted and continued our hunt for the lost trail, working our way toward Loving's ranch, about two miles below where we ate dinner, and on the west side of Cameron Creek, which runs through the valley from the south to the north, emptying into the West Fork. The ranch was on the west side of the valley and near the foot of the mountains which were covered with timber, and the beef pen was some two hundred yards from the ranch on the southwest and extended along the foot of the hills and longer than they were wide. It was prairie between the ranch and the beef pens with a few scattering post oak trees, which was a good shade to camp under. Loving and lot of his cowboys, with a lot of cowboys from other ranches, were camped under these trees eating their dinner. Their horses, about forty or fifty in number, were grazing some hundred yards from the cowboys when a large party of Indians dashed in between the cowboys and horses, whooping and yelling and attempting to stampede the horses, and it was but a moment until so troublesome the cowboys always kept a few horses saddled and either tied or staked close by. Each cowboy carried a Winchester and one or two six-shooters, and when Loving saw the Indians and saw them trying to stampede the horses he called to the boys to mount and save the horses, and it as but a moment until they were in the saddle giving the Indians a good battle, driving them back into the hills, and saved the horses.

In the bunch of cowboys were Ira Cooper and John Heath, and they both did good fighting, and when the fight was over they retired to the shade of a large post oak tree to watch for the return of the Indians. Ira had dismounted and was standing by the side of Heath, who was still in the saddle peering through the limbs of the tree, when they saw an Indian in war paint with

what they took to be an old Kentucky full stock rifle, come out of the timber at the southwest end of the beef pens and putting the gun across the corner of the fence took deliberate aim at Heath, but as the distance was so great they thought there was no danger of hitting either of them. But as the report of the rifle died away Heath was seen to reel in the saddle and as he fell, pierced through the center of the forehead, Ira caught him as he fell and they carried him to the ranch, but he only lived a few minutes, and it was but a short time after the fight that we reached the ranch, but too late to participate in the fight, as it took place just as it commenced raining and consequently just as we were eating our dinner. This was on the 8th or 10th of July. I have forgotten which. This was the same bunch of Indians the boys encountered on the head of the West Fork in Archer County, and as they were in the timber and hills and scattered we could not find the trail. So we went back to camp, passing by Flat Top Mountain. When we reached Salt Creek we found our company had moved farther east and reached camp about sun-up on the morning of July 12.

Our Clubbing Offers

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," regular price of the two \$4.00. Our price \$3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "The Life of F. M. Bucklelew, the Indian Captive," regular price for the two \$3.00. Our price \$2.25 postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and the highly interesting book issued by the Texas Folk-Lore Society, "Legends of Texas," regular price \$3.50. Our price \$3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Dot Babb's book, "In the Bosom of the Comanches," regular price \$3.00. Our price \$2.50, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "Heel-Fly Time in Texas," regular price, \$2.00. Our price \$1.75, postpaid.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation of this little magazine

An Inn of Frontier Days

By Miss Esther Mueller, Fredericksburg, Texas.

Tourists passing over the three mile long Main Street of Fredericksburg, are attracted by a quaint, old building, an Inn, the front of which is built like a steam boat. If their inquiries are made of the right person they will be told enthusiastically, "That's the Nimitz Hotel! It was planned by a retired sea captain. The hotel is older than the Civil War. General Lee stopped there sometimes. They still have his bed."

Fredericksburg had been settled but a few years when Chas. Nimitz, father of the present proprietor, realized the need for a tavern in that section of the state. In 1852 he began the erection of the Nimitz Hotel. The rock for the building was found near Fredericksburg, but the lumber was hauled by ox teams with great labor and expense from Indianola, which was then the leading sea port of Texas. The Hotel was built in two parts. On one side were the sleeping quarters and the dining hall, and on the other side was a saloon. Between the two, a spacious, rock inclosed court yard, where horses were refreshed at the well and stabled for the night. The high rock wall, which is still standing was a necessary protection against the Indians and horse thieves.

The main street of Fredericksburg was even then a part of the San Antonio-El Paso Road. The stage coaches stopped regularly at Nimitz hotel, so that drivers might refresh themselves and horses might be changed. Mule teams and army wagons, which passed over the San Antonio-El Paso road, also stopped at Nimitz Hotel.

Army officers from Fort Coneho, Fort McKavett, Fort Mason, and Fort Martin Scott made their headquarters here. They dashed up to the entrance of the hotel, and after they had registered, entered the saloon to drink beer and smoke, or perhaps gamble. The early registers show among the officers the names of General Longstreet, Gen. E. Kirby Smith and Gen. Phil Sheridan. Often, though gentlemen were accompanied by servants and drivers. Directions in the registers frequently say, "Beer for servants and drivers."

Shortly before the Civil War, Robert

E. Lee, U S. Army, was stationed at Fort Martin Scott, two and one half miles from Fredericksburg. Although there is no positive record that Lee stayed at Nimitz Hotel over night we are certain that he frequently stopped at the hotel to have supper, or to meet other officers. When Lee was called away, never to return to Fredericksburg, his household effects were auctioned off. Colonel Nimitz bought among other things, a dining table of solid black walnut and the bed which belonged to Lee. These relics of the South's beloved general are still in the hotel.

Owns Many Rare Relics.

W. G. Mulkey, of Quanah, is owner of a rare collection of early-day articles of household furniture, such as was used by the pioneers, which he grouped together for exhibition at the county fair last year, in conjunction with an old-time negro plantation scene.

The collection of relics included fire-arms, a spinning-wheel, wooden churn, cedar pail and gourd, fireplace, chairs, benches and various other articles, each of which has a history. A candle mould used during the Civil War at Waxahachie by S. H. Mulkey, the owner's father, and a wooden bread tray brought from Alabama by the family of Joe Sheffield when they came to Texas. The plantation scenes contains relics of negro cabins, an old rail fence, a well with a sweep attached, a wooden sorghum mill, such as was used during the Civil War, and still set under a hillside. The collection possesses rare historic value, and attracted much attention. Mr. Mulkey has been engaged in collecting the relics for a period of twenty-five years. He settled at Quanah in 1888, coming from Denton County, and at different periods prior to that resident at Dallas, Waxahachie and Fort Worth. He was in Dallas before it had a railroad, and when he arrived in Quanah the railroad had just been completed, and there was little besides a few stores, a postoffice and a railroad depot to mark the twonsite.

Friendly Indians of the Trinity River

W. Richardson, in Texas Almanac, 1860.

On compliance with your request, I send for your Texas Almanac a description of the friendly Indians of Trinity river. It is, I believe, not generally known, that in the very heart of Texas, surrounded by our settlements, there are some four hundred Indians, cultivating the arts of peace, sustaining themselves and their families in comfort and happiness by their own labors, and enjoying the friendship and confidence of the whites around them. They are branches of the Creek nation, who, early in the present century, withdrew from the contest with our race as hopeless, and sought a home or near Trinity river in Texas, then under the Mexican government. When immigration into Texas brought the Americans again around them, they persisted in their peaceful policy, receiving their former foes with kindness and hospitality, sharing provisions with them, and doing all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of settlers in a new country. In the war with Mexico they adhered to the cause of Texas, remaining quietly in their villages, ready to take up arms with the rest of the population, if the Mexican army should cross the Trinity. Since our revolution they have pursued the same steadfast policy of peace, abstaining from all offense, doing everything in their power to conciliate the whites, appealing trustfully when oppressed to their friends whom they have made by their own good conduct, thankful for justice when they could obtain it, and submitting patiently to wrong when told there was no redress.

They are principally Coashattas and Alabamas, with some few Muscogeese. They speak three different languages, all evidently dialects of the Creek, and most of them understand the Mobile tongue, or Servile Choctaw, which, like the French in Europe, was the universal language among the different tribes, and their usual means of communication with the whites.

Their loyalty to our race, and their peaceful resolutions, have sometimes been severely tried. The base and unprincipled have plundered them for their stock and crops, because they were Indians,

and it was supposed therefore they could be robbed with impunity. Appealing to the senseless prejudices against the name of Indians, combinations have been attempted, by those whose cupidity was excited by the display of their honestly acquired wealth, to break them up and drive them from their villages for the purpose of plundering and sharing their property with impunity. All well meaning citizens have been drawn into such combinations by the occasional and unfortunate crime of a single refractory Indian, though in such cases the tribe has always given up to the offender for punishment, and offered every atonement in their power. But public opinion, which in the main rarely errs, has sustained them. The feeling which is every day becoming stronger, that so long as they abstain from all offense to the whites, and discharge every duty to the best of their ability, there is no reason why they should not be allowed to breathe the air and remain on the soil of a country to which they have a right prior to our own; that their being Indians should not deprive them of the privilege of supporting themselves and their families by honest labor, and of enjoying the fruits of their own industry; and that so long as they give up offenders against our law, no code of justice would allow us to punish the innocent for the guilty. Apart from these intuitive principles of right, which must prevail in every civilized community, there is among all who reflect, and who understand the Indian character, a firm conviction that, harmless and amiable as these people now are, serving and aiding the whites and adding to the production and wealth of the country, yet they might be forced to resistance by wrong and oppression; and that if driven, starving and desperate, and with murdered relatives to revenge, into our thickets and cane-breaks where the white man could not follow them, they are still numerous enough to renew here all of the horrors of the Florida war, to desolate the country for a quarter of a century, and cost the government hundreds of thousands of dollars to exterminate them.

The Legislature of Texas has taken them under its protection, extending to them a liberal and judicious assistance. An agency has usually been kept up for their benefit, and appropriations have been made at different times to purchase a tract of land for the Alabamas, and another for the Coashattas. The tract for the Alabamas has been bought and they are settled on it, have good clearings and improvements, and are doing extremely well, having abundant stocks of hogs, horses, and cattle, and making crops sufficient for their support. The tract for the Coashattas has not yet been bought. They are living partly with the Alabamas and partly on land which is private property, the owner of which does not intend to disturb them. They, too, have good stocks, excellent fields well enclosed, and are making fine crops. The Museogees mostly reside with the last named Coashattas.

Living thus under the protection and care of the Texas government, sustained by the friendship and kind feelings of all the respectable white population, having every inducement to labor and full protection for the fruits of their industry, free from the demoralizing effect of money annuities which tempt to only dissipation, and by giving a temporary immunity from work, create a distaste for it—these Indians are, perhaps, in a more flourishing and happy condition than any of their race now left.

Their crops are cultivated for their own use, rather than for sale. Indian corn is the principal, though many of them plant sweet potatoes, and all of them vegetables, and they usually fill their villages with fruit trees. During the season of cultivation they remain closely at home, working industriously, and hunting only at such leisure times as their crops allow them. The interval between the working and gathering their crops is usually spent in rest and social intercourse, and occasional hunting. But when everything is gathered and housed and the last crevice of their granaries is closed to exclude light and air as a guard against weevil, then comes the return to Indian life and enjoyment. They break up into hunting parties, after the Arab fashion, taking with them their wives and children, their horses and tents, and household utensils. They seek the wild pine forests which

our settlements have not yet reached, and work their way into the dense cane brakes on the rivers which the white men have not yet penetrated. They soon fill their camps with game and, alone with themselves and nature, and safe from the intrusion of a superior and conquering race, they enjoy the realization of Indian life as it was before the white man discovered their country. Devoted to the wild and exciting sports of the chase, keenly alive to all the beauties of nature, and reveling in that absolute freedom which is their ruling passion, they find in these hunting excursions their times of greatest enjoyment. When weary of the chase, or satisfied with its results, they return to their villages, their horses loaded with dry meat, deer skins to be dressed for market, and bears' oil in skins after the patriarchal fashion, for their own use or for sale. These excursions occupy their time until the season comes for repairing their fences and making other preparations for their crops, when they all return home cheerful and contented; to begin the routine of another year.

They are a very happy people. Whether this be owing to their constitutional organization, or to their innate philosophy which teaches them to extract from life all the enjoyment they can, or to their exemption from the cares and anxieties, the strifes and ambitions of civilization, or to consciousness of a faithful discharge of all of their duties and the reflection back on themselves, and from one to the other of the happinesses which they try to dispense to all around them—to whatever cause it may be ascribed, there is no doubt of the fact that they enjoy life more than we do. There is an atmosphere of happiness and kind and social feeling around them which is irresistible in its effect on all who come within its influence. This may explain what has been thought so remarkable, that one who has associated with Indians long enough to assimilate himself to them and understand them thoroughly, is rarely willing to leave them and return to civilized life.

Like other Indians, they have that fatal passion for ardent spirits which, by the inscrutable ways of providence, seems destined to be their extermination. But, with them, it is kept within reasonable bounds. They do not drink habit-

ually. A constitutional depression of spirits, to which they are peculiarly subject, or an overflow of social feeling on the reunion of friends returning from their hunting excursions, usually leads to a beginning, which is generally unmediated. One after another is drawn in and the revel sometimes extends to two or three days and nights. When it is over they carefully efface all trace of debauchery, dress themselves handsomely, return to their usual avocations, and for a long time drink nothing intoxicating. They listen with patience and good humor to remonstrances on the subject, and a friend can often dissuade them from drinking or induce them to close a revel sooner than they otherwise would.

They have a wild, irregular code of duelling of their own, and are always ready to throw away life on a point of honor. They do it with a coolness and indifference which would excite the envy of a white duelist. In fact, they do not seem to feel that instinctive dread of death which make the white man shrink from speaking of or even naming it. They speak of it with as much indifference as any other future event, and meet it apparently without fear or reluctance.

When their own crops are worked to a point of safety they are willing to help their white friends. At plantations where they are kindly treated and where they find it agreeable to stay, they work for low wages. During the season of cotton picking they really give us important aid. This is their favorite work. Their small hands and slender fingers are well adapted to it, and their lithe and agile forms glide through the cotton without breaking or otherwise injuring it. As they pick by weight and are allowed to choose their own time of work, this leaves them the freedom of action which they prize so highly. They pick very neatly and carefully, attend strictly to the instructions of their employers, and in this, as in all their relations with the whites who treat them kindly, they are uniformly desirous to please.

So docile and amiable do they seem, so willing to conform to their change of circumstances, so confiding in the whites who have protected them, and so anxious to retain their friendship that one can hardly realize they belong to the same race which, at a distance of only a few

hundred miles, is devastating our frontier with the horrors of savage war. The contemplation and comparison of the two pictures might be suggestive to those to whom we have intrusted the powers of government which place the destiny of both races in their hands.

These Indians—living apart in their own villages in this sparsely settled country, isolating themselves as they carefully do from other races, preserving their own languages, habits, manners and dress, and giving free scope to every natural impulse and feeling—are a little world within themselves, almost exhibiting to us the aborigines, as they were before the country was discovered by our race, and affording an opportunity of learning the true Indian character, which perhaps may never occur again. I have had peculiar advantages for observing and studying them, from speaking their language, meeting them in daily association, mixing in their conversation without reserve, joining in and aiding them to pursue their own trains of thought, and, above all, have been so fortunate as to gain their kindest feelings and their unlimited confidence. In justice to their race I shall record my opinion of them, leaving others to give what faith to it they please.

My observations have led me to the conclusion that the essential difference of the Indian character from that of other races is a highly poetical temperament, connected with, or perhaps proceeding from, a delicate organization and acute sensibility. To this one source may be traced all their distinguishing characteristics: their reckless generosity and indifference to the future, their eloquence of language, their strong feelings, their high sense of honor, their devoted attachments, and their implacable resentments, their distaste for confinement, and continued application to any pursuit, their capacity to endure intense exertion under mental excitement, followed by long periods of reaction and even their greatest and most fatal fault, intoxication. It is rare, as I have said, to find habitual drunkards among them. They say that there are times when they feel that they must have ardent spirits, when they will go any distance and sacrifice anything they have, for it. Except when laboring under this mental and physical depres-

sion and this irresistible necessity for stimulants, or when tempted into drinking by the glow of feeling produced by such social reunions of friends as I have mentioned, they are indifferent to intoxicating liquor, do not seek it or keep it about them and mostly refuse it.

In many respects I have found them exactly the reverse of what they are usually represented. They are said to be stern, gloomy and reserved. A gayer and franker and more warm-hearted people I have never met with. Their cheerfulness is irrepressible, their fun and humor inexhaustible; and they seem to be overflowing with social feeling and kind and generous impulses. When these feelings are checked and repelled, and they know they are appreciated or understood, as is usually the case when they are in the company of the whites, they become gloomy, reserved and silent. The exception has been taken for the general rule.

They are said to be false and treacherous. This is the case with some of them who have mixed much with the whites. They justify it by saying they are obliged to meet the white man with his own weapons. But the pure Indian, he speaks only his own language and associates only with his own people, is usually the soul of honor, truth, and loyalty.

They are said to be cold, selfish, unfeeling, and hard hearted. They are generous, sympathetic, and self-sacrificing to excess. Everything is shared with those who are in want; they devote themselves, without reserve to the service of the sick, watch over and attend to aged and infirm parents with untiring affection and when children are left orphans and destitute there is usually a contest to assume the charge of them, instead of an effort to evade it. Their hospitality is unlimited.

Their style of speaking and conversation has been represented as absurdly figurative, obscured by far-fetched and labored metaphors, almost amounting to talking by riddles and parables. On the contrary it is beautifully clear and directly to the point. Their languages are highly poetical but they use only the most simple and natural metaphors, and such as seem to seek the speaker, instead of being sought by him. The truest specimen of Indian style I know of

in literature is Logan's speech, as preserved by Jefferson. Its authenticity has been questioned, but it could never be doubted by one well acquainted with Indian character. On one can have been much among them without having noticed this same intensity of feeling, and power of language in expressing it, and without having heard similar if not equal bursts of wild, unmediated eloquence.

They are peculiarly accessible to the influence of kindness. To one from whom they have uniformly received it and in whose truth and justice that have confidence, they will yield up their own will entirely, and become as facile in his hands as a child. But the same character which makes them so accessible to kindness renders them equally sensible to wrong. No force that can be brought to bear on them will ever make them yield to what they consider unjust or oppressive. They are always ready to die rather than submit, and, like the rattlesnake, they will strike back to the last.

It is only necessary to convince them, by an overwhelming display of power or by crushing chastisement, that the contest with our race is hopeless, and then tender them, in lieu of the horrors of hopeless war, kindness, truth and justice. They have the same instinct of self-preservation that we have. Show them that they can escape destruction only by abandoning the contest; that they will be saved from the danger of starvation on one side, and extermination on the other; that without sacrificing freedom of action, or being exposed to oppression or degradation, they will be placed in a position to support themselves and their families by their own exertions, and they will become as gentle and manageable as they are now vindictive and unrelenting. But so long as they believe they have nothing to hope for from us, they will fight to extermination. Apart from every consideration of humanity to both the contending races, it costs more, directly and indirectly, to destroy one Indian than to bind a hundred in peace and friendship. The fatal error has been to consider them hopelessly wild and irreclaimable. There is not a more manageable race on earth, if the proper means be used to govern them.

The Scrap at Nic Coalson's

Mrs. Lou C. Roberts, Austin, Texas.

I have been reading in your magazine of the heroic deeds of the pioneer settlers of Texas, which recalls to my mind the courage and bravery of a wife and mother who saved herself and family from being murdered by Indians, and I feel that this brave woman deserves a name among the heroes of that time..

I cannot give the exact date of this incident about which I will write, but it occurred somewhere near 1868, Nic Coalson, whose sole occupation was hunting and trapping, located his family, consisting of wife, three sons and three daughters, on Copperas Creek in Kimble county, on a small farm. Mr. Coalson did not locate himself. He lived with the animals. The house consisted of one picket room, no windows, one door and no shutter.. Mr. and Mrs. Harris lived with them. The former, with the aid of the boys, cultivated the farm; the eldest boy being fourteen, the second twelve, and the third ten years of age. The girls were younger. The family was well provided with fire arms and knew how to use them. Mr. Coalson's occupation made it necessary for him to live on the extreme frontier, and it is said that he moved to Copperas Creek from his former home because a family moved within ten miles of him. He claimed he was being crowded out.

One morning, about ten o'clock, while Mr. Harris was in the field, Mrs. Coalson discovered fifteen Indians riding toward the house. She put on a man's hat and coat and went out in the yard hoping to deceive the Indians in the belief that there was a man on the place. But they did not change their course and continued to advance in the direction of the house. She then went into the house, hung a quilt up in the door, as that had to serve as door shutter. She gave the two older boys guns and placed them in the most advantageous place for shooting, with instructions not to shoot without her order. While the house was not provided with windows, it was well ventilated and there were plenty of picket holes from which to shoot. Mrs. Coalson stationed herself at the door. In the meantime Mr. Harris had discovered the Indians and

ran to the house, but unfortunately he reached the house at the same time they did. He called to Mrs. Coalson to bring him a gun and she stepped outside to take it to him when she saw him fall. When she stepped back into the house, Mrs. Harris, who had seen her husband fall, commenced to scream. Mrs. Coalson said, "If you scream again I will have to knock you down with the gun. I am trying to save my family from being murdered and you must be quiet." The Indians becoming emboldened by Mrs. Harris' screaming started in the house and Mrs. Coalson killed the one that was leading the way. The Indians took their dead comrade and retreated out of gun shot range. They stayed there three hours and in their parley they decided they did not have any more Indians to spare.

Mrs. Coalson then moved to Menard, where she died two years later. Mr. Coalson married again. I do not know how soon, but I do know he still followed his favorite vocation, which kept him on the extreme frontier. His wife and two of the older girls were returning from a horse-back ride and when within a mile of their home they were killed by Indians. Later, after the oldest boy had grown to manhood, he enlisted in Captain Roberts' Ranger Company, which was stationed in Menard county. The one incentive which seemed to actuate Doug Coalson was to be revenged on the Indians for the murder of his sisters. When rangers were detailed to follow an Indian trail and he was not included, he would rush frantically to Capt. Roberts and beg to be allowed to go, which privilege was always granted him. He never tired on an Indian trail, and did not know what fear was. Later, his younger brother joined, and also made a good ranger. I am sorry to record that Doug Coalson passed away a few months ago in California, where he had gone in search of health.

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.

Captain Henry S. Brown, Pioneer

By Mrs. C. A. Westbrook.

The ancestors of this early pioneer and patriot of Texas came across the ocean and settled in Maryland in the early days of that colony. Tradition represents them having been men of sterling worth, well-to-do farmers, Richard Brown, of the first or second generation, was born in Maryland about 1695. His son, Col. Edward Brown, (an officer in the Maryland line in the Revolutionary War) was born on Pipe Creek, Carrol county, Maryland, on the 16th of September, 1734; married Margaret Durbin, a maiden of rare beauty and intellectual gifts, and a woman beloved for her uniform kindness of heart. In 1780 he moved to Ohio. After the death of his wife which occurred in 1795, he moved to Madison county, Kentucky, where he died in 1823. His third child, Caleb Brown, was born in Carrol county Maryland, March 27th 1759. He married a daughter of Colonel Henry Stevenson, a Revolutionary soldier of Maryland and then moved to Madison county, Kentucky. His wife's maiden name was Jemima Stevenson, born January 18th, 1761, and died August 14th 1807. Henry Stevenson Brown, the third child of Caleb and Jemima Brown and the subject of their memoir, was born in Madison county, Kentucky, March 8th, 1793. Capt. Brown had the noble examples of both his parental and maternal ancestors, to act as incentive for future greatness, as both his grandfathers were officers in the Revolution of 1776. The school facilities of 1793 were limited, yet, he improved them to the best of his ability and obtained a good education for the day. When only fifteen, he lost his mother and when he kissed her pallid brow, he felt that home could never be the same dear spot again and in 1810 resolved to seek the wilds of Missouri. He located in St. Charles county, where he was actively engaged as a ranger against the Indians in the war from 1812 to 1815; and was at one time sheriff of that county. In 1813, during the siege of Fort Clark on the Illinois river where Peoria stands, his gallant conduct was so conspicuous as to call forth the encomiums both from

Col. Musick and Governor Howard, of Missouri, the latter gentleman being also an eye witness. In making their report to the Secretary of War Capt. Brown's name was mentioned as the bravest among the brave. And then he was only twenty years of age. In St. Charles county he married Mrs. Margaret Kerr Jones, in 1814. (Mrs Jones was the daughter of the Rev. James Kerr, a Baptist minister, from near Danville, Kentucky, in 1808.) She had three children, to reach maturity by her first husband. Of these, Maryland Jones, in his 86th year, (1886) lived in Medina county, Texas; Mrs. Sarah Jordon died in Lavaca county in 1869; Mrs. Mary Kerr Draper lived in Oswego, Kansas. Of her four children by Captain Brown, Rufus E. Brown an old citizen of South-west Texas, lived in the Pecos country; Thomas J Brown was supposed to have been murdered by robbers in New Orleans in October 1839 and sunk in the Mississippi river; John Henry Brown, once mayor of Dallas; and Margaret A. Brown, the wife of Russell Jones, died in Gonzales county in 1859. The mother esteemed through life as a living example of those mental and moral attributes which exalt her sex among the just and pure died in Lavaca county, April 30th, 1861, in her seventy-ninth year.

All hostilities ceased in 1815, and Capt Brown began the life of a trader to the lower country in live stock, meat and grain. The only means of transportation was the keel and flat boats, which rendered it extremely hazardous, and he often suffered severely from wrecks, yet he continued in this business for ten years, trading in New Orleans and on the lower Mississippi. During his sojourn in St. Charles county, Rufus E. and Thomas J. Brown, were born. In the winter of 1819, he moved to Pike county, where his third son, John Henry, and his only daughter, Margaret A. Brown, were born.

In the fall of 1824 he made his last trip as a trader to New Orleans, where he met his brother John, afterwards known as Waco Brown, on his way to Cuba for his health. Capt. Brown told

him that he expected to enter the Mexican and Indian trade, through the then Mexican provinces of Texas. His brother, being devotedly attached to him, concluded to accompany him and in December, 1824, they landed at the mouth of the Brazos with a large stock of goods and from thenceforth the name of each was inseparably connected and identified with Texas until their death. In 1825 Capt. Brown sent his brother with a cargo of goods to trade with the Comanches of the upper country. James Musiek and Andrew Scott, went with him. They succeeded in reaching the Clear Fork of the Brazos river, without being molested and found the Indians very friendly and anxious to trade. And soon they were wending their way homeward with eleven hundred horses and mules and as many buffalo robes as they could manage, on their pack mules. The Indians assisted them a day or two on their way, and on the fourth night they camped on the Bosque, about where the present town of Meridian stands. All retired, congratulating themselves on the success of the expedition, and what must have been their surprise, when midnight yells and the firing of guns awakened their quiet slumbers. All sprang to their feet. Mr. Brown, being a cripple from white swelling, fell over on one of his companions. The others thinking that he was dead fled into the bottom. Mr. Brown secreted himself in some brush near by, where he remained until daylight, naturally thinking that his companions would do likewise. But, to his dismay, he found himself all alone, lame and without food: yet with a brave resolution he started limping homeward. After traveling three days, with blistered feet and aching heart, and almost famishing, he was suddenly surrounded by a band of Waco Indians. Most of them seemed anxious to kill him, but some plead for his life, which was spared on account of his lameness. He was then mounted and carried to their principal village, where the present city of Waco is located. His companions, supposing that he fell dead, traveled all the first night and concealed themselves until they reached the settlements, where they reported the death of Mr. Brown and their great loss of property.

Simultaneously with this expedition

was Capt. Brown's first trip to Mexico, but fortunately with much better success, as he returned in a few months with a large number of horses and mules for the Louisiana and Mississippi trade and a considerable amount of Mexican coin. On reaching San Felipe, on the Brazos, he heard of the sad fate of his brother, but had a presentiment that he still lived and resolved upon his rescue. In a short time after his arrival, he started with 41 volunteers in search of his much beloved brother. On arriving at the Waco Village, he found them hostile and attacked them. After some resistance and killing several of their number, they fled and nine of their number were shot while crossing the river. Heavy rains commenced falling which continued most of the time for seventeen days, which prevented further pursuit and it was with great difficulty he reached home, owing to the boggy condition of the country through which they passed, now embracing the counties of Milam, Burleson and Lee. With a sad heart he resumed his business and sold his stock on the Mississippi and made a second and similar trip into Mexico. While encamped on the Medina river he was attacked by twelve Tehuacanos Indians. They intended to rob him, but he killed several of their number and the others fled. In the fall of the same year (1826) he arrived at San Felipe with several hundred head of horses, destined as was the previous herd, and while looking here discovered a man riding rapidly toward him from the west. As he approached nearer, he seemed to be an Indian riding bare back. But suddenly he jumped his horse and sprang toward Capt. Brown, exclaiming, "Brother Henry! don't you know me!" It was the lost brother. In as brief a manner as possible he related the many adventures of his eighteen months captivity, which gave him the name of Waco Brown. He explained how he had suffered and used diplomacy to go on several marauding expeditions, hoping to escape and how at last he had succeeded while with a company of seventeen, on Cummins Creek. Now the time for avenging his brother's cruel treatment had come. Capt. Brown, with twenty men, including his herdsmen, marched all night and at daylight rushed into the Indian camp, killing all except one.

In the latter part of 1827, Capt. Brown, on returning to New Orleans, visited Missouri. In the beginning of 1828, he again resumed the Mexican trade, making two trips. On the first trip he was robbed of a considerable amount of goods by the treachery of a Mexican in whom he had placed confidence.

The following extracts from "The Indian Wars of Texas," by Col. John Henry Brown, gives the sequel to the second expedition:

"In the month, of December, 1828, Capt. Henry S. Brown was returning from a trading expedition to Mexico, having as the proceeds of the expedition about 500 horses and a considerable amount of silver, in rawhide wrappers. He had with him nine Mexican ranchers, a faithful old Cherokee Indian named Luke, and two or three Americans. At night, on the road between San Antonio, and Gonzales, his animals were stampeded and driven off by a party of hostile Indians, leaving a portion of his men on foot. He repaired to Gonzales and increased his force to twenty-nine men. With these he moved leisurely up the country through the mountains, and finally crossing the Colorado a little above the mouth of Pecan Bayou into the present territory of Brown county, hoping to surprise an Indian village and recover his own or an equal number of horses and mules. He suddenly came upon an encampment destitute of horses and scarcely any women and children. Quite a fight ensued, the Indians occupying a rocky point near its termination at a brushy little stream. For a time the Indians seemed defiant and killed one of Capt. Brown's Mexicans, besides wounding several of his men slightly, but several Indians fell and suddenly they fled into the creek bottom. Capt. Brown still anxious to find the object of his search, traveled westerly till night and encamped. During the night some of the guard discovered a camp fire apparently about two miles distant. As day dawned the party mounted and moving cautiously, struck the village just as it was light enough to see. Six of the Mexicans, under prior instructions, stampeded the Indians' horses. The other twenty-three men covered the rear and prepared for battle. Forty or fifty mounted Indian made pursuit and

heavy skirmishing ensued, until four or five warriors had been tumbled from their horses. They drew off until reinforced by about as many more who, however, made no attack, but traveled paralled with the retreating party, occasionally showing themselves, till the sun went down. But all this time the horses had been pressed into a gallop and rendered too tired to be easily stampeded at night, the forlorn hope of the enemy. The retreat was continued to the full capacity of the animals for two or three successive days. Then, still traveling all night and grazing the horses and sleeping by alternation portions of each day, the party arrived safely at Gonzales with the loss of only one Mexican killed and four or five wounded, but none fatally."

I once had the name of every man in the party, but lost the list many years ago. Among them, however, was Brazil Durbin, Shelby, Andrew Scott, Cherokee Luke, nine Mexicans, Jesse Robinson, Moses Morrison, Abram M. Clare and William Bracken. They reached Gonzales late in January, 1829. They started with about 700 animals, but got in with only a little over 500, the remainder escaping in the night marches. These were equally divided among the captors to the satisfaction of all. It was this affair that prompted Capt. Brown, later in the year 1829, to lead a second expedition into the same section of country, in which, at the mouth of the San Saba, he accidentally fell in with the company of Capt. Kuykendall, the particulars of which are also extracted from "The Indian Wars of Texas." After describing the departure from San Felipe of two companies, aggregating a hundred under Capt. Oliver James and Bartlett Simms, the whole commanded by Capt. Abner Kuykendall, on an expedition against the hostiles in the upper country, the narrative continues:

"About the same time, but without concert, a company of thirty-nine men of DeWitt's colony under Capt. Henry S. Brown, left Gonzales on a mission against the depredating hostiles supposed to be in the mountains. Among these thirty-nine early defenders of infant Texas, were Samuel Highsmith, deceased in 1849, Brazil Durbin, Moses Morrison, James Curtis, Geo. W. Cottle (killed in the Alamo) and Friley. Kuykendall

scoured the country between the Brazos and the Colorado. When about twenty miles below the mouth of the San Saba, a sort of epidemic appeared among the men, probably from eating wild fruits. He halted and sent forward scouts. The scouts returned on the third day and reported a large encampment on the west bank of the Colorado, just below the mouth of the San Saba. Kuykendall determined, if possible by a night march to make a daylight attack the next morning. The night march was made, but owing to cedar brakes and broken ground, to the regret of all, daylight appeared when they were five or six miles short of their destination. Still anxious for the advantages of a surprise at dawn Capt. Kuykendall concealed his force in a dense cedar brake, to await another night and the dawn of the morrow. But a part of warriors, during the day, discovered Kuykendall's scouts, followed them and mutual discovery resulted, the redmen rushing to their camp to give the alarm. Kuykendall mounted and followed as rapidly as possible. Arriving in sight of the village, the Indians were seen mounting and fleeing, some already ascending the highlands near by. Kuykendall made a gallant charge on a band of warriors who remained to cover the retreat, but their stand was feeble. Only a few shots were fired, one of which, by Nestor Clay, a brave and talented Kentuckian, killed the only warrior Indian who fell. A few squaws and children in the rear were allowed to follow their people. The Indians, however, lost their camp equipage, including a great number of brass and copper rattles, blankets, buffalo robes, a considerable quantity of corn and a large number of horses, all of which were secured and taken in by the victors. During the afternoon Capt. Brown appeared. He had discovered the camp, secreted his men, put out concealed watchers and like Kuykendall, expected to attack at dawn on the following morning. He passed through the mountains on the east side of the Gaudalupe, across the Perdenales and Llano to the head of the San Saba. He encountered two small bands of Indians, in the first killing three, and in the second near the Enchanted Rock, surprised a small camp near heavy thickets, Five or six Indians fell, the remainder escaping into the

brush. Both appeared to be only hunting parties of warriors. It was on this trip that Capt Brown, with his men, became the discoverer of the Enchanted Rock. He had followed the San Saba down to its mouth and a little below that discovered the Indians encamped as already stated. Neither he nor Kuykendall knew of the other being in that section, until Brown discovered the flying Indians turning a ridge two or three miles away, upon which he moved to the late Indian camp and there found the other party. The two commands moved down to Kuykendall's late camp. Several new cases of sickness appeared among the former's men, but none died. While here one of the men who went out hunting, did not return and could not be found. There were a number of wearied horses unable to travel with the command. Jesse Robinson and another man, of Capt. Brown's company, volunteered to remain and if possible take them in, which greatly to their credit and the surprise of all, they successfully accomplished. On the sixth day, in a perishable condition, the lost man fell in with Robinson and was saved. After traveling together two days, Kuykendall and Brown separated, the former deflecting eastward to and down the Brazos reaching San Felipe without other incidents worthy of mention. Of his two captains Oliver Jones became a leading senator in after years and Bartlett Simms a noted surveyor, a long resident of Bastrop county. Captain Brown bore down the Colorado and crossed it at the mouth of Shoal Creek, where the city of Austin stands, scoured the country on Onion Creek, the Rio Blanco and the San Marcos and reached Gonzales without further adventure. It was these expeditions into its territory which twenty-two years after his death caused Brown county to be named for him." Capt. Brown continued actively in the Mexicaning bands of Indians, but with his untiring energy and vigilance, he invariably made them regret that they ever attacked the sagacious border chief. On two occasions, once on the Nueces and once on the Medina, he was attacked by Mexican robbers, but he defeated both parties and they fled, leaving several

dead. He was ever on the alert, and ready to meet his foes.

In 1831, Captain Brown located at Columbia, Brazoria county. Soon afterwards the contest arose between the colonists and the Mexican garrisons at Nacogdoches, Anahuac, (The mouth of the Trinity) and Velasco, (mouth of the Brazos), and particulars of which pertain to the history of the country. And as Captain Brown was always among the first in war, we find him among the first volunteers to attack Anahuac. But upon ascertaining that the treaty made with Ugartechea, (which was the non-assistance of Bradburn at Anahuac) had been broken, Captain Brown hastened home and was elected captain of one of the three companies which attacked Velasco. Col. John Austin was senior officer and Captain William J. Russell commanded a detachment on an armed schooner in the river. Captain Brown's company was composed of some very prominent men, Edwin Waller, Robert Mills, the distinguished merchant, Dr Charles B. Stewart and others. William E. Wharton, Governor Henry Smith and other prominent men were privates in Austin's company. The most of Captain Brown's company was composed of boys, but his cool courage and daring bravery seemed to inspire them with a heroism worthy of veterans. Velasco was garrisoned by 300 Mexican soldiers under Lieut. Col. Domingo Ugartechea. The attack was made at night, Austin on the upper side of the fort, the schooner in front and Captain Brown, by a circuit on the east side, effected a lodgement on the lower gulf beach side among drift logs, within fifty yards of the fort. The fight began about midnight and continued until an hour after sunrise, when a heavy rain causes a cessation, followed by a negotiation and the surrender of the fort. The loss of the Texans was seven killed and twenty-seven wounded, but they sunk some of their dead in the river. In this initial battle three years prior to the revolution proper in 1835, the most gallant heroism was displayed, but none won more laurels than Captain Henry S. Brown. His encouraging words to the boys of his company, transforming them into men of heroes, will ever be a pleasant theme and one which will be reverted to with pride. Out of the battle of Velasco

grew the feud between Col. John Austin and William H. Wharton and this led to a duel between their respective brothers, William T. Austin and the brilliant John A. Wharton. Captain Brown, as a mutual friend, joined with others in an endeavor for a peaceable adjustment, but this failing, he reluctantly attended, in conjunction with Warren D. C. Hall, as next friend to Austin, on the field. Wharton's arm was broken on the first fire and the contestants subsequently became friends.

In 1833 Captain Brown employed effort

In 1833 Captain Brown was empowered to arrest some refugees from Louisiana, supposed to be about San Antonio, shielded by the Mexican authorities. With half a dozen picked men he partially succeeded, but encountered the opposition of the Mexican soldiers, resulting in a skirmish at the Mission of San Jose, in which one of his men, Brazil Durbin, was wounded by six different balls, and he had been shot by the Indians with a musket ball in 1826, which had never been extracted, yet he lived until 1858. Ben Dunean and English Tom Williams were captured and remained as prisoners for some time. Captain Brown and James Gibson were pursued by a squad of soldiers to Gonzales, but they repulsed and drove them back.

In December 1833, Captain Brown was elected one of the Ayuntamiento of the jurisdiction of Brazoria, a tribunal between our district, county and municipal courts, composed of an alcalde and two regidors, or associates. In this case Edwin Waller was alcalde, William H. Wharton and Henry S. Brown regidors and by them Henry Smith, (afterwards governor) was made secretary. They were inaugurated on the first day of January, 1834, and on the next day published an able address to the people, on the critical condition of the country, pending its application to be admitted as a state of the Mexican Union, a document of historic value in showing the actual condition of things at that time. On the 24th day of July of that year, Henry Smith was promoted to the important office of political chief of the department of Brazoria, embracing all the colonies in Texas; and two days later, on the 26th day of July, the soul of Henry S. Brown crossed the river, in the forty-

second year of his checkered life. His attending physician was Anson Jones, afterwards president of Texas. Captain Brown's remains were interred in the cemetery of the Bell family, in whose presence he breathed his last. He sleeps beneath the shades of a majestic liveoak, besides the once noted Captain Bird Lockhart.

Captain Brown was a true pioneer in the nobility and magnanimity of his nature; unselfish and generous, one who rejoices in the preventing and despised the stirring up of personal strife among men. His mind was quick and comprehensive and fertile in resources, upon sudden emergencies. If all the various episodes of his short but eventful life were recorded, it would remind one of the romantic Scottish legends. It was said by old citizens that he had more contests with the Indians and was more generally successful than any of the brave pioneer chiefs of that day. Judge Waller, in a letter written in 1835 said, that while he was mercurial in temperament and furious when provoked to wrath, he was remarkable for self possession in danger, fearless as a lion and had a wonderful faculty for controlling (without seeming to control) men and of attaching them to him in the strongest bonds of friendship.

He stated further that his death before the revolution was a great loss to Texas, for in that struggle he would have been a pillar of strength. General Bureson, Thomas F. McKinney, President Anson Jones, Governor Henry Smith and other men of distinction, who knew him intimately, expressed similar views of his character. All agreed that if he had lived until the issue came he would have held a prominent position in the patriot army of 1835-6.

Many interesting events in his life have been omitted. Indeed his life from 1824 to 1833, was but a succession of hazards in the infantile condition of the country, with its spare population and numerous tribes of roving, hostile savages, supplemented by the disturbed condition of the Mexican border, with its contingent of organized bands of banditti. Yet he proved equal to the emergency. The hideous yell of the wild Comanche along the mountain gorges sent no thrill of horror to his dauntless bosom and his name, a synonym

of honor, courage and fidelity, is perpetuated by the beautiful county of Brown. But he left a worthy representative in the person of his son, John Henry Brown who speaks more forcibly of the pure chivalrous character of the father than any such honor could bestow. Captain Brown's brother, Dr. Caleb S. Brown, came to Texas from Mississippi in 1840 and was a prominent and useful citizen of Gonzales until his death in 1855. He was surgeon at the battles of Plum Creek and Salado. Dr. Hugh H. Brown, another brother, died in Missouri, but his widow and children came to Texas and now sleep in its soil. Nicholas Brown, a half brother, was a captain in the army of 1836, afterwards lived in Mississippi and California, but he died of yellow fever, in Brownsville near the close of the Civil War. He was childless and Dr. Caleb S. Brown left but a single child, Mrs. Thomas J. Porter, of Gonzales.

Frontier Times for a Dollar.

We want every old frontesman to be a regular reader of Frontier Times and in order to get the brave old pioneers on our list, we have decided to make the following liberal trial offer:

To every man or woman over sixty years of age who lived on the Texas border prior to 1880, and who is not now a subscriber to this magazine, we will send him (or her) Frontier Times one year on trial for a dollar.

This offer is made to new subscribers only, and will close July 15, 1925. We cannot afford to make it general, and our sole purpose in making it at this time is to place this little magazine in the hands of hundreds of pioneers of our State who should be on our list.

Send in your dollar today, with a brief statement of your age and when you came to Texas.

Anyone who wishes to send Frontier Times to a Texas pioneer as a gift may take advantage of this offer if the pioneer is over sixty years of age.

Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillett's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for \$3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

Collects \$80 from State After 52 Years

San Antonio Express, May 3, 1925.

Having just collected a 52-year-old debt, Frank L. Huebner, 431 Warwick Avenue, pioneer Texan and early-day ranger, has settled himself in his favorite front porch rocker for a perusal of the morning paper and a quiet smoke. The morning mail had brought him a warrant, bearing the seal of the State of Texas and the signature of the State Comptroller, for \$80. It represented remuneration for his last month's services as a member of the State police force. It was his salary for the month of February, 1873.

Nearly 52 years after he had severed his connections with the State police force Huebner was rumaging in an old strong box and found a due bill signed by F. L. Britton, Adjutant General of Texas in 1873, as evidence that the State owed Huebner \$80 salary. He remembered at the time the due bill was made the Democrats had just taken office and as he had been appointed by and served under a Republican administration, he concluded that it would be useless to try to collect salary due him. He sent the due bill to Senator Julius Reel and at the last session of the Legislature a special appropriation was made to pay Huebner's \$80.

Enterprising saving banks and expounders of thrift movements will immediately point out a few facts and figures, if not a moral, in Huebner's belated collection. Their point is well taken, and may be passed on here to the grandchildren and great grandchildren of the 77-year-old former peace officer. Had Huebner drawn the \$80 when it was first due and payable, invested it at 6 per cent interest, compounding the interest semi-annually, it would have grown into a fund approximating \$1,720 on the day he received his State warrant.

Huebner's tenure was under Governor Davis, and he was in the service three years. He got into it accidentally, but learned to love the exciting life which members of the State police force led. He has an inexhaustible fund of experiences, and recalls them readily, describing incidents of frontier day life in Texas as vividly as if they had happened yesterday. Just before the State police force

was disbanded in 1873, to be replaced by the Rangers Huebner and less than half a dozen of the 172 men maintained in the service were sent to the King ranch, near Kingsville, to ferret out Mexican assalians who had sent a bullet through the heart of a German nobleman who was the guest of the late Richard King, husband of Mrs. Henrietta M. King, whose death occurred only recently. King was showing this nobleman over his vast ranch when the Mexicans, lying in ambush for the wealthy ranch owner, leveled their guns and fired. Their bullets were meant for King but found a mark in the nobleman. The Governor of Texas was appealed to, and he dispatched State police to the scene.

Roving bands of Mexican marauders were numerous in that section, and after Huebner and his men reached the King ranch they decided it would be foolhardy to start out in the pursuit of the slayer without reinforcements. They rode over to Corpus Christi and called for volunteers. A force of cowboys was organized and the work of beating the brush commenced. Before the hostilities ended almost numberless Mexicans had been killed in running fights and others summarily executed. Huebner said. The cowboys did not sustain a casualty.

Another mission he recalls vividly is the one that took him across the Rio Rio Grande to a little Mexican town named San Antonio. A Mexican alcalde and storekeeper had killed a Texas cowboy while on a horse-stealing visit to this side, and other cowboys had followed him across the boundary line to avenge the death of their comrade. They opened fire on the Mexican's place at daybreak and set fire to his home, "smoking him out," as Huebner put it, and killing him. The State police was called on by Governor Davis to go to the Mexican town and make an investigation of the incident. Huebner was in charge of the party, and spent several days there. A record of the case was made and sent to Governor Davis, but if any action was taken Huebner did not hear of it.

The Taylor-Sutton Feud

By DeWitt Reddick, in The Longhorn Magazine.

(Editor's Note.—Tennessee and Kentucky are renowned for their feuds, yet Texas during the riotous days of its early life was the scene of family and clan conflicts just as bitter and deadly as those of the Blue Ridge ranges. In South and West Texas old cattlemen still glory in the telling of tales of the worst of these conflicts, one in which two old and influential families, the Taylors and the Suttons, were arrayed against each other with the settlers in a major portion of the states siding actively with one or the other of the factions. The following article is an account of this feud, taken from historical data compiled in the Texas Collection of the University Library.)

Galloping through the thick, powdery dust of the wide road, six men dashed up to the hitching rail in front of the only saloon in town and dismounted. A scorching midday sun glared down on the huddled wooden shacks of the town, dumped on the alkali aridness of a broad plain, the town of Clinton, Texas. It was the autumn of 1866.

Through the swinging doors of the saloon stalked the six men with the air of having a disagreeable task before them.

Seated half way across the spacious bar-room, his feet on a table and his hat over his eyes as though he had been sleeping, a young man pushed back his hat and glanced toward the intruders with an air of mild irritation at having his peace disturbed.

The sight of those six men, dirty, unshaven, with pistols swinging at their hips, brought him to his feet in one quick movement, facing them.

Looking neither to the right nor to the left, the leader of the six approached the young man rapidly until about five paces away, when he slowed up and finally stopped.

For a number of seconds the two men sized each other up, the young man silent, waiting, the bearded man quiet and deliberate, with a deadly hatred showing in his manner.

"You go well-heeled for a man that shoots in the back," the bearded man sneered finally.

Flushing slightly, the young man remained silent.

"Bill Sutton, you damned coward!" burst out the other, "you plugged Charlie in th' back an' I'm here to tell you that you shore played hell when you did it!"

In the face of the threatening gang, Bill Sutton straightened his six foot body in defiance. A young man he was, scarcely more than twenty-two, with fair complexion, blue eyes, and light, curly hair.

"Taylor," he said, "Charlie was a prisoner of the law. He broke away. The only way to stop him was to bring him down."

"Law, hell!" Taylor spat on the floor between Sutton's boots to show his disdain for the latter. "You killed a Taylor, Sutton, and a Taylor'll get you. 'Bout an hour afore sundown today I'll be outside a-gunnin' for you, an' if you're any kind of a man, you'll be there!"

He and his henchmen were making their way to the door when the words from the pale lips of Sutton halted them.

"Why not make it now, Taylor?"

Only one thing could happen after that challenge. The men behind Taylor backed to one side to be out of the line of fire.

Taylor turned half-crouching, to face the man twenty feet away.

Spitting out an oath, he reached for his gun.

The shots flashed together. Sutton fell back against the wall, blood streaming from a wound in his shoulder. Taylor sank to the floor lifeless.

And Buck Taylor died—died in an effort to uphold his family creed: "Who sheds a Taylor's blood, by a Taylor's hand must fall!"

The killing of Buck Taylor was the opening of a feud that spread from town to town, from county to county, throughout West Texas. It was a fight between clans of the prairies and hills, a fight

that lasted fourteen years, and in which nearly three hundred lives were lost.

The Sutton-Taylor feud had its origin in the turbulent condition of Texas of the late 60's. A conquered province, a defeated rebel state, under the rule of a military governor at Austin, it was a vast expanse of country, of prairie woodland, and dense, thorny chaparral, with settlements scattered twenty to thirty miles apart. Throughout this region of unfenced land roamed multitudes of cattle and horses bearing innumerable brands and ear-marks. Every spring and summer stockmen set out in parties of ten to a hundred to brand and release their calves and colts scattered over many miles of land.

Mavericks and dogies, weakened calves and colts, ran free in great numbers on the plains, the property of any who caught and branded them. Brand-blotting was a common profitable business. Often one man usurped the brand of another in a distant corner of the State, rustled that man's cattle and sold them as his own.

Confederate soldiers, ragged and without means of support, branded "rebels" and always under the suspicious eye of the military government at Austin, joined with the outlaws and desperadoes who swarmed the country, preying on the unguarded cattle. What little law existed was a reflection of personal feelings rather than justice. Men joined forces with the law to satisfy personal grudges, and shot down their prisoners without giving them a chance for trial.

Charles Taylor, ex-confederate soldier, young and reckless, resentful of the prosperity of union-sympathizing cattle-men, was but one of many who set themselves to make a profit off the unbranded cattle that were plentiful. With several others he was arrested in Bastrop in the summer of 1866 for horse-stealing. While being brought to DeWitt county to jail, Charlie made a break for liberty and was killed by his captors, among whom was Bill Sutton.

A Taylor had fallen. To avenge his death, Buck Taylor, Charlie's cousin, rode into Clinton that hot autumn day with the intention of killing Bill Sutton. Instead, he himself had been slain.

Two Taylors had fallen by the same hand. Though Buck had been killed in a fair fight, Charlie had been shot in the

back. From mouth to mouth in the widespread and influential Taylor family echoed the family creed: "Who sheds a Taylor's blood, by a Taylor's hand must fall!"

Enemies of the Taylors and of Taylor sympathizers flocked to the side of Bill Sutton. Gun battles were fought. Men were shot from their horses at night. Assassination became a common weapon for both factions. And as man after man was murdered, friends of these men who had previously held aloof joined in to avenge their loss. Thus each side constantly increased its ranks.

General Reynolds, military governor of Texas, rose to meet the situation. Outlawing all Taylors living in that district from the Rio Grande to the tall pines of the Sabine, he loosed his dogs of war to chase them from the country. In June, 1868, Captain Jack Helm and C. S. Bell of the U. S Army, took the field with one hundred men, each under orders to arrest and rid the country of the Taylor party.

Exciting times followed. The Taylors, more than one hundred and fifty strong broke up into bands of from five to fifteen and terrorized the country with unceasing guerilla warfare. Time after time outlaws and vigilant committees clashed, and usually the outlaws, being inferior in number, had to run. Time and again Captain Bell captured supporters of the Taylor faction, and nearly always his prisoners were shot down "while trying to escape" before they could be brought to trial.

Bill Sutton, as a matter of course, was aligned with the forces of Captain Helm. Several times during this period he was shot at from ambush. One night, while he was sitting in a billiard saloon in Cuero, someone from the outside fired two shots at him, one taking effect in his left shoulder, the other badly shattering his left arm. It was more than a month before he recovered.

The dwindling ranks of the Taylor bands could not stand up for more than a year under the constant attacks and ruthless measures of Captain Helm, and the citizens he impressed into his ranks. A few at a time they slipped over the border into Mexico. For a time peace reigned in Texas.

Captain Helm, however, was not to escape after his campaign against the

Taylor. One day early in 1870 two young men, supposed to be friends of the Taylors, rode up to the blacksmith shop in DeWitt County where Helm was at that time working on an agricultural implement. Without saying a word, they shot Helm several times and rode away. They were never caught.

Soon after the death of Helm a police act went into effect whereby Bill Sutton became head of the police division in DeWitt County. Doubtless he was forced into this position by the fact that since the death of Buck Taylor his life had been in constant danger at the hands of relatives of the deceased. He had to fight back at the Taylors or leave the country. He chose to fight.

The death of Helm brought a steady return of the Taylor forces from Mexico. Sporadic warfare sprang up between them and the mounted police under Sutton. Embers of the feud smoldered until August 26, 1870, when the State was startled by the killing of the "Kelly boys" in DeWitt County by policemen sent to arrest them.

Henry and William Kelly were related by marriage to the Taylors, and had in times of emergency, taken up arms on the side of the family against the Sutton forces. Riding to the Kelly farms one day with three deputies, Bill Sutton arrested the brothers on the charge of participating in a street fight in a nearby town. What truly happened on the way to the jail no outsider is ever likely to know. Amanda, wife of Henry, who secretly followed the arresting party, stated she saw her husband and her brother-in-law shot down in cold blood not two miles from her home. When neighbors arrived on the scene, they found the dead bodies of the Kelly boys riddled with bullets, shot from behind, lying in the middle of the road. Sutton and his men claimed the prisoners had tried to escape. The officers were placed on trial for murder, but were acquitted.

Public sentiment in West Texas was aroused to a high pitch over this killing, and for the first time seemed to favor the Taylor more than the Sutton faction. Skirmishing sprang up again over the district. Efforts made to trap and torture Sutton brought friends to his assistance. Ultimately each side had concentrated within a few miles of

each other between seventy-five and one hundred men. A battle seemed imminent. Business places throughout DeWitt County were closed.

The crisis passed, however, when the rival leaders drew up a compromise truce, each faction promising to bury the disgraceful feud. Hopes of compromises were shortlived. Sutton was tired of warfare. He was tired of being constantly on the alert against assassination. For some time he had been happily married, and his thoughts were centered on a cozy little home and children to play in it.

Early one morning he and his wife left Clinton for Indianola, a Texas port on the Gulf, from where they were to ship to New Orleans. He had decided to leave Texas forever. But the eyes of the Taylors never lost sight of him. Bill and Jim Taylor trailed him to Indianola. Suspecting the intentions of the two shaggy-bearded men who had followed them from Clinton, Sutton's noble little wife clung to his side and tried to keep herself always between them and her husband. Just as she was mounting the gangplank to the steamer in front of her husband, Bill and Jim came up. Several shots cracked in rapid succession. Her husband fell dead in her arms, while the Taylors fled from the wharf. Later Bill and Jim were tried for murder and acquitted.

The death of Sutton was the climax of the feud. He had been the leader of his party. Desire for revenge against him had been the ruling motive in unifying the Taylors. The faction now split up, some returning to peaceful occupations, others continuing their outlawry until the cattlemen of DeWitt and Galia counties organized, took the law in their own hands, and drew up a list of the outstanding desperadoes and their followers, ordering these men to leave the country within three days or be killed. Rigid enforcement of this order resulted in ridding West Texas of its lawless elements. July, 1880, found the State once more united and tranquil after fourteen years of civil strife, fourteen years of bloodshed and murder.

Thus active and organized warfare ceased in the Sutton-Taylor conflict, the most deadly feud in the history of Texas. The scars of war were not easily erased, however, and family hatreds were handed

down to the next generation. Here and there quarrels broke out between the two factions. For thirty years this bitterness has fought a stubborn yet losing battle to remain in the hearts of the people. Growing industry, developing railroads, and improving conditions have bound the citizens of South and

West Texas together with ties of commercial interests and common aims. Though the feud is still vivid in the minds of many, the descendants of the two factions admit that both sides were in the wrong and that both committed inexcusable crimes.

The Day of Texas Freedom

Houston Chronicle, April 21, 1925.

The event we celebrate today was a decisive one in Texas history; its importance in the story of human affairs looms ever greater as the passing years have shown the expansion of an Anglo-American civilization over a great empire-like area where, except for San Jacinto, the petty tyrants of Mexico probably would have ruled to this day.

The battle of San Jacinto was in reality a clash of two conflicting civilizations, and the few hundred pioneers of the more virile won against the organized armies of the other. It would take volumes to trace the far-reaching results of that decision made at San Jacinto 89 years ago, and no man may estimate its ultimate effect on the growth of nations and empires, and on the future course of history throughout the world.

But we would be unjust to the Texas patriots if we represented them as fighting for empire. They were fighting for freedom. And perhaps in no other armed conflict was the issue more clearly drawn. The contest had become one for national independence, but that was merely the final phase of the greater conflict for the personal and civil liberty that the early Texans believed was the God-given right of every man, and for which they proposed to contend in the face of all odds.

The Texas pioneers were men of learning and men of ideals. Perhaps they could teach present day Texas something concerning the very fundamentals of liberty. One paragraph from that great document, their declaration of independence, might well be kept ever bright in the memory of political and industrial leaders today:

"It (Mexico) has failed to establish any public system of education, although possessed of almost boundless resources

(the public domain); and although it is an axiom in political science that unless a people are educated and enlightened it is idle to expect the continuance of civil liberty or the capacity for self government."

This charge against the Mexican government gives light on the fundamental aspirations of the Texas patriots. They were wedded to the ideal of a free and an enlightened people, an ideal which they had been forced to conclude could not survive under Mexican despotism. How true their conclusion was only the history of the 89 intervening years in Mexico proper could amply demonstrate.

Other paragraphs of that declaration showed clearly that they understood only too well how little they could expect under Mexican rule. Could the government of Mexico in the last century be better described than in these words?

"It has been, during the whole time of our connection with it, the contemptible sport and victim of successive military revolutions, and has continually exhibited every characteristic of a weak, corrupt and tyrannical government."

And could any truer portrait of the condition of the Mexican people at the time be drawn, or of the hopelessness of expecting any change in them be stated, than in the following paragraph?

"We appealed to our Mexican brethren for assistance. Our appeal has been in vain. Though months have elapsed, no sympathetic response has yet been heard from the interior. We are, therefore, forced to the melancholy conclusion that the Mexican people have acquiesced in the destruction of their liberty, and the substitution thereof of a military government."

When Andrew Jackson Fought a Duel

Andrew Jackson was born March 15, 1767. What follows is an account of one of the most dramatic episodes of Old Hickory's life, and it is told in the light of newly discovered documents that are now in the archives of his home state of Tennessee. The author, Trotwood Moore, is librarian and archivist of the Tennessee department of education. The article, somewhat abridged, is reprinted from the New York Times.

Much new light has been thrown on Andrew Jackson's career by the discovery of court and other records by the department of history of Tennessee.

Among the statements so persistently broadcast for more than a century is the erroneous belief that Jackson was a rough backwoods fighter, uneducated, untamable, stubborn, narrow, tyrannical and cruel at times. Jackson was, in fact, a gentleman of the wilderness, cool, dignified, courteous, daring and unflinching. His dominant characteristic was an earnestness so intense that he had little time for the trivialities of life.

In 1780, eight years before Jackson came to the wilderness, Col. John Donelson brought the "Good Boat Adventure" with her passengers a thousand miles of the Tennessee river to what is now Nashville. With his family was a half-grown daughter, who could out-dance, out-sing and out-ride any other member of her sex in all the country side. She became the toast and belle of all the wilderness. Before she was out of her teens she had been swept into marriage with a young, high-mettled Kentuckian, whose habits and jealousies made her a most unhappy bride.

Col Donelson, having been killed by Indians, Rachel and her husband were living with her widowed mother, when Jackson, the brilliant young public prosecutor, with his partner, Judge John Overton, started boarding in the widow's house. Jackson's friendship for the mother and kindness to the daughter stirred all the jealousy that lay in the young husband's soul and caused him to berate his wife and humiliate her. Jackson's soul burned under the unjust insinuation and cowardly hecklings of the husband, and when Rachel came to him for sympathy and protection, she got it. Finally his own name was brought in,

and he drove the wife abuser out of the state into Kentucky.

Jackson himself reconciliated them on the husband's promise to reform. But the wife soon came back with a story of wrongs and neglect that turned Jackson's pity into love.

The husband filed a divorce bill in the legislature of Virginia, as the law required (Kentucky being then a part of that state), alleging desertion by his wife. The bill was passed and published.

For a year Rachel lived with her mother, believing she was divorced. Then she and Jackson were married.

Later, when it was learned that Rachel's husband had not obtained his final decree until after her marriage to Jackson, the latter had the ceremony re-performed and then gave fair warning of death to any man who dared to assail his wife's name or the purity of their motives.

Dickinson, in his cups at an inn, publicly proclaimed that Jackson was a poltroon who had "lived two years with his wife before he was legally married to her."

Jackson, wanting not his blood, went to the young man's father-in-law and asked for an apology. It was scantily given, but the offense was repeated more boldly in a few weeks with a letter by Dickinson printed in a local paper, calling Jackson a liar and a coward.

"Gentlemen," Jackson told his friends, "I have but one chance in it all. He is quicker than I and far more accurate. He will shoot instantly on the word to beat me to it. His haste may make less sure his aim. It is my only chance. I will let him shoot first."

Dickinson rode with a party ahead of Jackson and left evidences of his marksmanship intended to break down the morale of his antagonist. To the landlord of the little wayside inn where he

had lunched after he had put three balls into the ace of hearts pinned to a tree, he remarked: "Show that to General Jackson when he comes by and tell him I am going to shoot that bright brass button off that is over his heart."

"Unbutton your coat tomorrow, general, when you go the field," said Overton, his second.

The place of the duel, Harrison's mill, on Red river, in Logan County, Kentucky is an open field today, but 119 years ago it was a popular grove. Dickison and his party were already there when Jackson arrived, Overton, ever thoughtful and silent, walked up to Jackson. True to his military habits, his principal had forgotten to unbutton the coat that emphasized his clear-cut figure with distinctness.

"Unbutton it, general, as I advised you yesterday. It will put your heart three inches away."

Jackson nodded and complied.

Dickinson's second, Dr. Catlett, drew choice of position and promptly placed his principal with his back to the sun. Jackson, facing him, had the sunshine in his face.

It fell to Overton to give the word. He bided his time, then asking if they were ready, suddenly shouted, "F-e-r-e." It was a new word to Dickinson, but Jackson, having been, even though a boy, a revolutionary soldier, knew that it was the old militia officer's word for fire."

Almost with the word Dickinson fired. Overton, his eyes glued on Jackson's breast, paled and almost groaned when he saw the dust fly from his principal's coat near the button that had been over his heart. Jackson for an instant reeled, then straightened upright and stood firm, his face blanched, but unchanged. Dickinson, in dismay, thoughtlessly stepped back from his line, exclaiming "My God, have I missed him!"

Dickinson stepped up to the line, his head down, his pistol lowered, Jackson calmly raised his own pistol. Slowly, deliberately, he aimed, and at the touch of the hair-trigger the perfect weapon, purchased in England for a high price after he had remarried his wife—to let his enemies know he was ready to use it for her good name—the pistol that had never refused to fire, for the first time failed him. It snapped, but stopped on the half cock. Why, no man can tell.

"I would never have killed him," said Jackson afterward, the only time he was ever known to mention it, "if I had not felt that I was mortally wounded myself. But, believing this, I believe now I would have lived long enough to kill him if he had shot me through the heart."

Coolly, grimly, deliberately, he cocked his pistol, and when he aimed again he took no chances, for he aimed not at Dickinson's head, nor at his heart, but at his stomach, for he knew that if the great ball sped true there was no surgeon of the day who could save his opponent.

Dickinson collapsed at the shot. Jackson walked by him erect, though his left boot was by that time half full of blood.

Jackson was badly wounded. True to his boast, Dickinson had put the ball over the button above his heart, striking a glancing blow that shattered two ribs and plowed through his side and into his back. Dickinson lived all day, crying in agony and bitterness. In the chivalry of the times Jackson sent him a bottle of wine.

From that day Rachel Jackson became Andrew Jackson's religion. She tamed his fiery soul. He joined her little church at the Hermitage. There is a story that when she died he lay all night upon her bier and held her body in his arms. Afterwards he wore always a miniature of her, and while President, every night before he retired he placed that picture before him, read from the little bible she had given him, and knelt in prayer.

Wm. Secrest of Hamilton, Texas, orders Frontier Times sent to two good old pioneers, Messrs. A. P. Shockley and R. P. Rice, both of Hamilton.

R. H. Ray writes from Aspermont, Texas: "I was born December 3, 1861, in Kaufman county, Texas, and with my parents went to the Keechi country in the northern part of Palo Pinto and southern part of Jack county in 1877. I lived in Jack county until 1891, and then moved to King county. I have been a cowboy all of my life until the last fifteen years, and may write you later. I was in Jack county during the wire-cutting period, in 1882."

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

Early History of Free Masonry in Texas

Before his death that noted Texas statesman, soldier and Mason. Anson Jones, first grand master of Masons in Texas, wrote a brief historical sketch of Freemasonry in Texas. The committee on Masonic service and education has had numerous requests from the press, and Masons over the state, for copies of this sketch. It is here given exactly as taken from the Grand Lodge records of Texas:

"As I took an active part in laying the first foundation of Freemasonry in this country, originated, and was personally present at, the first meeting ever held here, and cognizant of the earliest steps taken for the organization of a lodge, I place upon record the following facts, which may be of interest perhaps to the fraternity hereafter, and would otherwise be lost, as I am now the only living of the five brethren who organized Holland Lodge.

"In the winter of 1834-5, five Master Masons, who had made themselves known to each other, consulted among themselves, and, after much deliberation, resolved to take measures to establish a lodge of their order in Texas. This resolution was not formed without a full appreciation of its consequences to the individuals concerned. Every movement in Texas at that time was watched with jealousy and distrust by the Mexican government and already had its spies and emissaries denounced some of our best citizens as factionists and disaffected persons; already were the future intended victims of despotic power being selected. It was well known that Freemasonry was particularly odious to the Catholic priesthood, whose influence in the country at that time was all-powerful. The dangers, therefore, attendant upon an organization of Masons, at this time, which was trying upon men's souls, were neither few nor unimportant. But zeal for a beloved institution, a belief that it would be beneficial at this period when society seemed especially to need fraternal bonds to unite them together predominated; all fears of personal consequences were thrown aside, and the resolution to establish a lodge, as above mentioned, was adopted. The five brethren were

John H. Wharton, Asa Brigham, James A. E. Phelps, Alexander Russell and Anson Jones, and they appointed a time and place of meeting to concert measures to carry their resolution into effect. In the meantime another Master Mason came into their plans—Brother John P. Caldwell.

"The place of meeting was back of the town of Brazoria, near the place known as General John Austin's, in a little grove of wild peach or laurel, and which had been selected as a family burying ground by that distinguished soldier and citizen. The spot was secluded and out of the way of cowans and eavesdroppers, and they felt they were alone. Here, and under such circumstances, at 10 o'clock in the morning of a day in March, 1835, was held the first formal Masonic meeting in Texas as connected with the establishment and continuance of Masonry in this country. The six brethren I have mentioned were all present there, and it was concluded to apply to the grand lodge of Louisiana for a dispensation to form an open lodge, to be called Holland Lodge, in honor of the then Most Wonderful Grand Master of that body, J. H. Holland. The funds were raised by contribution to defray the expenses of which each contributed as he felt willing and able. A petition was in due time drawn up and signed by them, which was forwarded to New Orleans, having been previously signed by another Master Mason, Brother W. D. C. Hall, and perhaps one or two more; but of this I do not recollect.

"The officers named in the petition were: For worshipful master, Anson Jones; senior warden, Asa Brigham; junior warden, J. P. Caldwell, who filled those offices respectively until the close of 1837. The dispensation was granted, and after some delay, in these brethren, and Holland Lodge No. 36, under dispensation, was instituted and opened at Brazoria, on the 27th of December, 1835. Brother Phelps was chosen treasurer, and M. C. Patton secretary. The other officers I do not recall. The lodge held its meetings at Brazoria, in the second story of the old courthouse, which room was afterwards occupied by St. John's Lodge No. 5. About this the difficulties

with Mexico broke out into open hostilities, and our work was very much retarded by that circumstance, and by the members having to be absent in the service of the country. Still there were a few others from time to time introduced into the order, either by receiving the degrees or by affiliation. The lodge struggled until February, 1836, when I presided over its last meeting at Brazoria. I well recollect the night and the fact that Brother Fannin, who one month after became so celebrated for his misfortune and those of his unfortunate party at Goliad, acted as senior deacon. It seemed indeed that the gloom which prevailed in the lodge that night was a foreshadowing of its and their unhappy fate, which was to soon overtake both.

"In March Brazoria was abandoned. Urrea soon after took possession of the place at the head of the detachment of the Mexican army, and the records, books, jewels and everything belonging to the lodge, were utterly destroyed by them, and our members were scattered in every direction. Brother Wharton, Phelps and myself joined the Texas troops on the Colorado, about the 18th of March. In the meantime, the Grand Lodge of Louisiana had issued a charter for Holland Lodge No. 36 and it was brought over to Texas by Brother John A. Allen. This, together with some letters from the grand secretary, was handed to me by Brother Allen, on the prairie between Greece's and San Jacinto, while we were on the march, and carried by me in my saddlebags to the encampment of the army on Buffalo Bayou, at Lynchburg. Had we been beaten here Santa Anna would have captured the charter of Holland Lodge at San Jacinto, as Urrea had the dispensation for it at Brazoria. Such an event however, was impossible. The charter and papers were taken safely to Brazoria; but, as the members had been lessened in numbers by death, or scattered in the army and elsewhere in the service of the country no attempt was made to revive the work of the lodge at that place.

"In October, 1837, however, it was reopened by myself and others, at the city of Houston, having been in existence about two years.

"In the meantime two other lodges, with charters from the Grand Lodge of

Louisiana, were established in Texas—Milam, at Nacogdoches, and McFarlane, at San Augustine. Delegates from these, and from Holland Lodge met in convention at Houston in the winter of 1837-38, and the Grand Lodge of the Republic of Texas was formed. By advice and direction of this body, the three subordinate lodges transferred their allegiance from Louisiana, and received others from Texas; and Holland Lodge No. 36, under the former, became Holland Lodge No. 1, under the Grand Lodge of the Lone Star republic. By this course, the causes of many difficulties which have afflicted many of the Grand Lodges of the United States were considered and obviated in the formation of the Grand Lodge of Texas.

"Holland Lodge No. 36 was the only one established in Texas prior to the revolution which separated her from Mexico.

"Such is a brief but faithful sketch of the first establishment of Freemasonry in Texas. It was founded like our political institutions, amid the stern concomitants of adversity and war, but its foundations were laid broad and deep; and upon them has been raised a superstructure of strength and beauty symmetrical in its proportions and vast in its dimensions, which I trust will rise 'usque ad astra' and continue as a beacon to guide and cheer worthy Masons on their journey of life, and against which the wasting storms of time shall beat in vain, and the restless waves of persecution cast themselves to destruction in angry foam; while the presiding genius of the institution from its lofty walls shall ever continue to exclaim in emphatic tones, to be heard by all—east, west, north and south—

"'Procul! O Procul! est profani!' 'Tu que invade viam.' 'Far hence, ye profane! Welcome, ye initiated, to these glorious courts; tread ye them aright!'"

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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Writing to order Frontier Times sent to his father, Captain Henry Sisk at Venice, California, Mr Floyd S. Sisk says: "Concerning your publication I wish to advise that I recently read an issue thereof, it being the first time I had known that it is being published, and I certainly enjoyed reading the entire issue." It will be remembered that Frontier Times recently published a sketch about Captain Henry Sisk, written by T. U. Taylor, dean of engineering in the Texas University. We are pleased to enter the old hero's name on our list, and trust he will live many years to enjoy the visits of Frontier Times.

Curley Hatcher of Myrtle Point, Oregon, writes: "In last July number of Frontier Times my old friend, J. C. Jones, claims that Clay Mann strung the first barbed wire on Jim Ned Creek in Coleman county in 1880. He is mistaken in the date for it was 1876 or the spring of 1877, and the Day ranch on the Colorado river was fenced the next year. I am sure it was in 1876, as we had a fight with the Indians at the Narbo ranch, six miles above Clay Mann's on the Jim Ned, that year. The Indians went down the creek into the timber and I got permission to go ahead of them and let the settlers know they were coming. I went north of the creek on the prairie, passed them and beat them to Clay Mann's pasture gate and gave the warning, and Mr Mann and his men rounded up his horses in this pasture and penned them before the Indians got there. I was at Bill Day's ranch several times after his pasture was fenced, and I left Coleman county the first day of January, 1880, so I am sure the date Mr Jones gives is wrong."

Postmaster B. F. Sullivan of Rockwood, Texas writes: "Enclosed find money order for \$1.00 for subscription to Frontier Times. If I live until September 1, 1925, I will be seventy-nine years old. I came to Texas in 1876, landing at old Camp Colorado, Coleman county, and

helped to organize this country. Got acquainted with all of the old timers that were here at that time. Some time in the future I will write you a letter telling some of my experiences. I worked for Henry Sackett fourteen years."

Frontiersman D. S. Howell, of Route 4, Abilene, Texas, writes: "I notice in your last number of Frontier Times, on page 16, the account of General Sherman visiting the frontier stations, and I do not wonder at his saying 'All good Indians are dead Indians.' I know it was through him that they were taken in charge and put on reservations. Jaeksboro, Fort Belknap, Fort Phantom Hill, Camp Colorado, Buffalo Springs, Victory Peak, and Red River Station are all very familiar names to me, as was the head of Elm and Gainesville. Our regiment was made up from seven different counties in North Central Texas in 1863, and was known as the second Texas Reorganized Townsend Brigade. All met and organized at Camp Lane on Red River, twelve miles north of Bonham, Texas. Gid Smith was our Colonel; McLane from Dallas was lieutenant colonel. We were cavalry, and were ordered very early in the fall to Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos river. When we struck the Texas Central railroad at Navasota we were dismounted and ran to Columbia by way of Houston, and took a boat and landed at the mouth of the river about 10 o'clock at night. Here we were on review for eleven days. Then we went back up the river and got our horses and did picket duty, and I was courier for twenty-one days, at General Magruder's headquarters at McNealy Plantation. We had no serious encounter, but was threatened all the while, and after five months here we were furloughed for thirty days to meet at Camp Lubbock, Hunt county, to reorganize. More anon."

Mrs. M. J. Lee of Upland, California, writes: "The old Blue Back Spelling Book came this morning. Oh, I was so tickled to get it. It was like a dear good letter from home. I am eighty-three years old and you can't realize how I do appreciate seeing my dear good old school book."

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

I wish now to record one of the best Indian fights ever fought on our northern frontier by citizens against Indians. This fight like the major part of our frontier life and battles with Indians, has never been recorded in history, but by all means ought to have been. The fight was by Rev. Pleasant Tackitt and his three young sons. Jim Tackitt, twenty-two years old, L. L. Tackitt, twenty, and George Tackitt, sixteen. Rev. Tackitt was armed with a rifle and dragoon six-shooter; Jim Tackitt had a rifle and Navy six-shooter and L. L. Tackitt had a double-barreled shot gun and Navy six shooter.

The first Indian raid into Young county after they were moved to the Indian territory was in January 1860. On the evening of January 13th one of the Tackitt's milk cows came home with an arrow sticking in her back. Mrs. Tackitt, after discovering the arrow when she went to milk, went to the house and reported the fact. It was then late in the evening. Rev. Tackitt and the three oldest boys above named made ready to start the next morning on foot to see if they could find the Indians and also learn what they had done with other stock. There had been a deep snow and sleet on the ground for a week or ten days. The Tackitts then lived on Fish Creek in Young county. Early on the morning of the 14th about sun-rise, the Rev. Tackitt and the three boys left home in pursuit of the Indians; they took the back trail of the cows and after having gone some two miles they came to where the Indians had killed one of their cows and had taken part of the flesh, evidently on top of a bluff and rugged mountain, now known as Tackitt Mountain.

The Indians had hung out some blankets and buffalo robes evidently for the purpose of inducing the Tackitts to investigate. The boys wanted to go on to the mountain and investigate, and if they had gone, more than likely they would all three have been killed. Rev. Tackitt told the boys it would not be safe to go on the mountain, that the Indians were there to deceive them and to have the advantage. Rev. Tackitt's

advice was taken and the mountain was shunned and well it was, for in close touch with those robes and blankets were eleven buck Indians.

The Tackitts then rounded up a little bunch of home cattle and started towards home with them. In the meantime the Indians seeing that the Tackitts were not going to walk into the trap they had set, sneaked off of the mountain and hid themselves in a ravine near the way they knew the Tackitts must travel. The bank of the branch where the Indians were was about four feet high, which gave them fine protection and every advantage. When the cattle came to the branch where the Indians were they became frightened and shied off to one side. Rev. Tackitt called to the boys to look out, that the Indians were in the branch. Jim said it was the dog they had with them that frightened the cattle. George, the youngest of the boys, was on the side of the road nearest the Indians and he heeded Rev. Tackitt's warning and had his rifle cocked and in shooting position, when the Indians arose from the branch and began shooting their arrows. There was but one of them that had a gun and fortunately George shot that one. The Indian fired his gun almost at the same time; aimed at the Rev. Tackitt and the ball went through four folds of his coat, it being buckled tight around him with his pistol belt, and being wrinkled just under the belt. The report of the guns was almost simultaneous. George fired at the Indian just a second before the Indian fired at the Rev. Tackitt and no doubt this interfered with the Indian's aim and saved Rev. Tackitt's life. In a few seconds after this event, L. L. Tackitt called to the others and said: "Let us go to the trees," there being a few post oak trees a few yards away. He and George both ran to the trees and in suddenly stopping behind the trees they both slipped on the snow and fell. Jim and Rev. Tackitt by this time were slightly wounded. The Indians seeing L. L. and George fall when they ran to the trees evidently thought they were killed and instantly dropped their bows and arrows in the branch and made a sudden rush

upon Rev. Taekitt and Jim with their butcher knives. Pine-O-Chamma, the war chief, who had been at the Camp Cooper reservation, rushed at Rev. Taekitt, whose rifle was still loaded. Rev. Taekitt took deliberate aim and when sight of the rifle reached the Indian's belt, Rev. Taekitt pulled the trigger; the gun fired; the aim was good and the Indian dropped his butcher knife and clasping his abdominal regions with both hands, turned around and jumped back into the ravine. This wounding of the chief seemed to confuse the Indians for a moment, which enabled the Taekitts to get closer together. Whenever anyone of the Taekitts would aim his gun at an Indian, this Indian would jump sideways, back and forth, to keep the aim from being good, and as one after another of the Indians would try to rush upon someone of the Taekitts with their knives, the Taekitts would change their aim from one Indian to another and in this manner kept the Indians or some of them at all times jumping from one place to another, sideways, back and forth, and several other directions. There was one Indian who seemed to have a longing for Jim Taekitt's scalp, but Jim had kept him jumping until he got leg-weary. Suddenly another Indian took the place of the weary one, and when Jim pointed his pistol at this last one, he at once began a series of jumps and gyrations and the weary one paused to watch for results. While this Indian was watching for results, L. L. Taekitt was looking for results too, and fired one barrel of his shotgun loaded with a handful of buck-shot at this Indian, which struck him just above the hip and inward. The Indian tore his shirt open, placed the fingers of both hands in the wound, walked deliberately to a small patch of live oak brush some thirty steps away, where he laid down and died. In the meantime Jim shot the one who wanted his scalp in the stomach at the distance of ten feet, when he, too, struck a bee line for the live oak thicket, where he also died.

By this time the Indians became greatly discouraged at seeing none of the whites so disabled as not to be able to fight. And the Taekitts now being between the Indians and their bows and arrows the Indians fled, leaving their dead and bows and arrows on the field of

battle. After they had run some distance they slackened their pace and were walking. Jim said to L. L. Taekitt: "Give me a cap and I will kill that Indian if I die in a minute," referring to an Indian who was walking leisurely up the hill. L. L. gave Jim the cap; he recapped the gun which had been uncapped by an arrow which struck Jim in the eyebrow, he being in the act of shooting when the arrow struck him which caused his gun to fail to fire. He took deliberate aim at the Indian and at the crack of the rifle, the Indian staggered and fell and did not rise. After this farewell shot, L. L. Taekitt said to the others: "Let's run and get home as quickly as possible. I fear the Indians have already been to the house and killed the family, for the Indian George shot had Emmet's gun, or one just like it." Rev. Taekitt told the boys he could not run as he was wounded in the foot and could scarcely walk. However, they hastened home as fast as Rev. Taekitt could walk. The Indians seemed to get reinforcements from somewhere and taking advantage of the lay of the ground waylaid the Taekitts again at a creek some hundred yards from their home. But Chester and Emmet, Taekitt's two young boys, who had been left at home, had turned the horses out to graze. The horses had crossed the creek and on account of Indians being in the country, the returning Taekitts tried to drive the horses back to the house and were doing so when the horses got to the creek where the Indians were concealed. They became frightened at the Indians and changed their course and the Taekitts following after them prevented another encounter with the Indians. They arrived safely at home, and Rev. Taekitt began preparations for a siege. He required the younger unwounded members to get tubs and buckets and catch water from the melting snow dripping off the house as it would not be wise to go to the creek after water, at least not that day. The Indians sneaked nearer the house to a peacan and briar thicket and there barked like dogs that had something treed, but the Taekitts knew full well that it was a different kind of a dog to the one they would venture out to see about, there being no dogs nor neighbors nearer than four miles and they across the Brazos river.

As intimated before, Jim Tackitt was struck by an arrow which struck him in the eyebrow just over the left eye and penetrated the skull a little more than an inch and a half. This spike was made out of the blade of a butcher knife. Jim was wounded in a few minutes after the fight was opened and afterwards fought at considerable disadvantage as the blood from the wound ran down his face into his eye.

After arriving at the house, Jim's wound was washed and an effort made to pull the spike out. George held his head firmly while L. L. Tackitt with a pair of shoemaker's pincers took three pulls with all his strength at the spike, but could not move it in the least. Rev. Tackitt was wounded in the foot. The arrow struck him near the little toe and ranged back toward the heel. He jerked the arrow out and did not note that the spike did not come out. The spike was made of heavy hoop iron and was very rough; it was one and three-quarter inches broad at the shank and a little more than two inches long and remained in his foot eight days before it was taken out.

In those days the frontier people did not depend much on doctors, who as a rule, were too far away. They did for themselves whatever they thought necessary to be done, so Rev. Tackitt's foot was kept poulticed until on the eighth day when the spike was discovered and pulled out by George Tackitt with a pair of bullet moulds. This wound rendered Rev. Tackitt a cripple for nearly three years. Since the spike in Jim Tackitt's forehead could not be even moved when a strong man had pulled with all his strength, the post surgeon at Belknap was sent for and came on the third day after Jim was wounded and with surgical instruments somewhat superior to shoemaker's pincers and bullet moulds made three hard pulls at the spike, but could not move it: the surgeon then announced that he could not remove the spike at all that the skull would burst before the spike would give way. This announcement by the doctor was not very encouraging to the Tackitt family and especially not very encouraging to Jim, but he was a hero and quietly submitted to the inevitable, and for several months walked around home and rode around in the neighborhood with the spike sticking

in his forehead. Finally on the 22nd day of June, after Jim was wounded, at Springtown in Parker County, the spike having loosened slightly, Dr. Hill pulled it out. He looked at the spike in astonishment and said to Jim: "Man you must not have any brains." That spike remained stuck in that boy's forehead five months and eight days.

In the fight, the Indians seemed to center their fire on Rev. Tackitt, arrows shot at him cut the stock off his rifle to such an extent that he had to have it restocked. His clothes were full of holes made by the arrows, but strange to say none of them wounded him, save the one that struck his foot.

After the Tackitts had laid their supply of water and were inside the house, the Indians at times showed themselves, but kept out of shooting distance. They surrounded the house that night and barked like dogs and hooted like owls and gobbled like turkeys.

Some of the family stood guard all night. Chester and Emmet being the youngest went on guard last at two o'clock in the morning. At about four o'clock these young soldiers, one being fourteen years of age, and the other younger, held a large cow bell rattle as if the animal wearing it had given itself a shake. Immediately thereafter the owls began to hoot on every side of the house and nearby, then the bell started traveling up the creek. The young guards listened to the bell as it moved away. The owls soon began to hoot and go in the direction that the bell was going. The young sentinels then aroused the family and announced that the Indians were gone. All then listened to the bell and the hooting of the owls until the hooting could no longer be heard, but the bell could be heard when several miles away because of the still, cold night.

On the following morning, L. L. Tackitt and George mounted two of the best horses and went across the Brazos and notified L. L. Williams, P. G. George, A. B. Medlin, the Brogdens and a few others, and told them of the events of the previous day. Several of those notified came to the Tackitt's house and all of them except the wounded went to the battle ground and found where the In-

dians fell and had bled, but they had been carried away. They found on the mountain (Tackitt Mountain) four blankets, three buffalo robes, four lariats, three bridles, a bow and arrows and several Indian trinkets. Afterwards the bones of four Indians were found, three in the liveoak thicket and another skeleton near where Jim Tackitt shot the

Indian going up the hill after the fight was over.

There were eleven Indians who waylaid the Tackitts, which fact gave the savages all the advantage. They did not get out of the fight even second best. They lost five of their warriors and the Tackitts lost not a man.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT.

Just at daylight I was aroused from my slumbers by the kelping and gobbling of wild turkeys. I had encamped very near a large "roost," and as I made no fire I had not disturbed them. Many of the trees in the vicinity were literally filled with them, and they were so tame I could easily have killed one with a bow and arrow if I had had them, and I determined I would try my hand at manufacturing these primitive weapons, if I could find some suitable tool to work with.

After I had reconnoitred from the edge of the timber and ascertained that there were no Mexicans in sight, I went on up the bottom three or four miles, and then struck across the prairie in the direction I had been traveling. My route was through an open prairie interspersed with "mots" or groves of timber. In one of these I stopped about noon, and broiled a piece of my pork for dinner. After resting an hour or so I continued on my way, and about sunset came to some timber bordering a small stream. I had scarcely entered this timber, which was open and free from undergrowth, when I noticed several large wolves trotting along behind me. Every now and then they set up a howl, which was answered by others in the distance, and before long numbers of them had gathered around me, attracted, I suppose, by the howling of those I had first seen, or by the smell of the fresh meat I had with me. I had no fear of an immediate attack from them, nevertheless, I hurried on as fast as I could until I came to the small stream I have mentioned, on the bank of which I pitched camp, near a large fallen tree that

would afford sufficient fuel to keep a fire burning all night. I am confident if I had not had a fire that night, the wolves would have torn me to pieces; as it was, they sometimes ventured up to within a few feet of the fire, howling and snarling, and evidently inclined to make a dash at me at all hazards. It was impossible to sleep, so I took my spite out on them by throwing a fire brand amongst the crowd. This would silence them for a moment, but they would soon commence their howling again. Towards daylight they raised their siege and departed, and I got a little nap before sunrise.

To-day, while crossing another large prairie, I saw in the distance a considerable body of Mexicans or Indians, I could not tell which, who were traveling at a rapid rate, and I soon lost sight of them. In this prairie I passed many herds of deer, generally fifty to a hundred in a herd, which were so gentle they frequently permitted me to approach within a few paces of them before they noticed me at all. I also saw several droves of mustangs, which were much wilder than the deer, and invariably whenever I got within five or six hundred yards of them they would raise their heads, gaze at me for a few moments, and then with much snorting and "cavorting" they would go off like the wind, and never slacken their speed as long as they were in sight.

Continuing my course, about sunset I came to a belt of timber bordering another small stream. On the bank of this stream there was an Indian encampment that appeared to have been occupied a day or so previously. Several

of their fires were still smoking, and from their number I supposed there were thirty or forty in the party. Around these fires was scattered a great quantity of bones mostly of deer, though the head of a mustang here and there showed that they varied their diet by an occasional feast on horse flesh.

A cold misting rain had begun to fall just before I came to this camp, and seeing it was likely to continue through the night, I took possession of a shanty built of small poles and covered with slips of bark. In this I stowed myself and baggage and made myself perfectly "at home". With a large fire in front of it and plenty of hog, but no hominy, I passed a very comfortable night, serenaded as usual by wolves.

Next morning the rain had ceased and the sun was shining brightly when I woke up. Cooking a piece of my pork, I made a hasty breakfast for fear the owner of the shanty might return and ask me to pay for my night's lodging, and again started on my journey.

During the day I saw several "signal smokes," made I suppose by Indians, but they were a long way off. These signal smokes are curious things. Often when traveling over the plains of Western Texas, I have seen a column of smoke rise perpendicularly into the air (no matter how strong the breeze might be blowing, to a great height, when it would spread out at the top like an umbrella, and after remaining stationery for a moment, "puff" it would suddenly disappear, to be answered perhaps by another, twenty or thirty miles away. They are no doubt intended for signals to warn others of the proximity of foes, and to indicate their own position. I have asked many old frontiersmen how it was the Indians made smokes, but none of them could ever explain the matter satisfactorily to me. I have occasionally seen four or five of these signal smokes rising up in various directions at the same time.

To-day, for the first time, I saw what I know now was a tarantula, a very large and exceedingly venomous spider, that haunts the dry and elevated prairies of Western Texas. They are not often seen in the timbered lands or in the immediate vicinity of settlements. The body of a full grown one is as large

as a hen's egg, and is covered with scattering hairs or bristles. They have two curved fangs protruding from the mouth, about as long and very similar in appearance to those of a rattlesnake. When provoked they are very pugnacious, rising upon their hind legs and springing towards the assailant five or six inches at a time in successive leaps. The Mexicans say their bite is certain death, and one can readily credit the assertion after seeing them.

I made but little if any progress to-day, for not long, after I had started it clouded up and commenced misting again, and I found I was traveling in the direction directly opposite the one I should have pursued.

It was too late to take the prairie again, and I picked out a suitable place for camp, started a fire and cooked some of my pork for supper, which for want of salt was getting to be rather too much tainted to suit the taste of anyone but a Frenchman. During the night the wolves favored me with another concert of howlings, but they were much less impudent than upon a former occasion, and did not approach near enough to enable me to salute them with fire brands.

In the morning I rose betimes, and unpacking all the pork I had left, I spitted it on sticks stuck up before a blazing fire. I thought by roasting it in this way to keep it from spoiling entirely. The clouds had blown off and the sun shown out warm and pleasant, and having eaten some of my roasted pork which had decidedly too much of the "gout," I started out again across the open prairie. This time I made the trip without difficulty, and about mid-day I came to a small stream which I afterward learned was called the Tres Palacios or Three Palaces. How it acquired the name I cannot say, but I am sure I saw no palaces in its vicinity. Where I crossed it, I noticed a few small cedar trees growing near the bank, and I determined to cut one of them down and make a bow. This was no small job, as you may suppose, considering I had nothing to cut it with except a small piece of the blade of a drawing knife—the same I had found at the house where I killed the hog, and which I had carried in my knapsack ever since. By the time I cut the sapling down, I was both tired

and hungry, so I knocked off work to rest awhile and cook some pork. I then resumed my task, and chopping off about six feet from the butt end of the sapling I split it into four pieces with a wooden wedge and maul. From these I selected the one that was freest from knots and other defects, out of which, by patience and preservative and with the aid of my piece of drawing knife I manufactured a very good bow. Arrows I knew I could easily get anywhere in the bottoms among the thickets of swamp dog wood or young cane. By the time my bow was finished night came on, and I pitched my camp near the creek in a little open space completely surrounded by a thick growth of underwood. Here I built my fire, warmed over some of my roasted pork, and after supper "turned in" to a bed of Spanish moss which I had gathered from a tree near by.

The next morning I gave the finishing touches to my bow and then for the first time it occurred to me that I had nothing that would answer for a string. I tried to make one of the bark of several shrubs, and of the leaves of bear grass, but although I taxed my ingenuity to the utmost, I failed to make a cord strong enough for the bow, and I had to at last abandon the attempt altogether.

The day was so far gone when I had finished my unsuccessful attempt at cord making, that I thought it best to remain where I was for the night and make a fresh start in the morning. It must have been twelve or one o'clock, when something awoke me, and finding that my fire had pretty well gone out, I was just in the act of getting up to throw some sticks on it, when I heard the stealthy but heavy tread of some large animal near by. I laid still and listened attentively, and was convinced that there was some heavy animal cautiously approaching the spot where I was lying. Just then fortunately probably for me, a chunk rolled off a log I had placed behind the fire, and blazed up brightly. By the light thus made, I saw distinctly either a large panther or Mexican lion, not twenty feet distant, crouching down as if about to spring upon me. I instantly jumped and seizing my "bed clothes" (the dry Spanish moss I had gathered) I threw it on the fire and it blazed up at once as high as my head. This must have frightened the animal, whatever it was, for when I

turned to look it was gone. Possibly it did not intend to attack me, but the way in which it had approached me, was to say the least of it very suspicious. The loss of my "bed clothes" did not discommode me much, as I sat up the balance of the night to keep my fire supplied with fresh fuel, although the night was quite warm.

As soon as the sun rose I made haste to leave the locality where I had passed such an unpleasant night. Late in the evening I came to an extensive body of timber, in which I supposed I would find a considerable stream. On the edge of this timber I saw a house, and by this time what remained of the pork was so strong of the "gout" that I don't think even a Frenchman would have relished it, I determined to go to the house and search for some thing to eat. I entered the woods some distance below it, and kept under cover until I was near enough to see there was no one about, when I ventured up. On entering I soon saw that it had been ransacked by the Mexicans, who had consumed or taken away whatever there might have been in it, in the way of eatables. In the vicinity, however, as I was leaving, I came across a half-grown hog, which evidently had very recently been shot by some one, who had taken only a small part of it, and I appropriated as much of what was left as I could conveniently carry. As the sun was about setting, I went some distance into the timber, so that the light from my fire would not be visible to any one passing along the prairie, where I "bivouacked" for the night at the foot of a tree.

By sunrise I was up and on my way again, crossing in a mile or so a considerable creek. To-day I passed over a country mostly prairie, but interspersed here and there with groves of live oaks, hackberry, etc., which gave it a park like appearance. In one of these groves, thickly settled with underbrush, I stopped to rest, and was just in the act of leaving it when I heard the tramp of horses' hoofs and the jangling of spurs and other accoutrements. Looking through the bushes I saw about twenty Indians slowly jogging along in single file upon their horses. They had no guns and were armed only with bows and lances. They rode within thirty paces of where I was lying—low, but, did not

halt, and in a few moments they were hid from my view by another grove. I remained where I was half an hour longer than I would have done otherwise in order to give these Indians full time to get out of my way, and then proceed on my course. A little before sunset I came to a clear running creek, on the farther side of which I encamped. (At that time, all the creeks and small water courses, and even the ponds in Western Texas were clear and pure, but now many of them have lost their character to a greater or less extent, owing to the cultivation of adjacent lands and the tramping of stock.)

I had made my camp below some low spreading live oaks, which appeared to be a favorite roosting place for wild turkeys. Just at dusk they came flocking into them from every direction, and they were so unused to being hunted I could have easily killed one with a pocket pistol—but as I didn't have the pistol I had to content myself with roast pork instead of roast turkey.

I had noticed before dark that a very extensive prairie lay to the north and east, and I was up and on my way the next morning before daylight, in order that I might reach the timber on the opposite side as speedily as possible. I ran but little risk comparatively when traveling in timber, but on the open prairie I was in constant danger of being picked up by parties of Mexicans or Indians. I pushed on as fast as I could until noon, when I stopped to rest in a grove near a small lagoon that seemed to be well stocked with fish, for I saw numbers of bass and perch swimming in the shallow water near shore. On the margin of this lake I found some wild onions growing, which I dug up and ate raw, and which were a great treat to me, as I had not had anything in the vegetable line, of fresh and green, for a long time.

In the evening I continued on my way across the prairie. On the farther side I could see a long line of unbroken timber, and I had gone but a little way in it when I saw a large river before me, which I knew must be the Colorado. The river was very high and rapid, and I thought it best to encamp for the night and wait until morning before I attempted to swim it. Where I struck it, it was about two hundred yards wide and much swollen by recent heavy rains, and

although I was a good swimmer, I felt some hesitation the next morning in "taking water." However, I looked around and found a suitable piece of dead timber, to which I tied my boots and clothes, and launched forth with it on the turbulent stream, pushing it before me as I swam. Finally I made a landing safely on the north bank of the river, but was carried by the strength of the current a considerable distance below the point where I had entered the water.

After resting myself a while and drying my clothes, I took up the line of march again through a heavily timbered bottom about a mile and a half wide, from which I at length emerged into the open prairie. Without halting I continued on my course until late in the evening, when I came to the timber on old Caney Creek. Along this creek, which apparently in times gone by was the bed of the Colorado river, from its head to its mouth, a distance of sixty or seventy miles, there was a continuous cane brake. Where I struck the timber on old Caney, there had been a considerable settlement, as some four or five houses were in sight, but on examination, I found that all of them had been plundered by Mexicans, who had taken everything of any value left on the premises. At one of these houses whilst searching the rooms to see if anything in the way of provisions had been overlooked by the Mexicans, I heard a hen "squawking" as if some "varmint" was in pursuit of her. I stepped to the door to look out, and saw a hen racing around the yard and a very large wild cat following her closely. Having seen nothing eatable anywhere, except this hen, I determined to put in a "bid" for her myself, and picking up a billet of wood, I stepped a few paces of where he stood humping his back and showing his teeth, and threw the stick I had in my hand at his head. I missed my aim, but struck him a severe blow on the side, and instantly he gave a fierce scream and sprang furiously toward me. I retreated precipitately and ingloriously for the house, which I reached just in time to reach the door and slam it to in the face of the infuriated cat. If I had a few feet further to go, he would have nabbed me to a certainty. The cat stopped some time in front of the door, as if he intended to besiege me in the house,

or was bantering me to come out and give him a fair fight, which, under the circumstances, I decided doing, but after awhile he went off leisurely towards the woods and I saw him no more. In the meantime the bone of "contention", the hen, had gone to roost in a tree near by. She undoubtedly owed her life to me, but for a little while, for after dark I climbed up to her roost, grabbed her by the leg, and wrung her neck. With my prize, I retreated as speedily as possible to the house, for fear the wild cat might return and assert his claim to it again, and as I had no weapon I was very sure he would get the better of the contest and the hen too.

I remained all night at this house and after breakfasting on the hen I had saved from the wild cat, I started off down the bottom to reconnoitre the country in that direction. When I had gone a mile or two I came to a small prairie connected with the main one by a very narrow neck and surrounded everywhere else by thick woods and cane brakes. This I concluded to explore, and after proceeding some distance in it, I saw there was a house at the farther end. When I had approached within a hundred yards of the house, a half a dozen dogs came running out of it, seemingly with the intention of tearing me to pieces. I picked up a stick to defend myself, but when the dogs got near enough to see that I was an American, instead of attacking me they began to leap and jump around me as dogs do when they see their masters after a long absence. How they found out so quickly I was an American, I do not know, for exposure to sun and wind had tanned my complexion, until it was as dark as that of a Mexican or Indian. With my escort of dogs I went to the house, and entering it, saw at once that the Mexicans had never been there, for everything remained, evidently, just as it had been left by the occupants—furniture untouched, cases filled with books and articles of wearing apparel, cribs with corn and smoke house containing at least a thousand pounds of bacon. In a kind of shed room I also found a barrel of brown sugar and half a sack of coffee, and in the crib, besides corn a quantity of potatoes and pumpkins. There was a great many chickens and ducks in the yard, which no doubt, had been protected from "varmint" by the pack of dogs

that still continued to escort me about the premises. In the smoke house as I have said, there was a large quantity of bacon, and the first thing I did was to take a "middling" and cut it up for the dogs. I then built a fire in one of the chimneys and in a little while had cooked for myself a first rate dinner together with a cup of coffee, the first I had had since leaving Goliad. After dinner I turned into one of the beds in the house and had a comfortable snooze.

When I awoke I got up and continued my investigations. In a back room I found quite a library, a rare thing at that time in Texas. I found also many articles of clothing in a closet, some of which fitted me tolerably well, and from which without any fear of being arrested for "petit larceny," I replenished my scanty wardrobe. Among other things I found in this house—something I wished for exceedingly—was a gun; but unfortunately it was without a lock, and consequently useless. Not far from the main building there was a row of log cabins, that evidently had served as negro "quarters" which induced me to believe that the place belonged to some well to do cotton planter.

As I had been much weakened by starvation and fatigue and the exposure I had undergone in my route through the wilderness, I concluded I would "stop over" a day or two at this house and recuperate my strength a little before I set out on my journey again. There were beds in several of the rooms, in one of which I slept at night, while my pack of dogs kept watch outside. These dogs were not mongrels or "eurs of low degree," neither were they of the "suek egg" breed, as was evident from the fact that although they were in a starving condition when I came, and that the chickens had laid their eggs almost everywhere in the house and yard, not one had been touched by them—for which I was thankful, being particularly fond of eggs myself.

(Continued Next Month.)

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Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

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JULY, 1925.

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Massacre of the Khenen Family

Written by Judge I. D. Ferguson, Denton, Texas, in 1911

In the year 1867 nearly all the people who lived in Montague county, Texas, were forced to leave their homes and go east on account of Indian depredations. A few of the settlers concluded to remain and take care of the property which they had accumulated. Among the number who stayed was the family of Stephen Roberts and a German by the name of Khenen and his family. Roberts lived about four miles west of where the town of Forestburg is now located, and his family consisted of himself and about ten or twelve boys. He prepared himself for the danger by building around his house and barn a fortification about twenty feet high, out of the post oak logs set in the ground like pickets. He and his boys were well armed and good shots with either rifle or pistol. About 100 yards from his house, in a deep gorge, was a spring of water that was never known to go dry, and this spring furnished water for his family and stock, and had also been a watering place for the Indians on their way to the settlements for a time far beyond the memory man.

The Indians made frequent raids into settlements to steal horses and usually selected this route, and came at a time when the moon would go down about midnight in order to give them moonlight to gather up the horses belonging to the settlers and when they had stolen as many as they wanted they would start back to the Indian territory, having the dark part of the night to go out so they would not be seen by the settlers on the border.

Mr. Khenen, the German farmer above named, had in an early day left the Fatherland to come to the new world and cast his lot among those people in Montague county, and selected his home a half mile south of Stephen Roberts. His family consisted of himself, wife and three small children. Mrs. Pasehall, a widow with two small children, lived

with the Khenen family. Mr. Khenen had erected his home of post oak logs, a small rude hut covered with boards. Being a new country, the settlers had to construct their doors and window shutters out of boards, as lumber, window sash and glass could not be had. It becomes necessary that this house of Khenen's should be fully described: It was about 14x16 feet square, one door on the south side, and a window on the north side; the window shutter had been hung with rawhide hinges, and by long use it was broken off and the window was closed by propping up the shutter with a fence rail. A fire place was in the east end of the building. This description will aid the reader to meditate upon the facts to be related hereafter.

These were poor people; they had but little, but what they had had been amassed by honest toil by the efforts of the husband and wife. With the help of his wife, Mr. Khenen had cleared a small farm, enough to make their bread, and had gathered about him 15 or 20 head of hogs, six or eight cows, and two yoke of oxen to work his wagon. Mrs. Khenen by hard work made the clothes for the family. During the day the buzz of the spinning wheel and clank of the loom could be heard which told the story that Mrs. Khenen was spinning the thread and Mrs. Pasehall was weaving it into cloth by which the family was clothed. This was the poor but happy family that had come to stay and hold the out-post until civilization could come to their relief.

Mr. Khenen had raised his crop and gathered it in, and made preparations to go to Arkansas after a load of apples to sell to get money to supply his family with shoes for the coming winter, and such other necessities that could not be raised at home. Apples, at that time, were not raised in Texas and could be

sold at a very high price. He left home during the last days of September, 1867, with his wagon and two yoke of cattle as his team, and expected to return about the first of November. On the morning of his departure he kissed his wife and three little girls good-bye, cracked his whip and moved out, and as he drove around the field he looked back and saw his wife and little ones wave their hands to him. He did not know that he had kissed his wife and children for the last time, nor did he know that the little childish voices that sounded in his ear, "Goodbye, papa" had spoken to him for the last time. The smiling faces of his dear wife and children was a sweet picture never to be seen again by him except upon the canvas of memory. The anticipation of the home return to meet his wife and tell her the incidents of the trip and to gather his children on his knees and distribute to each with joy the presents brought home was never realized. The location and description of the little home has been told, and how the husband and father had left, and what he had left behind him, but it is sad to tell the awfulness that confronted him on his return.

It was in the month of October, 1867, when the moon was shining, and at a time when it went down about midnight, that a band of 20 or 30 Indians stole down into the northwest portion of Denton county and gathered up a large herd of horses and started with their stolen property for the Indian Territory. No one knew the Indians were in except the family of Robert Green, who lived about 300 yards from the residence of James Chisum, at which place the writer was staying that night.

Just at daylight Mrs. Green came up to Mr. Chisum's and told us to get up, that the Indians were in and had stolen their horses. The writer, before going to bed that night, had tied his horse to Mr. Chisum's gate post. On stepping out of the house I looked for my horse, but he was gone. The tie rope had been cut; and a poor, sore-backed, run down pony was standing at the gate, wet with sweat and so stiff from travel that it could hardly move. The neighborhood was soon notified and about 40 men took the trail, which led north up Clear Creek for about 10 miles, then turned west of north in the direction of Spring Station, a point on the old California stage road at the east-

ern edge of the upper cross timbers, which was two and one half miles from the Khenen place. It was about 18 miles to Spring Station, and it took so much time to gather the crowd and find the trail, it was about 3 o'clock p. m. when we reached Spring Station. While resting our horses at this point, the probability of overtaking the Indians was fully discussed, and by a large majority of the the crowd it was decided that it was useless to follow them any further, considering our mounts and the start the Indians had of us, and all decided to return home except Willaim McConnell, Brad Sanders, Tom Sanders and the writer. We concluded to go on and take chances of getting reinforcements up in Montague county, either from the Roberts family or the McDonalds, who lived still further west in the cross timbers. We kept the trail until it got too dark to follow it. By this time we had gone beyond Roberts and Khenen places, and we stopped and stayed all night, and during the night we decided when daylight came to go to the Roberts place and get provisions and reinforcements. It was about six miles back to this place and we arrived there after sunrise. Rufus Roberts came out to the gate and admitted us and said: "Ride in quick, boys. The Indians have killed Mr's. Paschall and all her children except one, and also Mrs. Khenen and her children. Mrs. Khenen is not dead yet, but is shot through in three places and scalped alive. One of her little girls is not dead yet. Mrs. Paschall's youngest child is all that escaped unhurt, it was sleeping on a trundle bed which was pushed under the large bed, and they failed to find it and it escaped."

We were horrified by his words and asked when they did this, and he said "Last night about midnight. We decided to go to the mill today, and late yesterday evening we loaded the wagon with grain so that we could get an early start this morning; so early this morning I got up and saddled my horse and put on my pistols to go and drive up the steers that I intended to work to the wagon; I heard the ox bell down south of Khenen's field and started after them, and when I got in about 75 yards of Khenen's house, I noticed that the window shutter on the north side of the cabin was down; I saw some one come to the window and stick their head out. I took it to be Mrs.

Khenen; she looked like she had on her head a bright red hood; I took no further notice of the party and went on down the road till I passed the house and got to the southeast corner of their garden, there to my surprise I found the road and ground covered with feathers. I knew what it meant. The Indians had ripped open the bed and pillow-ticks and emptied them out to get the cloth. The first thought that flashed through my mind was the party who stuck their head out the window was an Indian and that they were still there plundering the house. I drew my pistol and whirled my horse and dashed up to the house the fence was down, and I rode into the yard just south of the gate. Just as I appeared in front Mrs. Khenen came to the door; her head and face were one mass of blood; and the blood running down all over her clothes. She was scalped alive! With a gasping and faint voice, she said "they are all gone now—O! my poor little children, they are all dead. I am the only one left alive. God bless you, you have come to help me." She fainted and sank down on the floor, I ran to the well and got some water and wet her face and she revived; I then told her I would run home and get help; I jumped on my horse and ran home and got father and the other boys and we unloaded the wagon and harnessed up the horses and went down and brought them all up and they are here now in the house."

We all lifted our hands and took a vow that we would never spare the life of an Indian that should fall into our hands. We have not all been able to keep that vow; Creed Roberts afterward had the opportunity, and killed an Indian; and his father one morning found two Indians at the spring, and shot one dead, but the other one escaped. But all this did not compensate for the lives of those innocent women and children. By the time Rufus Roberts was through telling his story, we had put up our horses; we then went to the house and ate breakfast, and then walked out of the dining room into the room where the dead lay. With uncovered heads, we lifted the sheet and looked at the little innocent faces that once beamed with smiles of childish joy—there were no smiles there—they were cold in death; those little hands that waved good-bye to papa, were still and motionless, and cold as ice; they were little

flower-buds plucked from the garden of life by a merciless and savage foe. Did God design that little innocent children should bleed and die to concentrate the soil to make homes for others? Had those little children done anything to deserve death? All such thoughts passed through my mind as I stood there looking at those little pale faces stained with blood. A sick and fainty feeling came over me as I stood there, and I turned away and walked with the other boys through the hall and into the room where Mrs. Khenen lay. The doctor had come and dressed her wounds and had given her morphine and she revived from her shock and was feeling better. She talked freely with us, and gave the particulars of the tragedy..

When we went into the room Mrs. Khenen knew us all and reached out her hand to us and said "You are brave boys, but you have come too late to save me and my children; all you can do now is to avenge our death." We told her we would do so, and told her the vow we had taken. She then related to us her story. She said: "I had been hard at work all day yesterday spinning thread to finish a piece of cloth that Mrs. Paschall had in the loom, and worked until after sundown before I stopped. I sent the little girl out to drive up the milk cows; by the time she got the cows it was dark, and I milked the cows and turned the calves out, went to the house and strained the milk; by this time Mrs. Paschall had supper ready and we all sat down and ate supper. Mrs. Paschall had been weaving all day and was very tired; she went to bed early. I had a pair of socks that I was knitting for Mr. Khenen, as I was expecting him home in a few days. The children after romping and playing until nine o'clock also went to bed leaving me alone. The night was cool and I had a fire and sat there and worked until near midnight before I finished. I felt uneasy, as it was near the time of the moon for the Indians to make a raid; the fire had burned low, and I had been listening to the clank-clank of Mr. Roberts ox-bell as they browsed along the back of our field; my cows had laid down in the lot, and I could hear their heavy blows or breathing and the tinkle tinkle of the bell as they lay and chewed their cuds. The moon had gone down and it

was extremely dark and that was about all the sounds to break the stillness of the night. I had just finished the pair of socks and stuck my knitting needles through the ball of yarn and put them up. It must have been midnight; the ox bell had ceased to sound at the back of the field, and the tinkle of the cow bell in the lot had also ceased, and the extreme darkness and the awful stillness of the night seemed ominous of approaching danger. I attributed my feelings to nervousness. I commenced to shovel ashes on the fire to cover it up so it would keep till morning, and had just shoveled about three shovels when all at once with a terrible crash the old board window shutter that was propped up at the back of the house fell; it caused a shudder of fright to run over me. I looked and could see the sky through the open window; I thought it must have been the hogs that ran in the yard had rubbed against the rail and caused it to fall; and I returned to shoveling more ashes on the fire; and had just finished covering it when I heard a rustling noise at the window and looked and could see something bulky in the window outlined against the sky. Springing to my feet I screamed out 'What was that?' and what ever it was jumped down in the house with a heavy thud. I screamed with terror, but something struck me on the head and knocked me unconscious and I knew no more till I came to myself in the condition I am now in. I crawled to the window and pulled myself up and looked out to see if I could see anyone, and saw Rufus coming on his horse down the road. I tried to halloo him, but I was too weak to make him hear me. He passed on but it was not long until he rode into the yard in front of the door with his pistol in his hand."

Mrs. Khenen stopped talking for a minute as if in prayer, and in a low voice said, "O! if I could live to see my husband; My God have mercy upon us, for when he returns we will all be gone."

This was the sad story told us by Mrs. Khenen. She lived twelve days before death relieved her of her suffering. Mr. Khenen did not return in time to see her before she died; and her prayer was not answered.

We all then got our horses and went down to the Khenen place, and found the little house a pool of blood, the dishes

had all been broken up in small pieces, every thread of cloth about the place had been taken off; the feathers in the pillows and bed ticks had been emptied out, the wind had scattered them over the ground and it looked like it was covered with snow. We found, about seventy yards west of the house, where three horses had been tied to some trees and there we found the moccasin tracks of three Indians and trailed them up to the house and to the place where the window shutter fell. They were the spies that lurked in the rear to watch for possible pursuers and had committed this awful crime.

Such people as the Khenens led the way for the advancement of civilization and made it possible for others to come and find homes where they have grown rich and prosperous, and are now living in peace and luxury, and without a knowledge that beneath the soil where they live, lies sleeping remains of those brave pioneers without a written history or a stone to mark their graves.

F. M. Carter of Route 3, Hamilton, Texas, writes: "I am sending check to pay for your magazine one year. I turned into my 78th year December 1st, 1924. My father moved from Bell county to this, Hamilton, county, I believe, in 1854, but I will put it at 1855. I have lived in this county ever since. My father was killed by the Indians in this county in 1861, so you see I might be called an old timer."

Send us 42 cents and get one of the old Blue Back Speller before they are all gone. It will be a valuable keepsake for your children. How long has it been since you saw a copy of this famous old spelling book?

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Capt. Gillett's Book.

Capt. J. B. Gillett's thrilling book "Six Years with the Texas Rangers," and Frontier Times one year, together, for \$3.00. Only a limited number at this low price. Address Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

When the Jury Came to West Texas

Mabelle Eppard Martin, in Dallas News, May 3, 1925.

And now some say the Rangers are "illegal." If the news has filtered over the "long, long trail," the shades of many brave Rangers must be perturbed. Perhaps the shade of Judge Berthold will meet them. Illegal? The shade of the brave Judge will smile and tell them the story of the jury that sat at Socorro in '51.

A Mexican village under the American flag. A Frenchman for Judge, with a jury of six Americans and six Mexicans. The prisoners at the bar an Englishman a Scotchman and two Americans. The entire court self-appointed and self-constituted. What would a Supreme court say to that?

In 1849, just after Uncle Sam had added a new addition, known as New Mexico and California, to his charming but rambling country home, Socorro was a peaceful Mexican village, its adobe houses reflecting the sun of the upper Rio Grande Valley. Between it and the American settlements of Texas, the Comanche ruled and were more than willing to dispute every foot of the territory. But the Americans, "Hell bent for California," to the gold mines, had made trails through, and by 1851 Socorro had been transformed.

Most of these "hell bent" companies went on the rocks when they reached the Mexican settlements of the upper Rio Grande, and were reorganized. The flotsam of the wrecks were left eddying around the Mexican villages. Socorro had an overdose of the vagabonds in 1851, because the Boundary Commission had its headquarters there. This commission which was to run the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, had contributed a large quota to the riff-raff, for it had recruited its unskilled labor in San Antonio, necessarily without much picking or choosing.

Socorro was more than wild: it was a hell hole, overrun with desperadoes of nearly every character. No peacefully inclined citizen was safe beyond his threshold after the sun went down, and daylight was almost as bad. Barrooms and dancing places flourished day and night. Many of the peaceful Mexican residents were unwilling hosts to some of the out-

laws, who quartered themselves in houses by the persuasion of their "sixshooters."

Probably in that early day and under such circumstances some citizen indignantly proclaimed "there ought to be a law" against such high-handed proceedings. But in Socorro there was no law. Law was largely a matter of "draw," and the man who was quickest on the trigger was judge, jury and prosecuting attorney all in one.

These were the roaring, lynching, razzle dazzle days, such as Bret Harte has pictured so vividly. The sole civil authority was the Mexican Alcalde of the village. Him the State of Texas had vested with powers of a Justice of the Peace: but he was weak and ignorant, a timid and totally unreliable individual, not at all the type of person to inspire fear or respect in the heart of an outlaw. We are not accustomed to thinking of Mexico as a particularly salubrious refuge for the oppressed, but many preferred it to Socorro and moved across the river.

After several murders had been committed even that frontier town was horrified and terrorized. A committee of citizens asked help from the United States military post at San Elizario, six miles distant. The commanding officer refused to help, saying it was a matter for the civil authorities to handle.

When things seemed so bad that they could get no worse, they proceeded to get worse, much worse, as things sometimes do.

It was at the usual dance or "fandango," open to all comers every night. Several officers of the Boundary Commission were present, when one of them, Edward C. Clark, innocently looking on, was suddenly set upon and stabbed by four ruffians. He died the next morning.

The time had come when something must be done, for an officer of the Government had been foully murdered. Mexicans and Americans, led by officers of the Commission, hastily formed an armed posse and began a systematic search to ferret out the murderers. Eight or nine men were arrested, but a man named Young who was most conspicuous in the affray, was not to be found.

The prisoners were taken to the home of

Judge Berthold, where a court was instituted to suit the emergencies of the case. Jurors were summoned and sworn in, a prosecuting attorney was appointed, and counsel was offered the prisoners, which they declined, treating the matter as a jest and making vulgar and obscene remarks, for they were under the impression that nothing would be done. Of course, the procedure was extralegal, for the Alcalde was the only civil authority in Socorro.

In selecting the jury six Mexicans were chosen. Judge Berthold, a highly respected citizen, of French origin, long resident in Socorro, was chosen as presiding magistrate, and the trial took place in his home, a common adobe or mud house, dimly lighted from one small window. Scarcely an individual was present who had not the appearance and garb of one who had spent his life on the frontier, far from civilization and its softening influences. Such was the setting of one of the earliest jury trials in Western Texas, and the following is a graphic account by a witness of the proceedings, Commissioner Bartlett:

"Surrounded as we had been, and now were, by hostile Indians and constantly mingled with half civilized and renegade men, it was necessary to go constantly armed. No one ventured half a mile from home without first putting on his pistols, and many carried them constantly about them, even when within their own domiciles. But on the present occasion circumstances rendered it necessary for safety, as well as for the purpose of warning the gang who were about to have their deserts, that all should be doubly armed. In the courtroom, therefore, where one of the most solemn scenes of human experience was enacting, all were doubly armed save the prisoners. There sat the judge, with a pistol lying on the table before him; the clerks and attorneys wore revolvers at their sides, and the jurors either were armed with them or unerring rifles. Members of the commission and citizens, who either were guarding the prisoners or protecting the court, carried handy revolvers, rifles or shot-guns, thus presenting a scene more characteristic of feudal times than nineteenth-century America.

"The fair but sunburnt complexions of the American portion of the jurors, with their weapons resting against their

shoulders and pipes in their mouths, presented a striking contrast to the swarthy features of the Mexicans, muffled in checkered serapes, holding their broad-brimmed glazed hats in their hands and delicate cigarritos in their lips. The reckless, unconcerned appearance of the prisoners, whose unshaven faces and disheveled hair gave them the appearance of Italian bandits rather than Americans or Englishmen; the grave and determined bearing of the bench, and the varied costumes and expressions of the spectators and members of the commission, clad in serapes, blankets or overcoats, with their different weapons and generally long beards, made altogether one of the most remarkable groups which ever graced a courtroom."

Two successive days were occupied in the trial. There were no psychologists, no chemists to bewilder the jurors in a maze of mystery and make them feel, as jurors too frequently feel in this day, that the whole procedure is a diabolical cross-word puzzle, with all the key words picked. Quite to the contrary, jurors, witnesses and spectators had a feeling of understanding. During the first day friends of the prisoners made open threats of violence, but this ceased when soldiers from the post at San Elizario arrived, upon request of the Boundary Commission.

One of the officers of the commission had shown a friendly interest in the prisoners, and on the second day they requested him to act as their counsel, which he did; but all his efforts to prove the previous good character of the defendants were futile. Neither could he establish an alibi for them. The prisoners were then heard in their own defense, which consisted of assertions of innocence. When it was seen that things were growing serious for the prisoners and the trial would result in their conviction, an attempt was made to postpone it until counsel and evidence could be secured from El Paso. But the court had learned of the existence of a plot to rescue the prisoners that night, and the request was refused.

When the evidence was all in, the prosecuting attorney made a few remarks, followed by the charge of the Judge, and the case was given to the jury. In a few minutes it returned a verdict of guilty against William Craig, Marens Butler and

John Wade. The Judge then pronounced the sentence of death.

Again the eyewitness tells the story:

"The prisoners were now escorted to the little plaza or open square in front of the village church, where a priest met them to give such consolation as his holy office would afford. But their conduct, notwithstanding a desire on the part of all to afford them every comfort their position was susceptible of, continued reckless and indifferent, even to the last minute. Butler alone was affected. He wept bitterly and excited much sympathy by his youthful appearance, being but 21 years old. His companions begged him not to cry, as he could 'die but once.'

"The sun was setting when we arrived at the place of execution. The assembled spectators formed a guard around a small Cottonwood tree, which had been selected for the gallows. It was fast growing dark and the busy movements of the associates of the condemned, dividing and collecting again in small bodies at different points around the outside of the party, and then approaching nearer to the center, proved that an attack was meditated if the slightest opportunity should be given. But the sentence of the law was carried into effect.

"The entire proceedings were interesting and the scene of a character which none present desired ever again to witness. The calm but determined citizens on the one side, the daring companions of the condemned wretches on the other, remained throughout keenly on the watch the first for the protection of life and the support of good order in the community, the other with malicious eyes of disappointed and furious demons, who to rescue their companions would have been willing to sacrifice a hundred additional lives."

Two tasks yet remained for this self-appointed court to accomplish. One was to run the rest of the vagabonds out of Socorro, and in order to accomplish this the court ordered all unemployed persons to leave within 24 hours. This was hardly necessary, for the gang was already dispersing in all directions. The second task was that of bringing to justice Alexander Young, the leader of the gang. The offer of a \$400 reward for the delivery of Young at Socorro sent searching parties out in all directions, and soon the criminal was made a prisoner. He con-

fessed the truth of the charges against him, and while standing under the tree with the rope around his neck begged to be allowed to say a few words. He implored others to take warning from his example, for they could see what "gambling, swearing, drinking, an ungovernable temper, and association with evil men" had brought to him. He had run away from home at the age of 14, and would never see that home again. With these and like remarks he concluded, and the "law was again carried into effect under the alamo."

Young was well known in Texas as a desperate character, for he had spent several years on the Mexican frontier. The other three had been picked up by the Boundary Commission in San Antonio and were among those discharged in Socorro. Wade was an Englishman, Craig was a Scotchman and Butler was an American.

Thus the jury came to West Texas. An impromptu panel of Americans and Mexicans, presided over by a Frenchman, it brought to justice an Englishman a Scotchman and two Americans in a Mexican community. It was probably the most internationally heterogeneous, as well as the most irregular jury ever held in Texas, but it sufficed nobly.

Never before, nor again, was Socorro so nearly cosmopolitan. Quiet and order was restored in the town, and with quiet it lapsed again into the little Mexican village, indolent and sleepy, on the banks of the Rio Grande, and today, although still appearing on the maps, is only a cross road some miles below El Paso, its ruins still reflecting the sun of the upper Rio Grande Valley.

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One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," regular price for the two \$3.00. Our price \$2.25 postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "Heel-Fly Time in Texas," regular price, \$2.00. Our price \$1.75, postpaid.

LONE STAR MOUNTED RIFLES

Mrs. H. Virginia Cahill, of San Antonio, Texas, sends us the following data in regard to the "Lone Star Mounted Rifles," which company was raised in Caldwell county, and of which Mrs. Cahill's father, Colonel J. J. Myers, was captain. Mrs. Cahill sends us a letter written by Mr. Isaac D. Pryor of Carbon, Eastland county, Texas, December 16, 1923, which we publish below. At the time he wrote this, Mr. Pryor was 87 years old, and he was making his home with Mr. Boykin in Eastland county. He died January 18, 1924. On several occasions this frontier company, "The Lone Star Mounted Rifles," did effective campaigning against the Indians in the early sixties, some of the members remained in Caldwell county for home guard duty, while the main company went on an expedition against the Indians out in the San Saba and Llano river territory. On September 6, 1861, this company was re-organized by Col. Myers, and taken to Galveston, where, on September 18th, 1861, the men were sworn into the Confederate service as Captain John J. Myers' Caldwell County Rangers Co. B, 26th Texas Cavalry.

Mr. Pryor's letter to Mrs. Cahill is as follows:

Carbon, Eastland County, Texas.
December 16, 1923.

Mrs. Virginia Cahill,
San Antonio, Texas.

My Dear Friend:—I will try and write you an account of our company in the Ranging Service as best I can. I am so blind that I cannot do my own writing, but Miss Alma Boykin is writing for me. There are three more names which should be on the list, Buck Roberts, an old bear hunter, Jack Johnson and John Tuttle. Tuttle's home was in Llano county. A great many of the names that are on the list I can't remember for certain, so I have marked only those I knew for sure were in the ranging service.

When we first started out we all met in Lockhart and spent the day there. Then the company went out in the evening to Pecan Springs and camped there

the first night. I was very sick that day and laid all day in Dr. Chiles' office. They arranged it so that Dr. Chiles or Dr. Searcy was with me all day. Captain Myers tried to get me to go back to his home that evening and stay until I was well and then come on and overtake the company. I would not agree to this, so I went out to Green Mott and stayed all night with Old Man Green. The next morning I was better, and I went to camp and went on with the company until we got into Llano county, then I got so sick that Captain Myers left me at old man Buck Roberts' to die, and left two of his men there to take care of me while I was sick, as I thought, and to travel with me when I got well. But Captain Myers told me several times afterwards that he left those men there to bury me, for he thought I would never get up again. As soon as I could ride I started out and caught up with the company at Fort McKavett, near the head of the San Saba river. We established our headquarters there and began to scout for Indians. They had no rangers there at that time, and the Indians had gone down as far as Llano county, driving away the people's horses. But Indians are smart, and found out that the Rangers were there and began to get out of the country, driving herds of horses with them. There came a shower of rain enough to make signs where they went. We struck the trail where it looked as though there might have been 300 or 400 horses driven out. We all tied a wallet of provisions on our saddles and filled our canteens full of water, and started after them. We went away out on the plains until our water gave out, then we followed on until we began to suffer greatly for water. Some of our horses were almost given out, and some of the men called for a halt, and we all stopped. About half of the men said they were going to turn back. We could look across the plain and see a high peak, which looked to be about thirty miles from us. Captain Myers talked to the men and told them that he thought if we would go to the peak we would find water. At least half of the men wanted to go on, while the others swore that they would not go any further.

er. Some of them got off their horses and begged some one to stay with them and see them die, for they could not go any further. The men told them that they could not stay, for they would soon be so that they could not travel, and to get up and travel together and die together. By this encouragement they got them to get up and travel. The first water we struck was at the head of the San Saba river, about ten miles above old Fort McKavett. The horses were giving out so rapidly until some of the men were four hours behind the others getting to water. We had been three nights and almost three full days since our canteens were empty. Captain Myers instructed the first men that got to water to go to making coffee to give others as they came in instead of water. We had to draw our horses back from the water and give them only a little at a time. We lay over there and cooked and rested until the next day. Then we went to our permanent camp, where we had left a few men. We found Old Man Hardy Stockton at our camp when we reached there. He was an old settler, and he knew all of the cow country well, every cow trail and every Indian trail. He said that if we had gone on to that high peak which we saw and turned back from, that we would have found the whole tribe of Comanche Indians there, also a large spring of water, but we would have had some hard fighting to get that water.

The people up there were very glad when we came in there to protect them. We stayed and scouted the country until we ran all the Indians out. There was a great deal of game, wild turkeys, deer antelope, and some buffalo on the plains. We got some fine deer skins to carry home with us, and, I don't suppose you remember it, but I never saw Mrs. Myers as proud of anything as she was when I took a deerskin and made her a couple of pairs of moccasins after we got home. She wore them when she went to see Colonel Myers while he was quartered at Galveston during the Civil War, and she wore them while she was down there.

"Old Paint," was a big brown and white horse Colonel Myers owned, and he was riding him on the dry scout. "Paint" was a large Spanish horse, and I think he was the best bottomed horse

I ever saw. I rode him 120 miles one day and night over a muddy road, and he wasn't near given out. Well, this is about all that I can tell you about the trip at present.

We stayed at home about two weeks after we returned from the expedition, then we re-organized our company and entered the Confederate army. I will also state that Old Man Buck Roberts, John Tuttle and Jack Johnson died many years ago. If Billie Baker was living, and I was going around the world, I would want no one to go with me but him, for he was pleasant, agreeable, kind to everyone, and brave. Yes, W. T. Pryor was my brother. He was with us in the Ranging Service and died during the Civil War on Dr. Ridgey's farm four miles from Houston.

Colonel Myers often told me about his being with Fremont's Expedition when he explored the country to California. That was when he was a boy. He also told me about being with Kit Carson in the Rocky Mountains trapping. Kit Carson was a colonel in the Federal army during the Civil War, in New Mexico and Colorado. I heard a man ask Col. Myers one day, "if he should meet Kit on the battlefield would he kill him?" Colonel Myers said, "No, sir, I wouldn't hurt him unless I had to do it to save my own life, and I would hardly do it then." I will close. I know of nothing else of importance to state. I wish you a merry Christmas and a long and happy life. Give my love and best wishes to all of your folks when you write to them. I remain, as ever, your friend,

ISAAC D. PRYOR.

Commission of John Jacob Myers, a Captain of "Lone Star Mounted Rifles," Caldwell County, Texas.

In the name and by the authority of the State of Texas. To All Whom These Presents Shall Come—Greeting: Whereas, At an election held in the county of Caldwell on the first day of July, 1861, John J. Myers was elected to the office of Captain of a volunteer company called the "Lone Star Mounted Rifles."

Therefore, Know Ye that I, Edward Clarke, Governor of the State of Texas, reposing special trust and confidence in your fidelity to the constitution and laws of the State of Texas, and your attachment to the Confederate States of

America, do hereby commission you, the said John J. Myers, to the office of Captain of the "Lone Star Mounted Rifles," under act of February 15, 1858, and to rank as such from the first day of July, 1861, and that the said company you are to lead, train, muster, exercise and command according to the existing laws and military discipline in force in the Confederate States; and you are strictly to observe and execute all such orders and instructions as you shall from time to time receive from the Governor (commander-in-chief) for the time being, or any of your superior officers, according to the rules and discipline of war; and all inferior officers or others belonging to said company are hereby commanded to obey you as the captain thereof.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto signed my name, and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed at the City of Austin, this 10th day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one; and in the year of the Independence of Texas the twenty-sixth, and of the Confederate States the first.

(SEAL)

EDWARD CLARK,

By the Governor.

BIRD HOLLAND, Secretary of State.

List of "Lone Star Mounted Rifles."

John J. Myers, Captain.
 John L. Lane, First Lieutenant.
 L. J. Storey, Second Lieutenant.
 Wm. W. Montgomery, Second Lieutenant.
 J. A. Stagner, First Sergeant.
 W. B. Maynard, Second Sergeant.
 J. Clark Barnett, Third Sergeant.
 Geo. A. Stagner, Fourth Sergeant.
 John Richards, First Corporal.
 D. W. Martindale, Second Corporal.
 H. W. Withers, Third Corporal.
 Anderson Petty, Fourth Corporal.
 R. L. Fulton. Thos. H. Fulton.
 William H. Baker. Thos. J. Lane.
 Thos. W. Hale. Joseph R. Hart.
 Geo. N. Martindale. W. T. Prior (Pryor)
 James Speed. John Mackey.
 Joseph S. Martin. Asa Pullin.
 Eldridge Franks. D. B. Bullard.
 Y. T. Wood. Thos. H. Baker.
 John C. Farmer. John B. Elgin.
 Jesse S. Boman. Elijah P. Farmer.
 B. T. Sullivan. David J. Larremore.
 Jesse Swearingen. M. R. Jeffry.
 Ed. Persons. D. B. Brite.
 B. D. Patterson. Griffith Tinney.
 Wm. Alexander. Chas. Nealy.

C. W. Whitis.
 Eli S. Hankins.
 H. C. Skaggs.
 James Buchannan.
 John Allen.
 J. J. Foreman.
 J. W. Cardwell.
 Mark H. Cowan.
 Mikel Keck.
 Calvin L. Storey.
 J. W. Hurst.
 Sam'l Petty.
 Wm. S. Furgusson.
 James M. Petty.
 Bayliss Lane.
 Irwin Freeman.
 James Z. Parr.
 Sam'l D. Privet.
 John Hall.
 C. A. Doight.
 G. J. Jackson.
 J. H. Gibson.
 Hugh Taylor.
 Jas McMahan.
 A. Pollard.
 Wm. Cardwell.
 Isaac Wilson.
 L. V. Jones.
 Dr. O. O. Searcy
 John Green.
 —. —. Drennen.
 James Long.
 R. B. C. Miller
 Marcus Trumble.
 S. T. Lane.
 Henry Lackman.
 Geo. Stephens.
 Bradser Lincecum.
 Joseph Alexander.
 A. W. Lauftis.
 Gipson Petty.
 J. W. Hait.
 I. D. Prior (Pryor).
 J. Fise.
 A. D. Louftis.
 J. F. Powers.
 F. Vogel.
 James Pague.
 Geo. F. DeGraffenreid.
 T. A. Tease.
 Wm. L. Carter.
 Richard Miller.
 W. T. Roberts.
 Ben Harris.
 Buck Roberts.
 Jack Johnson.
 John Tnttle.

The State of Texas.

County of Caldwell.

I. J. A. Glenn, Chief Justice within and for said county and State, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a first and true copy of the officers and privates in a volunteer company formed in the county of Caldwell, and that of the same is now on file in the office of the County Clerk of said County. To certify which I hereto set my name, and affix the Seal of the County Court at Lockhart, this 1st Day of July A. D. 1861.

J. A. GLENN.

Chief Justice County Court.

Caldwell Co. Texas.

Life of John Wesley Hardin.

This thrilling story will begin in the September number of Frontier Times. If your subscription is about to expire you should renew at once so you will not miss the opening installment. John Wesley Hardin was quite a noted character in the early days, and this story will depict his true character. Don't miss it.

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

Recollections of a Texas Cowpuncher

R. M. Stephens, Irving, Texas, in Dallas Semi-Weekly News, May 29, 1925

I was very much interested in C. C. Bell's article in The news of May 3. I too, am from Missouri and was ahead of Mr. Bell one year in coming to Dallas in 1869, when, as Mr. Bell says, the courthouse grounds, or just south of it, was the principal tourists' park. There was an old brick courthouse there then, cracked and about ready to fall down. But Dallas was, as Mr. Bell says, a small village of 500 or 600 people. Clark & Bryant were the principal merchants. The Crutehfield Hotel, just north of the square one block, was the leading hotel. South of the square was the favorite place for high-robber poker players and high-robber race horse men.

I came out with old man Bracher, a Missouri tenderfoot. We rented the Tom Floyd farm on White Rock, eight miles north of town. I got acquainted with a typical Texas cowpuncher, Andy Johnson. I worked in my cotton crop till the next July and then sold out to Mr. Bracher. Cotton farming did not appeal to me. Andy got me in with him as a cowpuncher for Bill Jackson. I followed that work for twenty years. We went to Dallas, I settled all my indebtedness, I got to camp with \$10 and my saddle and bridle. I was introduced to the outfit as a Missouri tenderfoot. I don't remember all the boys, but recall Tom and Bev Scott, young Tom Floyd and Duril Buckhanon. I mention these with the hope that some of them may be living and may see this.

Andy told Jackson how tender I was. The wagon was standing on the east side of the courthouse. We corralled the horses with ropes tied to the wheels and I saddled my first Texas cow horse, a fat, slick, coal-black with stocking legs and white face. Fortunately for me and to the disgust of the boys. I had worked three years for a trader in Texas cattle and horses. Having been practically reared on a mule, I could ride some. We turned old Ball loose and he made things warm for the tenderfoot nearly to the old ferry at the foot of Commerce street. We went down into Hill, Ellis, Navarro and Limestone Counties, gathered a herd and drove it up the old Baxter Spring trail to Jackson's ranch, which he had

bought in the Cherokee Nation on Grand River, ten miles above Fort Gibson.

We spent the winter of 1870 there, took what cattle he had left to Baxter Spring the next year, sold out and drifted back toward Texas. We met Dr. Warren of Palo Pinto County, went back to Chetopa, sold out and headed for Texas, worked for the doctor and gathered a herd. The next year we went up the trail to Coffeyville, drifted back to Texas ahead of the cold, worked on the range, gathered a herd the next year, started for Kansas, sold out at Victoria Peak ranch and went back and worked on the range. Sometimes we did not know whether we would wake up with any hair.

To hear the modern cow men talk about hardships makes me laugh. Much of the time we had not a wagon sheet and part of the time no wagon. One horse would pack the kit for six or eight men. We had a sack of biscuits and salt and coffee, killed our meat when we camped, but had the pick of the land and could have buffalo, bear, deer and wild turkey, as the country was full of game.

In working the range I met my fate, a little black-eyed and black, curly-haired girl. I thought I could not possibly live without her and I made her believe it. But I made one more trip up the trail. We held the herd at Victory Peak ranch when that was the farthest ranch on the Wichitas. The Indians had run all the ranchmen back. We had 3,700 head—1,200 old steers from 6 to 12 years old. The Indians came one night and got all the horses but four. The old man sent two of the boys to the ranch at Whitesboro. Coming back through the cross timbers, west of Montague, a bunch of Indians ran onto them and tried to take them. but the boys were riding good horses and outran them. Our damage was two men shot and one horse, one man shot through the shoulder below the collar bone, one through the calf of his leg.

That summer I came back to the black-eyed girl, married her, made one more trip up the trail, settled in Palo Pinto County on Iron Eye Creek, west of Palo Pinto town; took up a ranch and went to ranching on my own hook.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

In the early part of 1856, our family moved from Fayette County, Texas, to the northern frontier of Texas. My father, John R. Baylor, having been appointed agent for the Comanche Indians, we went to the agency which was on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, just south of Camp Cooper. We stayed at the agency something like a year and a half. We then moved farther down the Clear Fork, some eighteen miles below Camp Cooper where we established the first cow ranch in that part of the country. This was in 1857. During this year, and during 1858 and 1859, the Indians on the reservation and those off as well, were committing heinous crimes all along our Frontier, from Red River to Laredo. Because of these depredations, in 1859, we moved to Weatherford in Parker county.

I will not undertake to state the number of persons killed and carried into captivity by the Indians, nor the value of property, stolen and carried away. That property values would run into the millions cannot be questioned. Human life cannot be valued in dollars and no estimate of that attempted.

Several of our neighbors were killed before we moved from the Clear Fork and one was caught and scalped near his home. Dick Holder, living a few miles below us on the Clear Fork, was killed by the Indians as was also a negro man south of us on Hubbard's Creek. All of this happened within a radius of a few miles, so it takes no strength of the imagination to determine what was happening all along our frontier.

At the time we moved to Weatherford it was a small village—I doubt if the population amounted to three hundred souls all told. In our new home we hoped to be relieved of scenes of murder, rapine and cruelty for all time.

I think there were no Indian raids in Parker county, neither in 1859 nor in 1860, but almost every other frontier had many raids and outrages.

In the late summer of 1860, what was known as the "buffalo hunt," which in reality was an Indian hunt, was organized. The men forming this expedition

came to Weatherford and camped for several days just north of the creek north of Weatherford. Here the organization was completed by electing officers. Colonel John R. Baylor was chosen to command the expedition. These men scouted around in the Indian country until late in the fall, having but little success in the way of finding Indians.

Early in 1861, the war between the States was growing into full blast and in a short time nearly every able-bodied man had gone into the Confederate Army. This left our long stretch of frontier in bad plight. A frontier regiment was organized and did splendid service, but the scope of country to be guarded by them was so great that in spite of their efforts the Indians would sneak into the settlements, kill, scalp and steal, and sneak out again. This nefarious work the Indians kept up at all times during the war between the States and for many years afterwards.

Parker county, with a voting population of about one thousand, sent eleven full companies into the Confederate Army—more glory for old Parker. Nearly every man capable of bearing arms shouldered his musket, shot gun, long rifle, or whatever gun he had, and was off to the rendezvous or the battle field. This condition left the defense of the settlements largely to the boys and old men.

In 1861, in the fall, the Comanches made a raid into the eastern part of Palo Pinto county, near the Parker county line, and killed a Mrs. Sherman. I remember that dastardly murder perfectly. It was the most pathetic event that the imagination can well picture. I do not remember the particulars of the killing of Mrs. Sherman. She was the mother of four small children. She was killed and scalped, and every part of the scalp was removed, save a small lock of hair on each temple. She was the second person I had seen who was killed and scalped by the Indians. One other person was killed on the same day Mrs. Sherman was killed, but I do not remember the name of the other person. At this same time quite a number of horses were stolen. After this the killings and

thefts came thick and fast and more daring. No words of condemnation are strong enough to properly characterize the Indian outrages, nor could they increase the horror which all felt towards the shameful atrocities that were committed by these human hyenas. No wonder people said that the Indians were only fit for buzzard victuals.

In the early part of 1862, just five miles west of Weatherford, a young boy was shot by the Indians. He had been sent after the calves and rode into nine Comanches. They chased him and badly wounded him. An arrow passed through his body from the back, passing through his stomach. The wounded boy ran to the house of Mr. E. P. Shirley, pursued by a single Indian, and Mr. Shirley, hearing the commotion, looking out and saw the boy and the Indian, at once got his gun and in the hurry and excitement of the moment, the gun, being easy on trigger, was discharged in the air. The Indian whirled his horse, beat a hasty retreat and joined his companions. Mr. Shirley helped the boy off his horse and seeing the arrow, without thinking, pulled it from the back, and the spike came off and remained in the boy's stomach.

On this particular morning of the wounding of the boy, I decided I would ride out and see about some of our cows I knew to be west of town. When I had gone about two miles, at a small creek I saw a wild turkey and spent quite a while trying to get a shot at it. Believing my efforts futile, I went on my way. I had spent quite a while riding around, finally I came in sight of a house and seeing a lady in the yard, waving her bonnet and beckoning to me, I at once turned and went to the house. The lady said to me: "What are you doing out here boy, don't you know the country is full of Indians? Don't you know that they have just killed a boy and he is down at Mr. Shirley's?" I assured her I knew nothing of the kind but that I would go to Mr. Shirley's, which I did. When I arrived several of the neighbors had come in and in a short time several persons from Weatherford arrived.

I saw the wounded boy, pale and death-like, and thought to myself that a wild turkey had likely played a nice part in my life.

In a short time a party was made up

to follow the Indians. In the order of their ages, the following persons made up the pursuing party: Ezra Mulkens, John Curtis, Mat Gibson, W. R. Curtis, Dunk Foreman and W. K. Baylor. The last three named were boys, I was fourteen and the other two were about fifteen years old. When we got to the place where the Indians had started their run after the boy, I know why my scalp was where it belonged. Wild turkey was the cause. After scouting around we finally found the trail which we followed with some difficulty that evening. The Indians scattered in order to make trailing slow and difficult on our part, while they were going at a rapid pace. We had followed the trail some fifteen miles, the shades of night were falling fast and we had nothing to eat. As we were debating what we were to do, we heard a dog bark in the distance. Riding in that direction we soon saw the house of Mr. R. C. Betty, where we stayed during the night. We slept in a small corn crib in a corral where our horses were, and stood guard by twos. I was on the last relief with Ezra Mulkens, the oldest man in our party. Being on guard was a new experience to me and made me feel of vastly more importance than I ever had felt before or ever have felt since. After an early breakfast we went back to the Indian trail, followed it most of the day, until it went into a rough, rocky country in Palo Pinto county, where, try as we would, we could not trail. We did considerable scouting in an effort to pick up the trail but our efforts were in vain. So, with much reluctance, we gave up the chase. It was now night again and we had little to eat and had eaten but little all day and if you can remember how hungry a fourteen-year-old boy can get then you know how hungry the three young warriors were.

After giving up the Indian chase we camped in a rough country. Early next morning we were off for Weatherford, after an absence of five days, where we arrived fairly early in the evening and, as usual, the town turned out to meet and greet us and to learn about the Indians, whether they had left for their haunts or were still skulking around the country. The younger three let the older members tell the news while we busied ourselves with the boys of our age, telling them of our trials and largely imaginary hard-

ships. We imagined ourselves full-fledged heroes and from the questions the boys asked and the way they looked at us we imagined they, too, thought we were heroes of the first water.

After I had publicly exhibited myself as a warrior bold as one who had barely escaped a scalping, I went home, where I found my mother greatly worried about me but was delighted to see me alive. She had been told that I had gone with others after the Indians and knew that I had not been killed by the Indians who wounded the boy.

Of the persons making up the party who followed the Indians trail, not one of them is alive except myself. W. R. Curtis and myself were for a long time the sole survivors: he now being dead, leaves me the sole survivor.

At the time the Indians made this raid near Weatherford, nearly all the able-bodied men had gone into the Confederate army. This left our long stretch of frontier in bad plight. The war between the States was now at its height. I had witnessed the presenting of flags to our departing soldiers, heard lively speeches, listened to the measured tread of marching soldiers, witnessed cavalry and infantry drills on the public square. All this caused the "war bee" to get active under my hat. My eldest brother, J. W. Baylor, just in his sixteenth year, had been "sworn in," as we called it. Then there was Harvey Biggs, John Norton, Joe Loving and several other boys sixteen years old, had all been "sworn in" and some of them had gone to the front where they still are. I began in earnest to get "sworn in," but every one knew me and my age and not one of the officers would swear me into the service of the Confederacy, telling me that I was too young, but I wasn't, for I would soon be fifteen years old. Dunk Foreman and Will Curtis had both got "sworn in" and left this warrior bold all alone in his misery.

From the seat of war and everywhere came, naturally, glowing accounts of the success of our army. My father, John R. Baylor, who had gone to Arizona as Lieutenant Colonel of the 2nd Texas Cavalry, had captured that territory for the Southern cause. With 290 Texans he had captured that territory for the Southern cause. With 290 Texans he had in one battle captured 750 Federal troops

of the regular army. The Texas Legislature passed a joint resolution complimenting him and thanking him and the men under his command for the distinguished service they had rendered to the cause of the South. I began to feel that the war would be over and all the Yankees killed before I had a chance to die for my country. And, hadn't I seen with my own eyes Joe Norton, Jack Baylor, Dunk Foreman and Will Curtis go into the army, having huge hack knives belted around them? With these knives they expected to rush up to a column of the enemy and cut heads off right and left and fill the air so full of heads that they would hide the sun. Then on every side I heard: "How sweet it is to die for one's country." I had the feeling that it must surely be delightful to die on the field of battle, to be found on the field of glory in a condition of "horrid disfiguration," and unutterable mutilation, lying stark and stiff under the hoofs of vaunting enemies." I imagined it would be great to be found dead upon the field of glory, in a condition of horrid disfiguration, but I expected that they who found me would also find dead men all around me, at least four deep, and at the burial some one would speak out or think of the lines:

"No a drum was heard, nt a funeral note;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was
buried."

And this would end the career of a hero of Parker county. Looking backward over the bloody years of our unhappy war and seeing the mighty upbuilding of our Southland since those unhappy days, I am willing to admit that it may be sweet to die for one's country, but it is much sweeter to live for it.

My mother evidently discovered that something was disturbing my mind, so she persuaded me to go to San Antonio to go to school, her real object being to keep me from scouting around after Indians. In obedience to my mother's wishes I mounted Nancy Davis, a favorite family animal, which had been ridden by Geo. W. Baylor in the Paint Creek Indian fight, left Weatherford and on the sixth day landed in San Antonio, June 8th, 1862.

As long as things around me were

strange I was very well satisfied but after my surroundings lost interest from my acquaintance with them, seeing soldiers on every hand, that "war bee," which had been the cause of my being sent to San Antonio, got busy again, also I began to long for the fish ponds of Weatherford. I knew a boy in San Antonio, about my age, Charlie McLean, now of Laredo. I struck a cord in Charley which vibrated to my touch. One dark night, not long afterwards, Charlie and myself were on our way to nowhere, as far as we could tell. We had nothing to eat with us and depended upon such things as we could kill, for we each had a gun, and such food as kind hearted people would give us for the asking. After arriving at Austin about the third day, I met Col. Hardeman, who knew me and whom I knew evidently suspected something. After much inquiry and much urging he prevailed upon me to take my friend and go to his house, some seven miles out of the city. We stayed at Colonel Hardeman's several days, all of which was a trick to let my people in San Antonio know where I was. Col. Hardeman after much diplomacy, prevailed on me to return to San Antonio, telling me that I was too young to go to the war. So Charlie and I began to retrace our steps. We got as near our destination as the Cibolo, some eighteen miles, there we found a lot of Confederate soldiers camped and as they had plenty to eat we saw no use in being in a hurry, so we camped near there for three or four days. While we were with the teamsters I received the most unkind cut of all. My father knowing my whereabouts, sent me a letter. I have never forgotten the contents. I remember it as though it were but yesterday that I received it. It read, thus:

San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. W. K. Baylor.

Dear Sir:—The President of the United States, having heard that you had taken the field, has advised the President of the Confederate States that the war will no longer continue, so you had as well come home, as peace will be declared in a few days.

Respectfully, J. R. BAYLOR."

If you can imagine how a peacock feels when you pull out all of his tail feathers you will have some idea how I felt.

A Real Cowboy.

The cowboy as pictured in fiction and on canvas is far different from the real cowboy as he is seen with the 101 Ranch Real Wild West Show. The demand for western characters has caused many to effect the chappels and neck handkerchief in imitation of the real cowboy, but there are many things and characteristics about the cowboy of the ranch and plains that the would-be cowboy cannot imitate. He cannot imitate the loping gait of the genuine cow-herder nor can he have the same pair of beautifully bowed legs. All cowboys are bowlegged. This is a fact not known to everybody, but a fact nevertheless. When you see a man or boy in a suit of cowboy clothes and he is straight of carriage and you cannot see light between his knees, you may well put him down at once for a counterfeit and you will not be wronging him at all. They are not born bowlegged, but in infancy they are in the saddle and the best part of their lives is spent with the horse under them. It is the constant straddling of the horse that put the curve in their legs and you will not find one cowboy on the 101 ranch in Oklahoma who is not bent in the legs.

If you see a cowboy with his handkerchief tied in front you can also put him down for a base imitation of the real goods. It is not a matter of choice for the cowboy to wear his handkerchief around his neck. It is almost compulsory and it is equally compulsory to tie it behind and not under his chin. He wears it around his neck because it is easier to get at and ties it behind so that the larger portion is bagged in front and when in a storm or fast riding he has but to drop his chin in the bag like a fold and his face is immediately protected. Experience has made him an expert and with two motions he can drop his face on his breast and when he elevates it the handkerchief has been picked up around the face and shields it to the eyes. Any of the cowboys with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show can roll a cigarette with one hand and hold the bridle with the other. This is not considered any accomplishment but a necessity, for if the cowboy could not do it there would be many times when he would not smoke. The real cowboy is a cowboy pure and simple while the counterfeit is a cowboy only in dress.

Thirty Years a Preacher in Texas

By A. W. Young.

Thirty years ago the writer was a missionary preacher in the Chickasaw nation. The kind of preacher or creed exposed is of no moment at this time, and anyway the preaching was the smallest of job. There was only one other thing the contribution. But it may be that the contributions were in perfect accord with the sermons. A local Methodist preacher named Morris (a brother of I. T. Morris, well known as a Methodist minister and presiding elder in Southwest Texas, now on the superannuate list and residing at Brady, Texas) was seeking election as representative in the Arkansas Legislature 38 years ago, and the only thing that his opponent could say against him was that he was a preacher.

To this charge he replied: "I have thought that I was a preacher, but in the 10 years that I have been trying it, I have received \$8 and 12 watermelons, so the folks do not seem to think that I am a preacher to hurt." I can assure you that I was in the class in the Chickasaw Nation. While in that section I came in contact with Texas folks more than any others, as the Texans had leased most all the southern part of the Indian Territory, and it was there that I heard, for the first time, the story of the old lady who advised folks not to go to Texas, saying: "Texas has more cows and less milk and butter, more creeks and rivers and less water, and more preachers and less religion than any other place on earth; and in Texas, when it rains it never quits and when it quits it never rains."

My range line in the Indian Territory was near the Old Chisholm Trail, and when I came across the line into Montague County, Texas, and located at Belcher, I was still on that old cow trail. The worn places, where thousands of cattle had trod, are still to be seen in the pastures, in both Texas and Oklahoma. Perhaps some old trail driver who reads this will remember Queen's Peak, nine miles north of Bowie, in Montague County, Texas, and Dripping Springs and Signal Peak about 25 miles above Red River. Some of them will also remember old Spanish Fort, or Burlington,

on the banks of Red River, as it was a source of supplies, both wet and dry, for the cattlemen. But, even in the matter of wet goods the customers were by no means limited to the cattlemen, even church folks sometimes used wet goods, 30 to 40 years ago.

A certain congregation, grown large by reason of the work of several evangelists, in the southern part of the Indian Territory, said congregation numbering most of the folks of the community, with only a few remaining as members of other denominations, decided to have a Christmas dinner at the home of one of the deacons, and invite all the members to contribute to, attend and take part in the festivities. Some of the more unregenerate portion of the congregation decided to give egg-nogg as their part of the dinner, and they procured the whiskey from John Schrock, a saloon-keeper at Spanish Fort. When it became known that egg-nogg was to be on the bill of fare, the members of the church attended the dinner with more zeal than they had attended any other meetings since the summer revival. Their zeal seemed to be increased after dinner; and it could be plainly seen that they were enjoying their religion. While the extra zeal and fervor was of a spiritual nature, the spirit, in this case, was visible, tangible and rapidly disappearing. The net result was that some of the brethren were unable to navigate, either horizontally or perpendicularly, and had to be hauled home. When the other part of the community, not members of this church, heard of the outcome of the Christmas dinner, they, too, became elated, and enthused almost as much as if they had partaken of the egg-nogg. It was just what they liked, wanted and were glad to have. It furnished them good material for talking purposes and they did the talking. When the talk finally reached an acute stage, the brethren who had staged the Christmas dinner, decided that they must have a meeting of the church and take some action "to save the cause" in that community. In due time the church came together to consider the matter, with the preacher, who had attended the Christmas dinner, as

presiding officer. After much deliberation it was decided that the brethren who were known to have become intoxicated should make acknowledgement to the church, or be excluded. Some of the "erring brethren" confessed and others did not. It did not occur to the members of this church, who were all participants in the egg-nogg dinner, that they had made the test of a man's ability to do right, to live a Christian, his capacity for egg-nogg without symptoms of intoxication. The ones who had the greatest capacity for egg-nogg without symptoms of intoxication were the best Christians. The members who were easily intoxicated were clearly in error and must acknowledge (their incapacity to drink egg-nogg without getting drunk) or be excluded from the fellowship. Many church trials and family rows have about the same amount of justice and right in their determination that was had in the egg-nogg case, which is a true story.

The old Chisholm trail crossed Red River northwest of the present town of Nocona, Texas, which town was named after Peta Nacona a Comanche Indian, and the town was called Nacona for a time, and later changed to Nocona. The crossing was known as Red River Crossing, and still bears that name. It is almost due north of Belcherville. Belcherville was a flourishing town of 2,000 people, 35 years ago. It was named after Alex Belcher, who was for a number of years, its most prominent citizen. About 1890 the Rock Island railroad built their first line into Texas. The people of Belcherville were offered the line but they did not want to pay a bonus to get it. They said it could not afford to miss them, but it did and the town of Ringold came into existence, nine miles west of Belcherville, and the latter town began to go to pieces from that date. Today there is one store, a flag station on the M. K. & T. branch line from Whitesboro to Wichita Falls, and a postoffice, and the remainder is just farm and pasture. It happens to towns and communities, like it happens to individuals. When we are absolutely sure that some thing cannot be done to us, some fellow does it. We all remember the story of the lawyer, who upon being called to see a man who was in jail, and hearing his story, said "They can't put you in jail

for a thing like that." To which the client replied: "Well maybe they can't but when you look at me, you see they did do it." Belcherville was called Belcher at first, but on account of so many folks writing like lawyers the postal clerks had a hard time with the mail for that place, as there was a postoffice named Bulcher, in Cook County so the ville was added to Belcher, and it has been a case of subtraction nearly ever since. While Belcherville was a prosperous town, they built a nice brick school building and issued bonds to pay for it. For the last 15 years the special tax has not been sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds, and the school house is nearly a mile away from what is left of the town. From the railroad that school house looks like a lonely monument to something that had departed. Thirty years ago, P. W. Horn, who later became Superintendent of the Houston public schools was superintendent at Belcherville, and his brother, E. Y. Horn also taught for a time. In the political campaign of 1896 the candidates for county and district offices opened their campaign at Belcherville. At that time Tom Garrison was sheriff of Montague County, Jack Davis was county clerk, and Dee Hard was district clerk. The campaign song was "There will be a hot time in the old town tonight" or at least several parodies on that then popular song. Montague County was then part of the old fifth district and was represented in congress by Joe Bailey, of Gainsville, and to say that Bailey was popular in those days, is to put it mildly. The day the candidates opened at Belcherville they were introduced by a man from Arkansas who said that he sympathized with all of them because he had been a candidate himself, and a successful one too, having held every office from road overseer to justice of the peace, with more or less distinction. The county officers mentioned above all moved to Oklahoma in later years, Tom Garrison and Dee Hart moved to Duncan and took part in the politics of its early days. Garrison has one daughter living in Texas, the wife of Judge Charles F. Spencer of Wichita Falls, Texas. (Judge Spencer is a brother of Judge French Spencer of San Antonio.) Bill Davis moved to Comanche and was mayor of that town for a long time. Bill was a story teller of the

first class. Of the ones that seemed good to me, I recall this one. "An Arkansas farmer was elected squire, and the whole family were very much elated. That night one of the boys said "Pap we're all squires now ain't we?" to which the mother replied quickly: "You s'bet up John, there ain't none of us squires but me an your pap."

So Bill said that there was none of them county clerks but he and his wife, and they liked the job. One candidate for sheriff said that when he was only 14 years old that he had been put in charge of a prisoner by the justice of the peace, and when he was relieved the justice told him that he would make a good sheriff some day and he said that he had been thinking so ever since. One candidate paid several compliments to the ladies, and I heard this one for the first time: "Women are a whole lot smarter than men. When a man loses his hair he buys all kinds of hair restorers from the barber and drug stores, but when women need hair they do not waste any time on hair restorers. They

buy hair." One candidate advocated some new things in the business of running the affairs of the county and his opponent told this one: "A newspaper man from a small town visited the city and was much interested in the work of getting out the big city dailies. But he did not find anything that he could adapt to his paper, except the bulletin board which the dailies had on the sidewalk with advance bits of interesting news. He thought that he could use that feature. So he rigged up a nice bulletin board and waited for something to happen. The first thing of more than ordinary importance was the illness and death of the Methodist minister, which he bulletined as follows: "10 a. m.—Brother Smith, the Methodist minister seriously ill. 12 — Noon. Brother Smith growing worse, not expected to recover. 2 p. m.—Brother Smith sinking rapidly. Can only live a short time. 4 p. m.—Brother Smith departed for heaven. To which a waggish citizen added, on the sly: "6 p. m.—Great excitement in heaven. Brother Smith has not arrived."

Early Settlers in Cherokee County

George W. Wood was a native of the State of Alabama and at the age of twenty he married Miss Jane Killough and came to Texas in 1836. He first settled in Cherokee county just before the war with the Cherokee Indians. They became so dangerous that the settlers went to Nacogdoches county for safety. In the fall, however, it became necessary for them to return to Cherokee county to gather the crops they had planted before leaving. This was in the fall of 1837. While on the way back to their homes Mr. Wood and other settlers met an old friendly Indian who warned them of danger and advised them not to go back into Cherokee county. This advice was not heeded and they proceeded on their way. Besides Wood there were Allen Killough and his family.

On arriving at their homes they found that the old Indian had told the truth about the country being full of hostile Indians. The fences around their farms had all been burned out and their crops were exposed to the ravages of stock which had been left there. Very imprudently they concluded to remain and gath-

er what little of their crops remained. Accordingly they went to work and were making good progress, having high hope that they would be able to finish without being molested by the Indians. One day, however, as they were going to their house for dinner they were fired on from ambush. Several were instantly killed and the balance scattered in disorder, each trying to save himself or his own family.

Mr. Wood was unhurt and succeeded in getting to his house and moving his family, into the woods. Returning however, to get some provisions he found a band of Indians at the house who instantly killed him and then taking his trail found his family and captured the whole lot and carried them away prisoners. None of this unhappy family was ever heard of again except one little boy. He became a chief among the Indians after growing to manhood. Allen Killough, his wife and five children were lost in the fight and the scattered retreat of that day. Killough was supposed to have been killed and his family captured.

Two entire families made their escape.

Old man Killough and his two sons were killed in the yard by the pursuing Indians after they had almost gained the door. There were also two other men killed about one hundred yards from the house. Six persons in all were killed and ten prisoners taken captive. Among the prisoners was a Miss Killough and Miss Williams. They were never heard of again.

There were three women left in the house unhurt, one of them the wife of old man Killough and two others, unmarried. Strange to say, the Indians did not try to hurt them or carry them off. There were several Mexicans with the Indians who could talk broken English and when old man Killough was killed his wife ran out and begged one of the Mexicans, who was dressed similar to an Indian, to kill her too. He cursed her and told her to go back into the house.

The Indians finally left and these three women were left to weep over their slain friends and relatives. An old friendly Indian, probably the same one who had warned the whites of their danger, finally came and conveyed the desolate and heart-broken women back to Nacogdoches county. It seems from all that we can gather in regard to this sad affair that Wood and Killough had settled together and had a crop in common but lived in separate houses and that some people with families came with them from Nacogdoches county and were helping gather the crop.

In the winter of 1842 five Indians came into the settlement on the Colorado to get some horses and spent the night searching for them, but when daylight came they had succeeded in getting only one. They concluded to leave but lost their way in a fog and when it lifted found themselves near the house of Michael Young. His little son was out hunting calves and the Indians discovered him and roped him, intending to carry him away captive. The boy was quick, slipped the rope from his neck, made a break for the house and escaped. When his father heard the news he mounted his horse and collected some of his neighbors to pursue the Indians.

There had been heavy rains for several days and the trail of the Indians was easily followed. In twelve miles the Comanches were sighted going over the hill and the white men waited until they

were out of sight and then charged after them.

Coming to the crest of the ridge, the mounted Indian was discovered in about two hundred yards of them at the head of a deep ravine. The settlers at first were reluctant to charge him, fearing a decoy into an ambush, but as the ground around was all open prairie they made the charge. When the Indians saw them coming one of those on foot sprang up behind one of the mounted ones, but a shot from one of the white men at this time brought the horse down and all of the Indians were left on foot. They then separated, running in different directions.

There were fifteen settlers on horseback who now joined in the pursuit and it seemed but a few minutes would be sufficient to run down and kill the bunch, but an Indian on foot was hard to get. They ran swiftly and never seem to tire and make curves and use all of their strategy in trying to throw off and elude their pursuers and have been known to draw out and scatter their enemies and then turn and fight them in detail until they not only escaped but inflict severe loss on their pursuers. It took four hours to get all of this bunch, and the last one was killed twelve miles from where the chase commenced.

A Mr. Haynes singled out an Indian and ram him for some distance; getting a good shot he brought him to the ground. Dismounting he approached the body with an empty gun when suddenly the Indian raised up and was about to send an arrow into Haynes but he was so near by making a quick spring he hit the Indian over the head with his gun and knocked him down, causing the arrow, which he was adjusting to the bow string, to fall. The Comanche arose again to continue the battle and tried to get another arrow to his string, but Haynes hit him another blow, which killed him.

Mr. Young also made a narrow escape under similar circumstances. He also shot down an Indian and went up to him with his empty gun on his shoulder. The prostrate Comanche lay still until the settler came close and then raised up in the twinkling of an eye and sent an arrow into his breast. All that saved Young was the waning strength of the dying Indian, the arrow failing to penetrate deep but making a painful wound which was a long time healing.

A Vivid Story of Trail Driving Days

Missoula (Montana) Missoulan, August 20, 1922.

Of the dimming trails of other days in the old west none survives in memory with more glamor of romance than the old Texas trail, over which the long-horn cattle of the southwest were driven from the Guadalupe river as far north, almost, as the Canadian line to stock the great grass ranges of the central west and the northwest and transform a vast buffalo country into an enormous cattle and sheep-breeding range. For a decade and a half, from about 1870 to 1885, the Texas trail had its days of glory and served its purpose. Then came the "nester" with his wire fences around the water holes and state quarantine laws, and the trail was closed to the longhorns and the cowpunchers. Today it lives only in the memories of a few fast-disappearing, grizzled veterans of the cow days. At the cow man's conventions that have succeeded the old roundup you may occasionally hear a couple of the old cattle men living over the trail days again, and if you listen you are likely to get a few thrills from the tales told, for never did peril and adventure, comedy and tragedy, follow one after another more rapidly than along the trail across the continent from the southwest.

During the Civil war and for several years afterward cattle in Texas increased by the hundreds of thousands, but it was not until 1870 that the growers could find a market for them, following the settlement of the Indian question, whereby the red men of the southwest were forced to go either into the Indian Territory or on the reservations north of the Platte river. Then the Texas trail had its beginnings.

At first it started from southern Texas and ran north and east, the first herds striking the railroad at Caldwell, Kansas, and some going as far north as Lincoln, Nebraska, which formed the terminus between 1870 and 1873. In 1874 the end of the trail was moved farther west to Lowell, on the Platte river. In those days, the cattle were either shipped in July from the Platte to Chicago or sold to settlers in eastern Nebraska for \$10 or \$12 a head, mostly on time payments.

In 1878 the treaty with the Sioux In-

dians was made and in 1879 more than 300,000 cattle went up the trail and crossed Red River, continuing to Dodge City and north to Ogalalla.

The first cattle outfits that took the trail in 1871 were described as "tough." In fact the men had to be tough as hickory knots to stand the hardships. There was usually an old Confederate wagon with a negro cook and a span of work bulls. Little bedding was carried and no tents. The food taken along consisted of sorghum molasses, beans, bacon, and plenty of salt, but no sugar. A few years later the trail outfits were considerably improved. The equipment usually consisted of a mess wagon with a four-horse team, bed wagons that carried the "tarps" and blankets, slickers, better food and—lots of salt. A trail outfit was made up of from nine to 11 men, including the wagon boss, cook, horse wrangler and six or eight cowpunchers, usually the latter number. Two of these rode on the lead, or point, two on the flanks, two on the "swing," and two "drag" drivers.

At his cattle ranch in Fergus county, Montana, known as the "Three Deuce" because of his brand, lives E. C. Abbot, better known as "Teddy Blue," who is probably the foremost living authority on the Texas trail and its history.

"I learned all the arts of the cowpuncher in 1871 from Sam Bass, a noted train robber, who worked on my father's ranch," said Abbot recently, in talking over old times on the range. "Sam Bass, although a road agent and bad man, was quite a popular figure among cowpunchers, and after his career was cut short the well-known cowboy song that was sung on every cattle range in America was composed. There were verses innumerable, the first one running:

"Sam Bass was born in Indiana;
It was his native home.
And at the age of seventeen,
Young Sam began to roam.
He started out for Texas,
A cowboy for to be;
A better-hearted feller
You'd seldom ever see."

"It recited in much detail the various

exploits of Sam, and likewise his tragic ending. It was perhaps the best-known cowboy song in the old days.

"Life on the trail in the early '70s was not exactly a bed of roses. The boys would start north with from 1,500 to 2,000 cattle that were wild as buffaloes and take them a thousand miles through an unknown country. Sometimes a sudden electric storm at night or some other cause would start a stampede and then it was up to every man on guard to risk his life to hold the herd. Sometimes Indians or a gang of Mexicans would slip up near the cattle on fast horses, pop a blanket in the darkness to start a stampede of the longhorns and try to run them off. Not infrequently gun fights would follow and perhaps daybreak would show a few Mexicans or Indians dead on the prairie.

"When a stampede started the cowboys guarding the herd would pull their six-shooters and begin shooting as they swung with the lead and tried to throw the fear-crazed cattle into a mill, which means to get them running in a circle instead of streaking off over the prairie. As they galloped along as fast as they could send their cayuses, the boys would sing cow songs, which were supposed to exercise a soothing effect on the cattle. This night work with a stampeded herd was dangerous and many men were killed. A horse would stumble and fall in a flash the running herd passed over pony and rider. Next morning both would be found literally ground into the earth. A shallow, unmarked grave would be the last resting place of the unfortunate cowpuncher.

"Every cowpuncher realized the peril of trying to head a stampede, but I can say with truth that I never knew one to falter or shirk. It was often impossible to head off the herd that had started running, and daylight might find the cattle and their guards 10 or 20 miles away from camp. Then the tired punchers would have to wait till their relief came, sometimes for many hours. Of all the herds that came up the trail in the 15 years of its existence, I never knew of a herd being turned loose or lost. Nothing but death excused a cowpuncher for leaving his herd until his relief came.

"The first break of day was breakfast time. Then a short time was allowed for letting the herd graze before they

were thrown into the trail. At noon if water was reached, half of the boys would ride into camp to eat and change horses, hurrying out to relieve their comrades. The herd was kept on the trail till the sun began to get low, when it was grazed onto the bedground. The first guard would hold until 10 o'clock; the second till midnight; the third till 2 o'clock and the last guard held till daybreak. On bad nights half the men stood guard till midnight or later, and if the herd was acting badly and half the punchers could not hold them, the whole outfit would ride all night. Then they would throw the herd onto the trail and ride all day. 'Catch up your sleep next winter,' the trail boss would say. 'This herd's got to move if the earth stops running.'

"One time on Plum creek, near the Platte river, I remember, we had had two bad nights and nobody had got a wink of sleep for nearly 60 hours. My partner rode up to me and said: "Teddy, old boy, I'm going north clear to Greenland where the nights is six months long. I'm going to bed early and not get up until 10 o'clock the next day.'

"Loss of sleep was the worst thing on the trail. I've many a time rubbed tobacco in my eyes to keep them open. But when you rode into camp finally and got a cup of hot coffee you'd forget it and even be ready for another guard without resting.

"The trail boss had to do more riding than any of the rest of the outfit, for he had to know where water was a day ahead of reaching it. As we were always going into new country, it kept him guessing, as all drives were made according to where water was. Some would be long and others short. We would have dry drives 40 miles long. After we had watered on a long drive like that, the boss would push his herd along the trail away into the night. The next morning if the wind was in the north we were all right, for the herd couldn't smell the water we had left behind, we had to work our way out, for they would try to break back to water again. If the herd got away and back to water, we felt that we had lost our reputations, Cattle, when the wind is right, can smell water 50 miles away, old cowpunchers believe. I remember in '82 a herd of Harry Landers was going into

Green river, and when five miles away the wind blew from another quarter and they ran 30 miles before they reached the water they smelled. I have seen another herd, going in on water not two miles away, catch a wind from one side, turn like one cow and run 10 miles to another stream or lake.

"Then there was another chance for trouble in watering a herd. The trail boss had hit a big river just at the right time of day. If the sun reflected in their eyes and there was enough breeze to make waves the longhorns wouldn't take the water. In '83 a well-known trail boss, Johnny Lea, was four days crossing the Yellowstone river with a herd because of a scare they got

"It was a pretty sight to see a big herd strung out on the trail in the morning, the sun glistening on their horns—half a mile of solid cattle with horse herd and wagon in the lead. The silver conchos on spurs and bridles and the pearl-handled six-shooters of the cowpunchers flashed in the sun and they made a brave showing. Cowpunchers of that time wore the best quality of clothing and took great pride in their outfit. They got to be a distinct type and class. They would go back to Texas after a drive north, work all winter gathering a herd in the brush and then start north again in the spring. Many a time I've heard a Texas cowpuncher singing that old song:

"We go up north every spring
And come back in the fall.
We are bound to follow the Lone Star
trail
Until we get too old—until we get too
old."

"Of course, the punchers thought it would last forever.

"As I said, a day's drive was sometimes as long as 40 miles, but the average was only 10 or 15 miles, according to the best time for they were comparatively easy to handle. It was when an outfit moved all their range cattle north that the trouble began. The boys always took great pride in getting the herd through in good shape, though, and resented any slurs cast at their trail boss and the way he handled his outfit. They were surely loyal to their employers and to one another.

"Often the owner of a herd we were

taking north would show up where we crossed the railroad, look the herd over and say, 'So long, boys, I'll see you in Miles City,' He would then take the train and go there, sit around the hotel, drinking whiskey, playing poker and bragging about his outfit. 'I've got the best damned out fit of cowpunchers on the trail,' he would declare. 'Why, that herd's good beef right now.' Of course, when we heard of such talk it made the salt taste better.

"Some owners new at the business occasionally tried to run their outfits on the trail, but once was enough, for no one ever paid the slightest attention to them. The old timers among the owners would tell their range bosses to send an outfit somewhere to receive a herd and trail it to some place in Montana or Wyoming. The range boss would call a wagon boss, hand him a big roll of bills and say: 'Fill up your outfit in men and horses when you take over the herd down south. Turn loose on the Big Dry in Montana. So long; the old man will meet you in Miles City.' The job would be done right; just as well as if the trail boss owned the herd. The big rivers might run banks full, thunder and lightning might stampede the herd; every kind of trouble might come—but leave it to the trail boss to cross the Yellowstone on time.

"The longest drive ever made on the Texas trail in one season was in 1884 when Johnny Burgess, now living at Rosebud, Montana, took a herd of 2,000 from the Guadalupe river in Texas to the mouth of the Musselshell river in Montana. That was only half of the herd, the second outfit being in charge of John Bowen, another well-known trail boss.

"In most outfits the cowpunchers used to work together well and, as I said, they were always loyal to one another. If one or two were hurt or sick they rode the wagon, and the others did their work cheerfully. Very few orders were given for every man knew his work, had his place and kept it. Trail cooks were rough and ready, but fast in their work. They would drive four horses over cutbanks, across deep coulees and through deep, swift streams sometimes. They would curse a lot but always have their meals on time. The horse wrangler, who had charge of the horse herd, used to help the cook rustle fuel and water. We would often go all summer without see-

ing a newspaper, but often met a "rep," as the representative of an outfit's brand was called, traveling from one roundup to another. He would stop and eat dinner with us or stay all night in our camp and then we got all the range news from Texas to the British line. Those boys were sure welcome in a trail camp.

"There were few cowpunchers in the northwest who had not made a trip on the trail at least once and many of years

traveling it. The proudest boast of any of them was 'we held the herd'. Also few of them ever quit a friend in a tight place. There are not many of them left. Many have gone with the longhorns which are but a memory in the northwest today. A few are living on their ranches mostly up and down the Rocky mountains. They were a type, and that type has vanished from the west as completely as the buffalo."

Battled Indians in Western Texas

The services to West Texas of General Nelson A. Miles, who died recently in Washington were overlooked in the published biographies of the noted Indian fighter, according to R. C. Crane of Sweetwater, president of the West Texas Historical Society.

In a paper prepared for the society by Mr. Crane, General Miles' campaign in Texas Panhandle in 1874-75 against the Indians following the battle of the Adobe Walls in 1874 in Hutchinson county is shown in details compiled from war department records. At this time the principal sustenance of the Indian tribes was buffalo. Great inroads had been made on the herds by buffalo hunters and the Indians went on the warpath to save their food and clothing supply.

At one time General Miles had over 2,000 men under his command in West Texas and the Panhandle and when these troops had finished their work, the territory was prepared for settlement.

According to Mr. Crane, the first battle of the Adobe Walls was fought in Hutchinson county in 1864 while the war between the States was in progress. At that time the old Santa Fe trail was infested with Comanches, Kiowas and other depredating Indians. Kit Carson, with a force of 321 men, stood off a group of savages estimated to number more than 3,000. Carson returned to Fort Bascom, N. M., from whence he started, and asked for 700 more men. He did not get them and the incident was closed for ten years. In this engagement the Indians lost over sixty of their number. In the opinion of Judge Crane, this was the original battle of the Adobe Walls, which were built in 1840 by the people of Bents Fort on the Arkansas river.

By the spring of 1874, buffalo hunting in the Panhandle was in full swing and the Arapahoes, Kiowas, Cheyennes and Comanches were restless on their reservations in Western Oklahoma. Buffalo hides had a commercial value and over 4,000,000 of the animals were slaughtered in 1872-4 in the Texas Panhandle and sections north. The Indians depended on buffalo for food, clothing and shelter, and in 1864 the Texas Panhandle had been set aside or the Indians' exclusive hunting grounds. The Middle West had been reached by the railroads several years earlier and buffalo were becoming so scarce the hunters disregarded the Indian treaty. About fifty of them, with thirty wagons, came down from Dodge City, Kan., and established headquarters at Adobe Walls in Hutchinson county in 1874. Stores were established and soon the Panhandle was dotted with buffalo camps while the freight wagons plied between Dodge City and Adobe Walls with hides, and with ammunition and supplies.

After a pow wow at Medicine Ridge in Oklahoma (Indian Territory then) the Indian tribes took the war path, killing, burning and plundering. Four buffalo hunters near Adobe Walls were killed and the other hunters in this section hastily repaired to that little settlement for protection. According to the records there were twenty-eight men in the saloon and two store buildings that comprised Adobe Walls of June 27, 1874. The Indians attacked, but after several days of fighting were beaten off with several of the buffalo hunters killed as well as many Indians.

This attack was reported to Washington and on July 21, General Miles was ordered to take charge of the campaign

against the Indians. He left Fort Dodge with a force of 900 men, well equipped. At the same time Major Price was ordered east from Fort Bascom, N. M., and he came down the Canadian with about 250 men. Lieutenant Colonel Davidson was ordered west to the Panhandle with about 250 men from Fort Sill, while General Mackenzie, at that time headquartering at Fort Griffin, near Albany, Texas, was ordered north—all converging on the Texas Panhandle with orders to crush the Indians.

General Mackenzie's force, part of which had been drawn from Fort Concho at San Angelo, took up its station in Blanco Canyon in Crosby county, to head off any of the Indians driven south by the other troops.

Stiff engagements followed, and the Indians were harried continually throughout that winter and on into the spring of 1875. Hundreds of Indians were killed. Their ponies were killed or captured, their favorite haunts cleaned out. Under General Miles' relentless plan of war there was no rest for the red man.

In a few short months, the powerful Indian tribes had gone forth in the possession of thousands of ponies, weapons of war, etc., were thoroughly subjugated, humbled and impoverished, being finally driven to surrender their arms.

Buffalo hunting in the Panhandle stopped while all this was going on, but in a little while the hunters began to work out from Fort Griffin, south of the line held by General Mackenzie. C. C. Rath, who had one of the stores at Adobe Walls when the Indians attacked it, established a store at the south edge of Stonewall county which became in due time Rath City, a typical frontier town with saloons, etc. The place can still be located on Pringle Moore's ranch, about twelve miles northwest of Hamlin, by a few graves and several traces of cellars and adobe walls.

The slaughter of the buffalo continued. During the winter of 1876-7 one outfit operating out of Yellowhouse Canyon slaughtered 7,500 and cured over 100,000 pounds of meat. On the recommendation of General Miles, as insurance against further possible incursion of Indians, Fort Elliott had been established in Wheeler county, but there was no further organized depredations by them,

although scattered raids still continued for years.

General Miles' settlement of the Indian question permitted the abandonment of numerous West Texas forts. Fort Richardson in Jack county was abandoned in 1878, Fort Griffin in 1881, Fort McKavett in 1883, Fort Stockton in 1886, Fort Concho in 1889 and Elliott in 1890. Only forts at San Antonio and El Paso, with a few scattered posts along the Rio Grande were retained. The cattlemen soon recognized the possibilities of West Texas and its settlement was soon under full swing, after General Miles had prepared the way.

Indians in Native Homes.

It is not generally known that Wisconsin boasts of the largest Indian population east of the Mississippi, the census of 1910 giving 10,142, of whom the most numerous were the Chippewa or Ojibway, the Oneida, Menomoni, Winnebago, Potawatomi, Brothertowns and Stockbridges. Since 1910, however, the number of Indians has increased considerably.

After Wisconsin follows North Carolina with 7,851, mainly Cherokee and Croatians; Michigan with 7,519, Chippewa, Ottawa and Potawatomi; New York with 6,046, mostly Iroquois, and Mississippi with 1,253, principally Choctaw. The census fell down on Florida, however, as only 74 Indians were reported, of whom 16 were said to be Seminoles. There are probably in excess of 500 Seminoles in the Everglades.

Most of the Indians enumerated above are in their native homes, but the Oneida, Brothertowns and Stockbridges of Wisconsin are all originally New York or New England Indians who purchased lands of the Menomoni and moved west in 1830-1840.

The Oneida are one of the wellknown Iroquois tribes of the Five Nations, the Brothertowns are made up of remnants of various Algonkain peoples, including the Narrangansett, Montauk, Pequot and Mohegan. The Stockbridges are likewise much mixed, but are principally Mahikans — Mohicans — from the Hudson river below Albany.

The Oneida, Brothertown and Stockbridges have lost all traces of their ancient life and customs, although the Oneida still retain their language.

Coronado's Expedition in 1540

The Western Weekly May 18, 1924.

Coronado and the Seven Cities of Cibola! What a world of romance and adventure the phrase implies.

And especially true is this as far as West Texas is concerned, for Coronado and his cavaliers probably were the first white man to set foot upon the Plains of West Texas. It was so long ago their journey has taken on a legendary flavor, although it happened beyond a doubt.

Recently a writer in the Kansas City Star dug up a lot of interesting stuff about this famous journey, and it is presented herewith:

Nearly four centuries—384 years come mid-summer, to be exact—have elapsed since the aboriginal Kansas Indians, dozing in front of their grass-thatched tents on the prairies somewhere between the Arkansas River and the present Kansas Nebraska line, beheld an apparition that must have aroused their stolid souls to a wonder passing any they had ever known before. The thunders of heaven, hail-stone storms pelting down upon them missiles as big as hen eggs, winds that uprooted trees and funnel shaped clouds that often swept their villages bare as the prairies, these natural phenomena they had grown familiar with and they could read the signs of their coming. But the marvelous cavalcade of steel-clad men, mounted on strange animals—for horses these Indians had never seen before—that suddenly dawned on their vision, riding up from the south, was something of which even their dreams furnished no preconceptions. Fancy the Bowmen of Mons desecrating from their cloudy battlements in these latter days and galloping some hazy summer's morning through the streets, say of Topeka, and some idea may be fashioned of what the coming of Coronado and his horsemen meant to those Quiverans away back there only fifty years after Columbus had discovered America, sixty years before Jamestown was founded and seventy-nine years before the Mayflower sailed. It was the culminating scene of the first great drama of North American exploration—a golden dream of adventure that might have had for its inspiration the motto of the state that was centuries afterwards to find birth on the soil of

Quivera—ad astra per aspera—except that Coronado's stars vanished in disillusion.

It is an old story, that story of Coronado's marvelous march from far off Mexico to the plains of Kansas—perhaps farther to the junction of the two rivers that inspired and made good the prophecy of Benton, the Kaw and the Missouri. The men who first gazed at the Pacific "silent upon a peak in Darien" saw no greater wonders than those that were unfolded to Coronado's men in the vast solitudes through which, for thousands of miles, they plunged in search of the golden fleece—moving through the desert and wilderness, over mountains and plains, with the method and discipline, sometimes with the severity and cruelty, yet always with the daring and courage of the armies of Old Spain in the hey day of its military glory. For the first time on this wonderful expedition white men looked down on the sublime beauties of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, explored the mysterious civilization of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," swept their eyes across oceans of buffalo undulating across the Texas plains and met, in the center of the new continent, aboriginal Indians who dwelt in cities and cultivated some of the arts of civilization. An old story it is, but one whose romantic appeal seems ever new.

For the real epicures of romance—those who enjoy its pristine flavors, as in the Arthurian legends of Malory rather than in the stately idyls of Tennyson—the story should be read in the pages of the original chroniclers of Coronado's expedition, the narrative of Juan de Castaneda, "the account given by Captain Juan Jaramillo of the Journey which he made to the New Country," the anonymous *Relacion del Sueceso*, an "account of what happened on the Journey which Francisco Vasquez made to discover Cibola," and the letters of Coronado himself to Mendoza, viceroy of New Spain, and to the king of Spain, all of which are available in English translations.

In these original documents, with clarifying footnotes by modern archaeologists, the history of Coronado's march may be read in all the freshness of Con-

temperaneous colorings. They are the bases of the endless, and perhaps ultimately futile, speculations that have since been indulged in is to the exact route that Coronado pursued and the precise location of the "Kingdom of Quivera." The truth as to both of these approximate truth as to both of these approximate archaeological problems will perhaps be all that will ever be arrived at. The identification of the "Seven Cities of Cibola" with the Zuni villages of Arizona and New Mexico has been placed beyond all doubt and the route from Old Mexico to Bernalillo, New Mexico, has been fairly well traced. From Bernalillo—the Tiguex of the chroniclers—it was that Coronado, with a detachment of his army, turned his steps towards the north star and the dream city of Quivera. Quivera, it is now reasonably certain, was a settlement of Indians—numbered in the thousands—belonging to the Washita tribe, or Pawnee Picts, the only known tribe of plains Indians who built "houses of the kind described by Coronado's chroniclers—teepees thatched with the native grasses and having upper stories." The exact location of Quivera, however, still affords a topic of wide discussion among archaeologists, though the greatest probabilities and the most reasonable deductions seem to favor a site somewhere in the neighborhood of Junction City, where the Smoky and the Republican Rivers unite to form the Kaw. It seems quite likely, however, that scouting parties of Coronado's men came close to the Kansas-Nebraska line and also to the site of Kansas City.

But it is not with the meticulous quarrels of the learned interpreters of the narratives of the old chroniclers that we are now concerned in turning back once more to their quaint pages. It is merely to indulge again the "glory and the freshness of the dream" that places the adventure of Coronado and his "knights of Spain" in the realms of pure romance. It was the flower of the adventurous nobles of New and Old Spain that made up that army of Coronado—300 horsemen, 800 Indian natives, several hundred servants and a commissariat that comprised thousands of cattle and great supplies of food and ammunition. It was an army of Dons in armour, so far as the horsemen were concerned—a brilliant array of the young Spanish aristocracy,

Among this army of captains and Dons will be noted the name of Juan Gallego, who, though he failed to be with his general on the final march to Quivera, has, by a curious trick of fate, become more closely linked with the expedition, in modern interest, than most of the brave company that rode with him from Compostela, Mexico, February 23, 1540. Gallego's sword—a blade of Toledo—is now in the state historical museum at Topeka, Kas., almost the only indubitable tangible evidence of the presence of Coronado's men in Kansas. Somewhere along the line of march he parted with this sword, perhaps to some sworn brother in arms, and 340 years later it was found buried in Finney County, Kansas, near an old Indian mound. It bears his name and the inscription in Spanish: "No me saques sin razon, no me enbaines sin honor."—"Draw me not without reason, sheath me not without honor." Like Ney, this Juan Gallego was one of the "bravest of the brave" in that army of Coronado, though it is to be doubted, from the accounts of Castaneda, whether he always remembered the motto engraved upon his sword. As a guerilla leader Capt. Juan Gallego of the sword would have made his mark.

"In the last chapter," writes Castaneda, "I passed in silence over the exploits of Juan Gallego. I will relate them now, so that in times to come those who read about them or tell about them may have a reliable authority on whom to rely. The captain, Juan Gallego, reached the town of Culiacan with a small force. With twentytwo men he marched through all the settled country, across which he traveled two hundred leagues, with the country in a state of war and the people in rebellion, having encounters with the enemy almost every day. He marched with the advance guard, leaving two-thirds of the force behind with the baggage. With six or seven men, and without any of the Indian allies, he forced himself into their villages, killing and destroying and setting them on fire, coming upon the enemy so suddenly and with such quickness and boldness that they did not have a chance to collect or do anything at all, until they became so afraid of him that there was not a town which dared wait for him, but they fled before him as from a powerful army, so

much so, that for ten days, while passing through the settlements, they did not have an hour's rest. He did all this with his seven companions, so that when the rest of the force came up with the baggage there was nothing for them to do except pillage, since the others had already killed and captured all the people they could lay their hands on and the rest had fled." A dashing, remorseless captain was this Juan Gallego, whose stained sword now rests peacefully in the Kansas museum—a very D'Artagnan of the Spanish cavaliers, a Quantrell of the earliest border.

Nothing daunted, nothing amazed those adventurous Dons, though they daily faced fresh wonders. In the simplest of language the discovery of the Grand Canyon described—as simple, and yet as sublime, as Shakespeare's famous description of Dover Cliff. After they had gone twenty days they came to the banks of the river which seemed to be more than three or four leagues (about 10 miles) in an airline across to the other bank of the stream that flowed beneath them. They spent three days on this bank looking for a passage down to the river, which looked from above as if water was but six feet across, though the Indians said it was half a league wide. It was impossible to descend for after these three days Captain Melgose and one Juan Goleras and another companion, the three lightest and most agile men made an attempt to go down and went down until those that remained above were unable to keep sight of them. They returned about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, not having succeeded in reaching the bottom on account of the great difficulties which they found. Those who stayed above had estimated that some huge rocks on the sides of the cliff seemed to be as tall as a man, but those who went down swore that when they reached these rocks they were bigger than the great tower of Seville, which is 275 feet high."

Some sense of humor, too, those wandering Dons had, and a simple credulity that was almost childlike. One of the Indian chiefs they nicknamed Whiskers, because he had a walrus-like mustache, and another they called "The Turk," because "he looked like a Turk," it was this Turk that was responsible for the expedition to Quivera. He was a

native of that country and he must have been either a poet or a most pictureque prevaricator. Here is the story he told that led Coronado and his men across the deserts into lands untrodden by the foot of white men:

"The Turk said that in his country (Quivera) there was a river in the level country which was two leagues wide, in which there were fish as big as horses, and large numbers of very big canoes, with more than twenty rowers on a side, and that they carried sails, and that their lords sat on the poop under golden awnings and on the prow they had a great golden eagle. He said also that lord of that country took his afternoon nap under a great tree on which were hung a great number of gold bells which put him to sleep as they swung in the air. He said that everyone had their ordinary dishes made of wrought plate and the jugs and bowls were of gold." Teunyson, with his Lotos land, did no better than this vision builder of the primeval wilderness. It was a great joke on Coronado and his men, but, in the end, they turned the joke on "The Turk." They garroted him when they came in sight of the straw houses of the Quiverans.

Not all of Coronado's army that marched out of Compostela in such brilliant arrays made the journey to the Kansas plains. Doubting the ability of his men to "feed off the country" Coronado, like a good general, left the bulk of his army at Tiguez (Bernallilo) and with only thirty horse-men and six Indians he pushed on across the Red River, up through the western part of what is now Oklahoma, to the Arkansas River, near Great Bend, and thence on to Quivera—wherever it was.

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The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

NINTH INSTALLMENT.

I remained several days in my comfortable quarters, feasting on the good things I found in them, and reading books I selected from the library. On the evening of the third day of my sojourn at the house, feeling a little unwell (I rather think I had been indulging somewhat too freely in "fried chicken"), I concluded I would take a short stroll around my domains by way of exercise. After going a few hundred yards I turned to take a bird's eye view of my surroundings, and I exclaimed as Crusoe did on his island:

"I am monarch of all I survey,

My right there is none to dispute,"
except, I mentally added, a marauding party of Mexicans or Indians, and now and then a wild cat.

Whilst passing through some tall grass, I came very near treading on a rattlesnake, the first I had seen in Texas, although some portions of the country I had passed over was much infested with them, but the season then was hardly far enough advanced to bring them out of their dens or holes in which they take up their winter quarters. Often since, when passing over some of the uninhabited plains between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers, I have found them so numerous in particular localities, that I was scarcely ever out of hearing of the sound of their rattles. They are not, however, nearly so vicious in Texas as they are in some other countries and seldom attempt to strike, unless attacked. I have slept with them, ridden and walked over them frequently, and instead of trying to bite me they always did their best to get out of the way—except on one occasion. I was stalking some deer one day in the prairie, when I stepped upon a rattlesnake lying coiled up in the grass. I knew even before I saw it, by the peculiar squirming feel under my foot that I had put it on a snake, and I promptly "lit out" without waiting for orders. On the morning of the fourth day of my sojourn at this house, I concluded I had regained my strength sufficiently to take the road once more, or rather the woods and

prairies. Preparatory to leaving, I packed up as much sugar, coffee and bacon as I could carry, together with five or six pounds of meal, which I had ground upon a steel mill. I also put a tin cup in my knapsack, and several other articles which I thought would be useful to me. When ready to start I stuck a couple of carving knives (which I had also found at this house) in my belt and, bidding adieu to my dogs, after I had given them middlings enough to last them for a month, I set out on my travels again. But, to my great dismay, when I had got a few hundred yards from the house, I found I had not consulted the wishes of the dogs about leaving them, and that the whole pack was following close at my heels—suspecting, I suppose, from the preparations they had seen me making, that I was going "for good". I tried to drive them back by throwing sticks and other things at them, but it was all to no purpose. They would stop whenever I did, but the minute I started they followed on. I knew it would be impossible for me to travel safely through a country in which I would be liable at any time to meet marauding parties of Mexicans and Indians with a half dozen dogs at my heels, and finding I could not get rid of them, I determined to go back to the house, wait there until night, and then quietly leave them. So I returned, and passed another day very pleasantly at my house, looking over the books in my library, and cooking and eating at short intervals.

Before I retired to my apartment, I noticed particularly where the dogs were sleeping, and about midnight I got up, quietly shouldered my pack of provisions, and left the house. I had gone perhaps half a mile down the edge of the cane brake when I heard the pattering of feet behind me, and in a few minutes one of the dogs came up. I beat him severely with a stick, but he only whined and crouched down at my feet. Finally, I determined to kill him with one of my butcher knives, but as I grasped him by the neck, and drew my carving knife, he looked at me so piteously that

I hadn't the heart to use it, and abandoned my murderous intention. I thought I could manage to keep one dog under control, and that the risk I ran of being killed or captured would not be increased to any great extent by having a dog with me; besides, I came to the conclusion that the company of a dog was better than none. Like the Frenchman, I think that the solitude is very pleasant at times, provided there is someone with you to whom you can say "how delightful is solitude." The dog that followed me was a very large and powerful one—a cross, I think, between the English bull and the Newfoundland. I found him to be tractable and, at the same time, as courageous as a lion. In a few days I had him perfectly under control; could make him lie down at a word, and remain at camp to guard it when I went off foraging or reconnoitering. I named him Scout.

After traveling a mile or two down the brake, I thought I had gone far enough to get away from the other dogs, and I encamped for the balance of the night near a lagoon. I heard no wolves at this camp, but several times during the night I was roused by the noise made by some large animal forcing its way through the cane. I suppose it was a bear, as I noticed next morning a great many tracks in the soft ooze near the margin of the lagoon.

Whilst lying awake the next morning, upon my bed of dry leaves, my attention was drawn to a rustling among them, and turning them over, I found an ugly reptile about six inches long, which I thought then, and know now, was a centipede. Not fancying such a bed-fellow I quickly dispatched him with a stick. They resemble somewhat the reptile called the "thousand leg worm," but they are much larger and flatter, and although they are well provided with legs, they have not quite a thousand. They are of a dark brown color on the back, and the underside a dirty white. Their tail is forked, and has a long sting in the end of each prong, besides smaller stings on each foot, and, to complete their means of inflicting wounds, the mouth is furnished with fangs. They are a disgusting looking "varmint," and are said to be very venomous. An old Texan speaking about them, said: "When they

sting you with their forked tail it's a great deal worse, but when they pop you with all their stings, and bite you too—say your prayers."

As soon as I had cooked and eaten breakfast and Scout had cleaned the dishes by licking them, I began to search again for a road that would lead me across the brake. Failing to find one after searching for several hours along the edge of the brake, I determined, if possible, to cut my way through it. I therefore attacked the cane green briars and bushes with a carving knife, and after working faithfully till late in the day, I found I had gone about three hundred yards. Such slow progress was exceedingly discouraging, for at that rate, if the brake was as wide as I thought it to be, I would be several weeks getting through it. There were a few scattering trees among the cane, and in order that I might be able to form some idea of the width of the brake, I climbed one of the tallest, from whence I could see an ocean of cane, extending at least four miles in the direction I wished to go, and beyond the scope of vision to the Northwest and Southeast. The length of time and the amount of labor that I knew would necessarily be required to cut my way for so long a distance through this dense mass of vegetation, induced me to give over the attempt, and, descending from the tree, I took the path I had cut back to the prairie. Feeling considerably fatigued by my labors, when I got to the edge of the brake, I sat down at the root of a large tree to rest awhile. Gradually I fell into a doze, from which I suddenly aroused by the growling of Scout, and a scuffling scratching noise overhead, and looking up, I caught a glimpse of some huge black animal sliding down the tree a few feet above my head. I sprang quickly to one side, and at the same instant a bear struck the ground and took his way into the cane, which popped and croaked as if a wagon was going through it. It would be hard to say which was the most frightened, I or the bear, and even Scout was so demoralized by his unexpected appearance that he made no attempt to pursue him. The bear, of course, was up the tree when I took my seat at the foot of it, and as the tree was densely covered with Spanish moss, I had not noticed him. From my protracted stay

at the foot of the tree, I suppose bruin had come to the conclusion that I was laying siege to him regularly, and getting desperate, he had charged down upon me in the manner I have related. Had I known it was a bear when I first caught a glimpse of him, I should not have been alarmed, as I had never heard tell of their attacking any one except when wounded and brought to bay.

Several days afterwards, however, two of them exhibited such evident signs of hostile intentions towards me that I was induced to believe that they were not so non-combative as generally supposed.

After this little adventure, I continued on along the edge of the brake, hoping I might find some road or trail leading across it. I examined every nook and indentation, and finally came to a large trail leading from the open prairie towards the brake. Along this trail the old traces of wagon wheels were distinctly visible. I followed it for some distance running almost parallel with the brake, and at length came to where it abruptly turned and entered it. After crossing a strip of cane about two hundred yards wide, a considerable part of which had been in cultivation. At the farther end of this prairie I saw a house, to which the trail I had been following seemed to lead. When I had approached to within three or four hundred yards of the house, I halted for a few moments to make sure whether or not there was any one about the premises. I heard the crowing of chicken cocks and the squealing of pigs, but as I saw no smoke issuing from any of the chimneys or any other signs to indicate that the house was occupied, I ventured up. There were a great many chickens, ducks and pigs in the yard, but no dog to welcome us. The house was a comfortable log building, consisting of four wide rooms with passage between them and a broad piazza in front, and was sheltered by some large oak and pecan trees. Everything in the house remained just as it was when abandoned by the occupants, which convinced me that it had never been discovered by the Mexicans. Indeed so secluded was the locality and so completely hidden from view by the strip of tall cane on the lagoon before mentioned, that no one passing along the main prairie outside would have suspected there was a settlement in the vicinity.

This house was furnished even in better style than the one I stopped at last, which together with the number of out-houses and negro quarters, convinced me it had been the residence of a wealthy planter. In the barns and cribs I found a large quantity of corn, potatoes, etc., and plenty of sugar and coffee in a store-room.

By the time I had made a thorough examination of the premises, the day was pretty well spent, and I determined to take up quarters for the night in the house. Besides, it had clouded up and a cold, misting rain had begun to fall. I therefore proceeded to make myself at home without the least ceremony. I lolled upon the sofa, read the books, smoked a pipe (which the proprietor of the premises had left behind in the hurry of departure, with a box of tobacco), and after I had supped sumptuously on boiled eggs and peach preserves, I turned into a large double bed that looked as if it had just been spread for my special accommodation, and with Scout keeping watch at the door I slept like a prince until the sun was an hour high.

For my breakfast I had fried chicken, ash cake, boiled eggs, coffee and honey. After breakfast, I filled my knapsack with fresh provisions, and bidding adieu as I thought forever to these pleasant quarters, I set out again to search for a road that would lead me across the brake. Little did I think that five days would pass before I bade a final farewell to these quarters—yet such was the fact.

All that day I searched for a road that would lead me across the interminable cane brake that barred my further progress. Occasionally I would fall into a cattle or deer trail leading into it, but they either gave out entirely after penetrating it a short distance, or else split up into half a dozen blind paths that did not seem to lead anywhere or in any particular direction. Wearied and disheartened by my failure to find a road, I returned to my domicile, feasted again on fried chicken, eggs, honey, etc., and again took possession of my double bed for the night.

The next day this same program was gone through with, the next, and the next, with the same results, and I almost began to despair of ever finding a way through this apparently endless wilderness of cane, briars and brush. How-

ever, it was some consolation to me to know that after the fatigues and disappointments of the day, I had such comfortable quarters to fall back upon at night.

Nevertheless, as I was very anxious to get on as speedily as possible, I left my domicile one morning with the determination that I would follow the brake up to the head of old Caney, providing I could find no road crossing it. I went on up the brake, examining closely every nook and indentation without success, until I had traveled, as I suppose, five or six miles. Here I struck out into the open prairie, to avoid a deep lagoon that lay in the way, and ere long I came to a well beaten road, running almost parallel with the brake. This road had evidently been traveled a day or so previously by a large body of cavalry. I concluded I would follow it a short distance, and was going along leisurely, when I heard the clattering of horses' hoofs behind me, and turning to look, I saw a troop of Mexican lancers advancing rapidly, not more than four or five hundred yards distant. There was not a tree or bush to screen me, nearer than the brake, at least half a mile to my right, and I knew it would be impossible for me to reach it before I was overtaken by the lancers. For a moment I gave myself up for lost, but fortunately on one side of the road there was a patch of rank dead grass, and as there was no time for consideration, I seized Scout by the neck, dragged him twenty or thirty paces into the grass, threw him down and laid myself by his side, holding him tightly by the muzzle to prevent him from growling or barking at the lancers as they passed.

In a few moments they came up and when opposite the place where Scout and I were hidden, they halted. I could see them plainly through the grass, and could hear them talking, but not with sufficient distinctness to understand what was said.

Scout, too, was aware of their proximity and when they halted he gave a low growl, and tried to get up, but I choked him severely until he lay quiet. The lancers had evidently caught a glimpse of us before the road, for after they halted, several dismounted and examined the road for tracks, but luckily at that place the ground was gravelly and hard,

and my boots had left no distinct traces on it.

At length, satisfied I suppose they had seen nothing, or what they had seen was only a couple of wolves or wild hogs, those that had dismounted to examine the road for "sign" sprang into their saddles, and they all rode on at a gallop. As soon as I saw they were fairly off, I drew a long breath, and I think Scout did so too, for I had choked him until his tongue lolled out. When the lancers had got to a safe distance, I loosened my grasp from his neck and let him up. But he never forgot the lesson I gave him on that occasion, and whenever I wished him to lie down and keep quiet, I had only to place my hand on his neck, when he would crouch down and remain as still as a mouse until I told him to rise. Thankful for what under the circumstances seemed to me almost a miraculous escape, I took my way back to the timber, resolved that henceforth I would keep a better look out, and travel as little as possible in daylight, through the open prairies.

When I reached the woods the sun was about setting and as it was too far to think of returning to my "domicil," selected a suitable locality and encamped for the night. During the night several large animals which I supposed to be bears came around the camp, and the noise they made in the cane, kept Scout in such constant state of excitement, that I am sure he got but little sleep.

The next morning, I retraced my way down the brake, and about midday reached my quarters, where I found everything as I had left it the day before. After feasting again on fried chicken, sweet potatoes, and hot coffee, I took a seat on the porch, with a volume of Don Quixote (which I read for the first time at this house), and cocking my feet up on the banisters, I made myself comfortable for the rest of the evening.

(Continued Next Month)

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.

FRONTIER TIMES

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We want to place Frontier Times in the hands of every pioneer citizen. Just loan your copy to an old frontiersman, and after he has read it ask him what he thinks of the homely little magazine. It carries him back to days that have long since passed away, never to return, and he recalls names and faces of boyhood associates who shared with him the dangers of the old frontier, and brings to his mind events that had almost been forgotten. We have no selfish motive in wanting the old pioneer on our list, for he will get more enjoyment from reading this little magazine than he can get from a dozen of the modern magazines.

The old settlers of Bandera county meet in annual reunion at Bandera July 3rd and 4th. An elaborate program of old time amusements has been prepared for the entertainment of the old settlers, which includes an old fiddlers' contest, old fashioned spelling match, the old blue backed speller to be used and only old folks to spell, foot races, a golden wedding ceremony, roping contest, barbecue dinner each day, and other features that have long since been discarded as being too slow for the rising generation, but which were good enough for the old pioneers and will never be improved upon.

Lee B. Miller, for almost a half century a drummer for a large San Antonio wholesale firm, died in San Antonio May 13. Mr. Miller was known throughout west Texas, his regular trips to Menard, Mason, Junction, Kerrville, Bandera, Fredericksburg, Sonora, Ozona, Rock-springs and other towns covered a period of more than forty years.

H. C. Rust of Balmorhea, Texas, writes: "I was born 57 years ago in Hays county, Texas, in a log cabin on the San Marcos river, and was raised mostly in Blanco in the days of the old stage stand, when four to six mules pulled the stage coach, and such men as Jack Toddy, Billie Huddeth and Bill Anderson were driv-

ers. My mother's mother, Grandma Leggett, was among the first settlers of Bandera county. My father J. D. Rust, was one of the first to set up a saloon in Blanco."

Boy Captured by Indians

The relatives of the Whitlock boy, who was captured by Indians many years ago, have received information that the boy now an old man, is living in Arizona on an Indian reservation between Bowie and Globe. The Whitlock boy was carried off by Indians after they had killed his entire family with the exception of himself and his little sister. They set fire to the Whitlock home which was located at the foot of Long Mountain between Burnet and Llano and rode away with the two little captives. The girl was so horrified and frightened that she kept screaming and the Indians, fearing she would be heard by their pursuers, tied her to a wild horse with a rope and she met her death by being dragged over bushes and being kicked by the animal, according to evidence along the trail the Indians took.

The information received in regard to Whitlock's present location, came about when a boy that was captured about the same time visited Llano as the manager of a wild west show. The Cooper boys, uncles of Whitlock, made every possible effort for many years to locate the boy. They visited Indian reservations in the hope of finding him, but to no avail. The showman related the story of his and Whitlock's capture in Llano, and found that Frank Graham of that place was an uncle of Whitlock's. He stated that at the time they were captured by different tribes they traveled together for some time, then the tribe who had captured him traded him to the others for Whitlock, just for the sake of trading, he presumed, as is characteristic of Indians. He did not know Whitlock at the time they were captured, and was several years older and when the Whitlock boy related the incident of his capture, and told of the location of his home the older boy figured out the location to be in Llano county.

Whitlock, he stated, was married to a Mexican woman, and would not be recognized as being a white man, having lived with the Indians since he was five years of age.

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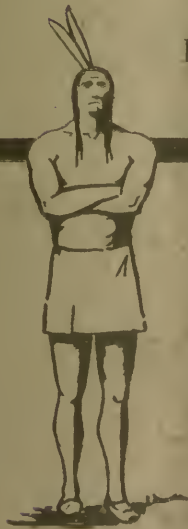
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Vol. 2—No. 11

AUGUST, 1925.

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Only 19 Survivors of the Mexican War

American Legion Weekly, June 19, 1925.

On a farm near Rippey, a village of less than five hundred in Greene County, Iowa, is the oldest living veteran of the War with Mexico on the pension rolls of the United States. He is Daniel Gonder, going strong into his second century. On another farm, near Granite City, Illinois, is John Wedig, also a soldier of that war and a centenarian only two days younger than Veteran Gonder. The Pension Bureau reports nineteen survivors of the war of 1846-'48 of whom the youngest is David Irvin of Pilgrim, Texas. He is only a few months past ninety-two, a mere stripling in that galaxy of old-timers.

Two of the nineteen are past one hundred, two are ninety-nine, three ninety-seven, four ninety-six, two ninety-five, two ninety-three, and one is ninety-two. Their average age is ninety-six. The list of names and services is given elsewhere. If there be any survivors besides those on pension rolls, there is no record.

The names of Grant and Lee, McClellan and Meade, Jefferson Davis and Jackson and the two Johnstons—all of whom, incidentally, fought in the Mexican War live in the speech of thousands of survivors of the War between the States; these nineteen speak as familiarly, as having seen, and heard of Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor

Who are these survivors? Are they in the world of today and of it?

Meet Amasa Clark of Bandera, Texas, in his treasured uniform, as he steps outside the door to have his picture taken. Veteran Clark will be one hundred next September 3rd, but neither his erect figure nor his easy aplomb suggest it. Meet smiling Uriah Gasaway, ninety-five, of Reelsville, Indiana, who writes for this article that he was "in every battle General Scott fought." Meet Veteran Gonder, the dean of the group, who told the folks at the birthday recep-

tion at his home last January 5th—when he reached one hundred—that a soldier in '46-'48 received seven dollars a month and "if he desired a change of food he bought his own potatoes or cabbage or foraged in the neighborhood of the camp, as the soldiers were given only hardtack and water, except when sick, when they got tea."

Granted that in the verdict of history the war of the late '40's was an unjust war, instigated and pressed by a powerful nation for selfish ends, the country holds its soldiers and sailors who served in it in admiration and gratitude; they did their duty as they saw it.

July 4th next will be the seventy-seventh anniversary of President Polk's proclamation of peace with Mexico. No reunion of veterans of the Mexican invasion is suggested, but the occasion serves to recall the events of that war and the presence of a few of its survivors among us.

Texas, occupied largely by settlers from the United States, had declared its independence of Mexico in 1836. It was annexed and admitted into the Union in 1845. Mexico had not recognized its independence and its southwest boundary was in dispute. Texas claimed it was the Rio Grande River; Mexico held it was the Nueces River, farther east. When Texas was admitted, President Polk ordered General Taylor with troops into the disputed territory. Taylor moved on down to the mouth of the Rio Grande, but stopped on the Texan side.

Mexico protested that her territory was being invaded. A body of Mexican troops crossed the river and attacked some Americans. Taylor thereupon defeated them in two battles, at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, both north of the Rio Grande. War had not yet been declared, but the act of the Mexicans in crossing the river—into what they con-

tended was their own territory—and attacking American citizens was accepted by President and Congress as justification for formal declaration that “by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that Government and the United States.”

In the war enthusiasm that prevailed throughout most of the states, and particularly in the South, it is said that more than 200,000 persons offered their services. The muster rolls give a net total of 83,776 men in the military and naval service against Mexico. At that, sentiment was far from unanimous. Abraham Lincoln, then a member of the lower house of Congress, in his “Spot Resolutions” challenged the President’s declaration that Mexico had “become the aggressor by invading our soil in hostile array and shedding the blood of our citizens,” and called on him to inform the House whether the spot on which the blood of our citizens had been shed was or was not at the time our own soil.

More important issues than a boundary dispute were at stake. Grant in his memoirs states: “The occupation, separation and annexation (of Texas) were, from the inception of the movement of its final consummation, a conspiracy to acquire territory out of which slave States might be formed for the American Union.”

Taylor crossed the Rio Grande and went on to victories at Monterey and Buena Vista. General Scott landed an army at Vera Cruz and campaigned his way to the capture of the city of Mexico. Kearney led an army through New Mexico and California, then Mexican states.

By the terms of the peace, not only was the Rio Grande established as the Texan boundary, but New Mexico and California were ceded to the United States, an area almost as large as the Louisiana Purchase. In consideration for this cession, the United States paid Mexico \$15,000,000.

In a belief that the people of the United States have a peculiar interest in the survivors of an almost forgotten war, interviews with them were sought by mail. Responses, for the most part, are in the handwriting of the younger generation, but their spirit is unmistakably that of men who have fought for their country and are proud of it. Some of

the nineteen are invalids from whom no statements were obtainable.

From Marshfield, Oregon, Robert Starkey, ninety-six, “Uncle Bob” in his community, sends this: “I enlisted in the United States Navy at New Orleans in March, 1847. The enlisting officer was David D. Porter, who became an admiral in the Civil War. We went by frigate to Vera Cruz and took part in the bombardment. I served out my enlistment on the ship and after the war went West. I have lived in Oregon for about sixty years and am an honest-to-goodness pioneer.”

Veteran Gasaway enlisted in the Regular Army at Bedford, Kentucky, for five years. He was sent to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis.

“The war came on,” he writes, “and my regiment was ordered there. We went by boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans, embarked on a man-of-war and crossed the Gulf to Vera Cruz, at which place I was among the first to land. I was in all the campaign following, ending with the capture of the City of Mexico; was in every battle General Scott fought. I helped eat Santa Anna’s supper when he had to leave for fear of capture. Of the enlisted men in my company, there were only twenty-eight left when peace was declared. I voted for President the first time in 1848.”

In the spring of 1847, Daniel Gonder was a farm hand. He volunteered and was sent to Vera Cruz. When his regiment arrived at Mexico City, it was already in American hands. His company was assigned to convoy duty and later was detached for patrol service in Pueblo. He moved to Iowa in 1884, and settled on a farm near Rippey. On the occasion of the neighborhood reception signaling his one hundredth birthday last January, a cheekup disclosed that he had four children living, twenty grandchildren, fifty-eight great-grandchildren and twenty-one great-great-grandchildren. The Pension Bureau’s 1924 report has it that he was born January 5, 1826, which would make him a year younger than his own count. We accept his count.

But weren’t any of these old warriors with Taylor’s army? Some were, certainly. There’s Colonel James M. Holmes, ninety-nine, of Owensboro, Ken-

tueky, for instance. He was Private Holmes throughout his Mexican War service but acquired the title as a lieutenant colonel in the Civil War. Veteran Holmes was a member of Captain McCullough's (also spelled "McCulloeh's") company of Texas Rangers, which was detached from its regiment and kept for scouting duty by General Taylor. By the Pension Bureau statement, he was born November 10, 1824, which would make him, and not Veteran Gonder, the oldest survivor. But from Owensboro comes word that he was born in 1825; so what can one do?

Only one of the veterans lives in that part of the United States acquired through the war—Oliver J. Stough of San Diego, California. He was in an Ohio regiment. According to the official roster of that State, he enlisted May 27, 1846, and was discharged August 22, 1846, on a surgeon's certificate of disability. The disability proved only temporary, for Veteran Stough has attained the fine age of ninety-seven years.

One of the best letters comes from Veteran Clark, down in Texas. He was born in Schoharie County, New York, and enlisted at Albany. He took part in the bombardment of Vera Cruz and all the battles under Scott.

"After Cerro Gordo," he recalls, "we were camped at Pan del Rey. I belonged to General Twigg's division. Our hardtack gave out and we were issued flour up in a quart eup and roast our bread in the hot ashes. General Scott started up from Vera Cruz with about 12,000 men, but only about 6,000 got into the city of Mexico.

"After the battle of Churubuseo, the American soldiers captured some deserters. They hanged sixteen of them and flogged sixteen. General Twigg had them strapped to a tree and had a large Mexican to whip them. He told the Mexican if he didn't whip them hard he would flog him."

Uncle Sam's soldiers in that war seem to have had the same singular sense of humor that characterized the Yanks in the late one, for the Clark account goes on:

...."My regiment went down the aqueduct that conducts water into the city of Mexico. On our way down, I saw a man run behind a tree. About that time a cannon

ball cut through the tree just above his head. He left the tree, still laughing."

Veteran Clark states: "This is on my discharge: 'Private Amasa Clark distinguished himself for bravery and good conduct in the bombardment of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubuseo, Molino del Rey, Chapultepee, and the street fight in the city of Mexico.'"

And then from the old war dog, this: "I had two sons in the World War and two grandsons. One of my sons, Orange Clark, was in the Marines and the other son, Alvin Clark, was in the Air Service."

Regular old fighting he-men, these Mexican war survivors. And there are but nineteen of them.

It was the editor's happy privilege to meet Dr. T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering of the Texas University, at the reunion of Old Settlers of Bandera County, July 3rd. Dr. Taylor just happened along, and greatly enjoyed the gathering of the old timers. He is interested in the preservation of Texas history, and frequently contributes interesting articles to Frontier Times and other publications bearing on this subject. His story of the Lee-Peacock Feud will soon appear in this magazine.

Life of John Wesley Hardin.

This thrilling story will begin in the September number of Frontier Times. If your subscription is about to expire you should renew at once so you will not miss the opening installment. John Wesley Hardin was quite a noted character in the early days, and this story will depict his true character. Don't miss it.

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"Old Whip" was a Noted Horse

A. J. Dowell in San Antonio Light, 1912.

About 1821 or 1822 a man named Al- len Vince came to Texas from Missouri as a part of the colony of Stephen F. Austin, and settled above the mouth of a small bayou which empties into the Buffalo Bayou—now the Houston ship channel—about twenty miles below the present city of Houston. Here he had a grant of land located. He erected a house and started a stock ranch. For convenience in passing from one side of the bayou to the other he constructed a narrow, rough, but strong, cedar bridge, and Vince's bayou and Vince's bridge became famous in Texas history in connection with the battle of San Jacinto. The people in traveling from east to west, crossed on this famous little bridge, and soon a public road led from Lynch's ferry, on the San Jacinto river, to all points west of Vince's bayou.

Mr. Vince also opened a farm on the east side of the Brazos river within the present southern limits of Fort Bend county, and raised fine crops of corn there. Besides cattle at his ranch on the bayou he had some good horses, among which was a large, coal black stallion, called "Old Whip."

In April, 1836, when Santa Anna arrived suddenly at this bayou ranch with his army, the occupants hastily fled, leaving many horses behind, among which was the black stallion. Santa Anna had these horses gathered up for the use of his army and appropriated "Old Whip," to serve as his own particular horse—transferring his fine \$300 saddle from the back of an inferior mount—and rode away to New Washington on the bayshore, crossing all his men and baggage on the little bridge, except a 12-pound cannon and caisson and a wagon of ammunition, which he was afraid would break it down, and which he sent around the head of the bayou in charge of a company of troops, commanded by General Castrillon. General Houston came along soon after with his army and crossed on the same bridge and after him came General Cos with 500 more Mexican troops.

Colonel Delgado, who was on the staff of Santa Anna, says, in his notes of the campaign, that after arriving at New

Washington and burning a warehouse there, and taking possession of other property, the president sent him out with a detachment to bring in some cattle which were to be slaughtered for the use of the army. So plentiful were they in that country that they soon rounded up 100 head and drove them to camp. These cattle were raised in Fort Bend county and belonged to Dr. Johnson Hunter. They had been driven from his ranch on Oyster creek ahead of the Mexican army, in an effort to save them, but were abandoned on the San Jacinto prairie at the approach of the army under Santa Anna. There were about 600 head of these cattle, and that accounts for them being so numerous in this country, as stated by Colonel Delgado in the comments above referred to.

Delgado further says that when a scout came galloping in and informed Santa Anna that the Texans had also crossed Vince's bayou and were close upon his rear, it seemed to have alarmed him to an unreasonable extent, considering his military achievements and fame in Mexico.

"He at once mounted his horse," says Delgado, "and dashed back toward the prairie through a narrow lane crowded with pack mules and soldiers, riding over and knocking them to one side in piles, and shouting at the top of his voice, 'The enemy are coming! The enemy are coming!'"

This had a tendency to demoralize the Mexican troops, and instead of making an effort to form and face the enemy, they sought safety in flight. No order could be restored until a squad of cavalry came in and reported that the Texans had gone into camp on Buffalo bayou. Santa Anna then moved up with his army and went into camp facing the Texans about half a mile to the south.

On the day of the battle Santa Anna had the famous black horse near him, and when he saw the conflict was going against him and while Castrillon and Almonte were vainly endeavoring to rally the panic-stricken Mexican troops, mounted and set out across the prairie towards Vince's bridge, leaving Captain Henry

Karnes and his troopers, who went in pursuit of him, far behind. The bridge, however had been burned by Deaf Smith, and when the fugitive president of Mexico arrived there, he essayed to cross the boggy little bayou. But "Old Whip" stuck fast in the mire, and he was compelled to abandon him and the fine saddle and hide himself in a thicket. Karnes and his men came upon the scene later and rescued the horse, who was a woeful sight when he came out, his black, glossy coat being covered with mud and slime. The noble animal was well cared for and restored to Vince, who kept him for many years on his ranch. He died there, and, for a horse, at a very advanced age. He was a magnificent traveler, moving under the saddle like he was on springs.

Some accounts state that Santa Anna rode a mule at San Jacinto, and the writer once saw a picture of Santa Anna leaving the battle on a mule, but the true account is as I have stated it. My authority is Captain John R. Fenn, late of Houston, now deceased. He was captured at Fort Bend by Almonte's men, but made his escape while the Mexicans were firing on the steamboat Yellowstone. He said he knew "Old Whip" well and that he was one of the most powerful horses in the country and that he did not wonder at Santa Anna riding down pack mules and soldiers when mounted on him.

Noah Smithwick, who, with others, arrived in the Texan camp the day after the battle says in his book, "The Evolution of a State:

"We luckless wights who failed to get into the fight got no share of the spoils, which were quite considerable. Santa Anna's horse and accoutrements were, by common consent, given to General Houston, whose horse was shot from under him in the fight. The saddle fairly glittered with gold, which Santa Anna said was solid and valued at \$600, but it was subsequently ascertained that it was only plated. The horse, a magnificent black stallion had been taken from Allen Vince, which, coming to Houston's knowledge, he promptly restored to his owner."

The saddle was put up and sold to the highest bidder and was bought in by General Lamar for \$300.

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A Gallant Texas Ranger

Dallas Semi-Weekly FarmNews, July 10, 1925.

Did you know that the Texas Legislature once passed a bill presenting a special model rifle to a citizen in recognition of services rendered to the State as an Indian fighter?

Since 1873, when the Thirteenth Legislature awarded Capt. Dan W. Roberts of Austin, old Texas Ranger, with a .44-caliber rifle for the heroic stand which he and six of his companions took against a band of Indians, no other Legislature has recognized an individual's bravery to the extent of awarding him with firearms.

As a further testimonial of the State's appreciation, Roberts was appointed a Captain by Gov. Richard Coke in the newly organized Texas Ranger Corps.

The particular incident which called forth the action of the Legislature was Roberts' brave leadership of a posse of six men against a band of thirty Indians, who had killed and scalped many early Texas settlers, in a fight which took place near the present location of Johnson City, Plano county. Roberts was severely wounded in the attack, but the Indians were routed and forced to flee. Several of their numbers were slain by the pioneers and this tribe was never again seen in Texas.

H. C. King of Kendall county, member of the Texas Senate, heard of the fight and visited Capt. Roberts, who lay in bed convalescing from the wounds received in the scrimmage. After hearing the details of the attack, Senator King returned to Austin and introduced a bill which provided for money to be appropriated for purchasing of a new model rifle for Capt. Roberts in recognition of the State's appreciation. The measure passed both houses and Senator King was authorized to buy the rifle and present it to Capt. Roberts.

Senator King again went to see Capt. Roberts, presenting him with the rifle in the name of the State of Texas. On a silver plate attached to the rifle these words were engraved:

"Presented to Dan W. Roberts by the Thirteenth Legislature of the State of Texas."

The game stand of Roberts against

the band of Indians caused Gov. Coke to realize the State's need for a strong and well-organized body of men to protect the frontier of Texas. Soon after the Johnson City Indian fight a bill was passed by the Thirteenth Legislature upon the recommendation of Gov. Coke, providing for the appropriation of \$75,000 for the organizing of a battalion of Texas Rangers. This battalion was to consist of six full companies, rank and file, each company having forty men.

With the passing of the bill, Gov. Coke sent a letter by a special messenger to Roberts offering him a commission as Lieutenant in the newly organized Texas ranger corps. In the letter the Governor said, "I will not accept no for an answer." After considerable deliberation, Roberts accepted the offer and reported to Gov. Coke for his commission.

After two years' service Lieut. Roberts was offered a captaincy, and he served in this capacity for seven years, when he retired from active service on a Government pension. Trouble arising from the wound received in the Johnson City fight brought about his retirement at a comparatively young age.

Today the old ranger is deaf and feeble. He is very reluctant about talking of his Indian fights, but on one occasion he was induced to relate a few of his experiences.

"I remember well, sir, the first Indian fight I took part in," the old ranger said. "One morning fifty-two years ago I learned that the redskins had killed two of my friends and their wives. My blood boiled, and I jumped on my horse and set out alone, determined to kill the first bunch of Indians I met. Following tracks which I found, I was joined by six of the boys who were whooping mad when told about the redskins. We all agreed to go together after them.

"After we had galloped in pursuit for about an hour we caught sight of the Indians straight in front of us. They were riding single file toward a ravine, and we counted thirty in the party. Before we reached the gully the Indians

began firing. Each man became his own commander as we dismounted and knelt behind rocks.

"I saw a white feather sticking up out of the gully. A rifle muzzle appeared and then an Indian's copper, paint-covered face. We both aimed at each other, but I beat him to the tripper. Ping! Right straight up in the air the Indian jumped, and then he crumpled in front of me. There he lay, his body shining in the sun and a stream of crimson blood gushing out a hole in his forehead."

"That's all I remember. The Indians got enough and left," Capt Roberts sighed.

The old ranger had purposely omitted that part of the story which told of his being wounded in the thigh by a red-skin, how he was carried several miles by his companions before his wounds were properly cared for, and how he had been given a rifle by the Legislature because of his valor.

Capt. Roberts is now 84, and despite his feebleness and limp in his right leg, goes out each morning for a long walk. He eats a hearty breakfast, a frugal luncheon and sleeps most of the afternoon. Capt. Roberts declares that he nono. Captain Roberts declares that he will live to be 100 years old, but regrets he will never be able to take part in another Indian fight.

Origin of the Name Jim Ned.

By W. K. Baylor

The stream in Texas bearing the name Jim Ned was named for Jim Ned, the chief of the Delaware Indians. These Indians were the aborigines of West Virginia and Kentucky and long disputed the settlement of the white people in that region. When their home in the forest covered mountains of Virginia and Kentucky and the valley of the Ohio became no longer tenable because of the impact of the great invasion of the white men, driving one tribe against another and breaking off detachments which could never again join the parent tribe, they emigrated westward, scattering from the Great Lakes to Texas. The detached part which took refuge in Texas was associated with the kindred tribe of the Kickapoos and with the Cherokees. It is not known when they settled in Texas. They seem to have been on friendly

terms with everybody, whites and Indians. They were interpreters and messengers of peace on numerous occasions, and no act of hostility is recorded against them.

The Delawares redeemed numerous prisoners from the wild tribes, and, so far as known, never sought profit by it. They were chiefly instrumental in bringing in all the other tribes to the general treaty at Bird's Fort, in 1843, and three of them accompanied Capt. Eldridge and Hamilton P. Bee on their dangerous mission the same year.

After annexation many Delawares were employed as guides and interpreters for the regular army and one, John Connor, was interpreter at the Comanche Agency. This Indian was given a grant of land for his faithful service to the State. There were two other Delawares, Jim Shaw and Jack Hunter, employed as guides and interpreters for the troops stationed at Camp Cooper and other posts in North Texas. I knew those three Indians well. In a former article I mentioned the killing of Jack Hunter by the Comanches.

Jim Ned, has left his name on a beautiful stream, a tributary of the Colorado and on several springs, and other objects notable in early times.

Several creeks and branches bear the name of Delaware, the principal of which flows into the Pecos near the south boundary of New Mexico.

The surviving Delawares are scattered among numerous agencies and reservations, from Ontario to Oklahoma. The first settlers of Texas honored and respected the Delawares for their many noble traits of character and the great service they rendered them at a time when their service was of incalculable value. Natural objects have been named for them to perpetuate their memory; They signed the treaty of 1843, made at Bird's Fort. In 1855 they were located on the lower Indian reservation in Texas, with other straggling remnants of tribes and were moved to the Indian Territory in 1859 with all the Indians on the Texas reservations. Our Delawares, who a few years back were at the Wichita Agency in Oklahoma, numbered less than a hundred.

The stream was named for a Delaware. Let it be their monument, and not the monument of another tribe.

Amon B. King and Aaron B. King

James M. Robertson, Meridian, Texas.

Captain Amon B. King, the subject of this sketch was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in the year 1807. He had an elder brother who left Maryland for the West about 1825, and was never heard from. He had two sisters, Mrs. Harriet R. Hyatt, who died in Washington City about 1915, leaving several children surviving her, one of whom, Alpheus Hyatt, was a few years since, a professor of history in Cambridge. The other sister, Mrs. Louisa Stearns, died some thirty-five years ago, leaving two children, William B. Stearns, who was a prominent railroad builder in Massachusetts, and Francis L. G., who married Major Simms and she died some two years ago.

In 1827, Amon B. King bade his mother, then Mrs. Mary Ann Camp, wife of Dr. Joseph Camp of Baltimore, to whom she had married after the death of the father of Amon B. King, and his sisters above named, farewell and started on his western journey to gather furs. His immediate family never heard of him any more until soon after the battle of Goliad, when they learned in a round about way, that he was murdered.

Amon B. King landed in Paducah, Kentucky, in 1832, and in 1833, 1834 and 1835 he was city marshal of the city of Paducah. In the late fall of 1835 Captain Wyatt, with his Georgia battalion, came down the Tennessee river on their way to Texas and stopped off a day and two nights in Paducah, and while there marched upon the streets of Paducah with their band of music, making talks and appeals throughout the city as they went, telling of their mission to Texas and urging young men to join them on their mission. Amon B. King became enthused with their appeal, resigned his office of city marshal, bade his sweetheart final goodbye, assuring her that immediately at the close of the Texas Revolution he would return for her and they would be married. Among the effects of Amon B. King at that time was a large wooly dog to which he was greatly attached, and he left this dog in the care of his expected wife, joined the Wyatt company and sailed down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and thence down

the Mississippi to Natches, where they landed. From Natches they marched across the country through Louisiana, landing at old Washington, on the Brazos the day before Christmas, 1835.

Here the men all regularly enlisted in the Texas army, but in the meantime Amon B. King had organized a company of his own, largely from Maryland, and had been elected captain of said company, and his selection as captain was ratified and approved by General Sam Houston.

On December 27, 1835, Captain Amon B. King, with his company and others, were ordered to march across the country to Copano Bay in order to prevent Mexicans from further invading Texas.

Captain Amon B. King finally drifted into Fannin's command, and shortly before the battle of Goliad, he was ordered to Refugio to protect the women and children from the Mexicans. Upon his arrival at Refugio, he found a large force of the Mexican army on the ground and at once sent back to Col. Fannin for assistance, which was granted. Captain King and all these men were soon overpowered by the Mexican army, and on April 16, 1836, Captain King, after having his arm broken by a Mexican ball, and after he and his little remnant of men had been lashed and caused to walk through prickly pears with their bare feet, Captain King and his men were all shot down and given no sort of chance to defend themselves.

A majority of the Texas historians call him Captain Aaron B. King, but this is a great blunder and error. The one-third league headright of Captain King, as also his 640-acre donation and 1920-acre bounty, are all located and patented in Bosque county.

In 1890, parties in King William County, Virginia, brought suits in the Federal Court at Waco, to recover all this land on the ground that they were the legal heirs of Aaron B. King, for whom all these lands were intended.

The writer was employed by the heirs of Amon B. King above named, to defend and assist in defending these suits, and try and prevent their recovery from

the heirs of Captain Amon B. King and their vendees. The heirs being unable to furnish but little data as to the family of Amon B. King, and all of them being non-residents, the writer was forced to occupy the two-fold position of being attorney and client.

The writer began his investigation first finding that the headright certificate was issued by the Board of Land Commissioners of Washington county, in 1838, and it was issued to the heirs of Aaron B. King. Upon examination of the donation and bounty land warrants, it was found that the donation for 640 acres was issued to A. B. King, while the bounty for 1920 acres was issued in two bounty warrants of 960 acres each, one to the heirs of Amon B. King, and the other to the heirs of A. B. King.

Upon digging into old records of the Comptroller's office found in the basement and rubbish of the capital at Austin, made in 1839, old records were found showing that in 1839 Mary Ann Camp and her husband Joseph Camp had visited Texas, produced satisfactory evidence that she was the mother of Captain Amon B. King and obtained his pay warrants. The records in the General Land Office gave similar evidence, but not so strong as to the name, whether Amon or Aaron. The original patents to these lands were all issued following the certificates.

The Virginia heirs of Aaron B. King established the fact that there was a man named Aaron B. King, who left King William County, Virginia, in 1835, saying that he was going to Texas, and that he was never heard from after he left until after the battle of Goliad, when it was reported that he had been killed. These and other facts, not necessary to mention, raised an issue of identity as to the King for whom the certificates had been intended, and as to his name, whether Amon or Aaron.

Some old Texas histories made a brief note of the fact that Captain King hailed from Paducah, Kentucky, and a full investigation revealed King had been city marshal at Paducah when he resigned his office to come to Texas. As city marshal he had been required to make bond, and upon searching city records his original bond was found but it was simply signed "A. B. King." Three old

people were found who remembered King and the fact that he was city marshal, one of whom was the lady with whom King had made his promise of marriage immediately at the close of the Texas Revolution, and with whom he left his woolly dog. The depositions of these people were taken, but neither of them, except this affiancee, knew the Christian name of King, but they all accounted for him so clearly and the fact that he left with Wyatt and his men, as to be convincing that he was in fact the man who fell at Goliad.

A photograph of this old official bond was taken, exact size, and a certified copy procured. It was then learned from history that a short time before the battle of Goliad, Fannin and all his men had petitioned the Legislature to grant to the Texas Army certain concessions, etc. Again, a dive was made among the old rubbish in the basement of the capitol for this petition, and luckily it was found, but again the signature thereto was simply A. B. King, but it clearly appeared to be the identical signature made to the bond of city marshal at Paducah. A photograph of the signature to this bond was taken, exact size, a certified copy procured and depositions of the two photographers, one in Paducah, Kentucky, and the other of Austin, so as to admit both photographs in evidence.

A few other matters were brought to light, when, upon examination of the Virginia Kings and their attorneys, it was simply admitted as being clearly proven, that the King who fell at Goliad was "AMON" and not Aaron, and the suits dismissed.

Many other immaterial points could be stated showing the fact that it was Amon and not Aaron, but they are not deemed necessary. This article is written with the sole view that our Texas histories may be unswervingly true, and in memory of one whom I never knew, but one who gave his life to redeem this beautiful Texas soil and pass it down to those of this day.

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.

Seeks Truth About Philip Nolan

By Rev. J. M. Dawson, Waco, Texas.. in Dallas News.

A movement among Wacoans will be headed by Librarian John K. Strecker of Baylor University to collect all possible data relating to Philip Nolan, first Anglo-American to lead an expedition into Texas more than a century and a quarter ago, who perished at the hands of the jealous Spaniards in reach of "the arms of God" and lies buried in an unknown grave near Waco.

An excellent beginning has been made in the K. H. Aynesworth Library of Texas History, which is a notable part of Baylor's library, consisting of several thousand volumes and documents relating to Texas, some of them of great value, gathered by the donor through long years. In this collection may be found abundant references to Philip Nolan of a more elaborate sort than those in the popular histories. Baylor's experience with the now famous Browning collection, much the largest in the world, tends to show how such collections grow and what an astonishing store of information can be accumulated upon a given subject.

The story of Philip Nolan, one of the most romantic annals of the Southwest and one of the most significant in the history of the United States, has been much confused. Dr. Edward Everett Hale made Philip Nolan the unhappy hero of his "Man Without a Country." While walking with that distinguished gentleman in a processional at some function of Yale University many years ago President S. P. Brooks of Baylor, then a graduate student in Yale, was urged by Dr. Hale to choose the discoverer of Waco for the subject of his thesis. Dr. Brooks, allured by the theme, decided to do so, but when he began to look up authorities he found many of them referred to Hale, and when he looked up the Hale references he saw Hale cited Hale, so that with keen disappointment he turned away from the subject to one that yielded more certain results. In a letter to Editor George Robinson of the Waco Times-Herald afterward Dr. Hale admitted that the hero of "The Man Without a Country" was wholly fictitious, but was supposed to be Philip No-

lan's brother. It transpires Dr. Hale's suggestion to Dr. Brooks to go to the bottom of the Philip Nolan filibuster is yet to bear fruit.

With all the historical research thus far historians are not agreed as to whether Philip Nolan, as stated by one Richards, who deserted from Nolan's party, intended to build a fort from whose base he would explore the country, locate mines and after getting enough horses would lead an army of Americans to the conquest of Texas, was merely engaged in the profitable if hazardous contraband business of buying and selling wild horses, was responding to a scientific request of President Thomas Jefferson, was unconsciously the agent of President Jefferson in collecting information about the little known country of the Texas, or was acting with Aaron Burr with treasonable designs upon the United States in the hope of establishing a kingdom in the West.

It does not seem difficult to refute any possible connection of Philip Nolan with Aaron Burr. Burr was not elected to the vice presidency until after Nolan's death, and it was five years later, following the duel with Alexander Hamilton, that Burr was charged with conspiracy in the high-flown dream of the "Kingdom of the West." Possibly the credence given this theory is the association of both Nolan's and Burr's name with that of General James Wilkinson. Nolan was a protege of Wilkinson, who was commander in chief of the United States Army, and Wilkinson commended Nolan to the attention of President Jefferson. Later Wilkinson was accused of plotting with Burr and his name in this way naturally became associated with Nolan in the conspiracy.

It appears that after many trips into the Spanish territory in the business of catching wild horses, the dashing young Irishman, Philip Nolan received a letter from Monticello from Jefferson, dated June 24, 1798, in which it was stated that the President had heard much of him as knowing more than any one else about the large herds of wild horses west of the Mississippi, and that there was a

strong desire to know the details of the life and habits of these interesting animals before they became extinct in order that the Society might be informed.

"I wish you not to be anxious about the form in which the information is given, since the exactness of the substance is alone material," the letter said.

General Wilkinson later wrote the President as follows:

"Headquarters on the Mississippi May 22, 1800"

"Sir:

"In the bearer of the letter, Mr. Philip Nolan, you will behold the Mexican traveler, a specimen of whose discoveries I had the honor to submit you in the winter of 1793. Mr. Nolan's subsequent excursions have been more extensive and his observations more accurate. He feels pride in offering himself to your investigations, and I am persuaded you will find pleasure in his details of a country, soil, climate, population, improvements of which so little are known to us. An acquaintance of many years, from his early youth, authorizes me to vouch for Nolan's high sense of probity. Dare I, sir, I would recommend him to your kindness and acknowledge myself obliged by any courtesy you may offer him. With profound respect and attachment,

J. A. WILKINSON."

It has been urged by some that Jefferson was far more interested in the details of the country to which General Wilkinson refers than in wild horses. Be that as it may, the suspicious Spanish Governor saw no good in Nolan's wild horse chase. When Nolan set out with twenty men from Natchez the Mexican Consul here received word from the Spanish Governor at San Antonio to intercept him. Possibly Nolan might discover some of the rich gold mines thought to be in Texas and would incite greedy Americans to a movement to wrest Texas out of Spanish hands. Fortunately Nolan had secured, on previous expeditions in Texas from General Pedro de Nava, a passport with which now he managed to get past all interference. Ellis P. Bean, one of Nolan's party, has given considerable account of the long trek which ended so tragically at the Brazos a short distance below Waco—six or seven miles.

Lieut. M. Musquiz had set out with sixty-eight regulars from Nacogdoches, March 4, 1801, with instructions to take Nolan dead or alive. He has left an extensive diary of this pursuit. He overtook Nolan on the Tehuacana, near where it empties into the Brazos, finding Nolan barricaded behind a wooden entrenchment.

We have also Bean's account of what happened there. Bean says that at 1 o'clock on the morning of March 22, 1801, the Spaniards came on the outpost, where there were one American and five Spaniards guarding the horses. These they made prisoners, the enemy then surrounding Nolan's camp and staying quiet until daylight. The tramping of horses aroused the Americans, however, and they got ready to defend themselves. At daybreak the Spaniards began firing. Ten minutes after Nolan died with a bullet in his head. Bean assumed command was driven out of the stockade, and after a fierce fight on the prairies was defeated, surrendering. Six years later in Chihuahua, Ephraim Blackburn, a Quaker, one of the captured party, at the behest of the King of Spain, paid vicarious retribution by his death for the alleged crime of the entire Nolan party, the others being allowed to go free.

In the legends of Texas the Brazos River is called Los Brazos de Dios—the Arms of God. The origin of the name has many versions from that of the supposed christening in the idea of a sacred name affording protection, from the apostrophe of the Franciscan monk, who having fled across the river, watched his pursuers among the Indians engulfed by a head rise, calling it "The Arms of God;" from similar words of the famishing ship crew, destitute of fresh water at the mouth of the river, led to salvation by the sight of the muddy current flowing out into the Gulf; from the story of the Mexican gold hunters, who in a time of great drouth passed the dry San Saba, Llano and Lampassas, coming on to the village of the Waco Indians, where they found a river flowing with abundance of water, which they greeted as "The Arms of God." To poor Philip Nolan, encamped near the Brazos, seeking its protection, it proved the arms of God in a different sense. Near those arms his restless life fell into eternal repose.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

Last Fight Between Apaches and Rangers in Texas

There seems to be some confusion in regard to the last raid of Old Chief Victorio, the noted Apache, in Texas. In 1906 an El Paso paper published an article which stated that the "United States troops fought Victorio's band to a finish." This article called forth the following communication from Colonel George W. Baylor, who at that time was living in Guadalajara, Mexico. Colonel Baylor wrote:

Guadalajara, Mexico, 1906

In a late number of the Semi-Weekly News (El Paso paper) was a very interesting letter from Pauline Periwinkle, giving an account of an old-fashioned barbecue and visit to a lady in Davis Mountains. To an old Ranger who has scouted all through those Mountains twenty-four years ago after the old Apache Chief Victorio's band, this was pleasant reading, for which she has my sincere thanks. It would be best for her, however, not to go into the history of those stirring times. She says, "Victorio's band was fought to a finish twenty-five years ago by General Grierson."

On referring to a memorandum of my scouts from September 1879 to 1885, I see that Lieut. George W. Baylor, of Company C, Frontier Battalion of Texas Rangers, and thirteen men left their quarters at Ysleta on August 2nd, and on August 4th reached Fort Quitman and reported to General Grierson U. S. A. for orders, and was telegraphed from near Van Horn Wells "to scout down the old stage road towards Eagle Springs until I met him" and to keep a sharp lookout for "Old Vic," who had crossed from Mexico into Texas, and intended to make for the Guadalupe and Sacramento Mountains and get the Tularosa or Fort Stanton reservation Apaches to join him. "I tried to reply to the General, but found something was wrong with the telegraph wire; could not raise the General's operator. I had thirty-three Pueblo Indians from Ysleta with me under their own captain, Mariano Culmanaris, and pushed on as well as we could, and at the Eighteen Mile Water Hole saw the first sign of the Indians and U. S. troops having a fight.

When we got half way between Bass' Canyon and Van Horn Wells we struck

Victorio's trail. He had passed in behind General Grierson, pulled down a whole lot of telegraph poles, cut the wire in two places 400 yards apart, dragging it off and broke all the insulators. Pretty smart for Old Vic! We did not overtake the United States troops until we reached Rattlesnake Springs, thirty miles or more, and Victorio was at a tank on the west side of the Sierra Diablos, and seeing we were too strong for him, he pulled out for Mexico again. The Rangers and Captain Nolan's Company had gone to the left of the mountains and were at Carrizo Springs, and some of the cavalry had gone to the right of the mountains. It was late in the evening when the scouts brought word that Vic was on the run, and we followed him all night, and just at day-break reached the stage road where a soldier was killed. A cold dreary ride but a long one was still ahead and we could get no water short of the Rio Grande. Victorio started down the road, but when he got to the Eighteen Mile Water Hole he left, and we supposed would make for the Rio Grande and Mexico. He stopped long enough to make a scare-crow on top of the hill. He made a dummy of dagger stalks, with arms extended, and placed a woman's dress on it and a sun-bonnet. This was to show his contempt for the General not coming on the plain to fight him.

We had to push on as it was twenty-two miles to the Rio Grande, Old Vic, to our surprise, came into the road again, before we got to Quitman's Canyon, and waylaid the stage and mortally wounded General Byrnes, killed a herder for Don Jesus Cobas, stole sixty head of his cattle and crossed the river and camped in the Boracho Mountains until he ate up all his beef and then went on a raid into New Mexico.

It was that gallant old Mexican soldier, Col. Joaquin Terrazas who finished Old Victorio up at Tresecastillas, in Chihuahua, October 14 or 15, 1880. Some twenty-five Indians escaped during the night of the fight. These came back to Texas and did as much devilment as possible, killing six negro soldiers at Hot Springs, below Fort Quitman, also Mrs. Graham, and wounding her husband; killing an old man named Grant and killing Morgan, an old overland stage driver, and a passenger whose name I think was Crenshaw. These Indians I followed into Mexico for three days, having Corporal Nat Harrison and fourteen men, and back into Texas. I had telegraphed Lieut. Chas. Nevill to meet me, and we got together at Eagle Springs, followed the Indians into the Diablo Mountains on January 29th, 1887, and just at daylight we attacked them and killed, wounded and took prisoners nearly the entire band. Took a squaw and her boy two years old, and a little girl five or six years old, which the squaw said was Victorio's daughter, prisoners. So it was the Texas Rangers who fought Victorio's band to a finish twenty-five years ago, and this was the last fight on Texas soil between Apaches and Rangers.

GEORGE W. BAYLOR

Ex-Major Commanding Frontier Battalion.

Seventy-five Years in Texas.

Editor Frontier Times:

Seventy-five years ago my parents came from Kentucky to Texas, when I was ten years old, and I grew up among the wild scenes common in the new country. I have been thinking for some time that I would write a few letters to Frontier Times, telling of some of my experiences. My parents died in 1855, and I lived with the older children and practically turned loose to roam over the sun-kissed hills of the Southwest Texas frontier. The front line came by Fort Worth Texas, at that time, on south to Fort Graham and to San Antonio. I remember very well when the commander at Fort Worth issued orders for Indians not to cross the road leading across the state to hunt; but they would slip over to Mountain Creek Valley where we lived and would hunt buffalo, deer,

turkey, bear and mustangs. We lived near big springs, and the wild game came within sight of our cabin every day for water. Occasionally a bunch of friendly Indians came to our house to trade their skins and meat for tobacco and coffee. The bucks would come up on horse back and the squaws would be on foot carrying the meat and hides. When the bucks were asked why they did not let their squaws ride they would say, "We warriors. Squawa no mucho bueno." When the soldiers found these Indians were over the line they came and drove them back and flogged some of the leading bucks, which was a great mistake. They missed one Indian boy who was out on a hunt that morning. I will never forget how that boy yelled when he came in and found his people gone. He was afraid to follow the horse tracks, for he knew they belonged to the soldiers, but finally he found some moccasin tracks on the trail and he set off to follow. I will write some day why it was wrong to whip those bucks, who were friendly Indians. I will never say the Comanches were ever mistreated, but the Comanches were responsible for the Cherokees being moved north of Red River before annexation.

I was in the Confederate Army from 1861 to 1865, and was a scout following Banks' army from Shreveport to the mouth of Red River, and for weeks I was sent in advance of Banks' army, which contained five times as many men as we had. I had to report back every once in awhile. I would report that I saw black smoke rolling up. It was a sugar house burning. And I would frequently see a great glare illuminating the sky, and I would discover it was a cotton yard, often a thousand bales burning. Banks destroyed many homes, and drove away all the horses and mules. I went to the National Reunion at Dallas recently, and had to present this picture a great many times, and I always refer to our present condition. If any kind of a celebration comes off or any great gathering is held, the Stars and Stripes are unfurled. It is our flag, and we love it. I am only 85 years old, and if I live I will try to write something of more interest next time.

H. G. BEDFORD.
Midland, Texas.

Surveyed State Capitol Land

Austin American-Statesman

Member of the surveying party which staked out 3,500,000 acres of land in North Texas in 1880 and a citizen of Kerr county seeing the Texas capitol building which was financed by the sale of the land, 45 years later is the honor that befell James L. McElroy of Center Point, Kerr county, who was in Austin the past week on business.

"I wanted to get some money to go to school and I took a job with the Texas Rangers which paid \$1.00 per day. I had to furnish my horse, saddle and blanket and clothes." He told the following story of the surveying trip which he was a scout.

"A detail of scouts to accompany the state inspector on the surveying trip included Sargent L. S. Turnbo, Mr. McMurray, J. T. Smith, Albert Mullins and myself. We left camp in Blanca canyon, April 21, 1880, and arrived at the Canadian river on May 1. We went up the river to a point near the boundary line of Texas and Oklahoma, where we began scouting for water. On May 3rd, we had to divide our squad, two with one and three with the other surveying party.

"Col. Norton of Salado, state inspector, had with him a Mr. Howard from the eastern states, also a negro man for cook and to drive the wagon with provisions for himself and we rangers.

"A. G. Wiley of Waco was boss surveyor. His crowd consisted of Mack Park, T. O. Plunket (a typo), Harry Robinson, and the flag man, also a negro man to cook and drive the wagon. A Mr. Wayland had a complete crew of chainmen, flagmen and a cook. Messrs. Gunter and Munson of Sherman were the contractors to survey the 3,500,000 acres of land donated by our Texas legislature to be sold and used to build the grand capitol that now adorns the capitol hill of Austin.

"We were out two months on this scouting trip, had varied experiences, hunting water, running buffalo, antelope and coyotes, listening to the hateful bark of prairie dogs and the warning of rattlesnakes. Our horses on one occasion got with a bunch of mustang horses

and the hobbles and sidelines was all that kept us from being left afoot on the plains. Some one from the other surveying party got in behind the trail and ran the mustangs off. The mustangs left marks on our horses where they would bite them to try and keep them in the bunch.

"About the middle of May the grass was sufficient for our horses to get plenty when we did not have to scout. We found Mexicans on this land with 5,000 head of sheep. They watered them from pits dug in the arroyo of Red River. The water came within one or two feet of the surface in these pits say 8 by 10 feet and five to seven feet deep.

"We made a base at Garon Springs south of the Canadian river for our starting point on the plains. We did not have enough water for the crowd so we kept hunting until we found the sheep herd above mentioned.

The biggest day's surveying was on Sunday and the length of the line was 21 miles. We had to mark acorner at every second mile, the mound being three feet at base and made of Texas earth.

"We found fine sulphur water on some places but near the alkali lakes, the water could not be used; We would dig pits off some distance from them and the water filtering through the sand could be used while the pits were new."

McElroy displayed two discharges from the ranger service, one dated August 31, 1879, at Throckmorton county and August 31, 1880, at Crosby county, Texas. He was a member of G. W. Arrington's company C.

Members of that Company were: G. W. Arrington, captain; W. C. Bradley, first sergeant; Richard Jones, second sergeant; L. S. Turnbo, third sergeant; W. R. Waller, Cephus Rush and W. Scott, corporals; John D. Birdwell, Harvey Hammer, Sam Callahan, John Dunn, J. T. Smith, Mr. Brown, William Gill, Will Snurley, Frank Freeman, Rufus Jenkins, Lee Jenkius, Will Jenkins, W. R. Stonebraker, Albert Mullins, Ed Gibson, G. W. Forbes, James L. McElroy and Brown Seay.

Incident of Capt. Bill McDonald

It was twenty-eight years ago when Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher were preparing to pull off their prize fight at El Paso that Governor Culberson ordered the whole ranger force to assemble at El Paso under Captain McDonald, and for several days they kept constant espionage over the horde of riff-raff belonging to the lower levels of the sporting fraternity which were gathered there from all parts of the United States.

Finally, finding their efforts to pull off the contest at or near El Paso were futile, the managers of the two pugilists chartered a special train over the Southern Pacific to carry the principals and the several hundred spectators to some point not known at that time to the authorities, where it was proposed to have the battle take place. McDonald and his rangers accompanied this train, determined that the fight should not take place in this state. The rangers only numbered 32 men and they had as their possible antagonists in the event they were called upon to use force to carry out the governor's orders a large element of the crowd which went on the excursion, every man of whom was armed and desperate enough to start something upon very slight provocation.

In those days Langtry was a two-house town and was widely noted for being the home of that celebrated frontier character, Justice Roy Bean, who styled himself the "Law West of the Pecos." Bean had been quietly advised in advance that his town was to be made the temporary rendezvous of the crowd of sportsmen and that it was planned that the fight should take place just across the Rio Grande in Mexico, at a spot which was far removed from habitation in that country and which for desolateness could hardly be improved upon.

Judge Bean, as he was called, besides holding the office of justice of the peace for a district that is as large as the average sized state, also conducted a typical frontier saloon and gambling house. In order to profit to the largest possible extent from the crowd of visitors he had prepared to feed them during their stay in one of the rooms of his ramshackle building.

When the train came to a standstill and the visitors piled off, quickly filling the little drinking place, which also served as a court room for Bean, McDonald went into the improvised dining room, where the overflow of the crowd was clamoring for something to satisfy their hunger. McDonald found a vacant seat opposite a typical desperado, who had a long record of crime and who was known to hunt up trouble when he could not find it any other way. Impatient at the slowness of one of the Mexican waiters, this outlaw yelled at him: "Bring on the grub, and do it — — quick."

Captain McDonald raised his steady blue eyes, looked the outlaw over, and then remarked in his characteristic gentle tone:

"That is no way to speak to a man. I don't care if he is a Mexican."

"Look-a-here," he said, "maybe you want to take this thing up."

McDonald surveyed the man coolly. The next instant he had laid his old trustworthy 45 on the table and said:

"I have done took it up."

The captain had called the hand of the man and the latter was wise enough to realize the fact. During the meal he kept his eyes closely upon McDonald and when he finished he walked over to one of the men in the crowd and asked who that weazened little fellow was who sat opposite him.

"That man?" said the person whom he had questioned. "Why, that's old Captain Bill McDonald, the best gun-fighter in the whole Southwest."

The desperado cast an admiring glance at the Captain and muttered as he walked on:

"You can't tell what kind of a man you run up against in this part of the country; that was a narrow escape for me."

Both before and after the fight the picturesque home of Justice Roy Bean was enlivened with the wildest scenes of disorder and dissipation on the part of the throng of visitors, but through it all the little band of rangers managed to prevent bloodshed, and the train went back to El Paso without the law having been flagrantly broken.

New Light on John Wesley Hardin

T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas.

In the fall of 1878 I was a student at the Sam Houston Normal Institute of Huntsville, Texas and became well acquainted with Captain West, one of the officers of the State Penitentiary. One afternoon he took two of us up on the outlaw row. He brought one of the desperadoes out of his cell and as luck would have it we sat down in front of the cell occupied by John Wesley Hardin. I must say that I paid more attention to Hardin than I did to the North Texas outlaw. Hardin was clean shaven and boyish in appearance (although at that time he was a little over twenty-six years of age). I knew before I saw him that he had notches on his gun for each year he was old and some to spare.

Something like fifteen years ago I traveled one whole day from Texarkana to Austin in company with Captain John B. Armstrong and during the day he related to me the whole story of the capture of John Wesley Hardin which agrees substantially with the newspaper account which follows below.

Captain Armstrong stated that while the officers were holding John Wesley Hardin, he was struggling and trying to get loose and for fear that he would get hold of his gun, Armstrong rushed down the aisle and struck Hardin a severe blow over the head with a six-shooter which rendered him unconscious for a few minutes. Captain Armstrong stated that for a few seconds he was afraid that the blow had killed Hardin. He also said that Hardin had his six-shooter not in a scabbard but inside his pants with one of his suspender straps through the guard and that Hardin was wearing it this way on account of an old wound.

I have a copy of the autobiography of John Wesley Hardin written many years after his capture in Florida and evidently written from memory. On page 115 he states that he was captured on July 23, 1877. The writer has gone to the trouble to read all the current newspapers of the day and he finds that instead of John Wesley's being captured on July 23 it was August 23, 1877. On account of the importance of the question historically the writer submits be-

low all the newspaper articles of August 1877. Corrections and additions are put in parenthesis.

Recently Captain J. B. Gillett told me that when Hardin was taken from the Austin jail to Comanche to be tried Captain Reynolds took him several days ahead of time through the country. The rangers camped near San Saba and there kept him under guard. Captain Gillett stated that the guards were instructed not to approach Hardin while armed. Those who wished to converse with him, first laid aside their arms and then went into the inclosure and often held long conversations with Hardin. Captain Gillett states that Hardin was a fine conversationalist, very entertaining and that he essayed to show them the "double roll" and "single roll" both forward and backwards when furnished with an unloaded six-shooter. Hardin was very companionable with the ranger boys, enjoying their conversation and giving very little trouble. But the rangers took no chances and performed their duty rigidly and with fidelity.

* * *

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 says, has friends and they are trying to rally for his release. Duncan has been on Hardin's trail some time, be-

ing 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 of 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 August 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 Es-

cambia 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 Harlin. 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 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 seized Mann arose and fired three shots himself and several shots were fired at him. Mann jumped out of 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 and 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 Fannin County, Texas, May 26, 1853, and lived there for a while. 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, mother were arrested. My younger brother and Dixon, neither of whom had anything to do with the af-

fair, were also arrested. The Dixons are my consins. 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 going into the green grocery business.

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.

New Texas Folklore Edition Printed

Ballads, songs, myths and superstitions of the Southwest are contained in the 1925 volume of the Texas Folklore Society.

Dr. L. W. Payne Jr., of the University of Texas English department, wrote the preface to the edition. Among other notable contributors are W. A. Whatley, formerly of the University of Texas but now on the faculty of the University of Ohio, and J. Frank Dobie of Oklahoma A. and M. College, who will return to the University of Texas this fall. Professor Dobie is editor of the book.

The volume published last year was received with favor, according to Miss Fannie Ratchford, recording secretary of the organization. It was reviewed by the leading literary magazines and critics of the United States and England, and is now being reprinted. Copies can be obtained on request.

Contents of the 1925 edition are as follows: Preface, Dr. L. W. Payne, Jr.; Mexican Popular Ballad (with music), W. A. Whatley; Spanish Songs of New Mexico, F. S. Curtis; Verses on Texas Vaqueros, J. Frank Dobie; Reptile Myths of Northwestern Louisiana, John K. Stracken; Superstitions of the Northern Seas, Hartman Dignowity; The Cowboy Dance of the Southwest, Roy P. Scott; Old Field Diction, A. R. McTee; Some Folk Tales of the Chibcha Nation, Malone W. Graham; The Human Hand in Primitive Art (illustrated), Victor J. Smith; Indian Pictographs Near Lange's Mill, Gillespie County (illustrated), Julia Estill.

The general purpose of the Texas Folklore Society is to collect and preserve the folklore of Texas and the Southwest. Anyone who is interested in this field of work is eligible for membership. The publication of the society will be sent to anyone who applies for admission and pays the annual dues.

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.

Fort Sill, the Noted Army Post

San Antonio Express, July 12, 1925.

Plans are now before the War Department for the preservation for posterity of one of America's most famous Army posts that served in the conquest of the Western frontier. This is the old post of Fort Sill, Okla., once known as Camp Wichita, where General Sherman and Sheridan battled against the Indians and where the savage Apache chief Geronimo was imprisoned.

Fort Sill is located in the center of a section where many bloody massacres of whites by the Indians took place in the last century. It is situated on Medicine Bluff Creek, in Comanche County, six miles north of the town of Lawton. Railroads pass near it now, but in the days when it was first established the nearest railway was 329 miles away at Fort Harkness, Kansas.

Here in the summer of 1868 troops were sent to quell the disturbances arising among the various Indian tribes. Col. Benjamin H. Grierson of the Tenth Cavalry decided to locate a permanent camp upon this site and stationed his regiment there, naming the new encampment Camp Wichita. Wooden stockades were erected by the soldiers themselves from what materials they could find in the vicinity.

The territory was especially notorious at that time as a rendezvous for three Kiowa chiefs, Satank, Satanta and Big Tree, whose depredations against the white colonists made the presence of troops necessary. It was a long time before materials suitable for the construction of permanent buildings could be transported to Camp Wichita because of the long overland journey from the railroad in Kansas. The first permanent structure on the reservation was the corral which was put up in 1869. Here the horses and men were sheltered together until more adequate quarters could be built. A large part of the stone was hewn from a nearby quarry by the soldiers, and barraeks, officers' quarters, and a chapel were constructed with difficulty in the quadrangle.

It was in the same year that General Philip Sheridan, then commanding officer of the Army Department of the Missouri,

caused the name of the reservation to be changed to Fort Sill in honor of General Joshua W. Sill, a West Point classmate of Sheridan's, who had been killed in action during the Civil War.

General Sherman took over command of the post for a time in the course of his effort to quell the Indian disturbances, and the house still stands in which he made his headquarters and used to hold conferences with the Indian chieftains. On one occasion he almost lost his life when an attempt to assassinate him was made by Lone Wolf, a Kiowa chief who was bitterly opposed to the occupation of the section by the whites. The timely intervention of General Grierson, who wrested a rifle from the Indian's hands, saved his life.

By an executive order of October 7, 1871, there was set aside from lands in the public domain which formerly had been used for the benefit of the Wichita Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians a tract of 23,040 acres as a military reservation. Later orders in 1897, 1901, and 1907 brought the reservation up to its present size of 51,292 acres.

Between 1873 and 1874 alone there were 60 persons killed, five wounded and one captured by Indians belonging to the Fort Sill reservation. These tribesmen were fed by the Government and were regarded as being friendly and had been so treated. Such were the difficulties the Indian fighters had to contend with for they could never tell when a supposedly friendly tribe might decide to take advantage of an opportunity to attack a band of white settlers and flee to the hills for the time being. After these particular incursions, efforts were redoubled to put down the unfriendly tribes, and the Fort Sill troops successfully routed them in several engagements.

Instead of a guard house, prisoners were in the early days of the fort put in the cellar of the quarters now occupied by the Third Ammunition Train. There are still marks on the old walls through which several famous Indian prisoners bored their way and gained freedom. For many years and practically down to the Spanish-American War, the old post

was a frontier outpost against the marauding Indian tribes. Today the old post is practically neglected and larger and more modern structures on the reservation house the Field Artillery School which has since been assigned to the encampment.

One of the most famous uses to which the old reservation was put was as a place of imprisonment for Geronimo, the savage Apache chief, and his band that had ravaged the southern United States and Mexico alike. His most violent depredations were committed about the year 1884 when he is supposed to have been 55 years of age. At that time, leading his band through northern Mexico, he made his name hated by every native of that country and caused Mexico to put a price on the head of every Apache Indian.

When some American troops cooperated with the Mexicans in trying to capture him, he started a career of vengeance against white settlers in the Southwest and for three years was able to continue his raids without being captured.

Many times Geronimo and his band would be almost in the hands of the American troops, but they always managed to escape. Sometimes they were completely surrounded and still freed themselves to defy the Government again. Geronimo's knowledge of the mountainous country enabled him to outwit the United States Army again and again, meanwhile continuing his incursions against the colonists of the region.

Finally, an American force succeeded in getting on their trail and sticking to it. The Indians fled to the hills, but the army men followed them with the intention of literally starving them out. Geronimo's only hope lay in retreat as he could not match the armed strength of even a small band of Americans, but his tribe did not have the provisions to remain in the hills indefinitely. After weeks of following the Indians, the soldiers were finally approached by a lone Indian from the band offering the surrender of the tribe. Thus in 1887 Geronimo's defiance of the Government came to an end.

First the tribe was transferred to Florida and later to Alabama, but the climate in those States proved so dis-

astrous to their health that in 1894 they were brought to the Fort Sill reservation. Here they remained as prisoners of the United States for 20 years, finally being released and sent to another reservation in 1913, under the administration of President Wilson.

Geronimo was foiled in several attempts he made to escape and in later life lost the leadership over his people and fell into disrepute because of the position in which he had put them. In 1905, he was permitted to attend the inauguration of President Roosevelt. Then a wrinkled old man of 76, he was received by the President in his chambers and made a simple but dignified plea that he be allowed to die a free man. His request was refused, and it is said that when he died no one mourned for him but the old women of the tribe. His son, Robert Geronimo, later became a graduate of Carlisle.

Popular opinion throughout Oklahoma and in other parts of the country favors the retention of the old post as a historical landmark because of the important role it has played in the conquest of the frontier, and it is believed that it will not be long before the War Department officially sets the quadrangle aside for this purpose.

In a proclamation setting aside August 12 as "Texas Pioneer Day," issued July 11 by Governor Ferguson, Texas citizens are asked to give recognition to those who laid the foundation for the Lone Star State. The edict is in pursuance to a resolution passed by the 39th Legislature.

Mrs. Anna Martin, aged 81 years, died at her home in Mason, Texas, Friday, July 10. Mrs. Martin was a pioneer resident of Mason county and was one of the best known business women in the state. She had been president of the Commercial Bank at Mason since 1901, and is said to have been the first woman bank president in the United States. She had been active in the affairs of the bank until a short time before her death.

The Ex-Texas Rangers Association will hold its annual reunion August 12, 13 and 14, at Ranger, Texas.

An Early Day Assassination

Taylor Thompson, in Fort Worth Record, 1912.

I have often heard men say that when drawn up in line of battle awaiting the attack of the enemy, the feeling of suspense and dread was much harder to bear than any feeling of fear or uneasiness they ever experienced after the fighting had actually begun, and this is especially true of men who have never been under fire, and were going into battle for the first time. I remember on an occasion of this kind once hearing an Irishman who was known as a man of undaunted courage later, say, after his command had been waiting an hour or more expecting an attack any moment: "I wonder if these d—d things (slapping himself on his legs) are going to run away with me today? I have never tried them under fire." It is related of Gov. Vance of North Carolina, who became a gallant Confederate general, that on one occasion, when his command was going into action, a rabbit jumped up and ran in the opposite direction, when General Vance called out: "Go it, Molly Cotton-tail; if I didn't have a reputation to sustain I would go it, too."

I remember very distinctly an ordeal through which I passed, in which suspense was the most potent factor, and which I think was the most trying experience of my life. It occurred in the latter part of 1864, after I had been discharged from the Confederate army and was serving as a Texas ranger. At the time the country to the south and west of San Antonio was sparsely settled. With a detachment of rangers I went in to camp one evening on a small stream in Frio county. Some time before this two Irishmen, brothers, both men of advanced age, had located in that section, built a small cabin, where they lived alone. It was said that both had served in the United States army before the war, and had had much experience in fighting the Indians and my detachment camped about fifteen miles from their ranch. When we awoke next morning eight or ten horses were missing in our camp, and those of us whose horses were not missing, started out to look for the missing horses. I was alone and about

4 o'clock in the afternoon rode up to the ranch of the old men, both of whom I had met. Only one of them was at home, the other having gone to Laredo for supplies. I inquired of the man at the house, whose name was Sullivan, about the horses I was hunting, and he said he had seen three of them that day about noon about ten miles from the ranch. He invited me to spend the night with him, and I accepted the invitation. The only furniture in the house was a large slab or board about two feet wide and seven feet long, in which auger holes had been bored and four pegs inserted, thus forming a rude table, and two or three stool chairs. The house was a cabin of one room and a dirt floor, a door on one side and a window opposite, both furnished with wooden shutters, and the house was inclosed with a brush fence, taking in about half an acre of ground. I had a copy of the Galveston News in my pocket, about ten days old, but its contents were news to us in that section. After supper Mr. Sullivan lit a tallow candle and I was reading the paper to him. Presently a shot rang out on the stillness and my host fell to the dirt floor. Some one had fired through the open window. I knocked the light out with my hat and then spoke to Mr. Sullivan, but he did not reply. I was sure that he was dead, as he made no move. I remained perfectly still for perhaps half an hour, and then cautiously went out of the door and made a thorough search in the enclosure but found no one, and I had previously heard the sound of a horse's feet, which died away in the distance. Returning to the cabin, I lit the candle long enough to examine the dead body. He had been shot in the breast with a load of buckshot. One or more had passed through his breast. I laid the body on the table, spread a blanket over him, closed the door and window, blew out the candle, and sat down to pass the night with the dead man in the darkness.

I thought daylight would never come. Several times during the night I imagined I heard horses' feet, and footsteps

around the house, and I went out to reconnoiter several times. Once or twice the hooting of an owl in a tree nearby sent the cold shivers up and down my back. When daylight came I looked for tracks. There was a low place in the fence at the rear of the house and a path led from the house to that place. In that place I found the tracks of a man coming to and going from the house, and just inside the fence I found the imprint of the butt of a shotgun in the soft ground. Outside the fence I found where a horse shod in front had been tied to a tree, and I found the trail of the same horse leading off in a westerly direction. I saddled my horse and closing the door securely, started for the nearest ranch, some twenty miles away. I had gone a short distance when I fell in with a party of six men, three of whom I knew, and they had just broken camp. I told them what had happened and we all returned to the ranch. Leaving two men to bury the dead man, the other men and myself took the trail of the shod horse, whose rider we felt sure had murdered Mr. Sullivan. He evidently did not expect pursuit, for we came upon him about twenty miles from the ranch where he had stopped to noon. He had a double-barreled shotgun and two sixshooters. He denied all knowledge of the murder, but the tracks of his shod horse and the butt end of his shotgun fitted the imprints exactly, and was good enough proof for a frontiersman in those days that he was the murderer. The next morning the six men started with the prisoner to Laredo. A short time later I met two of the men and asked them what became of the prisoner and they told me he "got away." In those days prisoners who "got away" were usually found later dangling from a limb. They told me, however, that before he "escaped" he confessed to killing Sullivan and gave as his reason that there was an old grudge between himself and the two brothers. That night in the cabin was a trying one for me.

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.

"TEGAS BOUND"

By Mont Hurst, Dallas, Texas

Way down in dear ol' Texas,
Down near the Rio Grande,
Where the heel-fly surely vexes
And they shoot to beat the band,
Where the longhorns roam and wauler,
And coyotes howl at night,
Where yon slowly ride and ponder
Underneath the Lone Star's light;
And cactus blooms in summer,
And the lizzards hurry by.
Where the hot days are a hummer
And the eagles fly sky-high,
On a pinto on the range
That is slowly fading out,
This hurried life I'd change
For those days without a doubt.
Jes' corral the good old pony
An' oil the old six-gun;
I'm huntin' up my erony,
And I'm goin' to have real fun.
I'll trail the old chuck wagon
From twilight to the morn,
An' I'm doin' no crazy braggin'
For I'm bound for the Land o' Longhorn.

A Jew's Tribute to America

It was reserved for a Jew, a Rabbi from Cleveland, Ohio, to pay the most beautiful tribute to America yet penned.

The Rabbi, A. Silver by name, said: "God built Him a continent of glory and filled it with treasures untold. He carpeted it with soft rolling prairies and pillowed it with thundering mountains. He studded it with sweet flowing fountains and traced it with winding streams. He graced it with deep shadowed forests and filled them with song.

"Then He called unto a thousand people and summoned the bravest among them. They came from the ends of the earth, each bearing a gift of hope. The glory of adventure was in their eyes and the glory of hope was in their souls.

"And out of the memories of ages and the hopes of the world; out of the longing hearts and prayers of souls—God fashioned a nation you love, blessed it with a purpose sublime and called it AMERICA."—Clarendon News.

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

The Texas Almanac, 1865.

Mr. Henry Bonnet of Medina, Bandera county, Texas, has a copy of the Texas Almanac, published at Austin for the year 1865, from which Judge C. W. Harris copied the following items for publication in Frontier Times.

1. The 18th Judicial District is composed of the counties of Atascosa, Bandera, Uvalde, Medina, Wilson, Kinney and Maverick. G. H. Noonan, Judge.

2. O. M. Roberts, Chief Justice Supreme Court.

3. The 31st Senatorial District is composed of the counties Blanco, Comal, Bandera, Kerr, Gillespie, Llano, San Saba, Medina, Uvalde, McCulloch, Concho, Mason, Menard, Kimble and Edwards. J. E. Ranck, Representative, Mason, Texas.

5. State Frontier Organization, Third Military District, Brigadier General J. D. McAdoo, commanding

Burnet County: Capt. Chris Dorbant's Co., 56 men; John Barton's Co., 65 men; James P. Magill's Co., 65 men; G. C. Bitties' Co., 65 men; Total 251.

Kerr County: Lieut. D. H. Farr's Co., 28 men, Total 28.

Llano County: Capt. J. S. Bourland's Co., 65 men; Lieut. F. Breazel's Co., 41 men. Total, 106.

Gillespie County: Capt. E. Krauskopf's Co., 63 men; Wm. S. Wahrmund's Co., 62 men; Lieut. P. Waldrip's Co., 25 men. Total 150.

Bandera County: Capt. Bladen Mitchell's Co., 53 men.

Blanco County: Lieut. Hudson's Co., 39 men.

Medina County: Capt. Geo. Robbins Co., 56 men; Lieut. A. Webber's Co., 22 men. Total 78.

Kendall County: Capt. Wm. E. Jones, Co., 65 men.

Karnes County: Lieut. J. King's Co., 45 men.

Uvalde County: Thos. Watkin's Co., 44 men.

Bee County: Lieut. J. Hynes' Co., 36 men.

Frio County: Capt. Williams' Co., 52 men.

Live Oak County: Capt. N. Gussett's Co., 71 men.

Atascosa County: Capt. J. Tom's Co., 65 men; Lieut. J. A. Durand's Co., 28 men. Total 93.

Other Counties: Capt. Wolhersdoff's command, 100 men. Total, 1211 men.

D. B. Culberson, Colonel of Cavalry, Adjutant and Inspector General of State.

6. Officers of Bandera County are O. B. Miles, Chief Justice; P. D. Saner, County Clerk; Daniel Rugh, Sheriff; Geo. Hay, Assessor and Collector.

7. Assessment of property in Bandera county for 1864, 28, 393 acres; value \$23,013. Total valuation of land and other property \$155,476. Poll tax 77. Advalorem and poll tax, \$854.38. Merchandise tax \$6.82. Specie tax \$2.77. Other occupations \$10.00. Liquor tax \$45.00. Total merchandise and liquor tax \$64.59.

7. Postmaster at Bandera, A Klappenbach. No other postoffice in the county.

9. Confederate States Tax Bandera County; Money and credits on hand July 1, 1863, one per cent \$241.02. Agricultural products on hand July 1, 1863, eight per cent \$72.00. Profits made in 1863, ten per cent \$267.70. Live stock on hand November 1, 1863, one per cent \$2,568.45. Income and salary, 1863, \$7,678.82. Occupation April 24, 1863, to July 1, 1864, \$70.04. Tythe cotton, none. Total Confederate tax collected in 1864, \$10,998.03.

10. Collector of Taxes for District No. 89, composed of the counties of Medina, Uvalde, Dawson, Zavala, Bandera, Edwards, Kerr and Kendall, H. Bensemann, Castroville, Texas.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation.

John Wesley Hardin was a noted desperado in Texas nearly fifty years ago. Beginning in its September issue Frontier Times will publish serially the life history of this noted character, as written by himself. It tells in detail of the many men killed by Hardin, and is published, not as an incentive to the younger generation to follow his example, but as a warning to them that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Tells of An Indian Raid

G. M. Day, Loma Vista, Zavala County, Texas.

In the spring of 1877 a bunch of Indians, supposed to be Kickapoos, passed through the Castroville neighborhood, stealing horses on their way, then went on to Black Creek and killed a young man named Joe Wilton. On the morning of April 28th, they passed by the house of David Parks, who then lived at the old Todos Santos ranch.

Trav. Bell stayed at David Parks' during the night of the 27th, and had staked his horse in a flat a few hundred yards from the house. After the cows were milked the next morning, and the family were at breakfast, they heard horses' feet and thought Billy Parks was driving up his horses. Some of them ran out of the house to go turn the cows out so the horses could be penned, but found that the horses they heard were ridden by Indians, who were driving a bunch of loose horses. Trav. Bell rushed out to get his horse before the Indians got to it, and just did save himself and the horse, as the Indians came very near cutting him off from the house.

Soon a posse collected at Todos Santos Lake, including Bill Bennett, Claude Bennett, Alex Bennett, Buck Loek (now living at Sabinal), Billy Parks, and a man named Couser. They followed the Indians to a point on the Cibola, just over the line in Irio county, where the trail turned sharply from its course. The men from Todos Santos Lake knew we were cutting timber and building a pen on the Cibola to catch wild cattle, so when the trail suddenly changed its direction they understood that the Indians had seen us and had gone around. They left the trail and came and told us about the Indians being near at hand and started with us to our camp, which was about three hundred yards from where we were building the pen. When we got to the camp we found the Indians had been there and had plundered it. We had rounded up all our horses that morning and had left them all in camp, except those which we rode to our work. A few had strayed, but the Indians found and drove off about forty. Besides the horses, the Indians got all the ammunition we had in camp, a packsaddle, a

cowboy saddle which Bob McKinney had bought in San Antonio a short time before, all of our bedding, and everything else we had there.

All of the men who had followed the Indians from Todos Santos Lake, except the six whose names are given, went back home after leaving our camp. These six were joined by Tom McKinney, Bob McKinney, Tol McKinney, John Rutledge (now living at Loma Vista), Jack Foster, Emory Foster, Virgil Ridgeway, Frank Conley and myself, making fifteen men in all.

We always took our guns and a supply of ammunition when we went to work, and always kept our horses near us, as we never knew what moment we might need them, so we had everything we needed to follow the Indians without losing any time. The trail from our camp led us due west into Zavala county. After stealing our horses the Indians had so many that they made a trail plain enough for us to follow at a full run. We kept our horses on the run for eight or ten miles and overtook the redskins at the Arroya Negro. Only five Indians were with the stolen horses. We had a little fight, drove the Indians off, and recaptured all of the horses except those which the Indians were riding. We passed by the horses, which were so tired after their long, hard run, that they stayed tight where we left them, and we went on after the Indians who had scattered. One Indian was riding a horse which belonged to C. C. McKinney. Bob McKinney knew the horse and knew, too, that he just couldn't get through the brush, but was fast in an opening. By this time the horse and his Indian rider were nearing the edge of the brush, so Bob called to those ahead of him to "kill the horse or he'll get away." Several shots were fired, the horse fell, but the Indian did not seem to be hurt, and he started back through the brush towards John Rutledge and Couser. John Rutledge was still on horseback, but Couser's horse had given out and he was walking and leading the horse. The Indian had a six-shooter in one hand and a big knife in, the other

and was evidently scheming to get a horse from one of the two men. It was found afterward that one side of the Indian's pistol had been shot away and the main spring had fallen out, so he couldn't use it. John Rutledge had a six-shooter that shot too high, but John hadn't owned it long enough to learn its tricks, so as the Indian charged them he fired several shots over his head. Couser waited until the Indian came closer, then dropped on one knee, took careful aim, fired, and the Indian fell forward on his face. This Indian was wearing a jacket which some of the men said belonged to Joe Wilton.

The other boys collected around the dead Indian. Alex. Bennett, who had followed Indians before, told them they should leave there at once, and warned them that if they didn't the Indians would come back and kill some of them. They would not listen to him, but stood around, some on foot and some on horseback, talking and joking. In a few minutes I rode off about seventy-five yards to the edge of a white brush thicket which had a gully running through it about thirty yards from where I sat on my horse, holding my rifle barrel in one hand with the butt resting on my left thigh. Couser, always full of mischief, was stooping over the dead Indian, had his hair wrapped around his hand, and said he was "preaching his funeral." He said he was going to scalp him afterwards. Then I heard a shot and thought one of the boys let his gun go off accidentally. My arm dropped and my gun fell to the ground. The bullet had cut the big leader and knocked me to one side. Other shots followed,

and we knew that the Indians had slipped back, crawled up the gully that ran through the thicket, and were shooting at us. The first shot scared my horse. He began pitching, threw me to the ground and shattered my right shoulder. I started to run, and did not realize that my shoulder was broken until I tried to pull my six-shooter. Several other shots were fired at me while I was running, but none of them hit me. Then I began to turn blind and fell. Billy Parks saw me fall and came to me. He called the others and told them I was wounded, and they carried me to the shade of some hackberry trees on a little creek. Later Billy Parks and Bill Bennett went to Doc Spears' place on Sugar Creek and got his wagon to take me home. It took a long time for my wounds to heal, and my left arm has been stiff ever since.

When the Indians began shooting at us from the thicket we all scattered. I was the only man wounded, but Billy Parks' horse was killed, and a bullet cut the headstall, right between the eyes, of the horse ridden by John McKinney. How John escaped unhurt none of us could understand. Not an Indian was seen during the attack. The shells afterward picked up showed that the Indians had used a Spencer rifle, a rim-fire rifle, a center-fire rifle, and a Winchester.

Some of the boys picked up my rifle and caught my horse. The stolen horses were driven back to Todos Santos Lake and held there until the owners came for them. Sometime afterwards a small group of these Indians, two or three at a time, were seen crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico.

An Old Song, "The Dying Cowboy"

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

He had wailed in pain till o'er his brow
Death's shadows fast were gathering now
He thought of his home and his loved
ones nigh,
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"In fancy I listen to the well-known
words
Of the free, wild winds and the song of
the birds;
I think of the cottage home in the bower

And the scenes I loved in my childhood's hour.

"It matters not I've often been told,
Where the body lies when the heart
grows cold;
Yet grant, oh, grant this wish to me,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Then bury me not on the lone prairie,
In a narrow grave six foot by three,
Where the buffalo paws o'er the prairie
sea,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"I've always wished to be laid when I
died
In a little churchyard on the green hill-
side;
By my father's grave, there let mine be,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Let my death slumber be where my
mother's prayer
And a sister's tear will mingle there,
Where my friends can come and weep
o'er me;
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Where the blizzard beats and the wind
blows free,
Then bury me not on the lone prairie.

"There is another whose tears may be
shed
For one who lies on a prairie bed:
It pained me then and it pains me now—
She has euled these locks and she has
kissed this brow.

"These locks she has curled, shall the
rattlesnake kiss?
This brow she has kissed, shall the cold
grave press?
For the sake of the loved ones that will
weep for me,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me
Where the blizzard beats and the wind
goes free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Oh, bury me not"—and his voice failed
there,

But took no heed of his dying prayer;
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

Where the dewdrops glow and the but-
ter flies rest,
And the flowers bloom o'er the prairie's
crest;
Where the wild coyote and the winds
sport free
On a wet saddle blanket lay a cowboy-ee.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er
me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the
crow flies free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."

Oh, we buried him there on the lone
prairie,
Where the wild rose blooms and the wind
blows free,
Oh, this young face nevermore to see—
For we buried him there on the lone
prairie.

Yes, we buried him there on the lone
prairie,
Where the owl all night hoots mourn-
fully,
And the blizzard beats and the winds
blow free
O'er his lowly grave on the lone prairie.

And the cowboys now as they roam on
the plain—
For they marked the spot where his
bones were lain—
Flung a handful of roses o'er his grave,
With a prayer to Him who his soul will
save.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wolves can howl and growl
o'er me;
Flung a handful of roses o'er my grave
With a prayer to Him who my soul will
save."

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TENTH INSTALLMENT

Whilst I was thus taking "mine ease in mine inn," it occurred to be that if Mahomet couldn't get to the mountain, perhaps the mounain might come to Mahomet—in other words, if I couldn't get to the Texan army, perhaps it would be just as well to remain where I was until the Texans whipped the Mexicans and re-occupied the country. That they would do so eventually I had not the slightest doubt, although the Mexicans had told us when prisoners at Goliad (for the purpose of discouraging us and preventing us from making any attempt to escape), that Santa Anna had defeated Gen. Houston's army, and that the whole country was virtually in their possession. But in fact I did not seriously entertain for a moment the idea of remaining any longer where I was, comfortable as were my quarters, than I could possibly help; for I knew very well I would not be satisfied with such an inactive life, when my countrymen were all in the field battling against the merciless foe. So I retired to my sleeping apartment that night with the determination of renewing my search for a road the next morning, and to persevere in it until I succeeded.

During the night I heard the howl of several "lobo" wolves near the house, but of course I did not fear them within the walls of my castle. The fact is, I did not fear anything except a visit from marauding parties of Mexicans or Indians, against whom neither the log walls of my castle nor my two formidable looking carving knives would afford me much protection. Audubon, who is a recognized authority upon the subject of birds, if not beasts, told me that the lobo was the largest known species of wolf in the world, and certainly they are much larger than any on the American continent. They resemble the hyena in form as much or more than they do that of the common wolf. Their howl is also very different, and when camping out alone on the prairies, it always seemed to me to be the most mournful, doleful and "lonesome" sound I ever heard. Several instances have been known since the

settlement of Texas of their attacking travelers when benighted on the prairies and I was myself with a party of rangers who rescued a wayfarer from their clutches, and who, but for our timely arrival, would undoubtedly have been torn to pieces by them.

Nothing else occurred to disturb me during the night, and the next morning I rose betimes, and as soon as breakfast was over I shouldered my knapsack and set out, intending to make a thorough search for a road along the edge of the brake below. In the bottom to-day I noticed that many of the trees were putting forth their leaves, an indication that spring had fairly set in, and a variety of wild flowers were also beginning to make their appearance on the prairie.

To-day I came across a specimen of the jointed snake, the first I had ever seen. It was a small snake, not more than fifteen or twenty inches in length, and its skin had a vitrified or glassy appearance. It seemed to be rather sluggish and unwieldy, and when I struck it a slight tap with a small stick, to my great astonishment, it broke into half a dozen pieces, each piece hopping off in a very lively way "on its own hook." I have since heard it asserted, that after a time the broken parts of the snake will come together and reunite and then crawl off as if nothing had happened to it; but I shall always be doubtful of the story until satisfactory vouchers of its truth, duly authenticated and sworn to, are produced.

About midday I noticed a cloud of dust rising in the prairie way off to my right, caused, as I at first supposed by a large body of troops in motion. I was traveling near the edge of the cane brake, both for greater security and for fear I might pass by without observing it, some road leading across. I therefore quickly concealed myself behind a small thicket, from whence I could see all that was passing on the prairie. Presently I saw issue from the cloud of dust a dense body of horses, which, on their approach, I perceived were "uncurbed by bit and riderless." I supposed there

were at least six or seven hundred in the drove. I saw they would pass within a short distance of the thicket where I was concealed, and when nearly opposite, I suddenly sprang out in full view of them and gave a loud whoop. They halted at once and with heads erect, stood for an instant looking at me in astonishment, then with the precision of a troop of cavalry, they wheeled about and went back in the direction they had come.

I continued on my way, and what I supposed I had traveled at least six or seven miles from where I had started, to my great joy I came to a plain road, running from the prairie into the brake. I felt confident it would take me through it, but when I followed it a hundred yards or so into the brake, it came to an abrupt termination, at a place where a large tree had been cut down and split into boards: There was not a vestige of a road beyond that point—nothing but almost solid walls of tall canes matted together with green briars and vines.

Sadly disappointed and dispirited, I retraced my steps to the prairie, and thence back towards—what I began now to regard as my permanent home, where I arrived a little after sunset, so “beat out” with my day’s tramp that I turned into bed supperless, and slept like a log until roused at daylight by the crowing of my chickens and the squealing of my pigs. It may seem strange to some, that one accustomed to walking as I was, and after living upon the “fat of the land” as I had of late, should have been so much fatigued by a little tramp of twelve or fifteen miles—but that was precisely “what was the matter with Hanna.” After starving for so long a time, I had indulged too freely in “fried chicken;” and besides, walking through the woods and prairies is not like traveling on a well beaten road. In the former your progress is often necessarily slow and laborious on account of having to force your way through rank grass and many creeping vines, that are constantly entangling one’s legs, and occasionally tripping one up. Moreover the soles of your shoes soon become as slick as glass by rubbing on dry leaves and grass, so that you are frequently slipping backward instead of going forward.

Being determined to persevere in my

attempt to find a road that would enable me to cross the brake, the next morning I shouldered my knapsack, and set out again in the direction I had taken two days previously when I made such a narrow escape from the lancers. Scout evidently seemed to think I was wandering about in a very aimless way, nevertheless he trotted along after me without asking any questions.

I traveled up the brake a mile or so beyond the point where I had turned back on the former occasion, examining closely every nook and bend for trails or roads. In this way I discovered one or two that had escaped my observation on my previous trip, but they “petered out” after going a short distance into the cane.

Finding no road or trail to answer my purpose, and night coming on, I encamped in some timber near the edge of the cane. A little after dark I heard a great many wild turkeys flying up to roost in the trees around my camp. The wolves howled incessantly, and once the sharp scream of a panther close by roused Scout from his slumber and he dashed off in the direction of the sound, but very soon came running back to camp with his tail between his legs. It was evident he wanted my “moral support;” but I declined hunting panthers in the night with a carving knife. I felt no fear of them, however, in camp, as I had a blazing fire, which I took especial care to keep well supplied with fuel. I have been told that in India tigers have been known to come up to camp-fires and seize upon persons sleeping near them. This may be true, but there is no wild beast (with the exception of the grizzly bear) on the North American continent that will venture so near a blazing fire—at least I have never heard of an instance of the kind during the many years I have lived on the frontiers.

At daylight I was aroused from my slumbers by the clucking and gobbling of turkeys. There must have been several hundred of them upon the trees within fifty yards of where I was lying. One fat old fellow was sitting upon a limb not more than thirty feet from me, strutting and gobbling in the most impudent way. It seemed to me he knew I was particularly fond of roast turkey, and that he was “cutting up his didoes”

for no other purpose than to tantalize me with the display of his goodly proportions. Even when I got up and walked towards him, he took no notice of me, until I threw a stick at him, when he uttered an exclamation something like "what!" and soared away to his feeding grounds.

After breakfast I continued my route along the edge of the brake. When I had gone about two miles, I noticed a house on the prairie near a small grove of timber, half a mile or so to my left, and I concluded to go out and examine the premises. The house was a small log cabin, surrounded by an enclosure containing perhaps a dozen or fifteen acres. It was poorly furnished and I saw nothing about the premises except some ducks and chickens.

As I did not know how long it might be before I should have a chance at "fried chicken" again, I determined to take toll of the poultry about this house. With the assistance of Scout I soon caught and killed two fat pullets and a duck, which I tied on the outside of my knapsack. I then took a plain road running near the house and nearly parallel with the brake, and when I had gone about a mile I met with an adventure that terminated in the most singular and unaccountable manner. The road at that point was about a quarter of a mile from the brake. How it happened I did not see them sooner, I cannot imagine, unless I had fallen into what the negroes call a "fit of the mazes," but at any rate I suddenly found myself nearly opposite to two Mexican soldiers who were seated on the grass about forty paces to the left of the road. One of them was armed with a musket and the other with a lance, similar to those I had seen used by Mexican cavalry. Near them a horse, saddled, was grazing, and one of the soldiers held the end of his lariat in his hand. I have since thought the horse must have been lying down until I came near them, as otherwise I would have seen him sooner. As I have stated it was a quarter of a mile at least to the nearest part of the brake, and the idea flashed across my mind that after all my narrow escapes I was certainly caught at last. Retreat to the brake I knew was impossible, as they could easily overtake me on the horse, and for a moment I

stood irresolute not knowing what course to pursue. But the very hopelessness of the case produced a feeling of recklessness as to consequences, and I leisurely continued my way along the road, at the same time trying to look unconcerned as possible and as if I didn't know (and didn't care) that a Mexican soldier was within five miles of me. All the while however, I was watching them closely. As I passed them, they made no movement except to turn their heads and gaze at me apparently in the utmost astonishment, which considering the figure I cut, just at that time, is not to be wondered at. There is not the slightest doubt that I presented a very singular and anomalous appearance. I was tanned by long exposure to sun and weather until I was nearly as dark as an Indian; my cap resembled a Turkish turban, the leather front having been long since carried away in some of its frequent encounters with green briars and other thorny shrubs; my hunting shirt was ragged and blackened with smoke, and my pantaloons, or what remained of them, were buttonless, and held up by a broad leather belt, from which a tin cup hung dangling on one side and two long carving knives on the other, and to complete this unique costume, my shoulders were surmounted by a portly knapsack, to which were tied the two pullets and the duck I had just killed. This "tout ensemble" of course accounts reasonably enough for the astonishment with which the soldiers gazed upon me as I passed, but still it does not satisfactorily explain their subsequent movements, especially as they could plainly see that with the exception of my two carving knives, I had no arms. However, they did not move until I had gone forty or fifty yards beyond them, when both suddenly rose to their feet and hastily mounted their horse, one behind the other. I of course supposed they intended to pursue me, but to my great wonder and astonishment as well as relief, they went off in the opposite direction, across the prairie, as fast as they could urge their horses on with whip and spur. The one mounted behind had a short whip called a "quirt," and as far as I could see them distinctly, his quirt was incessantly and vigorously applied to the flanks of their steed, and every now and

then I could see them looking back as if they expected me to follow them.

What they took me for I am at loss to imagine, but if they had taken me for Old Nick himself I would not have quarreled with them on that score, in consideration of the expeditious manner in which they had left the field—not staying even to say “adios.”

For fear, however, I might not prove to be such a terrible object to other struggling parties of Mexicans whom I might possibly meet with on this road, I left it, and did not halt until I came to the brake. There I stopped to rest a while, and hold a “council of war” with Scout, as to what was to be done next. Scout, although he expressed no opinion on the subject, I determined to set to work regularly and cut my way through the brake, if it took me a month to do it. It seemed very strange to me at the time, that settlers on Old Caney did not cut roads through it when they retreated before the Mexican army. But subsequently, when I mentioned the matter to one who lived on Caney when the settlers abandoned their homes there, he told me that all living on the south side had cut roads from their houses across the brake. This statement was confirmed to some extent by the fact that no one, unless closely searching for it as I was, would have suspected the existence of a road where I found one.

In pursuance of the course I had determined to follow, after resting a while, Scout and I started back to our old quarters, and about an hour before sunset I crossed the strip of cane and the bridge of logs over the bayou and entered the little prairie in which my domicile was situated. As I was proceeding leisurely towards the house, it occurred to me that it might be well to examine again the north side of the prairie bordering the main brake which heretofore I had only partially done. With this intention I left the path I was following, and when I had gone a few hundred yards I came to a trail leading towards the brake along which the marks of wagon wheels were dimly visible. This I followed until it led me into an indentation in the brake, which was so narrow and so well concealed by bushes and cane as to be barely perceptible at the distance of a few paces. Still following the traces

of wagon wheels, I came on the farther side of this nook to a newly cut road wide enough for the passage of a wagon and team.

As I walked along my attention was suddenly drawn to two large black objects in the road a short distance ahead of me. I stopped a moment to ascertain what they were, and as I did so, Scout gave a low growl and retreated behind me. By the dim light that struggled through the overlapping canes I at length discovered that these black objects were two large bears, standing perfectly still in the road, and apparently waiting for us to come up. For an instant I thought of retreating, but on reflection, as I had never heard of any one being attacked by black bears unless wounded, I screwed up my courage (nearly breaking the screw-driver in the attempt) and resolved to pass them if I could. There was no chance to go around them, for the cane was so thick on both sides of the road, I might almost as well have tried to penetrate a solid wall. So I drew up my longest carving knife, and boldly (apparently) advanced towards them. They stood perfectly still until I was within eight or ten feet of them, when they commenced growling, and looked large and ferocious, and so bent on disputing my right of way, I felt more than half inclined (as Scout had done already) “to tuck my tail” and beat a hasty retreat. But I knew it was too late to turn back, and that any show of timidity would embolden them to attack if they had not intended doing so. I therefore continued to advance, and my apparent boldness seemed to daunt them a little (if they had only known how badly I was scared I am sure they would have seized me) and when almost near enough to have touched them, one of them suddenly drew off to one side of the road and one to the other, and Scout and I passed between them. As we went between them, they showed their white teeth and growled so fiercely that every instant I expected they would rush upon us, but they did not, nor did they attempt to follow us. All the while Scout kept close at my heels with his tail between his legs—the first and last time I ever saw him completely cowed.

(Continued Next Month)

FRONTIER TIMES

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Almost five years ago the editor of Frontier Times came to Bandera. We had not been here long before we uncovered a wonderful lot of local history. We found many citizens who had been living here since the early fifties and sixties, men and women who helped develop the country. Within a very short time we set about to organize an Old Settlers' Association, and we are happy to say that our plans have progressed far beyond our expectations. On July 3rd and 4th the Bandera County Old Settlers held their third annual reunion, which was one of the most delightful affairs it was our good fortune to attend. Old men and women, who had not seen each other in thirty, forty and fifty years, were brought together and such a joyous gathering we cannot adequately describe. Some came from distant parts, some from other counties to participate in the reunion. Old time sports were arranged, an old fashioned spelling match from the old Blue Back Spelling book, an old fiddlers' contest, old time dancing, a men's beauty contest, horse-shoe pitching contest, bronco riding, roping, a gander-pullin', and other things that were usually to be found at barbecues forty years ago. And a pig barbecue dinner each day helped to make the occasion enjoyable. The reunion was held in a shady grove where plenty of rustic seats had been provided for the comfort of everybody. A large dance platform had been provided for the old folks and also one for the young folks, and the old folks danced the old dances, while the young folks looked on or danced the modern dances on the other platform. The old settlers of Bandera county were made younger by the reunion just held, and they will look forward to the next reunion in anticipation of another happy gathering. Every county in the state should have an Old Settlers' organization. It's worth while.

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

Tell Your Neighbor.

We want to enlist the aid of every old frontiersman and patriotic Teran in our efforts to make Frontier Times a success. We need you, friends. We have undertaken the task of establishing a little magazine for your special interest. As our circulation increases the expense of publication grows, and as we are depending solely on the income from subscriptions to meet the expense of production you can readily see that we must have the help of our friends. You can help us by getting your friends to subscribe and by promptly renewing your own subscription. Don't worry about our supply of material giving out. We have enough historical data in hand to keep Frontier Times going for many years, and we are getting more data all the time. You will never have another magazine just like Frontier Times, for many of the men and women who helped to make this kind of history have passed away, and others are following them daily. Twenty-five years ago we began collecting history for just this kind of a magazine, to be published some time in the future. That time has arrived, and you now have Frontier Times. Won't you help us to sustain it by renewing your subscription and tell all of your friends about the plain little magazine which is published at Bandera, Texas?

Frontier Times needs every subscriber that can be enrolled on its list. We are making the subscriptions pay the cost of production of this little magazine. We know we have a publication that is different from anything that is offered the reading public and we know its contents to be true history, just the kind every boy and girl in the state should read. If you will tell your friends about Frontier Times you will help us to get more subscribers. We have not solicited advertising because our circulation has not yet reached the point where we can demand an advertising rate that we hope to maintain. Owing to the drouth which has spread over the state our subscriptions have not been coming in as promptly as formerly and we have thus received a set-back, but we are not discouraged by any means, and we will continue to get the little magazine out on time. Tell your friends about it.

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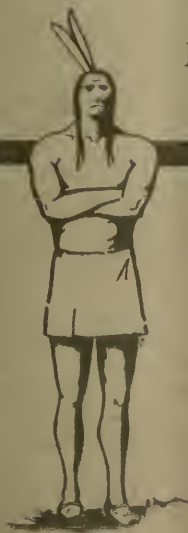
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FRONTIER TIMES

Frontier History, Border Tragedy,
Pioneer Achievement



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FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

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A Great Indian Raid in Young County

Written by John Warren Hunter, 1914.

For the following true and graphic account of the great Comanche raid down the valley of Elm Creek, near Ft. Belknap, Young county, in 1864, I am deeply indebted to my friend and neighbor, Mr. Walter F. Robinson, who resided in Ft. Belknap at the time of which I write, and who has a clear and vivid recollection of the stirring events which transpired during this early period of frontier history. At this writing, August, 1914, Mr. Robinson is a prominent citizen of San Angelo, where he has resided several years, and where he is known for all those high qualities that enter into the make-up of the model citizen and gentleman.

My father, Dr. W. H. Robinson, was an army surgeon and was stationed at old Ft. Belknap before, during and long after the Civil War. I was about nine years old when the great raid was made on Elm Creek settlement in 1864, and although a mere lad, I knew nearly or quite all the settlers who lived in that section of the country. My father did about all the practice, as there was no other physician in all that region, and I often accompanied him on his professional visits; the settlers frequently came to our house, and by this means I came to know nearly all who lived in Young county at that time.

A company of soldiers under Captain White was stationed at Belknap, but nearly all these were away scouting in different directions when the great raid was made, leaving only a few men for the protection of the post. A small detail from this company was guarding and grazing a bunch of the company's horses out on Boggy Creek, near Elm; the Indians attacked these men, whipped them, and got all their horses.

Elm Creek settlement was about 12 miles west of Ft. Belknap, and the first

news of the raid was brought into the post by a man by the name of Wooten—George Wooten—who reported that the Indians, 150 strong, were coming down Elm Creek, and killing and burning everything in sight. To all the old pioneers. Wooten was known as a man highly endowed with the gift of exaggeration, and his gruesome report served only to provoke a smile of incredulity until another report, substantiating Wooten's, came in. I shall always remember the ludicrous appearance Wooten presented when he dashed into the post. He lived alone on his place in the upper part of the valley, and when he discovered the Indians approaching his cabin he barely had time to seize his double-barrel shot gun and light out—afoot. A party of Indians left the main body and took in after him, and when they crowded him too close, he would stop, wheel around and throw his gun down on them, and at this they would fall back out of range of his gun. This was kept up until only two of the pursuers remained, and finally one of these, like the others, abandoned the chase and returned to the main body. The remaining Indian, more determined than the others, kept close at the heels of his fleeing enemy, who finally turned and cut down on him with his shot gun, literally riddling his carcass with buckshot. Without pausing to lift his scalp, Wooten mounted the fallen Indian's horse and rode the rest of the way into the post. When he came in almost breathless, he was nearly naked. In the race over the rocks and through the brush, he had lost his hat, shoes, pants,—everything except his shirt and drawers, and these were in strips and tatters.

A few miles out from Belknap was Fort Murray, which, in truth, was not a fort, but a rendezvous of comparative

safety in time of danger, — a point where the settlers could rally for mutual protection. From the top of a building in Fort Murray, and with the aid of a field glass, Franz Peveler saw the Indians coming down Elm valley, and hastily mounting his horse, made all speed to Bellnap to give the alarm and get help. He more than confirmed Wooten's report by saying that if there was one Indian, there were five hundred.

When the people at the post heard Peveler's story, they became greatly alarmed and began to prepare for a stout defense, as they expected an attack from this large body of Indians at any moment. In the post there was a large stone structure, erected by the government before the war for a commissary store, and in this building all the families about the post found refuge except old Bill Ratliff, who swore that he was not going to run, and that he would stay at home and defend his cabin or die in the attempt. Ratliff was an eccentric man, an old frontiersman, and had no sense of fear. When all had "forted up" in the rock building and began to count noses, it was found that there were not over twenty-five men to defend the place in case of an attack, but these were entirely confident of favorable results.

Doc Wilson lived at the extreme end of the settlement on the head of Elm Creek, and his place was the first to be attacked. When he discovered the Indians approaching in such large numbers, he rounded up his family and rushed them off to a dense thicket near by; then mounting a fleet horse that stood ready saddled he made all speed down the valley to warn the settlers of their danger. From house to house he sped, shouting "Indians! Indians! The Indians are coming; get in the brush!" He assisted the women and children who lived along his route to places of concealment and when this was accomplished he would break for the next ranch below. When he reached old George Bragg's house, a band of Indians had switched around and had attacked the place, and a brisk fight was in progress. Wilson knew that the main body was behind and almost at his heels, and with those in front, he found himself between two fires and quick decision was the

main requisite. He boldly charged those in his front, dashed through them and reached the house without a scratch.

In and around this house was witnessed the severest fighting during that great raid. The building was a common picket house surrounded by a picket fence, and besides Mrs. Bragg and children, there were present as defenders, the husband, George Bragg, old man Hamby, Thornt Hamby and Doc Wilson, the latter, as before stated, arriving after the fight opened, and Sol Bragg, a negro boy about 18 years old, and possibly one or two others.

Immediately after the arrival of Wilson, the Indians being re-inforced by the main body, closed in around the house and the battle became exceedingly furious. Mrs. Bragg, greatly against her will was made to seek shelter with her children under a bed, that they might escape the flying missiles sent through the cracks of the picket house. Old man Hamby, while "clearing the deck" for freer action, seized the spinning wheel and was in the act of throwing it out, seeing which Mrs. Bragg sprang from under the bed and gave him a piece of her mind. "Put that wheel down, and if you lay hands on it again, I'll make you think the Injuns have done got you! And look at them rolls; you've already just about ruind them!" This was the brave woman's warning to one of her defenders delivered while the arrows were flying thick and fast around her, but in those days the loss of the spinning wheel and the carded woolen rolls meant scant clothing if not entire nudity for the family. Above the storm of battle Mr. Hamby shouted back: "In the name of heaven, woman, get back under that bed; you may never have need of a spinning wheel again!" But she made him agree to leave that wheel alone before she consented to take her place under the bed.

The fight continued with savage fury, the Indians closing in around the house and shooting through every crack and cranny. A bullet struck Wilson squarely in the forehead and he fell dead. An arrow struck old man Bragg in the breast and he rolled over, as he believed, with a fatal wound. A large Indian, supposed to be the chief, seized a mattock that was lying in the yard and get-

ting close up under the wall set about to dig up the pickets. Thornt Hamby's attention was called to this big Indian's movement, and whose operations were confined to a point outside the wall, opposite and almost beneath the bed under which Mrs. Bragg and the children had taken refuge. Mr. Hamby mounted this bed, pushed his pistol through an opening between two pickets and with the muzzle within a few feet of the savage chief's head, pulled the trigger and the Indian fell a dead corpse. His braves made a rush to recover his body, but the determined and well directed fire from within drove them back with additional loss, and the battle of Bragg's ranch was at an end.

I have stated that old man Bragg was struck in the breast with an arrow and believed himself mortally wounded. The arrow sank deep into the flesh and after the fight the shaft was withdrawn with some difficulty by those present, leaving the spike imbedded somewhere in his body. Late that evening a runner came post haste to Belknap, calling my father, Dr. Robinson, to go out and administer to the wounded, but owing to the lateness of the hour and the danger of Indians along the route, he did not go until the following morning. Mr. Bragg was a very large, corpulent man and when father reached his bedside he found him in great distress of body and mind. The disconsolate patient knew the arrow had passed through his body. He could feel the spike pressing against his backbone. He was going to die—bound to die—unless that spike could be removed, and he did not believe he could survive the operation. Father called for the shaft that had been removed from the wound, and after some little search, the negro, Sol, came and said: "Heah am dat switch, doctah. Dis am de arrer dem Injines shot ole mastah wid." Father found it to be a dogwood switch, considerably curved, and this curve was sufficient for his experienced eye. A careful examination revealed the fact that on striking the breast bone the shaft had glanced, following the course of a rib to the back, where the spike was located just under the skin between the shoulder blades. Father ordered a blanket spread out upon the floor and on this he made the old

man lie flat on his face, and making an incision in flesh, he removed the spike in less time than it takes to tell. Those who were present indulged afterwards in a great deal of good humor and exaggeration while relating the particulars of this operation. They said a large man sat on Mr. Bragg's legs, another sat on his neck, while two other stalwarts held his hands and arms during the ordeal and that he cussed and swore with a force and volubility that was simply awful. Mr. Bragg recovered.

My attention has been called of recent years to a work on frontier life written by some one who, while giving what purported to be an account of this Elm Creek raid and the fight at Bragg's, says that the negro, Sol, was killed in that engagement. This is an error. Sol Bragg was not hurt in that battle, although he fought manfully with the others who were defending the house. Some years afterwards he was tried on a charge of murder, convicted and hanged at Fort Worth. I witnessed the execution—the first legal hanging ever had there.

I have forgotten whether it was before or after the fight at Bragg's that the Indians made an attack on Mose Johnson ranch these savages found only not, since it does not disturb the thread of this narrative. And it may be proper to say here that when this raid was made nearly all the men whose homes were on Elm Creek were on the range engaged in a general stock round-up and this accounts for the weak resistance offered the Indians. At the Mose Johnson ranch these savages found only the women and children at home. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, an elderly lady, her son, Joe, who was then about twelve years old, and two granddaughters, who were quite small, were made prisoners. The mother of these two little girls, Mrs. Durgan, refused to yield to the Indians, but fought them with the desperation of a tigress in defense of her young, and was killed and scalped. Negro Brit Johnson's wife and two or three children were carried away captives. A few days later, and while on the retreat, Joe Fitzpatrick became too ill to travel further and was murdered and scalped in the presence of his mother. Joe had been my classmate in school at Fort Belknap.

When, in his mad race down the valley warning the settlers of the approach of the Indians, Doc Wilson reached the Henry Williams place and gave the alarm, Mrs. Williams and some others whose names I do not recall, gathered their children about them and fled to a cavernous place of concealment under a bluff on the opposite side of the creek. With a child under each arm, Mrs. Williams led the way by the nearest route, not taking time to follow the trail that led to the bluff. Coming to the creek she leaped off the bluff several feet in height and alighting in water that reached to her armpits, she and her little group had barely time to enter the place of shelter before the Indians came up. Fearing that there were armed men in that cavern, and not daring to approach the entrance, the savages gathered on the shelving rocks overhead and with their limited vocabulary of bad English, surced those underneath and dared them to come out and fight like men. They remained but a short space, however, continuing their raid down the alley.

A remarkable feature that characterized these escapes on that memorable day was that not a child, large or small, in any of the families that found concealment from the Indians, made the least outcry, although in several instances sorely wounded with briars, thorns and contusions from contact with stones, and their feet torn and lacerated while fleeing to a place of safety. In the language of Mrs. Williams, "Not a child whimpered."

The last effort made by the Indians on this raid was against Fort Murray. Having received warning of their appearance in the valley, the people of this little stronghold had made preparations for a stout resistance. An ample supply of water had been carried in, wagons and other appliances had been requisitioned to strengthen their barricade, and when the Indians came up and noted the strength of the position, they withdrew without firing a gun. The writer before referred to says they killed and captured all that were in Fort Murray—another of his many errors.

A few days before this Indian raid old Uncle Henry Williams started with a load of grain and wool to Dr. Wood's mill, which was eight miles from Fort

Worth in Tarrant county. Five yoke of oxen drew this load in which all the neighbors around Belknap had an interest, more or less. In other words, Uncle Henry was going to mill for the whole settlement. At this mill a wool-carding machine was operated and as homespun clothing was the only raiment to be had in those days, except the skins of wild animals, this carding factory was a blessing to the people and was patronized from far and near.

When the Indians made this raid, they swept everything that came within their reach. In the houses and cabins they left nothing. Every rag of clothing was appropriated; beds and pillows were ripped open, their contents thrown to the winds, provisions destroyed or carried away, the livestock driven off or killed. In fact the savages left in the wake a scene of desolation and when they had retired from the valley the stricken families emerged from their hiding places and beheld their ruined homes, they could only look to their more fortunate friends and neighbors in Fort Belknap for food and shelter. In a brief time all these afflicted and destitute people were gathered in the post, finding shelter in the lowly cabins and sharing the homely crust with our people. In those days, however crowded the pioneer home with wayfaring guests, there was always room for one more, and the balm of a broad, open hospitality awaited the unfortunate.

Uncle Henry Williams' family found welcome shelter under my father's roof and while there was no great scarcity of food—for meat was plentiful—there was a woeful dearth of clothing. When these refugees, these women and children, fled from their homes and sought refuge in caves and thickets, they wore only their common, everyday raiment, which in nearly every instance was of the lightest material and limited to a very few garments, and this was all that was left them by the murderous Comanches. I shall always remember the antics staged by B. Williams, the young son of Uncle Henry Williams, when he recovered his shirt. The Indians had robbed their house, taking or destroying everything, and somewhere along the route after leaving the place they dropped B's shirt, which was found later and restored to its lawful owner. No boy of this genera-

tion could be more overjoyed over the acquisition of the finest tailor-made suit than was that poor frontier lad when he recovered his shirt—the only garment he had, and he was the only boy in the post that had a shirt.

In due time Uncle Henry Williams returned from the mill with his cargo of breadstuffs and woolen rolls, and his coming proved a godsend to his afflicted neighbors. Hand looms and spinning wheels were not numerous on the frontier in those days, and those found in the homes on Elm Creek had been broken and destroyed by the Indians in their raid, none escaping destruction save that of brave Mother Bragg, but there were a few looms and spinning wheels in and around the post, and the women of that day and time knew how to operate them. To know how to card, spin, weave and sew was the most important part of a girl's education, and the boys in the family, where there were more brothers than sisters, were very often trained in these useful arts. There were no markets; the people had no money, therefore, they had to make their own clothes, or go without raiment.

When Uncle Henry arrived with those great sacks of woolen rolls every loom and spinning wheel in Belknap was set in motion and kept going day and night for weeks. Not for one moment were they allowed to remain idle, Sundays not excepted. The women organized and relays were so arranged that while some slept others took their places, and at all hours the whirr of the spinning wheel and the slam-slam of the old-fashioned handloom made musical accompaniment to the homely songs of these hardy frontier women, since sing they would, however perilous their environments. Even the boys were assigned their tasks and had to faithfully perform their duties. There was work for all and no one was allowed to shirk. Besides the spinning of the woolen rolls, there were the "reel" and the "winding blades," the winding of the warp on the ponderous loom beam, the slow and tedious task of passing the same warp through the sley, and a hundred other items of labor that boys and girls could perform. All these particulars are familiar to the pioneer mothers who yet survive to tell their grandchildren of the toils and hard-

ships endured by these heroic people while laying the foundation of an empire state. And in connection herewith I want to say that no electric bulb, no ornate glass lamp, lit up those rude cabins at night while busy hands plied wheel and loom. A small vessel—a saucer, a dinner plate, oftimes an earthen cup rudely fashioned from common clay—formed a "grease lamp." This receptacle was supplied with lard or tallow and a wick, usually the twisted strip of an old cotton rag, immersed in the grease and one end lighted, and by this rude, flickering light those brave Belknap women toiled at their looms and wheels through the long nights while husbands and fathers made their silent rounds on the outskirts of the post. And when the web was removed from the loom, it was spread upon the table or the floor, and oftimes on the bare ground; the garment without pattern or tape measure, was "cut out"—a pair of pants for father, a jacket for "Bill," a dress for mother, or a skirt for "Jane." Those most needy were served first—the great puzzle being which of the family was in greatest need—and when the pattern came from the scissors deft and willing fingers plied the needle and a few hours later some one was made to rejoice in the ownership of a new garment. Shoes? The men dressed deer hides and made moccasins.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, the lady captured by the Indians during this raid, had been afflicted with epilepsy—or as commonly stated in those days, she "had fits." My father often treated her, but with little effect, and he came to regard her case as being incurable. While in captivity, and during a season of extremely cold weather, Mrs. Fitzpatrick "had a fit." The Indians rolled her in the snow until life was nearly extinct, after which they forced her to swallow copious draughts of a most villainous concoction which the squaws and their medicine men had brewed from roots and herbs. She was next swathed in blankets and buffalo robes where, as she afterwards said, she thought she would "sweat to death." She was afterwards rescued, returned to her people and lived for many years. She never had another attack of epilepsy—the Indians had cured her.

I do not remember the number of settlers killed in this raid, but the list was quite lengthy and the loss of these citizens and the destruction wrought in the homes of settlers on Elm Creek so impoverished the people that it required several years' effort to recover from the effects of the raid. These depredations continued several years after the war between the States and many a brave frontiersman lost his life at the hands of those prowling savages. I remember well the murder of State Cox by the Indians. I saw his remains brought into Belknap and attended his funeral. Mr. Cox, Frank and Perry Harrison and Bill Peveler were some ten or twelve miles below Belknap on a cow-hunt near Flat Springs. A large party of Indians saw them approaching and lay in wait in the brush for their coming. While yet in the prairie, the boys discovered the Indians and the latter finding their presence was known, raised a yell and charged. The boys dismounted and put up a stout fight, but finding themselves almost surrounded and so largely outnumbered, and after having killed several of the enemy, they remounted and fled. In his haste to remount and under the excitement of the moment, Cox failed to take up his lariat and as a consequence his rope was allowed to drag as he ran. An Indian sped alongside, reached down and seized the rope, thus bringing the horse to a standstill, and Cox was killed. Peveler and the Harrison boys being well mounted made their escape. As Peveler was in the act of mounting to get away, an arrow pierced the back of his neck, and penetrated his throat to the extent that he could not swallow. When he reached home father was called in, and a brief diagnosis revealed the fact that the arrow head, or spike, when the shaft was withdrawn, had remained partially imbedded in the neck bone, the rear or larger end of the missile pressing against the esophagus. Father had no forceps with him at the time with which to extract the spike, but there was a small forge and a few blacksmith's tools on the ranch; an unskilled worker in iron chanced to be present and father stood by and showed his smithy how to make a pair of pincers. The instrument was rudely fashioned, but it answered the purpose for which it was intended,

and the spike was removed. Later blood poisoning set up and the patient died. I yet have that pair of forceps which I treasure highly as a memento of my venerated father and his practice under so many difficulties during those early times on the frontier.

I cannot close this narrative without offering a brief sketch of Brit Johnson, one of the bravest and most remarkable negroes ever known on the border. I knew Brit quite well and have often heard him recount many of his adventures on the frontier. He was not a coal black, but more of a copper color, tall, lithe, active and possessed of wonderful powers of endurance and physical strength. In deportment, he was humble and respectful to his superiors and was never given to boasting, even after he had won local renown as a scout, trailer and Indian fighter. He was owned by Mose Johnson, who reposed the utmost confidence in his loyalty and honesty; in fact, Brit was only a slave in name and such was the humane master's affection for his slave that he permitted Brit and his wife to own property in their own name and when the brave negro gave up his life fighting for home and country, he owned a nice little ranch and a very good stock of cattle and horses. Brit was a resourceful negro, and when he and his master returned from the roundup after the Elm Creek raid and found the ranch desolate and their families butchered or carried away into hopeless captivity, Brit began to lay plans for the rescue of those who had been carried off. In earlier days he had spent much time around and in the Indian reservation on the upper Brazos before the Indians had been removed to the Indian territory, knew many of the Comanche warriors and chiefs and had learned sufficient of their dialect to enable him to converse with them on ordinary topics. Now his plan was to first locate the captives and then rescue them at any hazard. He knew the Indian's greed for horses, and if he could ascertain the location of the particular band that held his family and friends, he could probably ransom them with horses, and although horses were comparatively scarce around Belknap since the raid, yet, he was satisfied that ranchmen in other sections would con-

tribute liberally of their stock. It was the custom and the spirit of the times.

The following spring Brit set out to locate his people. He visited every fort in the Indian Territory without avail. He counseled with Indian agents, interviewed traders and made inquiry among the Indians, but all in vain. He returned weary, disappointed, but not discouraged. In the early fall, 1865, he started out again, mounted on a fine black horse.

He led a pack horse and carried a small stock of beads, small hand mirrors, brass jewelry and other gewgaws to catch the Indian fancy. Alone he set forth to explore the then almost unknown regions of the Panhandle and Northeastern New Mexico. Far out on the Canadian he discovered a trail that led to an Indian encampment at a large spring. Brit boldly entered this encampment rigged out in feathers and fantastic costume, proclaimed himself as being a great chief, and setting forth that he had been to see the great white chief at Austin, where he exchanged white captives for money and goods and that he was in search of other captives that might be held by other tribes in order that he might buy them and sell them at a good price to the white people. Those Indians received him as became the station of a friendly chief, but could give him no information as to captives being held by other tribes. However they told him of the location of a large Comanche village several days' travel towards the northwest, and thither he determined to go. On leave-taking he distributed a few trinkets among his new friends, who proved to be a band of Mes-calero Apaches, and set out alone for the Comanche village. When within a day's journey of this village, from a high peak, he discovered three Indians in the valley below. These had already discovered him, and when he approached them he found that they were Comanches and one of them recognized him, having known him while the Comanches were on the reservation at Belknap before the war. After this recognition, Brit found it necessary to change his tactics. He could no longer play the role of a mighty chief. He told these three Indians candidly his business—that he was searching for his wife and children, and that he was tired of the

society of the arrogant white man and wanted to join the Comanches and become a member of their tribe. He was taken to the village, where he was kindly received. His stock of trinkets aided him wonderfully in disarming suspicion, his wife and children were brought in and restored to him, and he was adopted into the tribe. He remained with this band until late in the following summer, during which time he succeeded in winning their confidence and ingratiating himself as a warrior who was worthy of implicit reliance. The hunting season arrived and the tribe scattered in small bands for the annual fall hunt. Brit was allowed to accompany one of these bands, taking his family and one of the captive girls—Miss Durgan—with the party. Fortunately for Brit, this band went south-east and established their camp in the Tule Canyon not a great distance from where the town of Tulia, Swisher county, now stands. Brit was on the alert. He knew that Fort Belknap could be reached in a few days' travel and after carefully laying his plans he stole forth one night with his family and Miss Durgan, mounted them on swift horses—the fleetest of the herd—and finally reached home. He told us afterwards that he had no regrets on leaving the Indians but he did hate to have to hamstring all their best horses the night he left.

The Indians treasured in memory what they regarded as a piece of base, malignant treachery on the part of Brit. In January, 1871, he was surrounded on an open prairie by a large force of Comanches and killed. There are conflicting reports touching the tragic end of this heroic negro. One version—and probably as reliable as any other—is to the effect that while returning from Weatherford with the wagons loaded with supplies Brit and two other colored men camped on Salt Creek. Another wagon train was camped about a mile west of them on the same road they were traveling. Early next morning this train was attacked by a large party of Indians, and the teamsters fled and sought shelter in the brush, and from their places of concealment witnessed the attack on Brit's wagon. The two men who accompanied Brit were killed at the first on-set, but it was some time

before Brit went down, and not until he had killed a large number of the enemy. It is said that he killed his horse, made a breastwork of his body and fought to the last. One hundred and seventy empty cartridge shells were found where his mutilated body lay beside that of his intelligent and faithful horse. The remains of Brit and his two companions were buried on the roadside near where they fell.

The Elm Creek raid occurred October 13, 1864, and according to the best authorities there were killed Doe (T. J.) Wilson, Joel Meyers, James McCoy and

Brit's son—Jim—and five others whose names I have forgotten. To this number may be added Joe Fitzpatrick, who was murdered after having been captured. I would add that it was through Brit's untiring efforts that Mrs. Fitzpatrick and two captive children that had been stolen by Indians in Wise county were ransomed and restored to their people. The ransom for these three was paid in horses contributed by ranchmen, and I should further state that these captives were found and released before Brit made his last trip in search of his family.

A Drink of Mexican Brandy

Cattle Clatter, in San Antonio Express, June 29, 1825

Contrary to the conceptions of the North and East, there are any plenty of cowboys that never drink liquor to excess. The pioneer is not always a man that "takes it red" and lots of it. In the old days there was many a time when a pair of hightop boots and leather "chaps" that swaggered into a saloon, and swaggered out entirely sober. All of which leads up to a story told by Amasa Clark of Bandera about a drink of brandy he took into his system once upon a time. Now, Amasa Clark, who on yesterday lacked just 62 days of being 100 years old and celebrated the day by attending the Pioneer Freighters' reunion in San Pedro Park, was in the City of Mexico at this particular time, doing duty as a private in the army of Gen. Scott, more than 75 years ago. Amasa said yesterday that he had taken several small nips of liquor—this was after the American army took the City of Mexico—and had not yet experienced any real thrill from it, speaking of the certain drink he had in mind. This time he took a real big snort of brandy, a real snort, heaping up the glass, as it were, just wondering, as a lad may, as to what it feels like to take on a small jag. Within a few seconds after taking the drink, and he was crossing the street, he felt a shudder run through his frame. "Ah ha," he said to himself, "I'm getting a kick out of this one!" Then another violent tremor ran through him, enough to frighten

him. He'd never heard anybody describe such symptoms as that! The whole world seemed to tremble next, and it occurred to him that he must have got some awfully, awfully strong brandy! He would just run on across the street, a matter of 10 or 15 more feet, and up the steps to the quarters and get in touch with other specimens of humanity. Somehow or other he felt like he wanted to be around people. As he got inside the building he felt another terrific outburst, and there and then made up his mind that brandy was a dangerous enemy of mankind! Then he became aware of several people running out of the building and into the street. He followed in a panic, and swearing off brandy and other strong liquors, as he went. Once in the street he found plenty of company, and as he looked up and down the street, he saw scores of people, all apparently with one mind, that of getting into the middle of the street. The brandy (?) took another swipe at him and he wheeled around and around, and made some headway at rising into the air part of the time! Then it all ceased, the people went their respective ways, and all was serene, save that he heard one person remark to another, "These earthquakes sure make you feel funny!" Mr. Clark says there isn't any moral to the story, only that he never has from that day to this had very much confidence in liquor.

Capt. Moore's Rangers on the Scout

J. A. Gibbens, 810 Lewis Street, San Antonio, Texas.

In the early 70's while Captain Moore's company of rangers were camped on Bear Creek, twenty miles from Junction City on the Fort McKavett road, a runner came and notified us of the killing of Mr. Kountz and two girls in the edge of the town of Junction. The messenger arrived at our camp about 11 o'clock at night, and Captain Moore immediately detailed twenty-five men to go with him on the trail. I was one of the number. It was a cold, cloudy night, but Texas rangers never stood back on account of the weather. We reached Junction City at daybreak the next morning, found the trail of the Indians, and followed it some distance, when it seemed to get dim. Captain Moore selected Talt Lane, Mart Fannin and Jerry Roberts as trailers, and we pushed on as fast as possible. We followed the Indians from Monday morning until Thursday morning before we could find sufficient sign to enable us to make any headway towards overtaking them. While we were standing still resiting our horses for a few minutes we saw Mart (Bud) Fannin throw up his hat and motion us to come on. When the command came up to him we found a dead horse which the Indians had killed for food. From there on the trail was not difficult to follow, and it led us to a high mountain ridge and down into a canyon. In this canyon we found a fire on which some meat was roasting. This meat looked very tempting to our party of hungry rangers, our rations being hard tack, bacon and black coffee twice daily, but Captain Moore decided it was "bait" put by the Indians purposely for us, and cautioned us to leave it alone, which we did. A pool of water was close by on which ice was two inches thick, and in places this ice was broken, showing that the redskins had but recently replenished their water supply. From there on the trail could be followed more rapidly for about two miles. We left this canyon which was one of the draws of Little Devil's River, which emptied into the Llano river. We reached a ridge which was so rough our trailers could not pick up the trail. The grass being about

twelve inches high made it difficult for them to find it readily. From where we found the "barbecued" meat the trail took a different course and we were sure the Indians' spies were watching us as we hurried along, and we were satisfied they were bent on making their getaway, and they succeeded in doing so. After getting out of the rough region the Indians pulled for the head of Johnson Fork of the Guadalupe River. We were not very far behind them, and the excitement increased. When we topped the first ridge we came upon a poor horse standing with his throat lanced and bleeding to death. We pushed forward as fast as our pack animals could travel, and the next ridge brought us to another poor horse dead on the trail. By this time our pack mules were tired and Captain Moore would have to stop and wait for them to catch up. Corporal Holland suggested that four men be left with him to bring the pack animals on while the rest of the command rush on after the Indians, but Captain Moore did not think it a wise policy, and therefore those pack animals kept us from overtaking and chastising those bloodthirsty red devils. We could easily trail them by the dead animals they left behind. From 4 o'clock Thursday evening until dark we passed fourteen horses on the trail, and the first one we came to was the only one we found alive. We were so close to the Indians at times that when we came up to a dead horse we would find the sweat had not dried on him. We ran them as long as we could see and camped that Thursday night. We were in the saddle again very early the next morning, but we had missed our opportunity the evening before. The Indians got into the cedar brakes and got away. On Sunday morning, just one week from the time we started, Captain Moore turned the command back towards Junction City, where we arrived a sadly disappointed crowd of rangers.

I was present at Junction City when the first term of court was held there, and remember quite well how Judge

Blackburn opened court under a great oak tree. What a time we had!

The Texas ranger's life was not all peaches and cream, for most of the time our fare was course, just hard tack, bacon and black coffee, and with hard riding and scouting in all kinds of weather, sleeping on the ground when we slept at all, battling with the savage

red man and outlaws of white color, we performed our duty well. Only a few of the old Texas rangers remain, of the Old Guard, and I hope they are spending their twilight in comfort and luxury for they deserve to enjoy some comfort as a reward for the services they performed in the making of our grand old Texas.

Eighty Years in Texas

Dallas Times-Herald.

Here is a pioneer Texas woman who is very much opposed to the present-day customs of her sex. She is Mrs. Mary Morton Bumpas (Aunt "Mort") 88 years old, of 902 Peach street, Fort Worth.

"The women don't have enough to do these days; that is the only thing that is the matter with them," she says. "And do you know, the young girls actually ask boys to take them places and buy things for them. I like these times, but if I had to live over again I would prefer those good old happy times of my girlhood."

"Children minded better those days, but they are spoiled now. And there was not as many bad men and women."

Born in 1837 in Kentucky, Mrs. Bumpas came to Dallas with her parents when a small child in 1845. Soon after their arrival in this city her father bought a tract of land from Captain Gilbert, now known as Kessler park. At the time of their arrival here the only house on the Trinity river here was John Neely Bryan's cabin.

Mrs. Bumpas relates an interesting account of her trip to Texas.

"My father decided to take land in Peter's colony, and we left home in Kentucky more than eighty-two years ago. We lived in Nelson county, Kentucky, and had to go in wagons to Louisville. There we ferried across the river, taking a boat from the other side and going to New Orleans. After arriving in that city we came back up the Red river to Coffey's bend, then went in wagons to Clarksville."

"We had to stay in Clarksville more than two years because the Indians were so bad. The rangers had to come

from Clarksville and drive them back to the nation. I remember the night before they left, the people gave them a big supper and dance at the Masonic hall."

"After the Indians were driven out, my father, William Coombes, with his family, old Grandma Leonard, Uncle Jack Coe, the Dooleys and the Wrights, all came at the same time. We traveled in oxcarts. My father had two, a big wagon drawn by two ox teams and a little cart drawn by one team.

"When we arrived at the east fork of the river, one of the hardest rainstorms that I ever witnessed started. It rained all afternoon. The rest of the folks crossed the river that afternoon, but we stopped on the other side. The next morning the river had risen out of its banks so that we could not ford it and were compelled to camp there a week before renewing the journey."

"While we were camping there my brother, Green Coombes, killed a bear. We had to unload the little oxcart to haul the bear to camp. Green was so excited that he threw things in every direction. When we arrived at Dallas there wasn't any town—only the cabin of John Neely Bryan."

"We crossed the river there on a raft made of logs pinned together with wooden pins, and went on to what is now West Dallas. My father bought a claim from Captain Gilbert; the land now is called Kessler park. There was a great big house on it. It was eighteen or twenty feet square, built of cedar poles with a clapboard roof."

"I do not like to ride behind oxen. Give me the horse team every time. Oxen have no lines to drive them with and

when they take a notion they run away. One of the teams in our wagon train ran away, overturned the wagon, and killed a little Dooky child."

"But we had to use oxen. The Indians would not let us keep horses. They stole horses as fast as we would get them. The wolves would carry off our pigs. The only way that we could save them was to lock them in a shed every night. You could hear the wolves howling all night. There was all kinds of game in the vicinity of Dallas then including buffalo, deer, bear, panthers, bob cats, wolves and many other animals.

"Wid' plums, peaches and lots of grapes were plentiful. I used to eat winter grapes for cuds. My mother was a doctor. She studied medicine, and brought all her herbs with her. Whenever anyone of the troop became ill she was always summoned.

"When we first arrived here, the Cherokee Indians came down our way every year in their summer hunt. They had gotten their hides and dried meat for winter when the Comanche Indians came in and took it away from them and stole their horses. My father took an oxcart and moved their things to our house, and gave them food until the men could go back to the nation and bring more horses.

"The Indians never forgot their kindness we gave them. Each year they would camp by our place, giving us enough dried meat for the winter. If the Comanche Indians bothered us they would help us drive them away. I used to watch the squaws at work with their papooses strapped to their backs.

"Folks in those days were real friends. During the Civil war I had a spell of typhoid-pneumonia, and old man McAdams and his wife took me and my three children to their home and cared for us. He hired the threshers and fed them on my place, and never charged me a cent. That's the way everyone did."

BIGFOOT WALLACE, ROMANTIC FIGURE IN EARLY TEXAS.

Visitors in Austin give but a passing glance to a mound in the State cemetery where rests "Big Foot" Wallace, one of the most romantic figures in the history of Texas, whose exploits have

furnished many interesting chapters.

Wallace, whose real surname seems lost in antiquity, got his sobriquet in a curious way. Unofficial history attributes the story to "Seco" Smith, now a resident of Bandera County near Medina. "Seco" was so named to distinguish him from other Smiths, "Hondo" and "Frio," who each lived on a river in the Bandera county region. "Seco" claims he was told the tale by one, Colonel Duran, then a member of Jack Hays's company of rangers.

From this account it appears that when the company was encamped at San Pedro Springs in 1845, Hays gave Wallace and about a dozen other of his men permission to take a short vacation on the Guadalupe river near New Braunfels, where the men planned to hunt and scout for a brief period. The men were hardy pioneers and had been engaged in fighting the Indians, and the story goes, relaxed vigilance.

One night the Indians came and drove off the horses while the rangers slept. They were forty miles from San Antonio with all their camp equipment and saddles and no way to transport their paraphernalia. Finally they built a raft of logs, loaded their equipment, and started down the river. Wallace and a companion steered the raft while the others walked along the bank of the stream. While floating through a swift channel, the raft was upset and all the freight lost, including Wallace's shoes. Wallace and his companion swam to shore and joined the others.

Wallace tramped until his feet were sore and then his friends took turns in carrying him. Finally they ran onto a bunch of wild cattle and shot a steer. With the hide they fashioned rude moccasins for Wallace, who was able to get along very well until the party reached New Braunfels, a German community. The Germans eyed Wallace's foot coverings with interest and called him "gross fos," which translated means "big foot." This appellation was adopted by his companions and thus became inseparably linked with his name.

Wallace once owned a grant of land in Bandera county near Medina. Wallace Creek was named for him, as was the town of Big Foot in Frio county.

The Quaint Old Town of Castroville

Samuel E. Gideon, Associate Professor of Architecture, University of Texas.

It is most fitting, at this time, to do honor to the memory of Henri de Castro, the founder of the town of Castroville, a little French town in Medina County, on the banks of the Medina River, about twenty miles from San Antonio. The town is reached by stage, and when I announced to the driver that Castroville was my destination and that I desired to ride with him on his return trip, he, and the other occupants of the stage, expressed their great concern over my having to spend the entire day in such a desolate place. This, unfortunately, is the attitude of most people who drive frantically through the picturesque town with San Antonio, or Uvalde, as objectives.

To the shame of Castroville, she does not even know she is eighty years old. There are none of the original settlers left, and the older people whom I interviewed were so at variance with historical dates and facts that I had to resort to the State's Archive for most of my information.

Henri de Castro, an intellectual and cultured Frenchman, made a contract with President Houston, January 15, 1842, for the settling of a colony to be located west of the Medina River, the eastern boundary being four miles west of the river which would cut the colony off from that beautiful stream, but Castro purchased the river bordered land from private parties, and it, thereby, became the eastern boundary. The contract was to continue for five years, and at the same time President Houston appointed Castro Texan Consul General to France.

Castro was beset with obstacles from the very outset. On the occasion of a hurried visit to France—even though he did great service in aiding General James Hamilton, the Texan Minister, in making the cause of Texas popular in France—the French Government discouraged his Texas colonization scheme because she was making great efforts toward colonization in her Algerian territory. Nevertheless, on November 13, 1842, he sent the ship Ebro from the

Port of Havre with 113 emigrants bound for Texas.

In 1842 and 1843, Castro chartered at his own expense, seven different ships, bringing over 700 immigrants. Christmas, 1844, he was granted an extension of three years to his original five-year contract. All told he used thirty-seven ships to transport 5,000 immigrants, mostly from the Rhenish provinces, among whom were farmers and fruit growers, all hard-working, peace-loving people.

On September 3, 1844, the first band of immigrants arrived on the present site and by unanimous acclamation named it Castroville. The intrepid Castro deserves much credit for his venture. It was a bold step and far more hazardous than earlier colonists experienced, since the Indians, once peaceful, now knew the use of firearms and the little settlement was exposed on all sides to not only the hostilities of the savages but to the depredations of bandit and guerilla Mexicans over a wide territory. In one immigrant train a wagon was burned, the American driver killed several Indians, but a French youth of 19 was decapitated and his head nailed to a tree. The wagon contained much gold and silver, the latter was found melted but the gold was only discolored.

Shortly after the organization of the colony, Mr. Castro was compelled to pay a visit to France. On 1844, the assembled heads of fifty-three families listened to his farewell address and presented him with the following memorial: "We take pleasure in acknowledging that since the first of September—the date which we signed the process verbal of taking possession—you have treated us like a liberal and kind father—Our best wishes accompany you on your voyage and we take this occasion to express to you our ardent desire to see you return soon among us, to continue to us your paternal protection." The memorial was signed by Leopold Mentrrier, J. H. Burgeois, Jean Baptiste Lecompte, Joseph Weber, Michael Simon and forty-eight others.

The first church built in Castroville

still stands in the convent yard of the oblate fathers. John M. Odin, the first Catholic bishop of Texas, with Col. John C. Hays, Col. George T. Howard, John James, the surveyor, and others, visited Castroville, welcomed the new settlers, and Bishop Odin laid and blessed the corner stone of the church, showing the character of these Christian immigrants. It is worthy of note that they erected their substantial house of God before they built their individual shelters for their families.

The first house erected was a community house over eighty feet, in length and built of huge pickets. In the absence of nails and leather thongs, the roof timbers were tied together with Spanish dagger blades and the roof coverings was thatch.

I talked to the oldest people in the town, all of whom were about 80 years old, though you would not think it from their looks, their hearing, their speech (they all speak excellent English,) their alertness and activity, all of which would indicate people much younger.

There is a certain definable something about them unlike their more stolid Teuton neighboring settlers. When I entered the general store, which, by the way, is the modern community center (the old community house is long destroyed) I recognized something familiar in the strange language—some of the words were German, the intonation was not unlike that of the peasants on the borderland between Italy and Switzerland, and upon inquiry, I was told it was the spoken language, "Alsatian," though Spanish, French, German and English are also spoken. The population now is largely Alsatian with a mixture of German, Irish and Mexican. The French, who originally came, sold out their town places to incoming Alsations and moved to the country. Names on monuments in the old cemetery, of which I shall have more to say farther on, bear evidence of the town's French origin, to-wit, such names as Dubuis, Oliver, Bourquin, Monier, Geant, Haby, Christilles, Tondre, Pingenet, Merian, Simon, Gully, Droitecourt, Lamon, Tardieu, Tarde (which is a corruption of the former.) Bendele and many others.

Mme. Wernette died recently at the ripe old age of 88. Mrs. Golaff, was the

first white baby born in Castroville. She is near 80, but still quite active. She told me that her father, Michael Simon, came over with the first colony of eight immigrant families from France. I found Eugene Halbardier extremely interesting—his parents came with Castro in the first group of settlers and he was born April 1, 1848.

He told me about the "community house" in "September square," so called in honor of the founding day. The community house now is only a memory, but the weed-covered "square" is flanked on four sides by substantial buildings, the reminders of better days. He told me of the hardships of the settlers—how they walked to San Antonio for provisions. He told me also that the reasons for the town's backwardness and decreasing population were due to the suspicious of the residents concerning innovations. Fleeced by prospectors, unscrupulous lawyers and unsatisfactory transactions with prospective railroads, they were always on the lookout for a crooked deal. On one occasion he gave a contemplated right of way, twelve days of hard labor for which he, like many others, received no pay, and the railroad went seven miles to the south. Halbardier and his wife were blessed with ten children, seven boys and three girls, all living except Mme. Halbardier, who passed away several weeks ago. A short while before that the couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

The population is largely Catholic, the adherents of that faith being mostly in the town while the Protestants are mostly to the south on farms. The convent Lady of the Lake of San Antonio was formerly in Castroville and the Oblate Fathers, formerly of San Antonio now have their training school for young priests in Castroville.

The convent occupies a large area with many splendid buildings on it. The first church built by the first settlers, mentioned previously, stands in this convent yard.

Mrs. FitzSimon now lives in one of the few two-storied structures in Castroville. It is a spacious old-time building, with stair hall in the center and with detached kitchen to the right. The kitchen has a huge Dutch oven with open-

ings now, unfortunately, walled up. The place was formerly Hotel Tardien. Dr. FitzSimon, now deceased, was a physician, a big-hearted philanthropic Irishman, and his hospitable wife and sons turned the doctor's files over to me, which, among other interesting documents, showed the request of an old resident, James Paul, concerning the erection of a vault over his own grave and that of a Dr. Hoffman in the yard of his home.

Calvary Hill, so called on account of the crucifix surmounting it, stands guard over the peaceful town below, and over the three cemeteries which sleep at its very feet. First Mexican, then the Catholic and lastly the Protestant. Of these the Catholic is the most interesting, for many of the monuments are splendid examples, beautifully carved in limestone rock, some of them not much unlike the famous Celtic Cross in design and delicacy. One small sculptured slab, in high relief, depicts Christ bearing the crucifix. If it is not a medieval fragment, then certainly it resembles that period of sculpture. The slabs over the graves of Madam Castro and her daughter-in-law are simple, but dignified though neglected. That over the latter is badly broken, which must have been done by vandalism or the thrust of a young tree trying to push its branches up through the cracks in the stone.

Castro's son, Lorenzo Castro, a most gifted man, lived in San Antonio. Henri de Castro, the founder, upon the occasion of a contemplated visit to his native France, traveled by way of Monterey, Mexico, where he was stricken and died, and was buried at the foot of the Sierra Madre.

John Henry Brown in his history of Texas says: "In this enterprise Henri de Castro expended of his personal

means more than \$15,000. He fed his colonists for a year, furnished them milk cows, farming implements, seeds, medicines and whatever they needed. He was a father, dispensing blessings hitherto unknown in the colonization of Texas. He was a learned, wise and humane man, unappreciated by many, because he was modest and in nowise self-assertive and his tastes were literary. He was a devoted friend of President Lamar, Houston and Jones, all of whom did all in their power to advance his great and patriotic idea of planting permanent civilization in Southwest Texas. He was a devout believer in the capacity of intelligent men for self-governments of Europe. He believed, with Jefferson, in the God-given right of every association of men whether in commonwealth, Nation, or Empire, to select their own officers, and, by chosen representatives, to make their own laws. Hence he was, in every sense, a valuable accession to the infant Republic of Texas."

Again Brown says of Castroville: "It was an achievement entitling the name of Henri de Castro to be enrolled among the most prominent pioneers of civilization in modern times. Yet the youth of today, joyously and peacefully galloping over the beautiful hills and valleys he rescued from savagery, are largely ignorant of his great success."

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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The Passing of a Sturdy Path Blazer

The recent death of William E. Cureton of Bosque County, the father of Chief Justice C. M. Cureton of the Texas Supreme Court, brought to a close the life of one of the pioneers of the Southwest.

It was the sturdy character of such

pioneers which has made civilization from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. Cureton was born in Franklin County, Arkansas, in 1818 and came to Texas in 1851 with his father, Capt. Jack Cureton.

His life was a part of the epic of the

West. He ranched in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada and California; lived a life filled with hardships, adventure and romance. He remembered the first appearance of stamped envelopes and sulphur matches in his part of the West, in 1852 and 1853; visited Yosemite Falls before there was a vehicle road to it; rode on the first railroad in Southern California, a little narrow gauge that ran from the seashore at Wilmington to Los Angeles. He was with General Crook in the Indian wars of Arizona.

His ranching experience was extensive, and much of it on the open ranges of the West. At one time he was a director of the American Livestock Association, and at the time of his death was a vice president of the Old Trail Drivers' Association. He contributed some articles to the historical volumes published by Col. George W. Saunders, the president of the association, and participated in the ceremonies at the unveiling of the beautiful equestrian statue of the "Cowboy" on the capitol grounds at Austin.

In 1854, Cureton's father, with family moved to what afterwards became Palo Pinto County, Texas, crossing Red River at old Preston, the head of early navigation on that stream, a few miles west of where Denison now stands.

In going westward to their destination he wrote in his unfinished memoirs:

"We were bound westward for the extreme frontier. We passed a little village on the Trinity named Dallas."

He also makes mention of Fort Worth and then says:

"There was a fine spring of water in the very upper edge of the Cross Timbers, where there is quite a town now, called Weatherford."

The family settled on Keechi Creek, then Milam district, now Palo Pinto County, where they built the first houses in that part of the country. Speaking with reference to the Indians at that early day, Cureton writes:

"In about 1857 Indian tribes, not liking the pale faces' encroachment on his hunting grounds and destroying his sources of living, would steal the settlers' horses and mules and carry them away, and use or sell to the Mexicans or to the other Indians of the north and west. This caused the settlers to form ranger companies, and follow the trails, and

when overtaking them, neither side took any prisoners—it was a fight to the death."

Cureton tells of one of the first, if not the first school in Palo Pinto County section. He says:

"Late in 1855 or early in 1856, my grandfather, William Cureton, Uncle Oliver Loving, the Willits and others, settled a little north of the present site of Mineral Wells, and joined the Keechi neighborhood in the interest of a school.

"They dug a trench about 24 inches deep around a plot of ground about 14 by 16 feet square, leaving a space for doors, and set post oak poles in the trench-like square, building a stockade. Covered same with dirt for roof, leaving also dirt floor.

"Then a teacher was the question. A rather shabbily dressed applicant came on foot along the military or overland road. There being a young lawyer passing that way, too, the fathers of the intended pupils thought best to have the doubtful looking applicant examined.

"The young limb of the law said that the three R's was about all they would need for a session or two; so they tried him on orthography. They first gave him to spell three dissyllables, 'pewter,' 'pony' and 'basin.' He missed all three and was refused the school. Next came a son from Erin by the name of Patrick McClure, who was accepted on general appearance. The school began and was very successful."

Cureton's narrative continues, reciting the organization of Palo Pinto County and the location of its first county seat, which was called Golconda, now changed to Palo Pinto. He states that Cravens and Darnell of Fannin County, located a ranch on the Brazos River at the mouth of Caddo Creek and built a corn mill run by oxen by treading on an incline wheel at Golconda. The miller was a mulatto owned by Cravens and was murdered by the Indians on Lynn's prairie.

Cureton refers briefly to the campaign in which Cynthia Ann Parker was captured, as follows:

"The last days of November, 1860, the Comanches made a raid, murdering women and little children, and driving off all the settlers' horses found along

the borders of Palo Pinto and Parker Counties. My father Capt. Jack Cureton, gathered a voluntary company of 95 men, including C. C. Slaughter, afterwards cattleman and banker of Dallas, and Charles Goodnight of Goodnight, Texas."

The narrative shows that Captain Cureton took the trail of the Indians going northwest. He was joined at Belknap and Camp Cooper by Capt. Sul Ross and 40 State Rangers, a United States sergeant and a few soldiers. The expedition moved northward and on one of the tributaries of Pease River they came upon Peta Nacona, the Chief of the Comanches, and fought the battle of Pease River, during which the white woman, Cynthia Ann Parker, then the wife of Peta Nocona, was captured.

It will be recalled that Quannah Parker a son of Cynthia Ann Parker and Peta Nocona, was 12 years old at the time of this battle, and afterwards became chief of the Comanches.

Cureton states that in 1863 his father established a cow ranch about one mile from where the courthouse at Abilene now stands, with Jeff Lyttle in charge, then the farthest west of any ranch, the Ledbetter salt works, seven miles southwest of Albany, then being the nearest settlement.

From the name of this foreman comes Lyttle Creek, Lyttle Gap and the lake that afterwards furnished city water supply to Abilene.

Cureton, with his father and brother, John C. Cureton, were in what is now Shackelford County, killing family supplies of buffalo meat, when a courier brought word of Indian signs to the west. The father and brother, who were mounted, left for the chase, while Cureton, who was driving the supply wagon, carried home the buffalo supply.

Here follows the narration of the famous Indian battle of Dove Creek, southwest of San Angelo, one of the last great Indian battles. It occurred between the Kickapoos and several hundred whites, both well armed. The white men were compelled by superior numbers to retreat. Col. Buck Barry and other noted Indian fighters participated in the fight. This was in January, 1865.

The narrative continues with the description of the drive in which he went

with his father's cattle from Jim Ned Creek, Coleman County, in 1867, taking the large herd to the Indian Reservations of Mexico and Arizona to sell to the Government to feed the Indians and soldiers.

At the Horsehead Crossing on the Pecos the Indians stole 11 head of their saddle horses.

Delivery was made by Cureton of the cattle at San Augustine Springs in 1868. On their return, "when we reached the head of Concho, there in a depression a little way from the road lay Jim and John Ketchum of San Saba, and six other cowboys, dead. The Indians had killed them two days before as they were returning from New Mexico. The soldiers from Fort Concho, then building, came out and took care of the bodies."

The movement of Texas cattle northward during the late sixties and early seventies is made the basis of Emerson Hough's celebrated novel, "North of 36," and of the motion picture play of the same name. Cureton mentions briefly his drive to Kansas, one incident of which, the crossing of Red River, appears in both the book and the drama. Cureton's description of the drive appears in his contributions to Colonel Saunders' book of the experiences of the Old Trail Drivers, edited by J. Marvin Hunter, which was largely used by Hough in getting facts for his story.

Cureton details a trip to California made in 1870 with cattle, and a wagon train of emigrants, in charge of his father, and designated as "Cureton's California Train." It consisted of 10 families, 10 cowboys, several hundred cattle and 29 vehicles, all drawn by oxen except one. He adds:

"We had but few mishaps on the trip; one man died and one baby born—so, we kept our tally."

Cureton served as a member of the House in the two Legislatures under the administration of Governor Charles A. Culberson. It was during his sojourn in Austin in 1895 he met and became the personal friend of O. Henry, then living in Austin, and publishing a sheet called the "Rolling Stone." He was then known as William Sidney Porter, and frequently visited Cureton's desk in the House and conversed with him,

LIFE OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Published in 1896 by Smith & Moore

INTRODUCTORY BY FRONTIER TIMES.

In publishing this story of "The Life of John Wesley Hardin," the publisher of Frontier Times only does so by the numerous requests from people who knew Hardin in the days of his bloody career. That he was a remarkable man all will agree, and we have often thought that if his aim had been directed for good, he would have been a most useful man. I remember seeing him just one time, and that was after he had been released from the penitentiary after serving about seventeen years for the killing of Charlie Webb. He was at Mason in 1895, and to me he appeared to be a very mild mannered gentleman, not of the desperado type whatever. He shortly afterwards married a young lady at London, in Kimble

county, but they lived together only about two weeks, and Hardin left that part of the country and went out to El Paso, where he was later killed by John Selman. Selman was somewhat of a killer himself, but a short time after he killed Hardin he was himself killed by George Scarborough in El Paso. I knew George Scarborough personally, and I was living in El Paso when Scarborough was killed by outlaws near San Simon, Arizona.

The "Life of John Wesley Hardin" was printed by Smith & Moore, Seguin, Texas, in 1896, from the original manuscript as written by himself, and we here reproduce it originally published.

PREFACE BY THE PUBLISHERS.

In presenting this auto-biography of John Wesley Hardin to the public we feel sure that to many a new light will thus be thrown on the life and character of the most notorious desperado Texas ever produced. The deeds that men do live after them, and to the new generation the name of John Wesley Hardin is associated with the most desperate crimes and blood-thirsty atrocities ever printed in a 5-cent novel. By reading these pages a certain justice will be done his memory. Hardin, in the latter years of his life, often reiterated that he had never killed a man wantonly or in cold blood, and we believe that this book, evidently written without any purpose of self-justification, will bear him out. The manuscript itself is written in a clear, blunt and direct style, and is given to the public with little, if any, alteration. Hardin was a born leader of men, whether for good or evil, and had it not been for the unfortunate surroundings of his boyhood days, would undoubtedly have made a mark in civil life. His determination,

often amounting to the most daring and unreasonable obstinacy, may be traced through this self-told story of his life and can be even detected in the bold lines of his handwriting. Brave, reckless and daring he certainly was, and he loved his wife and children with depth and tenderness. He was a daring character in daring times, born with an utter contempt for the consequences of yielding to a high and fierce temper. Such, in brief, is the framework of the life of the intrepid character to be found in these pages. To the Hon. P. S. Sowell, member of the Legislature from Guadalupe county, we are indebted for being enabled to publish this manuscript. With marked legal ability he fought for the claim of the Hardin children through the El Paso courts, finally securing this manuscript for the heirs.

The short appendix to be found at the conclusion is compiled from letters and papers found among his effects and is published with the consent of his children.

The Life of John Wesley Hardin

I was born in Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, on the 26th of May, 1853. My mother, Elizabeth Hardin, was a blond, highly cultured, and charity predominated in her disposition. She made my father a model wife and helpmate. My father continued to travel his circuit as a preacher until 1869, when he moved and located near Moscow, in Polk county, on account of bad health. In the same year he moved again, this time to Sumpter, in Trinity county, where he taught school. He organized and established an academy, to which institution he sent my elder brother, Joe G. Hardin, and myself. In the meantime my father was studying law, and in 1861 was admitted to the bar. The war between the states had broken out, and while my father had voted against secession, yet, when the State seceded, he went with his State and immediately organized a company to fight, and, if need be, to die for Southern rights. He was elected captain of this company, but resigned at the solicitation of the best citizens, Capt. Ballinger being elected to the command. So my father stayed at home because, as said the foremost men of the community, "You can be of more good use at home than off fighting Yankees." Although I was but 9 years old at this time I had already conceived the idea of running off and going with a cousin to fight Yankees. But my father got on to the little game and put an end to it all by giving me a sound thrashing. Still the principles of the Southern cause loomed up in my mind ever bigger, brighter and stronger as the months and years rolled on. I had seen Abraham Lincoln burned and shot to pieces in effigy so often that I looked up on him as a very demon incarnate, who was waging a relentless and cruel war on the South to rob her of her most sacred rights. So you can see that the justice of the Southern cause was taught to me in my youth and if I never relinquished these teachings in after years, surely I was but true to my early training. The way you bend a twig, that is the way it will grow, is an old saying, and a true one. So I grew up a rebel. In 1862 my father moved to Livingston, in Polk county, where he taught school and

practiced law. In 1865 we again moved back to Sumpter, my father still teaching and practicing law, my brother and I being regular scholars. Our parents had taught us from our infancy to be honest, truthful and brave, and we were taught that no brave boy would let another call him a liar with impunity, consequently we had lots of battles with other boys at school. I was naturally active and strong and always came out best, though sometimes with a bleeding nose, scratched face or a black eye; but true to my early training, I would try, try, try again. We continued in Sumpter at school for some time, and of course I received the biggest part of my education there. I always tried to excel in my studies and generally stood at the head. Being playful by nature, I was generally first on the playground at recess and noon. Marbles, roly hole, cat, bull pen and town ball were our principal games and I was considered by my school mates an expert. I knew how to knock the middle man, throw a hot ball and ply the bat. Of course we had examinations and school exhibitions, which were creditable to all concerned, but in 1867 an incident occurred which I think proper to relate. We were preparing for examination when one of my school mates and myself had an almost fatal fight. His name was Charles Sloter, and as he wanted to be boss among the boys, of course I stood in his way. In order to "down" me he publicly accused me of writing some doggeral on the wall about one "Sal," a girl scholar. It commenced, "I love Sal, and Sal loves mutton," and ended in some reflection on Sal's personal attractions. I knew that he was the author of the poetry, and when he accused me of writing it I at once denied it and proved it up on him. He came over to my seat in the school room, struck me and drew his knife. I stabbed him twice almost fatally in the breast and back. A howl at once went up to expel me from the school, some even wanting to hang me. The trustees, however, heard the true facts in the case and instead of expelling me, completely exonerated me and the courts acquitted me.

I may mention here that poor Charley

was long afterwards hung by a mob in an adjoining county.

Now, as I am about to leave the story of my boyish days and enter upon the description of a course of life which, when once entered upon, few live to reach their majority, I deem it proper to say a few words more about the way my early days were spent before going on further with the history of my life. I was always a very child of nature and her ways and moods were my study. My greatest pleasure was to be out in the open fields, the forests and the swamps. My greatest pleasure was to get out among the big pines and oaks with my gun and the dogs and kill deer, coons, 'possums or wild cats. If any of those Sumpter boys with whom I used to hunt ever see this history of my life, I ask them to say whether or not our sport in those days was not splendid. John Norton, Bill Gordon, Shiles and Hiram Frazier and Sol Adams, all of Sumpter, can all bear witness to the good times we had then.

We were still living in Polk county when my father took up the idea that he would improve his headright, situated about three miles northeast of Livingstone, bordering on Long King creek. Capt. T. L. Eperson of Livingstone conceived the same idea about his headright at the same time as my father, and I believe he made a success of his venture in farming. Not so, my father. He soon became disgusted with country life and actually gave his headright farm and improvements on it to his brother, Barnett Hardin and wife, whose name was Anne. I do not know the reason of this generosity, but believe it was in order that neither his wife or his children should ever be bothered with the plague of ticks that infested the place. Of all places I have ever been I believe that to be the most accursedly "ticky." I believe now my father to have been a most wise man in giving that place away. When we were improving it we had six or eight colored men clearing up, rail splitting, building, houses, etc. It is needless to say that brother Joe and myself spent most of our time out there with the negroes, dogs, and, of course, the ticks. What a big time we had hunting and fishing with them! (The ticks, as well as the negroes and dogs, for ticks

went wherever we did.) I remember a hunt I got into by my lone self which is worth narrating before I leave my early days. We had a horse named Jack, which had strayed away and we finally heard of him at old Mr. Bob Sikes', about three miles and a half west of our place. I was told to go and get Jack, so next morning, after locating his whereabouts, I called my dogs, got my bridle and a rope and started out afoot after "Jack." I got to old Bob Sikes' place, found "Jack" there and of course the old man would have me to stay to dinner. I ate heartily as the meal was gotten up in good country style. It was late when I started back to the Hardin camp with "Jack" and my dogs. It was drizzling rain and the skies looked black. We had about three and a half miles of dense wood to go through, and report had it that wild animals abounded there. However, I had great confidence in Jack and my dogs and nothing but a ghost could scare me, unless it was lightning. I started the dogs out and presently I heard old Watch bark and later on I heard the others all baying as if they had sure enough found something. I took the course and after going a mile, found Watch at the foot of a big whiteoak tree, looking up and gnawing at the base, while the other dogs were about twenty yards off looking up into the branches of the big oak. I looked up and I finally made out four big coons up at the very top of the tree. Now I wanted those coons to take to camp as a trophy of my trip. I knew that Joe would laud me to the skies if I succeeded in getting them, and it meant a big stew for all hands that night. There were limbs for me to reach, so I decided to ride "Jack" up close to the trunk, stand up on his back and throw the rope over the lowest limb. I did this, trusting to Jack to stand still and not run off. The next two limbs were away above me but with the use of the rope I got to the limbs where the coons were. The coons, however, concluding the situation was getting decidedly hot, decided to charge me. They began to form in line, one behind the other, to growl and show fight. Meanwhile I had tied myself securely to the tree and had broken off a bough to defend myself with. Here came the coons and attacked me at once. I struck right

and left with my weapon, but it broke in pieces the first lick, so I had nothing left but my fists. I fought hard and long, and one by one I knocked those coons out of that tree top fifty feet high, and they no sooner hit the ground than the dogs made short work of them. I then untied myself from the tree and with the use of the rope I reached the ground a wiser, if not braver, boy. I was covered with blood from head to foot; my hands, face and breast were torn and lacerated, being badly bitten and scratched. I had to leave my rope up on the first limb, so when I dropped to the ground I piled the coons up and tied them together with my galluses. I then sat down and made a rope out of my breeches to lead the faithful Jack. I was in a nice fix now; three miles from home, raining, a loose horse, four coons and three dogs, going through a swamp on my shirt tail and night coming on. To make matters worse, Jack refused to back those coons. Of all the pitching, jumping and kicking you ever saw, Jack did it then. After considerable begging and coaring I finally induced Jack to let me and the coons ride. We all struck out for camp and got there after dark. On our arrival we had a regular jollification. They told me that they wondered why I was not lying a dead boy in that swamp after such an experience. I told them that it was luck that both saved me and captured the coons. Here I wish to tell my readers that if there is any power to save a man, woman or child from harm, outside the power of the Living God, it is this thing called pluck. I never was afraid of anything except ghosts, and I have lived that down now and they have no errors for me. Constant association with negroes in my young days had made me superstitious in this respect, and I was well versed in old folk lore about ghosts, spirits, dead men's shadows, graveyards, etc., and many a time when did I honestly believe I had seen them.

The first man I ever saw killed I will now tell you about. His name was Turner Evans and he was killed by old Jack Ruff in the town of Sumpter, Trinity county, Texas, in the year 1861. My father had just organized his company of soldiers to go to the seat of war at

Richmond. I remember the day well. Ruff was a poor man and owed Turner Evans. Evans was overbearing and besides running an attachment on Ruff's property, annoyed him greatly in every way. Late in the evening Evans began to drink, and being rich and influential, had a crowd of hangers-on around him. Fired by whisky he began late in the evening to go around town from store to store inquiring for Ruff, declaring he would cane him whenever he found him. At last he found him in a small grocery store and at once commenced to curse and abuse him. Ruff said, "Turner, you have ruined me financially and now you come with your crowd to attack me personally. Go off." Evans said, "I will, after I have canded you," and so saying he struck him over the head with his cane. Ruff pulled a large Bowie knife and started for Evans. Evans' friends hit Ruff with chairs and tried to stop him, while Evans himself used his stick freely. Ruff, however, was by this time a determined and angry man, and cut at everybody that tried to stop him. He finally cut Evans down, and the sheriff appearing on the scene, Ruff was at once arrested. Evans' friends carried him off, but his wounds were fatal, the jugular vein being completely severed, he soon died and left a large family. Ruff, after lying in jail for several years, came clear. If you wish to be successful in life, be temperate and control your passions; if you don't, ruin and death is the inevitable result.

In the fall of 1868, I went to my uncle's (Barnett Hardin) in Polk county, about four miles north of Livingstone. I was in the habit of making these trips, though I was then but 15 years old. This time they were making sugar and I took the trip to see them, carrying my pistol of course. I met a negro named Mage close to Moscow who had belonged to Judge Houlshouse, a brother to my uncle Barnett Hardin's wife. I had a cousin named Barnett Jones, who matched himself and me against this Moscow negro in a wrestling bout. The negro was a large powerful man, and we were but two boys. Nevertheless, we threw him down the first fall. He was not satisfied, so we threw him again, and this time scratched his face a little and made it bleed. Negro-like, he got mad

and said he could whip me and would do it. Barnett and others standing around stopped us from fighting. This seemed to make Mage all the more angry. He said he would kill me, and went after his gun. I went to the house to get mine, too, but Uncle Barnett got on to the game and made me stay in the house, while that negro went around cursing and abusing me, saying "that he would kill me or die himself; that no white boy could draw his blood and live; that a bird never flew too high not to come to the ground." Uncle Barnett then took a hand and ordered Mage off the plantation. The next morning I had to start home and go about seven or eight miles out of the way to deliver a message from my father to old Capt. Sam Rowes. About six miles from Capt. Rowes' place and eight from Judge Houlshousen's, I overtook the negro, Mage. He was walking and had a stout stick in his hand. A small creek ran to the east of the road, which made a sharp bend of about 100 yards, and from bend to bend ran a path. Just as I overtook Mage he took the path, while I stayed in the main road. He had gone about fifteen steps before he turned and saw me. He recognized me at once and began to curse and abuse me, saying that I was a coward for not shooting it out last night. I told him that I was but playing with him when I scratched him and did not intend to hurt him. He answered by saying that if he could get hold of me he would kill me and throw me in the creek; that he believed he could outrun old "Paint," (the horse I was riding, and a very poor one), and catch me anyway. I told him to go his way and let me go mine, and whipped old Paint into a trot. Mage, seeing this, ran along the path to where it again met the main road and cut me off. He cursed me again and threatened me with death.

I stopped in the road and he came at me with his big stick. He struck me, and as he did it I pulled out a Colt's 44 sixshooter and told him to get back. By this time he had my horse by the bridle, but I shot him loose. He kept coming back and every time he would start I would shoot him again and again, until I shot him down. I went to Uncle Clabe Houlshousen and brought him and an-

other man back to where Mage was lying. Mage still showed fight and called me a liar. If it had not been for my uncle I would have shot him again. Uncle Houlshousen gave me a \$20 gold piece and told me to go home and tell father all about the big fight; that Mage was bound to die, and for me to look out for the Yankee soldiers who were all over the country at that time. Texas, like other states, was then over-run with carpet-baggers and bureau agents who had the United States army to back them up in their meanness. Mage shortly died in November, 1868. This was the first man I ever killed, and it nearly distracted my father and mother when I told them. All the courts were then conducted by bureau agents and renegades, who were the inveterate enemies of the South and administered a code of justice to suit every case that came before them and which invariably ended in gross injustice to Southern people especially to those who still openly held on to the principles of the South. To be tried at that time for killing a negro meant certain death at the hands of a court, backed by Northern bayonets hence my father told me to keep in hiding until that good time when the Yankee bayonet should cease to govern. Thus, unwillingly, I became a fugitive not from justice be it known, but from the injustice and misrule of the people who had subjugated the South. I had an elder brother teaching school on Logans Prairie, about twenty-five miles north of Sumpter, so I went up there, intending in a few weeks to go to Navarre county where I had relatives. So I stayed at old man Morgan's in an out-of-the-way place and spent my time hunting wild cattle and wild game. In a little while the United States soldiers heard of my whereabouts and came after me. My brother, however, had heard their coming and had told me. I so was after them instead of them after me. We met in the bed of a deep creek after a sharp fight two white soldiers lay dead, while a negro soldier was fighting for his life. I ran upon him and demanded his surrender in the name of the Southern Confederacy. He answered me with a shot, when I brought him to the ground with a bullet from my Colt 44. All this was kept very secret, a

these soldiers were buried in the bed of the creek about 100 yards below where the fight took place. I knew they would cross the creek where they did so. I waylaid them, as I had no mercy on men whom I knew only wanted to get my body to torture and kill. It was war to the knife with me and I brought it on by opening the fight with a double-barrelled shot gun and ending it with a cap and ball sixshooter. Thus it was that by the fall of 1868 I had killed four men and was myself wounded in the arm. Parties in the neighborhood of the last fight took the soldiers' horses, and as we burned all their effects, everything was kept quiet.

In January, 1869, I went with my father to Navarro county and engaged in school teaching near Pisga. I had about twenty-five scholars, both boys and girls, from the age of 6 to 16 years. I taught school for three months at the old Word school house and when the term was out the school was offered to me again. I had, however, conceived the idea of becoming a cowboy, and as my cousins were in the business I began to drive cattle to shipping points. Of course in this kind of a life I soon learned how to play poker, seven-up, and euchre, and it was but a short time until I would banter the best for a game. I liked fast horses, and soon would bet on any kind of a horse race, a chicken fight, a dog fight, or anything down to throwing "crack-a-loo," or spitting at a mark.

In those times if there was anything that could rouse my passion it was seeing impudent negroes, lately freed, insult or abuse old, wounded Confederates who were decrepit, weak or old. There were lots of those kind in the country in the sixties, and these negroes bullied both them and even the weaker sex when they had advantage. Frequently I involve myself in almost inextricable difficulties in this way. Once I learned that in one of the eastern counties there was a most insulting and bull-dozing negro bully who made it a point to insult these decrepit old men, and paid no respect to white ladies. In short, he was a terror to the community. I thought this over until I determined to see what could be done to stop him and his wickedness. I went to that neighborhood and found out when he was in the habit of

going to town. I dressed myself as an old man and met him in the road. Of course when we met I would not give him the road and he at once commenced his tirade of abuse. I told him that I was old and feeble and lived in a distant country, but that I was a Southerner and did not want a big burly negro to treat me the way he was doing. This enraged him. He stopped his steers, jumped down off his wagon and commenced to pop his whip at me, calling me vile names and low-down white trash. He popped me at last and I could not stand it any longer. I pulled off my mask, drew my six-shooter and told him to say his prayers. I told him that I was going to kill him for his cruelty to white folks, but did not want to send him before his maker without a chance to repent. He certainly prayed a prayer. "Jesus have mercy on dis bad nigger, and have mercy on all de poor white men and keep dis young white man from killing dis bad nigger." About this time my pistol went off and the prayer abruptly ended. The ball did not strike the negro, but it had the desired effect, for it reformed him completely. That negro afterwards became one of the best citizens of that country; became civil and polite, and was never known to insult a white person, male or female, after that.

I knew the Newmans, the Trammels, the Rushings; the Andersons and Dixons were cousins of mine. I may mention here that I met Jim Newman quite lately and in talking over old times near Pisga in 1869, he asked me if I remembered how some fellow jumped when I shot him. I told him, "Yes, I remember it." "Well," said Jim Newman, "I bet you at that time that you could not shoot his eye out, and we had a bottle of whiskey on it; come in, now, it is my treat." I suppose I won the bet, but did not recollect it after so many years. This same Jim Newman is now sheriff of Nolan county; his postoffice is Sweet-water.

Frank Polk had killed a man named Tom Brady and a detachment of Yankees came out from Corsicana to capture Polk and myself. They, as usual, failed on me, but got Frank. They carried him to Corsicana, where, after a long confinement, he finally came clear. At that

time I had a cousin named Simp Dixon, who belonged to the Ku Klux Klan, and was sworn to kill Yankee soldiers as long as he lived. He had been raised in Northern Texas, but was forced to fly from there. His mother, brother and sister were tortured and killed by the United States soldiers because of their loyalty to the Southern cause. Simp, therefore, had good cause for hating the Yankees. There was a big reward for Simp, and so, of course, I sympathized with him in every way and was generally with him. On one occasion in the Richland bottom a squad of soldiers ran up on us and a pitched battle immediately ensued. It was a free and fast fight. When the battle was over two soldiers lay dead. Simp killed one and I killed the other, while the rest escaped. Simp was afterwards killed by a squad of United States soldiers at Cotton Gin, in Limestone county. He was undoubtedly one of the most dangerous men in Texas. He was born in Fannin county in 1850, and was about 19 years old at the time of his death.

Late in the fall of 1869 my brother, Joe Hardin, came to see me and persuaded me to leave Navarro county, which I consented to do, and we went into Hill county, stopping a short time at Hillsboro with Aunt Arne Hardin and family and then going out some seven or eight miles into the country to Uncle Barnett Hardin's. We went down the Brazos to some relatives of ours named Page, where I speculated in cotton and hides. I played poker and seven-up whenever I got a chance and once in awhile would bet on a pony race. These races generally came off on the old Boles tracks near Towash. A man named John Collins had married a cousin of mine and I went into partnership with him. Things ran smoothly for some time and we were doing well until a tragedy occurred that forever dissolved our partnership. I had been receiving letters from my father and mother urging me to quit my wild habits and turn to better ways. They wrote that they were going to move down to the Page settlement so they could be with me. On the 24th of December my father came to see me and brought me good news from all the loved ones at home, and telling me that they had all moved to Navarro county. Next

day was Christmas day and I borrowed my father's horse, a pretty good runner, to go to the grocery and the races at the Boles tracks. Collins and I had matched some races to be run on that day, but of course we never told my father about this. There were a lot of Arkansas people there with horses; especially do I remember Hamp Davis and Jim Bradley. We came very near having a shooting match several times that day, as everybody in the '60s carried pistols, but all left the track apparently satisfied. Jim Bradley, whom I mentioned above, was introduced to me as a desperado and killer. I had been reliably informed that he was there for my especial benefit, but in those days an unknown desperado had as much influence on me as a snaffle bit on a wild horse. After the races about fifteen or twenty of us went to a grocery near by kept by Dire & Jenkins; there was a gin there and one or two stores. We soon got into a poker game. I had won \$50 or \$75 on the races and had \$325 besides, thus having about \$400 in all. At this time I was but 16 years old. It was arranged that Collins, my partner, was not to play, but Jim Bradley (the Arkansas bully) had borrowed his six-shooter. The game was composed of Jim Bradley, Hamp Davis, Judge Moore and myself. I knew afterwards that these three stood against me, but did not know it at this time. One thing, however, I did know, and that was how to protect myself pretty well from such fellows in a game of draw poker. I placed about \$350 in gold in front of me and about \$10 in silver. Bradley, on my left placed in front of himself about \$5 in silver and \$20 in gold; Davis, on Bradley's left, about \$10 in silver and \$40 in gold, and Moore about \$30 in gold. The game proceeded quickly until about 12 o'clock at night, about which time I had won all the money. We were playing on a blanket in a small box house without a door, but with a place open for a chimney in the north end. The house was about 13x14 feet and was situated about a quarter of a mile north from the grocery. The moon was shining brightly and the night was clear and cold. I had won all the money on the blanket, as I said before, and all the players owed me. I had pulled off my boots and

thrown them in the corner to my left next to Bradley, not suspecting that robbery was the intention of the game. I was quietly fixing to quit the game unknown to the others and had put all the gold in my pocket, only having about \$25 or \$30 in front of me. Moore remarked that everybody owed Hardin. I said: "Yes," but Jim Bradley said no, and we left it to Moore and Davis to decide. They said, "Yes, you owe Hardin \$5." About this time we both got good hands and I bet him \$5 on three aces. He made me put up the money but "called" me without putting up a cent. I said to him, "Now you owe me \$10, let us settle up or quit." He said: "You are a — — liar and a coward," drew a big knife, and quick as a cat could wink made a grab for me, while Davis got my six-shooter in the corner. Collins then threw himself between Bradley and me and kept him from stabbing me to death. This gave me a chance to get up and when I did Bradley drew his six-shooter and threatened to kill be if I did not give up my money. "Give me \$500 or I will kill you, — — you," he said. Collins came to my rescue again and grabbed him, crying to me to jump out of the chimney opening or I would be killed. Out I went, barefooted on the frosty ground and ran out to our horses. Davis gave me a fearful cursing, calling me a murderer, a coward, a robber, and saying he would get me before day. Collins came out to where I was standing behind a tree and said: "John, let us go home; we are in a h-l of a scrape." I said: "Where is your pistol?" He said: "Bradly borrowed it in the early part of the night." "No," I said, "I am not going home and face my father in this condition; I want my boots my money and my pistol." Collins went back to get my boots, which Bradley finally gave him permission to do. Bradley continued to abuse me and went to the grocery with his crowd, who, by this time were all cursing me as a man who had been posing as a brave man, but who in fact was a coward and rascal. As soon as I got my boots on I told Collins I wanted to go and see Moore, who had my money and pistol. He said he would go with me to his boarding house, as he knew the proprietor. We left our horses where they

were and found Moore at the boarding house. He refused to give up either the pistol or the money without Bradley's consent. He agreed to go with Collins to see Bradley at the grocery about 100 yards off across the road in an easterly direction. When they got to the grocery and saw Bradley he was still cursing. He threatened Collins and swore he would kill me if he could find me. Moore told him I was at his boarding house after my pistol and money. Bradley said: "Well, I'll go over there and fill him full of lead." Meantime Collins had borrowed a pistol and persuaded Bradley to exchange, telling him he was going home and wanted his own. John Collins bade him goodbye and came back to the boarding house where I was. He wanted me to go home, but by this time Bradley had started over to where I was, swearing to kill me. The proprietor was trying to get me to leave, when I asked him for a pistol to defend myself with from robbery and death. He refused to do this, but Collins gave me his and said: "Now let us go to our horses." I said: "All O. K.," and we started to go out of the gate and into the public road that led to where our horses were. Just as we got out of the gate we saw Bradley with six or seven others, including Hamp Davis, coming toward us, threatening to kill me, his crowd urging him on by shouting: "Go for him! We are with you," etc. I told John Collins to go in the lead. The gin was on the right, about fifty yards away, with a store about fifty yards from where we were standing. Bradley saw me and tried to cut me off, getting in front of me with a pistol in one hand and a Bowie knife in the other. He commenced to fire on me, firing once, then snapping and firing again. By this time we were within five or six feet of each other and I fired a Remington 45 at his heart and right after that at his head. As he staggered and fell he said: "O, Lordy, don't shoot me any more." I could not stop. I was shooting because I did not want to take chances on a reaction. The crowd ran, and I stood there and cursed them loud and long as cowardly devils who had urged a man to fight and when he did and fell, to desert him like cowards and traitors. I went to my horse, rode over

to Frank Shelton's, borrowed a gun, came back and demanded my money, but received no answer. I went on to where my father was at old Jim Page's and got there at 2 a. m. I woke him up and told him what had happened. It was a great blow to him, for he had been counting on taking me back home with him. I told him I would go home anyway, but would keep on the west side of the Brazos until next night. I soon found out the situation was critical. The whole country with the exception of a few friends and relatives had turned out to hunt me;—in fact, there was a regular mob after me, whose avowed purpose was to hang me. I had agreed with my father to meet him at a certain place on the 26th, but they watched him so closely that he could not come. He had a trusted Masonic friend, however, named Martin, whom he sent to post me as to what was going on. Directly after Martin had left me a posse of some fifteen men ran up and surrounded me in a cotton pen. I told them that if they were officers to send one or two men and I would surrender, but I would not yield to a mob. They answered that I must give up or take the consequences. I replied: "Consequences be — Light in if you think there is no bottom." I commenced to pump lead at them and they cried, "Hold up." They then sent two men to demand my surrender. When they came, I covered them with a double-barrelled shot gun and told them their lives depended on their actions, and unless they obeyed my orders to the letter, I would shoot first one and then the other. They readily assented. "Tell your friends out there," I said, "that Hardin has surrendered and that they had better go home or meet you at old Jim Page's, that Hardin is afraid of a mob." They did so and the crowd moved off toward Page's. When they were out of sight I made both men with lay down their arms. One had a double-barrelled gun and two six-shooters; the other had a rifle and two derringers. They complied with my request under the potent persuasion of my gun leveled first on one and then the other. I then got on my horse and told those fellows to follow their pals to Jim Page's; that I would be along directly and to wait for me there. I reckon they are waiting for me there yet. I went

off to the west, but soon changed to the east; went through Hillsboro and into Navarro county. There I saw my dear mother and my brothers and sisters. Soon after, my father came and brought me the news that they were hot after me and were going to Pisga hoping to find me there. I got together three or four of my best friends and went to meet them. We met them on the west side of the Pinoak, about six miles from Pisga. They denied that they were after me. I told them to go back to Jim Page's where I was going and where an arresting party was now waiting for me. I told them if they had a legal warrant to show it and I would give up. They said they had none. Thereupon one of my party took occasion to tell them they had gone far enough towards Pisga and that if they loved their wives and children to go back to Hillsboro. They went. I went back to Pisga, fixed up my affairs with Aleck Barriekman, started for Brenham on the 20th of January, 1870. I intended to visit my uncle, Bob Hardin, there. About twenty-five miles from Pisga a circus was going on at a place called Horn Hill. One of the circus men had a row with some of the citizens, resulting in some men being shot. We knew nothing about this and upon getting to town went to a hotel to get a bed. The circus people had all the beds engaged, so we could not get one. About ten p. m. we went out to the circus camp fires. It was quite cold and while we were all standing around the fire I accidentally struck the hand of a circus man who was lighting his pipe with a faggot from the fire. I begged his pardon at once and assured him it was a pure accident. He, however, just roared and bellowed and swore he would "smash my nose." I told him to smash and be —; that I was a kind of a smasher myself. He said: "You are, are you?" struck me on the nose and started to pull his gun. I pulled mine and fired. He fell with a 45 ball through his head. Barriekman covered the crowd until we could make a truce. I saddled our horses and we rode off, apparently to the north, but soon changed our course south. We met nobody who knew us, so after Barriekman had ridden with me about sixteen miles he returned to Pisga and I went on to Brenham by way of Kosse, Calvert

and Bryant. I was young then and loved every pretty girl I met, and at Kosse I met one and we got along famously together. I made an engagement to call on her that night and did so. I had not been there long when some one made a row at the door of the house. She got scared and told me it was her sweetheart, and about this time the fellow came in and told me he would kill me if I did not give him \$100. I told him to go slow, and not to be in such a hurry; that I only had about \$50 or \$60 in my pocket, but if he would go with me to the stable I would give him more as I had the money in my saddle pockets. He said he would go, and I, pretending to be scared, started for the stable. He said: "Give me what you have got first." I told him all right, and in doing so, dropped some of it on the floor. He stooped down to pick it up and as he was straightening up I pulled my pistol and fired. The ball struck him between the eyes and he fell over, a dead robber. I stopped long enough to get back most of my money and resumed my journey to Brenham. I arrived there about the last of January, 1870, and went to Uncle Bob Hardin's, who was then improving his place. He persuaded me to farm with him and his boys, William, Aaron and Joe. All the money I had I gave to my aunt to keep for me. I thus became a farmer and made a good plough boy and hoer. I would often want to go to Brenham and did go with William or Joe. I used to find it hard to get my money from my good aunt. I used to tell her I had to go to town to get me a pair of shoes or a hat and that she could not suit me if she went. On one occasion I won about \$60 at roulette and when I brought my aunt the money she wanted to know where I got that money. I told her with a laugh that I had that money all of the time. On another occasion Will and I rode our best horses to town and hitched them to the court house fence. When we got through "sporting" and came back for our horses we found them gone. They had evidently been stolen and though we rode a hundred miles or more we never laid eyes on those horses again.

I met a good many well known characters on those trips to Brenham. I

used to gamble a good deal and it was there I got the name of "Young Seven-up." I met Phil Coe first there in Brenham, that notorious Phil Coe, who was afterwards killed in Abilene, Kansas, by "Wild Bill." I stayed at my uncle's until the crops were laid by and though prospects were splendid, the country was getting pretty hot for me. The State police had been organized and MeAnally had been placed on the force, so on consultation with friends, it was thought best that I should leave Brenham. I sold out my interest in the crop and again started on my roaming life. I first went to Evergreen, about forty miles from Brenham. There were some races there and the town was full of hard characters. Bill Longley and Ben Hinds were there, as was also Jim Brown. In those days they gambled in the open air out in the streets when the weather permitted. Ben Hinds and I commenced playing "seven-up" on a goods box and I won about \$20 from him, when I concluded to quit. He got mad and said if I was not a boy he would beat me to death. Ben was considered one of the most dangerous men in the country, but in those days I made no distinction in men as fighters. I told him I stood in men's shoes and not to spoil a good intention on account of my youth. He yelled at me: "You -- little impudent scoundrel, I'll beat h-ll out of you." As he made for me I covered him with my pistol and told him I was a little on the scrap myself, the only difference between him and I being that I used lead. About this time a dozen men had gathered around. Some of them tried to catch me and others started to draw their pistols. I said: "The first man that makes a move or draws a gun I'll kill him." At the same time I drew my other pistol and made them all get in front of me, saying that I wanted no back action in this fight. You bet they got in front of me in short order. Ben then said: "Young man, I was wrong. I beg your pardon. You are a giant with a youth's face. Even if you are a boy I bow to you, and here is my hand in good faith." I answered: "I cannot take your hand, but I accept your apology in good faith." Ben said: "I will be your friend; don't be uneasy while you are here, Bill Longley will be

at the races tomorrow, so stop over and we will have a good time."

Late that evening a dark looking man came to me and said: "My name is Bill Longley, and I believe you are a spy for McAnally. If you don't watch out you will be shot all to pieces before you know it."

I said: "You believe a — lie and all I ask is that those who are going to do the shooting will get in front of me. All I ask is a fair fight, and if your name is Bill Longley I want you to understand that you can't buldoze or scare me."

Bill said: "I see I have made a mistake. Are you here to see the races?"

I told him "not particularly." He invited me to stay over and see the horses. We went and struck a poker game going on in a crib. We both got in the game. Directly it came my turn to deal. I had three jacks to go on and raised \$5. All stayed in and in the draw Bill drew three cards, while the other two players drew one apiece. I drew two and caught the other jack. Bill filled on aces. One of the other players made a flush and the others filled on queens. The flush man bet \$5, the man with a full went \$10 better. I studied awhile and said: "You can't run me out on my own deal, so I go \$10 better." Bill Longley said: "Well, stranger, you have your foot in it now; I go \$50 better." The man with a flush passed, the man with a queen says, "Bill, I call a sight."

Bill says: "All right, how much money have you got?"

He counted out \$45.

"Well, stranger," said Bill. "It's up to you. What do you do?"

I said: "What are you betting, wind or money?"

He said: "Money."

"Put it up," I said.

He went down in his pocket and pulled out four \$20 gold pieces and took out a \$5 gold piece.

I said, "All right, here is your \$50 and I go you \$250 better."

He said: "I go you; I call you."

I told him to put up the money. He asked me if his word was not good and I told him no. He went into his pocket again and pulled out eleven \$20 gold pieces and asked me if I would credit him for the balance. I told him no.

"Well," he said, "I call you for \$220."

I told him all right. "I reckon you have me beat."

He said: "I reckon so. I have got an ace full."

I said: "Hold on, I have two pair." He said: "They are not worth a d—n."

I said: "I reckon two pair of jacks are good," so the eventful game ended. I was ahead about \$300.

Some way or another they all got on to my identity and they all treated me with a good deal of respect at the races the next day.

I went west and stopped at Round Rock in Williamson county to see my old school master, J. C. Landrum. I had been his pupil in the '60s at Sumpter. After this I concluded to go north from there as I had relatives in Navarro and Limestone counties. I naturally wanted to see them, even if I had to take risks in doing so. I still cherished the hope that the day would come when I could stand my trial and come clear. My father always told me that when the Democrats regained power I could get a fair trial, but that I could never expect that under carpet-bag rule. Of course I had long ago concluded not to surrender for the present and whenever force was unlawfully employed to make me do so I met it with force, or else got out of the way.

In August, 1870, I went to Navarro and stayed at Pisga, where I gambled awhile. From there I went to Mount Calm, where my father was teaching school. There I peddled in hides and traded, making some money.

Soon after, I got a letter from my brother Joe, who was going to school at Round Rock to Professor Landrum. I also got one from the professor himself, with letters urging me to come up here and graduate with Joe. I went up there but only went to school for one day. The rewards that were offered for me made that country too dangerous a place for me to stop. I passed my diploma examination, however, satisfactorily, so Joe and I graduated together. My brother Joe then went to Mount Calm, helped my father teach school and became a lawyer. He afterwards moved to Comanche in 1872 and there lived until he met his death at the hands of a howling midnight mob of assassins in

June, 1874. I concluded to go to Shreveport, La., where I had some relatives, and on my way there I stopped at a town named Longview. There they arrested me for another party, on a charge of which I was innocent. The State police concluded to take me to Marshall, but I got out a writ of habeas corpus. I was, however, remanded to jail at Waco for some crime which I never committed. I was put in an old iron cell in the middle of the log jail and nobody was allowed to see me. There were three other prisoners in there, and together we planned our escape. We were to wait until the food was brought in for supper and then we were to make our break. It was very cold weather when they first put me in jail and I had money with me to buy whiskey and tobacco for us all.

Thinking they would soon be released they had offered to sell me a pistol, a 45 Colts, with four barrels loaded. I unfolded my plans to them by which we could all get out. I was to cover the jailor as he opened the door and kill him if he did not obey orders. We were then all to rush out and stand the crowd off until dark would help us to easily get away.

They weakened, however, and so I bought the pistol for \$40 in gold and a \$25 overcoat. I had no idea when they were going to take me off, nor could I find out in any way. I tried to get them to go after my horse at Longview, but they would not do that.

One night they called for me and I knew what was up, and you bet I was ready for them. I found out I was going because the negro cook only brought up three supper plates. When the prisoners complained that there were only three plates and four of us she said that "one of us was going to leave that night." I prepared myself for an emergency. I had a very heavy fur coat, a medium sack coat, two undershirts and two white shirts. I hid the pistol, tied with a good stout cord, under my left arm and over it my top shirt. I put on the rest of my clothes to see how it looked. It looked all right, so I took off my coat and vest and went to bed.

When they came to wake me up I pretended to be awakened out of a sound sleep and to be very much surprised. They told me to get up and put on my

clothes, that they were going to start for Waco with me. They told me I was wanted there for killing Huffman in a barber shop. I appeared very much frightened and asked if there was any danger of a mob. Both Capt. Stokes and the jailor assured me there was none. I then put on my vest and socks, putting a bottle of pickles in my overcoat pocket on the left side so as to make me look bulky. They searched me but did not find any pistol. It was very cold and snow lay on the ground. They led me up to a little black pony with a blanket thrown over him for me to ride 225 miles to Waco. I asked them where my own horse and saddle was and they told me at Longview. I tried to buy a saddle from the jailor, but he would not sell me one. I at last got another blanket and mounted my pony, my guard tying me hard and fast. So we started out to Marshall, they leading my horse. When daylight came they untied my legs and allowed me to guide the little black pony. If you had met our party that day you would have seen a small white man about 45 years old, who was captain of police named Stokes, a middle weight dark looking man, one-fourth negro, one-fourth Mexican, and one-half white. The former riding a large bay horse, the latter a fine sorrel mare and leading a small black pony with a boy 17 year old tied thereon and shivering with cold. They tried to frighten me every way they could. Stokes said they were going to shoot me if I tried to run off, and said that Jim Smolly would kill me any moment he told him to do so. I, of course, talked very humbly, was full of morality and religion and was strictly down on lawlessness of all kinds. I tried to convince them that I was not an outlaw and did not wish to escape anywhere. When we got to the Sabine river it was booming and we had to swim. They tied me on again and put a rope around my pony's neck, Stokes leading, me next and Smolly bringing up the rear. The little black pony could swim like a duck and with the exception of getting thoroughly wet and cold, we got over all right.

We went on two miles out from the river and stopped to camp for the night. Jim went to get some wood and fodder for our horses, while Capt.

Stokes and myself started a fire and struck camp. We went to a house about 100 yards off and got an axe. We came back and he told me to cut some pine from an old pine tree. I assented, but made a complete failure with the axe as I was afraid my pistol might show. Jim soon got back, however, and we made a big fire, fed the horses, got supper, laid down and slept till morning, when we again started on our road to Waco.

When we reached the Trinity we found it out of its banks and dangerous to cross. We got the ferryman to ferry us over the main river, but when we began to cross the bottoms and sloughs they tied me on the black pony again and kept me tied until we reached dry land. We went forward again and traveled until night, when we stopped and camped. Capt. Stokes went to get some corn and fodder for our horses. While he was gone Jim Smolly cursed me, as was his habit, and threatened to shoot me, pointing his pistol at me to scare me. Then he sat down on a stump near our horses, which were hitched to one body of the tree. I pretended to be crying and got behind the little black pony. I put my head down on his back and meanwhile I untied the string that held my pistol. I kept one eye on him to see if he was watching me. When I got the pistol ready I rushed around on Jim and said: "Throw up your hands." He commenced to draw his pistol, when I fired and Jim Smolly fell dead, killed because he did not have sense enough to throw up his hands at the point of a pistol. I rode Jim Smolly's sorrel mare and rode to Mount Calm that night to my father's. Father gave me another horse and sent the sorrel mare back. This was in January, 1871.

I left my father's soon, bound for Mexico. I was going by way of San Antonio, but was arrested between Belton and Waco by men calling themselves police. They said they were going to take me to Austin, but night coming on, we stopped about ten miles from Belton. They agreed that one Smith should stand first guard, a man named Jones second, and one Davis the last watch. They had a good deal of whisky with them and they all got about half drunk. I had concluded to escape the first opportunity, so when we laid down I noticed

where they put their shooting irons. I did not intend to sleep, but watched for a chance to liberate myself from unlawful arrest.

Jones soon dropped off to sleep and Davis soon followed. Smith sat up to guard me, but he forgot he was on duty or else was unconscious of the danger that threatened him and his companions. He began to nod, but once in awhile would roll his eyes around on me. Pretty soon he put his hand up to his head and his elbow on his knee and began to snore. I picked up Davis' shotgun and Jones' six-shooter. I fired at Smith's head and then turned the other barrel on Jones at once. As David began to arise and inquire what was the matter I began to work on him with the six-shooter. He begged and hollered, but I kept on shooting until I was satisfied he was dead.

Thus I got my liberty and my pistols. I took an oath right there never to surrender at the muzzle of a gun. I never have done so, either, although I have been forced through main strength to give up several times since.

I went back by way of Marlin, in Falls county, to tell them all goodbye once more. I told my father what I had done and how those three men had arrested me while I was asleep. He said: "Son, never tell this to a mortal man. I don't believe you, but go to Mexico, and go at once. I will go part of the way with you."

I slept in the cellar that night and stayed in an old outhouse the next day. I started the next night and we went through Waco. This was about the 12th of January, 1871. My father went on with me as far as Belton, and there we parted. I went on through Georgetown, through Austin, and thence through Lockhart to Gonzales. I had some relatives in the latter town and I concluded to stop over and see them. These were the Clements, Jim, Manning, Joe, Gip, Mary Jane and Minerva. The girls were both married, the eldest to Jim Denson, the youngest to Ferd Brown. They lived almost directly on my way from Gonzales to Helena. An old and honored citizen showed me the way to my relatives' home. My guide's name was Jim Cone. I told my relatives I was in trouble and on my way to Mex-

ico. They told me I could go to Kansas with cattle and make some money and at the same time be free from arrest. I therefore concluded to give up my Mexican trip and went to work helping them gather cattle. We gathered mostly for Jake Johnson and Columbus Carol, who were then putting up herds for Kansas. I thus soon got acquainted with the country of the Sandies, on Elm and Rocky, and on the Guadalupe.

I had not been there long before the boys took me to a Mexican camp where they were dealing monte. I soon learned rudiments of the game and began to bet with the rest. Finally I turned a card down and tapped the game. My card came and I said: "Pay the queen." The dealer refused. I struck him over the head with my pistol as he was drawing a knife, shot another as he was also drawing a knife. Well, this broke up the monte game and the casualties were a Mexican with his arm broken, another shot through the lungs and another with a sore head. We all went back to camp and laughed about the matter, but the game broke up for good and the Mexican camp abandoned. The best people of the vicinity said I did a good thing. This was in February, 1871.

When we were gathering cattle for the trail I was in charge of the herd with strict orders to let no one go into the herd. A negro named Bob King came to the herd, rode in and commenced to cut cattle without permission. I rode up and asked by whose permission he was cutting cattle in that herd. He said he did not have permission and asked who was the boss. I said:

"I am the man."

"Well," said he, "I have come to cut this herd."

I told him to keep out of it; "that Clements would be here directly." He rode right into that herd and cut out a big beef steer. So I rode up to him and struck him over the head with my pistol and told him to get out of my herd. Although he had a six-shooter, he did not do anything, but begged my pardon.

About the last of February we got all our cattle branded and started for Abilene, Kansas, about the first of March. Jim Clements and I were to take these 1200 head of cattle up to Abilene and Manning, Gip and Joe Clements were to

follow with a herd belonging to Doc Burnett. Jim and I were getting \$150 per month.

Nothing of importance happened until we got to Williamson county, where all the hands caught the measles except Jim and myself. We camped about two miles south of Corn Hill and there we rested up and recruited. I spent the time doctoring my sick companions, cooking and branding cattle.

About the fourth day we were there near Barnett Young's (a relative of mine), a big white steer of the neighborhood gave me considerable trouble. I could not keep him out of the herd, so I pulled my 45 and shot him in the eye. That ox gave me no more trouble, but his owner gave me no end of trouble in the courts. I think that ox cost me about \$200.

After resting there about ten days all the hands recovered from the measles and the cattle and horses having improved so much in flesh we again started north.

After several weeks of travel we crossed Red River at a point called Red River Station, or Bluff, north of Montague county. We were now in the Indian country and two white men had been killed by Indians about two weeks before we arrived at the town. Of course all the talk was Indians and everybody dreaded them. We were now on what is called the Chisholm trail and game of all kind abounded: buffalo, antelope and other wild animals too numerous to mention. There was a great many cattle driven that year from Texas. The day we crossed Red River about fifteen herds had crossed and of course we intended to keep close together going through the Nation for our mutual protection. The trail was thus one line of cattle and you were never out of sight of a herd. I was just about as much afraid of an Indian as I was a coon. In fact, I was anxious to meet some on the warpath.

There were lots of wolves in that country and I never heard anything like their howling. We killed a beef one night and they made the night hideous. I wanted to capture one, and in the early morning saddled my horse to see if I could not rope or kill one. I struck out from camp and saw a big loafer

about 200 yards away, but I turned Roan loose and pulling my pistol I commenced shooting. My first shot hit him in the hip. I ran on to him and roped him. I pulled him to the camp and shot my rope in two. Mr. Wolf, however, ran the gauntlet and escaped. The whole outfit caught the wolf fever, which resulted in tired men and crippled horses. I also killed some antelope, running on them and shooting them from the saddle.

One morning on the South Canadian river I went out turkey hunting and killed as fine a gobbler as I ever saw. I went over to where he fell, picked him up and started for my pony. It was just about daylight, and when I got close to my pony I saw he was snorting and uneasy. I looked in the direction and about twenty yards off I was an Indian in the very act of letting fly an arrow at me, and quick as thought, I drew my pistol and fired at him. The ball hit him squarely in the forehead and he fell dead with a groan. I got away from there with my turkey as quickly as I could, went to camp and we all went to see a dead Indian. The boys wanted to take his bow and arrow as trophies, but I objected. We got a spade and an axe and dug a grave and buried the Indian with his bows and arrows, covering the grave with leaves to hide the spot from other Indians.

These Indians had established a custom of taxing every herd that went through the Nation 10 cents per head. Several other herds joined with us in refusing to pay this, and we never did, though many times it looked like war.

When we were crossing into Kansas, somewhere near Bluff Creek, we were attacked by a band of Osage Indians who would ride into the herd and cut out little bunches of cattle, sometimes as many as fifteen head at one time. It was straight out robbery and I told the hands to kill the first Osage that cut another cow.

One morning these Indians came to our camp while I was away and scared the cook and hands almost to death. They took of everything they wanted to, including a fancy silver bridle of mine. I got back to camp about 10 a. m. and when I found out what had happened you bet I was hot. In a little while

about twenty bucks came to the herd, rode in and commenced to cut out cattle. I rode up where they were and saw a big Indian using my fancy silver bridle. I asked him how much would take for it and offered him \$5. He grunted an assent and gave me the bridle. When I got it I told him that was my bridle and some one had stolen it from camp that morning. He frowned and grunted and started to get the bridle back, and trying to pull it off my horse. I "jabbed" him with my pistol and when this would not stop him I struck him over the head with it. He fell back and yelled to his companions. This put the devil in them. They came up in a body and demanded cattle again. I told him "no," as I had done before. An Indian rode into the herd and cut out a big steer. I told him to get out of my herd and pulled my pistol to emphasize my remarks. He was armed and drew his, saying that if I did not let him cut the beef out he would kill the animal. I told him that if he killed the animal I would kill him. Well, he killed the beef and I killed him. The other Indians promptly vanished. If they hadn't there would have been more dead Indians around that herd. The beef he had killed lay dead on the trail, so I mounted him by tying the dead Indian on his back and drove on.

When we had crossed into Kansas we felt better and safer. On reaching a place called Cow House, about twenty miles on this side of Wichita, a party of men interested in changing the trail from Wichita came out to the herd and induced us to go to the left of Wichita and cross the river about twelve miles above. They wished us to open this trail, as they were interested in building up a new town on the north bank of the Arkansas river. We followed a plough furrow on this new trail and these men furnished a guide. When we had crossed the river a delegation from the new town came out to meet us and invite all those that could leave the cattle to enjoy the hospitalities of the new town.

About sixty cowboys went to that town and it is needless to say filled up on wine, whiskey, etc., some getting rather full. We all came back to the herd in a little while and started out for Abilene.

We were now on the Newton prairie and my herd was right in front of a herd driven by Mexicans. This Mexican herd kept crowding us so closely that at last it took two or three to keep the Mexican cattle from getting into my herd. The boss Mexican got made at me for holding, as he said, his cattle back. I told him to turn to the outside of the trail, as he did not have to follow me. This made him all the madder. He fell from the front of the herd and quit leading the cattle. The result of this was that on being in front of them they rushed right into my herd, so I turned them off to the left. The boss Mexican rode back to where I was and cursed me in Mexican. He said he would kill me with a sharp shooter as quick as he could get it from the wagon. In about five minutes I saw him coming back with a gun. He rode up to within about 100 yards of me, got down off his horse, took deliberate aim at me and fired. The ball grazed my head, going through my hat and knocking it off. He tried to shoot again, but something got wrong with his gun and he changed it to his left hand and pulled his pistol with his right. He began to advance on me, shooting at the same time. He called up his crowd of six or seven Mexicans. In the meanwhile Jim Clements, hearing that I was in a row had come to my assistance. I was riding a fiery gray horse and the pistol I had was an old cap and ball, which I had worn out shooting on the trail. There was so much play between the cylinder and the barrel that it would burst a cap or fire unless I held the cylinder with one hand and pulled the trigger with the other. I made several unsuccessful attempts to shoot the advancing Mexican from my horse but failed. I then got down and tried to shoot and hold my horse, but failed in that, too. Jim Clements shouted at me to "turn that horse loose and hold the cylinder." I did so and fired at the Mexican, who was now only ten paces from me. I hit him in the thigh and stunned him a little. I tried to fire again, but snapped. The Mexican had evidently fired his last load so we both rushed together in a hand to hand fight. The other Mexicans had by this time come close up and were trying to shoot me every chance they got. Jim

Clements, seeing I had no show to win, rushed between me and the other Mexicans, and told them not to shoot, but to separate us as we were both drunk and did not know what we were doing. Another Mexican who had not been there at the beginning of the fight then rode up and fired two shots at me, but missed. We covered him with our pistols and he stopped. It was then agreed to stop the fight for a time, so the Mexicans went back to their herd. We were not fixed for that fight but wanted to be for the coming one. I had only an old worn-out cap and ball pistol and Jim Clements could not fight, because his pistol was not loaded. This was the real reason we made a truce for the time. Jim and I went straight to camp and loaded two of the best pistols there while we were doing this a message came from the Mexicans that time was up and that they were coming. We of course sent the messenger back and told the Mexicans to keep off our herd and not to come around; that we did not want any more trouble.

Seven of them gathered on the west side of the herd and seemed to talk matters over. Presently the boss, Hosea, my old foe, with three men, came around to the east side where we were. I changed horses, so I rode to meet him. He fired at me when I was about seventy-five yards away, but missed me. I concluded to charge him and turning my horse loose at him, firing as I rode. The first ball did the work. I shot him through the heart and he fell over the horn of his saddle, pistol in hand and one in scabbard, the blood pouring from his mouth. In an instant I had his horse by the reins and Jim Clements had relieved him of his pistols and Hosea fell dead to the ground. The other Mexicans kept shooting at us, but did not charge. They were in two parties, one about seventy-five yards to the south, the other about 150 yards to the west. We charged the first party and held our fire until we got close to them. They never weakened, but kept shooting at us all the time. When we got right on them and opened up they turned their horses, but we were in the middle of them, dosing them with lead. They wheeled and made a brave stand.

(Continued Next Month.)

Old Rangers Visit Scene of Conflict

Arthur E. Nall, in Houston Chronicle, July 26, 1925

"The old place hasn't changed much. It looks about the same as it did on that day," observed Captain Dan W. Roberts on his first visit to the scene of the famous Deer Creek Indian fight, which took place 50 miles west of Austin over 50 years ago.

Captain Roberts of Austin and John O. Biggs of Silver City, N. M., two of the three men now living who took part in the famous Indian fight in August, 1873, in company with their wives, made their first visit to the scene of the battle recently.

The battle ground is practically unchanged, according to Captain Roberts. With the exception of the Austin-Fredricksburg road, which runs through the center of the field, the scene is just the same as it was 52 years ago when 10 young men from Round Mountain engaged in the fight with a marauding band of Indians. A few of the bushes behind which they hid have since disappeared, but the two old veterans had little trouble in finding the exact locality of the fight in spite of the fact that they had not seen the place in over 50 years.

The battle was between a posse of citizens of Round Mountain and a band of Indians, which had committed a horrible murder in that neighborhood a few days before. This murder was one of the many which were being perpetrated from day to day along the stretch of lonely, unprotected border, and furnished convincing proof that some sort of police protection was needed. It was mainly responsible for the establishment of the Ranger Battalion in 1874.

Thomas Phelps and his wife, who lived on their ranch near Cypress Creek, some three miles to the south of Round Mountain in Blanco County, were the victims of the Indians. Round Mountain was a small settlement about 50 miles from Austin, where the Indians were carrying on their warfare of robbery, arson and murder. It was only a short distance from the state capital, but nothing had been done about it.

A meeting of the young men of the neighborhood was held at the home of Alexander (Buck) Roberts, and it was

agreed that the next time the Indians came they would be followed. A few days later the Indians were reported a few miles north of the settlement and moving south, so a party of six rode out from Round Mountain to find the trail and run them down. In the party were Thomas Bird, Joe Bird, John O. Biggs, Stanton Jolly, George T. Roberts and Captain Dan W. Roberts. Shortly after they struck the trail they were joined by Captain James Ingram, William Ingram, Frank Waldrip and "Cam" Davidson, who brought the force to 10 men. The armament of the squad was very poor, some of the boys having only six-shooters, and the best gun in the outfit was carried by Captain Roberts. It was an old Spencer saddle-gun, which had been in the army service, with a magazine holding seven shells.

After about 15 miles were covered on the trail, an Indian scout was sighted a short distance ahead. He disappeared over a small hill, and knowing that the main band was only a short distance away, the posse moved forward and around the small hill with their horses at a dead run.

As they came within range the Indians opened fire from their position in a shallow ravine to the right of the hill, and the answering volley was fired before the party dismounted. The first volley wounded George Roberts and one of the band was delegated to remove him from the line of fire, leaving only eight to carry on the battle.

While the others held their ground, Captain Roberts edged around to the left and reached the side of the ravine, where he could place the Indians under cross-fire. A number of shots were exchanged, but during a momentary lull in the fighting, Captain Roberts got careless and was wounded in the leg. One of the other boys carried him back out of danger, but he was suffering so much for want of water that the fight was abandoned and he was carried to a nearby ranch house.

Reinforcements were gathered at the ranch and the party returned, hoping to resume the battle, but they found the In-

dians had departed. Four or five of their horses had been left on the battle ground, and a later party reported finding four graves along the trail.

Senator H. C. King paid a visit to Captain Roberts while he was convalescing from his wound, and was so deeply stirred by the report of the fight that he introduced a bill in the legislature then in session providing that a gun be given to each of the men who participated in the fight, as a testimonial of the state's appreciation of the service rendered. The guns presented were 1873 model Winchester rifles and carried a suitably engraved plate on the stock.

Shortly after the Deer Creek battle, a movement was started to organize a frontier police to protect the pioneers from the Indians and desperadoes which had overrun the state, and in May, 1874, Governor Richard Coke recommended to the legislature that a battalion of six full companies of rangers, consisting of 75 men to each company, be raised and equipped and placed on the Texas frontier. The legislature appropriated \$75,000 for this purpose, and the Frontier Battalion was organized. Later the force was reduced to 40 men to each company.

An interesting story was told by Captain Roberts of the first fight the rangers had with the Indians after Company D, of which he was in command, was sent into the Fort McCavett district. The Indians had been bothering the people of the district quite a bit, but the soldiers stationed at the fort had done nothing about it. The rangers were sent there by the governor to clear up the trouble.

"We were trailing a band of Indians which had been raiding the ranches around Saline Creek, and the report came in that they were only a short distance ahead. With about eight of the rangers I went on the trail and as we came over a small hill we could see the band of about 12 Indians ahead of us, so we rushed to meet them before they could find cover.

"When the Indian chief saw the rangers, he halted his band and prepared to give battle.

"He drew his men up in military formation," described Captain Roberts. "It was about the prettiest movement I had ever seen made.

"As soon as the rangers got within range the battle was started. The Indian chief singled out Captain Roberts as the leader, and directed his attentions toward him. The two rode toward each other, shooting as they did so, and the chief was the first to draw blood. Captain Roberts' horse was wounded. As soon as he saw what had happened, he jumped to the ground, adopting the Indian tactics of jumping around in a kind of war dance to draw the fire of the other.

The Indian also left his horse and the two advanced toward each other for a hand-to-hand encounter, each jumping from side to side to draw the other's fire. The chieftain fired first, and missed, so Captain Roberts took deliberate aim and dropped him in his tracks.

"I sure was glad to see that Indian fall," said Captain Roberts, in telling of the affair. "For a while I thought he had me sure."

When the other Indians saw the chief fall they were rather disheartened, and retreated without losing any more of their men.

The people of the district were very much alarmed when the battle was reported, as this was the first Indian which had been killed in the district. It was feared that a general uprising would result from the battle, but to their surprise nothing ever came of it. That was the last as well as the first trouble they had with the Indians there.

Murder of the Porter Family.

Mrs. G. A. Stanley of Locker, Texas, sends us the following account of the killing of the Porter family in 1863:

"In 1863 my father, George Moore, and his family lived in Cooke county, but the Indians became so hostile we moved to St. Joe, in Montague county, for protection. St. Joe was about ten miles from our home. On the 10th of October of that year father started to our home place after a load of corn, going in an ox-wagon. He had his saddle pony tied to the rear of the wagon, and his rifle by his side. When he reached a point within two miles of his place, where our nearest neighbor lived, he saw the house was burned down. A man named Porter owned a grist mill

in that community, and father went to that mill, as it was only a short distance away. When he arrived he found the Indians had been there only a little while before and had killed old man Porter and his wife, their daughter-in-law and a grown daughter, and had set the house on fire, tore up the feather beds, and departed, leaving Billy Porter desperately wounded and his little one-year old nephew wounded in the throat. A three-year-old niece was unhurt. When father reached the scene of this horrible tragedy he found this little girl carrying water from a spring to relieve her uncle's sufferings. Billy Porter was wounded fifteen times. At the time of the attack he was hauling rails and when he was pressed closely he left his wagon and crawled under the floor of the house. When the Indians left he came out and rescued two children from the burning building and carried them to the mill. Father put them in his wagon and carried them to St. Joe. The onslaught of the Indians caught the Porters wholly unprepared for an attack and they had no way of defending themselves, the only firearms the family had having been taken away by other menfolks who had gone out on the range to kill a beef. Billy Porter said there was a white man with the band of Indians who made the attack. Billy Porter and the two children stayed with us for quite awhile, or until they got well.

"My father and mother had many terrible experiences while living on the frontier in those days. I am now seventy-one years of age."

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.

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.

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

Tells of Old Trail Days.

C. D. Bowmer, Route 2, Corsicana, Tex.

In 1867 the Rev. Hailey Wright, a Methodist preacher of Williamson County, Texas, made up a herd of stock cattle at Round Rock and drove them to Baxter Springs, Kan. I was one of six who drove the herd through. To the best of my knowledge there are only three of the six now living. They are G. T. Tisdale of Georgetown, O. C. Weaver, Austin, and myself.

We left Round Rock on Sept. 1 and followed the old road, which nearly all the immigrants from the North traveled to Texas, and almost exactly the route along which the M.-K.-T. Railroad later built its line through the then Indian Territory. Nothing unusual happened on this trip. Being late in the year it got pretty cold before we got back home some time in November. At this time the Chisholm trail had not been started and I think no railroads had been constructed further than the eastern part of Kansas. Ours was one of the first herds of cattle ever driven into Kauses from Texas. Mr. Wright put those cattle on a small ranch that he owned near Baxter Springs.

In 1869 Dennis Shudy came to the city of Austin from California. Neil Cain of near Manor made up a herd for Mr. Shudy, and Jack Harris, who, I think, now lives at San Antonio, was trail boss, and a good one. I helped to drive this herd to Abilene, Kan., where we arrived some time in June. Nothing happened out of the usual routine except that Indians bothered us some. This herd was driven over the new Chisholm trail. We crossed Red River at Red River Station or Spanish Fort; the Arkansas at Wichita, Kan. Nothing has been written about Abilene being a hard town has been exaggerated to the best of my knowledge and information. Mrs. Gore, who was then proprietor of the Drivers' Cottage, was almost a mother to the cowboy. She kept his money for him, nursed him when sick and looked after him like a mother. May peace be to her soul is the prayer of every old trail man now living.—Dallas News, July 17, 1925.

Read Frontier Times

Quick Wit Saves Man in Lynching Bee

W. S. Adair, in Dallas News.

"My boyhood days were spent in the most backwoods way possible; that is, in Laurel county, Kentucky," said J. B. Martin, 1921 St. Louis Street, Dallas. "The country was wild and rugged, and the people were not out of keeping with the background. There were no drug stores in that part of the country. The doctors carried the medicines they administered in their saddlebags, and the herb doctors seconded the efforts of the allopaths to keep people in health. My mother, who belonged to the latter school of medicine, gave me my first lessons in botany. She kept me busy ransacking the woods for roots, bark and berries, which by the various processes known to her art she converted into remedies. The home was the sanitarium, and the farm the grocery and dry goods store. It was not often that anybody bought a ham or a sack of flour, and as for wearing apparel, it was all homemade. My father, J. R. Martin, was a country school teacher for fifty years. Many of the noted moonshiners and feudists, who later figured in the newspapers and who are now serving a second term on the movie screen, were his pupils, though they grievously perverted his teaching about shooting straight.

"London, the county seat of Laurel county, is watched over at a distance of three miles by Frazier Knob, the highest elevation of land or rock in Kentucky, and in the edge of London stood the hunting cabin of Daniel Boone up to twelve years ago, when it was pulled down by the owner of the land to make room for a cabbage patch. For more than 100 years that hut had served to rouse the latent spirit of romance and adventure in the boys of that part of the country, and those of them who further cultivated this spirit by reading 'Wild Western Scenes' and other books setting forth the adventures of the early settlers with the Indians, usually wound up by going West. By the time father had got me ready to enter the college at London I had entirely outgrown school life and was ready for the real thing. The upshot was that when I started for London in company with Hiram John-

son, a neighbor boy, we persuaded each other to run away and come to Texas. Before getting too far from home I want to say that London is and has always been a hightoned town. It was settled by the best people from the colonies of Virginia and the Carolinas, and it must have been the first place in Kentucky to have a school that pretended to teach anything higher than the most elementary grades. The present famous Sue Bennett College there, which is a continuation of the original academy, is consequently one of the oldest institutions of learning west of the Allagheny Mountains. And it might not be out of place to add that London was the first municipality in Kentucky to go dry.

"Without telling our parents good-bye, Hiram Johnson and I set out for Texas. We came by railroad to Sherman where we arrived in February, 1876. I wanted to get away from railroads, which looked too much like civilization. From what I could hear Cooke county would suit me. I fell in with Wilburn Gray, who had two weatherbeaten, storm-torn covered wagons and was in need of a driver for one of them. It was as the driver of one of those wagons I made my way to Marysville, sixteen miles northwest of Gainesville.

"There is nothing like studying nature at first-hand. On the way to Marysville I considerably enlarged my knowledge of meteorology. The first blue norther I had ever heard of struck us. It was a clear day and warm enough to make the perspiration sensibly stand out on men and teams. A blue cloud that looked like a small patch of smoke appeared in the northwest. The next moment a fierce wind, keen as zero, struck us. Throughout a night of black darkness the storm raged. We camped in the open and, with no other protection than our wagon sheets afforded, I was enabled to get some first-hand ideas of what real winter is like.

"At Marysville, I found myself looking for a job. J. A. Kipp, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, employed me to grub stumps. But, fortunately for me, Kipp

was an invalid. He could eat nothing but game, and his morbid taste craved a change every day. Discovering that I was a Kentuckian and could shoot a rifle, he proposed that I become his hunter, at the same wages that I was getting for the stump job. Although I did not let on to Kipp, his proposition was just to my hand. It was reducing a romantic ideal to a practical reality. It enabled me to play Daniel Boone and at the same time to draw pay for it. Deer, antelope and turkeys were to be found everywhere, with plenty of ducks and geese at the right time of year, and I had no difficulty in supplying any sort of bizarre bill of fare. Kipp's disordered appetite might fabricate from the materials of the nightmares of which he had been the host the preceding night. I wandered in all directions, not so much in search of game as from a desire to explore the country. Once I got lost and strayed as far as the Arbuckle Mountains in Oklahoma.

"All the northwest was strictly in the rough in those days. Everybody carried a sixshooter or two; bad men and cowboys rode into saloons and shot up the town. A story I heard from one who was present will illustrate the administration of justice on the frontier. Some cowmen caught a man from Arkansas who had killed a yearling in the Arbuckle Mountains. In an old wagon drawn by a pair of crowbait horses this man was moving his wife and stairstep of towheaded children from Arkansas to Western Oklahoma. The family had run out of something to eat, and were experiencing all the miseries of woe-begone poverty. In his desperation the man had killed a yearling. The cowmen made ready to hang him. When the leader went to adjust the rope, the man said he wished to make a dying request. He asked to have the noose placed over his head by a man who had himself never stolen a yearling. The leader passed the rope to the next man, and he to the next, and so on down the line. The last man threw the rope down, and as he turned away said, "The scoundrel is not worth hanging!"

"A man was arraigned before a Justice of the Peace in Cooke county on a charge of stealing a hog. The court knew enough law to ask the prisoner if

he were guilty or not guilty. He pleaded not guilty, whereupon the court said: 'You are a blank liar,' and rushing upon the fellow slapped his jaws, and clapped a fine of \$10 to him. I can give you the names of the cowmen figuring in this lynching, the name of their shifty victim, and the names of the Justice of the Peace and the astonished culprit before him, but there is no sense in parading them at this late day. From what I could gather, the men who took the law into their own hands on the frontier in those days were not much more desirable citizens than their victims they just happened to be in the majority; that was all.

"Leaving Marysville, I drifted south and secured a job as teamster to haul flour and other supplies from Jonesboro, Coryell county, to the Army Posts as far as Fort Griffin and Fort Concho and to bring back buffalo hides. About that time had friends interested themselves in an effort to induce the Government to compensate Rich Coffey, a pioneer cattleman in the far West, for losses resulting from the depredations of the Indians who had stolen 1,500 head of his cattle, several hundred head of his horses, and killed a number of his cowboys, including two of his sons. The Indians had, in fact, about put the old man out of business. But I never heard whether the Government went to his relief. There were, however, conflicting views in reference to the attitude of the Indians toward white settlers. Jack Chestnut, my uncle, a Kentuckian, settled in Burnet county sometime in the '50s. He died and left his widow, Aunt Met Chestnut, in charge of the ranch of 2000 acres. She told me that the Comanches were her sole protection in early days, and that she always felt safe when they were in their camp near her, at the foothills of the Colorado Mountains. To be sure they occasionally killed a few of her cattle, for pressing needs, but never stole a horse or a cow. Aunt Met, well stricken in years, was still alive when I last heard from her.

"My first visit to Dallas was when I came to hear the evangelists, Moody and Shankey, in 1886. They held their meetings in an abandoned skating rink at Elm and Olive streets. I was living at

Fort Worth at the time, and I could not understand why these evangelists did not hold their revival in the leading town of North Texas. But, on looking Dallas over, I discovered that the half had not been told about it out my way. I moved to Dallas the next year. In 1888 John S. Armstrong, president of the State Fair, employed me as advertising agent. Mr. Armstrong, who was a doer of things, sent me all over the

State. I think I visited 234 counties during the summer. The railroad rate to the Fair that year was \$5 for the round trip, tickets good for fifteen days, from Galveston, El Paso, Texline and Texarkana; and the attendance broke all records. I have been connected with the State Fair, in one capacity or another, almost since that time, and for twenty-seven years of the time with the art department."

The Packsaddle Mountain Fight

Ben C. Stuart, in Colorado Citizen.

In August 1873, a desperate encounter took place at Packsaddle mountain, Llano county, between eight cowboys and twenty-one Apache Indians. The names of the cowboys were William B. Moss, S. R. Moss and S. B. Moss, three brothers, and Ele Lloyd, Archer Martin, Pickney Ayers, Robert Brown and E. H. Harrington. A party of twenty-one Indians had entered Llano county and established a permanent camp on Packsaddle Mountain, from which they began to make raids upon the adjacent ranches. On the evening of August 9, 1873, a cow came up to the ranch of Mr. Moss with an arrow sticking in her body, the first intimation of the presence of Indians the people had.

The next morning the eight cowboys named above, each armed with a Spencer repeating rifle and a sixshooter, left the ranch in search of the Indians. They soon struck the trail of a large party and followed it to the foot of the mountain. Being confident that the Indian camp would be found on the summit of the mountain they cautiously proceeded until about half way to the top, when they discovered an Indian sentinel seated on a rocky ledge with a small mirror in one hand while the other was busily engaged in adorning his face with paint. He was so engrossed in making his toilet that he failed to discover the cowboys until they were in a short distance of him when he dropped the glass and paint and with a loud yell dashed away. Following as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit the cowboys soon came to a small plateau at one end of which was the Indian camp and at the

other the horses staked out to graze. The punchers dashed in between the encampment and the horses and dismounting made ready for battle. The Indians seized their guns and after firing a volley at the boys, rushed upon them in a body to drive them from their position and regain possession of their horses. Four of the boys were wounded at the first fire, three of them so badly they were unable to fight, leaving only five to contend against twenty-one Indians. But as the Indians came to close quarters, the cowboys poured such a continuous and deadly fire upon them from Spencer rifles and revolvers that the savages faltered and finally fell back to their position at their encampment. They however quickly formed again and charged the cowboys with the determination of driving them from their position at all hazards, but the Texans stood their ground, and a desperate and almost hand to hand conflict ensued, the Indians again being repulsed. After the repeated charges, which were repulsed, the Indians finally retired into some thick undergrowth in the rear of their encampment, and being entirely screened from view of the cowboys supposing they had given up the fight, laid aside their guns and turned their attention to their wounded comrades.

In the account of the battle furnished by an old frontiersman and printed in Wilbarger's book, he says: "While thus engaged, the Indians headed by their indomitable young chief who had made himself so conspicuous in the fight by his daring, emerged from the thicket, appar-

ently with the intention of making another charge upon the Texans. The latter quickly sprang to their guns, and quietly awaited the onset. But when the Indians saw the boys were ready to give them the same reception they had met with in their previous charges, they advanced but a few paces beyond the thicket and came to a halt. The young chief then turned and made a harangue, but it was of no avail. The sight of the cowboys and their Spencer rifles leveled toward them was too much, and they refused to advance. At length, finding he could not induce his men to make another charge upon the Texans, he waved them back contemptuously with a hand and turning deliberately advanced solitary and alone toward them. He had a Winchester would stop and fire upon the cowboys. In this way he continued to advance rifle in his hand, and every few paces he until he was within a few yards of the place where the boys were stationed, when he fell dead pierced by half dozen bullets. As soon as he fell his men retreated into the thicket, carrying with them in blankets several of their dead and wounded. The chief and two others were left dead on the ground. The Indians lost everything they had but the arms the survivors carried off with them. The boys got all their horses, among them some very valuable ones, a large lot of robes, some fine Navajo blankets, silver mounted saddles, Winchester and Henry rifles and revolvers and camp equipments. Among the saddles was one marked with the name of the maker, and 'Tucson Arizona.' This was the last raid they ever made in Llano county.

Tells of 1875 Coast Storm.

W. H. Meddick, Davidson, Ok.

I was on the Matagorda Peninsula in the fall of 1875 when they had that bad storm. I was at Billit Mitchell's. He and his family, consisting of himself, his wife and two little twin boys about 18 months old, were lost. Also George Jacobs, his brother-in-law. A young lady by name of Lizzie Rasey and myself stayed with the house until it commenced going to pieces, when we left it. We soon got separated. I had one of the little boys but he got strangled. At first he seemed to get over it and he put his little arms around my neck, but in a moment we got into water over my head. I was holding the little fellow by the ankle when I became strangled and had to let the baby go. Soon after I came to the top a log came along. I got on the log and stayed there about twenty-three hours. Finally the northwest storm that came up about a day or a little later, took me back seven miles east from where I started. I landed at the Billy Brown place, down on the peninsula. There I skinned a cow and wrapped the hide around my body to protect me from the chilly wind.

I wished to ask if any others are yet living who were in that storm and saw the place where I wrapped myself up in the cowhide? If so, please drop me a few lines to that effect. Surely some are living who saw me in my fresh cow skin robe. I am past 79 years and still able to ride the cultivator all day.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times.

Early Days Were Thrilling

In the Brownwood section are many pioneer citizens who remember many thrilling events in the settlement of this territory in the early days when the Indians and buffaloes roamed the prairie and along the streams. Some experiences in this section were told to a Dallas reporter by J. R. Irwin, who made a trip to Brownwood when traveling in this section was dangerous. He said:

"I went with a party of engineers to locate lands in the West in 1876. Fort Worth was then the terminus of the Texas and Pacific Railroad. There were few farmers as far out as Comanche and Abilene, though there was a vast extent of unoccupied territory on this side of those settlements. The region west of the Colorado River was still roamed by the Indians and buffaloes with here and

there a cattleman with a precarious hold for the buffaloes crowded cattle off the range, and the Indians preferred the more savory beef to the coarse fibered buffalo meat. Cattlemen and settlers generally wished to make the West safe for the white man. It was said that so long as there were buffaloes there would be Indians. That was the text and the justification for what might be termed the crusade against the buffalo. Cattlemen wanted free grass and men everywhere wanted the thrill of hunting big game. The slaughter was on a vast scale. We found the carcasses of buffaloes every where. Of the immense army of hunters enough to make merchandise of buffalo robes, and the profits of these must have been small, since the hides brought only 75c a piece delivered at the distant trading points.

"Brownwood was the last settlement out that way. Beyond there were supposed to be no white people this side of the army post at San Angelo. Our party crossed the Concho River where it flows into the Colorado. There we found Rich Coffey, a pioneer, one of those who show the way into the wilderness. He facetiously told us that between that point and the Rio Grande we wanted to look out for his wife's kinsfolk. From day to day we saw Indians in the distant and at night we saw the glow of their camp fires. We had little fear that they would attack us, but very much that they might get our horses which we were obliged to stake on to eat mesquite grass since we had no other feed for them. After we had cooked and eaten supper we always left the fire and traveled five or ten miles before we stopped for the night. Hobbling our horse and using our saddles for pillows we lay down to sleep with winchester and revolvers at hand. Horses, it seems, have a terror of Indians which, provided the wind be in the right quarter, they can always scent in time to give the alarm. Several times our horses roused us by their neighing and trampling, and came meeting us with all the speed their fettered feet would admit, but, of course we could see no Indians. Besides the buffaloes, there were wild horses and no end of antelopes in the west. Antelopes are the shyest and the swiftest of quadrupeds—they burn the wind as they go.

But they have a development of curiosity that is their undoing. If the concealed hunter could once attract the attention of an antelope by shaking a handkerchief or any other article or object above the grass that antelope was as good as his, for it approaches as if fascinated to investigate.

"We saw many herds of wild horses. One herd in particular impressed me. It had for three days been fleeing from a party of hunters, who were trying to drive it into a mountain pass and thus to secure it. This herd was directed by one of the most beautiful stallions I have ever seen. It is the nature of the male wild horse to attempt to incorporate into his own herd all the horses he comes across. True to his nature, this stallion again and again circled our party, plainly with a view of appropriating our bunch of horses. He had a magnificent spread of mane and tail, and his performance was grace itself. Beyond the Colorado we came upon the remains of two or three settlements that had been broken up by the Comanches. A long abandoned cabin appeared in one place; farther on, the ashes and charred timbers of a more recent one, with vegetables growing in a garden hard by, from which we gathered beans and peas and cooked them in our teakettle.

"We did not go as far as the Rio Grande, but turned north, and crossing the Plains, returned by the way of Fort Worth. The far flung, fenceless Plains were peopled by mile deep herds of buffaloes, harassed by hunters who were shooting them down by the thousand. Higher up the landscape, broken by mountains or great hills, gave one at first hand that impression of solitude which the lay reader encounters in one of J. Fenimore Cooper's tales. The "Spell of the Sleeping Beauty" seemed to be on the land. Long trains of wagons piled up with buffalo hides, animated the train from the remotest outposts to Fort Worth, Sherman and Dallas. Still only a small per cent were skinned.

"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.

The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

(CONCLUDED.)

I rose early next morning to prepare as much provision for the road as I could conveniently carry. I cooked the duck and one of the pullets I had killed the day before (Scout and I had demolished the other for breakfast) and ground a gallon or so of meal on a steel mill. Besides these, my supplies consisted of five or six pounds of bacon, several pounds of sugar, two pounds of coffee parched and ground, some salt and pepper, and two bottles of honey. This, I thought, with care would last us eight or ten days, even if we found nothing on the road. I also had a tin cup for making coffee, and of course my two carving knives which I sharpened on a whetstone were as keen as razors. For these I had made scabbards out of a piece of leather and sewed them to my belt. When ready to start I scribbled with a bit of chareoal the following "due bill" upon the wall of my sleeping apartment: "— an American captured by the Mexieans but escaping from them at Goliad, is indebted to the proprietor of this house for one week's board and lodging and some extras, and will pay the same on demand." The extras referred to consisted of articles of clothing, pipe and tobacco, etc. This note has never been presented for payment, and I suppose it is barred now by the statute of limitation—nevertheless, I would cheerfully pay the principal now—but not the interest, for that would put the amount far above my present assets, and I should be compelled to take the benefit of the Bankrupt Act. Having thus settled my board bill on such easy terms, I shouldered my knapsack, stuck my carving knives into my belt, and followed by Scout, I took my way towards the road I had found the evening before.

Just as I entered the brake, I turned to take a last look at the house that had been a haven of rest to me after my wanderings in the wilderness, and I experienced a feeling of regret when I thought that in all probability I should never see it again. There I had truly been "the monarch of all I surveyed."

I could loll upon the sofas—tumble up the beds—wipe the mud from my boots on the rugs and carpets—smoke tobacco (by no means the best quality) in the drawing room—select my own "menu" from the well stored pantry and the poultry in the yard—and there was none to say me nay. Even now I look back with pleasant recollections to my sojourn in those comfortable quarters, for it was the only time I ever had complete and undisputed control of such an establishment. "Peace to its ashes" if, as is highly probable, it was subsequently burned by the Mexieans.

At that day as I have before stated, nearly the whole of the bottoms on old Caney was covered by an unbroken cane-brake sixty or seventy miles long and from three to five in width. This I had from others who were settlers in that portion of the country at an early day, and the statement is probably correct. The soil of this brake is exceedingly fertile, and the time will come no doubt, when it will be converted into one continuous sugar and cotton plantation. At the points where I saw it, it was a dense mass of cane, briars and vines, with here and there a scattering tree growing in their midst. Bears, panthers, wild hogs and other "varmints" were very numerous in it and along its borders.

About half a mile below the place where I came out into the open prairie, I saw a house near the bottom, and as I had made it a rule to search everyone I passed for guns and ammunition, I started with that intention towards the one in question. I kept well under the shelter of some timber bordering the brake, to screen myself from the view of any one who might be about the premises. In this timber I struck a plain trail leading towards the house, which I took. I followed it perhaps a hundred yards or so, when as I turned a short bend in the path, I caught sight of a Mexiean soldier, with his gun on his shoulder, walking rapidly towards me. Luckily a dense growth of bushes bor-

dered the path at the point where I then was, and although I had but little hope the Mexican had not seen me, I instantly sprang into the bushes and laid down among them. Scout, who evidently had not forgotten the choking I gave him on a previous occasion, quickly followed me, and took his station by my side. It seems, however, the Mexican did notice us for he came on, and passed within six feet of us without halting. I could almost have touched him with my longest carving knife, and if he had been a little weakly chap I think I would have been tempted to spring suddenly upon him as he passed and give him a tussle for his gun, but he was a big strapping fellow, and I knew I would have no chance of coming off winner in a hand to hand encounter with him, even if I had not been hampered with a heavy knapsack, and other "impedimenta." I concluded therefore that "discretion was the better part of valor," and did not move until he was hidden from my view by a turn of the path.

As it was evident he came from the house I had seen, and as I thought it highly probable there were "more of the same sort" there, I gave up the idea of searching it for guns, for fear I might find more of them there than was desirable; so I gave it a wide berth, and striking off through the woods to the right I came out again to the prairie two or three miles below.

The day was cloudy and dark, and I couldn't see the timber on the opposite side; consequently I could form no idea of its extent. Besides (having made a late start on account of being delayed in preparing provisions for the road), the sun was by this time getting pretty low, and I thought it best to encamp for the night and start anew in the morning.

In a little open space just within the brake, separated from the prairie by a very narrow strip of cane I pitched my camp; in other words, I pulled off my knapsack, and stretched myself upon a bed of dry grass which I had cut with a knife. It was too early to cook supper, and as I had no dread of wild beasts till dark, I did not start a fire, and very fortunate it was for me I had not done so. I was just falling into a doze,

when Scout gave a low growl and at the same moment I heard the tramping of horses' hoofs. I looked through an opening in the strip of cane between me and the prairie and saw five or six Indians who were driving a number of horses, coming along the edge of the brake. Just as they were opposite to the spot where Scout and I were lying, two of the horses broke away from the "caballada," ran through the strip of cane and nearly over us. One of the Indians started after them, and was crossing the strip of cane, when the two runaways seeing Scout and I lying upon the ground, suddenly wheeled and ran back to the prairie, and the Indian turned also and followed them. If he had come six feet further he must inevitably have seen us. As it was he did not discover us, and the Indians and their drove of horses soon passed out of sight.

These two "close calls" both occurring the same day, convinced me that I had but little chance to make my way safely through a country swarming with roving bands of Mexicans and Indians; and yet, although I passed their recent encampments at several places, I never saw an Indian afterwards, nor a Mexican, except some squads of cavalry a long way off on the prairie.

During the night I heard bears crashing through the cane, and splashing in the water of the pool near which I was encamped. The number of bears at that day on old Caney was so great I cannot imagine how the settlers there managed to raise hogs unless they kept them constantly penned up. The next morning I saw many of their tracks on the edge of the pool, where they had been digging up some kind of plant with a bulbous root.

The next morning as I had eaten breakfast and Scout had "cleaned up" the fragments, I set off towards a long line of timber that was just barely visible on the farther side of the prairie. Not a great while after I had started I noticed a long way off to the west, a column of smoke rising up, which I supposed indicated an encampment of Mexicans or Indians in that quarter. When I had traveled perhaps three or four miles, I observed that this smoke was increasing rapidly in volume and extent, and that it appeared to be ap-

proaching the direction I was going. Then, for the first time it occurred to me that the prairie was on fire, and I began to be seriously apprehensive that the fire might overtake me before I could reach the timber. The grass of the last season's growth was from fifteen to eighteen inches in height, and as dry as tinder, and it seemed very probable, with the stiff breeze blowing at the time, the fire would overtake me before I had gone two miles further, I was convinced that escape by flight was impossible. I had heard old frontiersmen say, that the only thing to be done in a case of this kind, was to "fight fire with fire." I took my flint and steel from my pocket, ignited some tinder which I wrapped in a wisp of dry grass, and swinging it quickly backwards and forwards in my hand, it was soon in a blaze. With this I set fire to the grass ahead of me, and in a few moments I had the satisfaction of seeing my counter fire sweeping the grass that grew in the direction I was going.

By this time the wall of fire extending in a long line across the prairie behind me, was swiftly moving towards me. Already I could see bright tongues of flame flashing out at intervals through the dense column of smoke, and a dull continuous roar, like the distant beating of surf on a rock bound shore, was distinctly audible. Hundreds of deer, antelope and other animals came scampering by me in the wildest terror, and numerous vultures and hawks were seen hovering over the smoke, and occasionally pouncing down upon rabbits and other small animals, roused from their lair by the advancing flames. The nearer it came the faster it seemed to come, and I could see blazing tufts of grass borne along by the wind setting fire to the prairie sometimes fifty or a hundred yards ahead of the main fire. But by the time it had reached the place where I had set my counter fire going, the grass for several hundred yards was burnt off, and of course the fire was arrested there for want of fuel. I had nothing to do but follow the track of the fire I had started, which cleared the way before me as I went, and rendered walking much less fatiguing than it otherwise would have been—verifying

the truth of the old saying "that it is an ill wind that blows no good."

In about two hours after I had set my counter fire going, I came to the outskirts of the timber for which I had been steering, and through which I continued my course until I was stopped by a deep bayou. On the bank of this bayou, in a little open space not twenty feet square, I pitched my camp, and from the fallen trees around I collected fuel enough to keep my fire going all night. There I soon prepared a meal from the provisions I had in my knapsack, to which I and Scout did ample justice as we had not tasted food since early in the morning. As it was still several hours till night, I employed myself in repairing my dilapidated wardrobe with a needle and some thread I had found in my house on Old Caney.

Nothing occurred to disturb my slumbers during the night. The next morning after breakfast I shouldered my knapsack and started again. The bayou on which I had camped, though the current was very strong, looked so narrow I thought I could easily swim it without taking off my knapsack; so I plunged in at once, but unfortunately when I had about reached the middle of the stream, one of the straps that held it in position gave way, and in an instant the rapid current twisted it around my neck, and I went down with it like a stone to the bottom. I exerted myself to the utmost to free myself from it without success, until I thought of my carving knives. With great difficulty I drew one of them from the scabbard (it seemed to me that everything about me was tangled up) and cut the strap that fastened the knapsack around my neck. The moment I was freed from it I rose to the surface, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and half strangled with the water I had swallowed much against my will, for I was not in the least thirsty. Scout having no knapsack to encumber him, had already reached the opposite shore, and was running up and down the bank, whining most dolorously, and showing plainly his anxious concern for my safety. I quickly gained the shore myself after coming to the surface, but alas! I was compelled to leave my precious knapsack which contained our whole supply of provisions, at the bot-

tom of the bayou. However, I was very glad to get out of the scrape as well as I had done.

The first thing I did after reaching the shore, was to examine the condition of my tinder, and I was glad to find that but little water had penetrated the greased cloth in which it was wrapped. I took it out and spread it in the sunshine, so that what little moisture it had imbibed might evaporate. If I had lost my tinder as well as my provisions, I would have been in a truly pitiable condition.

When I had partially dried my clothes, I set out again in my usual direction, which led me for some distance through a thick growth of underbrush, from which I finally emerged into open post oak woods. I went on through these until nearly sunset, when the howling of wolves warned me that it was time to select a suitable place to encamp. I chose a spot in a thick grove on the margin of a pond. There I started a fire, and as I had to go to bed supperless, I determined that at any rate my bed should be a good one. With one of my carving knives I cut a quantity of long dry grass, which I spread before the fire, on which I and Scout after the mishaps and fatigues of the day slept soundly till morning.

As soon as it was daylight, as I had no breakfast to cook and eat, I was on my way again, and in a little while I came to a prairie. After traveling a while longer, I saw some distance ahead of me a grove, and still further on a forest was dimly visible. To this forest I steered my course, guided by the intervening grove. I saw several squads of Mexican cavalry on the way, but they did not come near me, and I avoided observation simply by lying down on the ground, until they had passed by. But what astonished me much was, that these squads were all traveling in a disorderly manner towards the west. It soon occurred to me, however, that the Mexican army must have met somewhere with a signal defeat, and that those I saw were straggling detachments from their routed forces. I have no doubt this supposition was correct, for the battle of San Jacinto, in which Santa Anna was taken prisoner, was fought

and won by the Texans under Gen Houston, a few days previously.

About noon, I came to the grove that had served me as a landmark to guide me on my course, and feeling somewhat fatigued, I laid down just outside of it to rest a while.

Continuing my course, about sun set I came to a deep and rapid stream, which I know now was the San Bernard, and I encamped for the night on the bank. By this time I was suffering much from hunger, but there was nothing in camp to eat, and I and Scout were compelled to satisfy the cravings of our appetites as well as we could, by going to sleep. The poet calls sleep "tired nature's sweet restorer," and under ordinary circumstances, no doubt there is some truth as well as poetry in the saying, but when a fellow has had nothing to eat for several days, and his bed is the naked ground, sleep as a restorer isn't a marked success—at least I was just as tired and hungry when I woke up the next morning as I was when I laid down. However, I was in hopes that I might find a settlement on the other side of the river where something to eat could be had, and without any preparation except simply tying my cap on my head securely to keep my precious tinder from getting wet, I plunged into the turbid stream closely followed by Scout. The water was very cold, but I soon crossed over and ascended the bank that rose up almost perpendicularly thirty or forty feet on that side of the stream.

When I got to the top of the bluff, I discovered a house a few hundred yards above me, to which I turned my course. As it was all open prairie on that side of the river except a few scattering groves, I had a good chance to reconnoitre the premises before approaching them, and seeing nothing to indicate that the house was occupied, I went up. It proved to be a single log cabin, in rather a dilapidated condition, and had been ransacked by some plundering party of Mexicans who had taken or destroyed any provisions that might have been there, except a handful of corn I found in a barrel. As I was thoroughly chilled after swimming the river, I concluded I would build a fire in the chimney for the double purpose of drying my clothes and parching the corn I had found.

There was but one door and one window to the cabin, both on the same side, and while I was busily engaged in parching corn, my attention was drawn to a grating sound in the direction of the window, and turning to look, I saw the muzzle of a gun protruding through it. But Scout had noticed it, too, and giving a savage growl, he sprang at one bound through the window, and at the same instant almost I heard some one rip out an oath in good, King's English, and exclaiming "come take your dog off," in such choking accents as convinced me there was urgent need of haste. I ran out immediately, and with some difficulty forced Scout to let go the grip he had taken upon a thick woolen comforter, which fortunately for him, my visitor had wrapped around his neck.

After he had somewhat recovered from the surprise and alarm into which the unexpected onset of Scout had thrown him, he asked me where I was from, and how I came to be out there all alone among the Mexicans and Indians. When I had satisfied him on this point, he told me that he and a Capt. D— were out on a spying expedition, and seeing a smoke coming out of the cabin chimney where I was carrying on my culinary operations, they had come to the conclusion that a party of Mexicans had halted there. After a consultation as to the best mode of proceeding, it was determined that Capt. D— should remain with the horses under cover of a grove a few hundred yards from the cabin, whilst his companion, Mr. H—, should cautiously approach it on foot, and ascertain the strength of the party within. If too strong for them to contend with, he was to fire upon them through the door or window and then make his retreat as fast as possible to the grove where he had left Capt. D— and the horses. But in arranging this program, they did not consult Scout, who revenged himself in the manner I have stated. After giving this information and telling me that the Texans had whipped the Mexicans at San Jacinto, etc., Mr. H— gave a whoop (the preconcerted signal for Capt. D— to come on), and in a few moments he rode up, leading H—'s horse and another one, which to my great satisfaction I found was well packed with provisions. As I have

stated, I already had a fire under way, and in a little while a pot of coffee was simmering on it, and a haversack of eatables, biscuits, potatoes, cold ham, etc. was spread upon the floor. Those biscuits! I shall never forget them! None of your little thin flimsy affairs, such as are usually seen on fashionable tables, but good solid fat fellows, each as big as a saucer, and with dark colored spots in the center, where the "shortening" had settled in the process of baking.

When the coffee was ready I was invited to "pitch in," which I did promptly and without any pressing, after casting a contemptuous look towards the little pile of parched corn on the hearth, which I had previously prepared for my breakfast.

As well as I remember, I think I was dealing with my fifth biscuit, and was looking longingly toward the sixth when Capt. D— mildly suggested that in his opinion I had better "knock off" for a while for fear of consequences. To this I made no reply except to seize the sixth biscuit, and while I was disposing of that, Capt. D— expeditiously cleared the board, and deposited the remainder of the provisions in the haversack. We then mounted the horses (the pack animal having been turned over to me) and in a day or so we reached the Brazos, where a portion of the Texas army was encamped.

I have nothing further to add, except that when I left for the "States" a month or so subsequently, finding it impossible, owing to the crowded condition of the schooner in which I sailed to take Scout with me, I gave him to my friend H—, who promised me he should be well taken care of. Many years afterwards I met with H— at Austin, and he told me that Scout lived to a good old age, and died the respected progenitor of a breed of dogs that were highly prized for their valuable qualities.

(THE END.)

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.

some of the children went home with me. When we woke Mother you should have heard her shouting for joy over the return of her lost boy.

I have driven cattle on the trail from

Texas, Old Mexico and Arizona. I went up the trail first in 1873, and from then on until 1890, then I quit. I was born March 1, 1854, in Leon county, Texas, and moved to DeWitt county in 1861. You can just guess my age.

Rode Camels to a Campmeeting

Rev. H. G. Horton, Bishop, Texas.

I have been in Texas as a preacher since 1858, the year of the organization of the old Rio Grande Conference. In 1859 I was on the Uvalde mission, and O. B. Adams was on the Center Point Circuit. It may not have gone by that name that year. Jasper K. Harper was on the Medina Circuit. O. B. Adams' work included Camp Verde and Turkey Creek. Adams arranged a campmeeting on Turkey Creek, close to Camp Verde and visiting preachers were John Wesley DeVilbiss, Jasper K. Harper and H. G. Horton. Harper and I met at Castroville and passed on up to the camp ground and through the noted Bandera Pass, where Col. Jack Hays had had a desperate fight with Indians in 1840. Night overtook us as we reached the lower end of the Pass. We found a family there living in a rough log cabin, and Harper asked them if we could get a bite to eat, and be permitted to sleep on the front porch. Permission was readily granted. Harper was very zealous religiously and asked the old man of the home if we could hold family prayers. The old Texan told him that Bandera Pass was not a very good place to close your eyes and go to prayers, "But," said the old veteran, "you and the children can pray while I stand at the door and keep my eyes skinned for Indians, for it's the light of the moon and our red brother generally passes along here about this time."

In safety we went on up to the camp ground next morning. Sunday came on and John W. DeVilbiss, our most lively preacher, held forth under an arbor on Turkey Creek. If your readers do not remember to the contrary, they have not forgotten the historic fact that Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, had brought over from Egypt a whole lot of camels and put them under care

of soldiers and officers for training as future burden bearers to carry government supplies across the arid plains of Arizona and New Mexico. There were no railroads in Texas at that time, and autos had not been dreamed of. These camels were being trained, and the officers' wives could ride them easily. A campmeeting, away out there in the woods, was a novelty. DeVilbiss was picking out his hymn to commence on that beautiful Sunday morning, when the congregation suddenly saw six camels coming right up the dim path to the arbor, and on the back of each camel sat a woman and two or three children. The whole crowd arose and hurried out to meet them. We helped them all down and the drivers hitched the camels close around, and there they stood during services and listened to DeVilbiss preach as solemnly as though the day of judgment was at hand. The women and children remained and took dinner with us, then sang some hymns for us before they mounted their camels and returned to Camp Verde.

One time, as I was coming east through a strip of woods just west of Castroville, I met fifty of those camels passing on up towards New Mexico, loaded with government supplies. My horse was so badly scared he tried his best to climb a tree.

I expect everybody who was at the campmeeting above mentioned is now dead, except old man V. M. West of San Antonio and myself. The last of those camels died ten years ago.

"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.

Roughing It on the Cattle Range

Samuel A. Hunter, London, Texas.

On December 23rd, 1862, I was with a cow outfit which nooned at San Pedro Springs, now in the very heart of San Antonio. We moved on to Uvalde county, and stopped on a little creek west of Sabinal Creek, which I think was called Blaneo. After we were there only a few days all of the men had to go into the army, leaving only John T. Fleming and myself with the herd, numbering about 1,000 head of cattle. We were short on supplies, too, and for at least two months our rations consisted of only beef or venison and honey, with no bread. At that time that region was very thinly settled, and Indians would come in on their raids about twice a month, during the light moon, but we soon learned when to expect them, and were on guard. We moved our bedding to a cave on the creek, where we found concealment and were quite safe. We remained there from January 1863, until February, 1864. "Butch" Dillard, who lived several miles below our camp, came up and advised us to go home, which was eight miles southwest of Clinton, on Coletto Creek. He let us have a small wagon in which to make the trip. We turned several yoke of oxen and a large wagon over to him until O. D. Fleming came home from the army, and we took the small wagon and one yoke of oxen and started for home, about one hundred and fifty miles distant. I had a good pony of my own, and John (Pood) Fleming had a pony also. While one of us drove the wagon the other would ride on horseback and lead the other horse, keeping ahead of the wagon to watch for Indians. Each of us had a Colt's pistol and we knew how to use them. We followed the same road over which we had brought the cattle, and when we reached Leon Creek about dark we camped there for the night on the west bank. During the night a howling blizzard came up, and as we were thinly clad, having started out from home with only enough clothing to do us about six weeks, we were in a sad plight. Next morning John volunteered to take the wagon and go up the creek where it

was not boggy and cross it. When I saw he had made the crossing all right, I crossed near camp and rode about 300 yards when I heard somebody shout behind, and looking back I saw Jim Prather, a young man who had gone out with us when we started with the cattle. He had been in the army, and when he found us that morning he was still riding the same old paint horse, which we called Old Painter. When he crossed the Leon through the ice and mud Old Paint became so chilled we had to leave him there to die.

Later our boss, O. D. Fleming, who had come home on a furlough, came to our camp in the night to warm, and when he found who we were he was greatly surprised. He remained with us that night, and early the next morning left us, saying he would go on ahead and try to buy some clothing and boots for us in San Antonio, and if he could not get the clothing there he would go on home and have his wife to make the clothing by the time we reached there. When we reached Lavernia we stopped to noon under some haekberry trees and Jim Prather was to cook dinner while we fed the oxen on prickly pear. A negro came along with a load of corn and Jim gave him five dollars for a half bushel of it, so we had parched corn for dinner. From there it took us five days to reach home. Prather quit us before we reached Yorktown, and carried his saddle on his back about ten miles. When we got in sight of Yorktown John Fleming said we could go to his home by midnight, and this we did. When we neared his home he gave a yell or two and it was not long until his sisters came to meet us, bringing us each a good pair of jeans pants to put on before we got to the house. It was then near midnight. Miss Martha Fleming, John's sister, unhitched the oxen and unyoked them, as she well knew them. Their names were Buek and Stout. We then went to the house and to supper. And such a wonderful supper it was! Biscuits and pork, the first we had had in over a year. My mother lived about a mile from there, and just before day

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This number completes Volume 2 of Frontier Times. In other words this little magazine is now two years old. It's a healthy youngster, and growing in grace and gratitude every day. We had planned to make some changes in the typographical appearance of Frontier Times, beginning with Volume 3, but we have decided to retain its dress, for the present at least. We have received so many letters from friends urging that no radical change be made that we will continue to use the same cover design and paper in order to give our magazine the appearance of a publication printed forty or fifty years ago. However, we expect to increase the number of pages, each number, to forty-eight instead of thirty-two.

Next month Frontier Times enters upon its third volume. About three hundred subscriptions expire with this number. If you are one of the three hundred we hope you will renew your subscription at once to avoid missing a single number. We are proud of our loyal friends, and we want to keep them all by giving a readable, interesting magazine every issue. We set out to make a success of Frontier Times. Previous attempts to publish a magazine devoted to frontier history have met with failure, but this little magazine is now on the high road to success, due solely to the fact that we have eliminated most of the overhead expense by the editor doing all of the mechanical work himself. We have not yet solicited advertising for Frontier Times, but we expect to carry a select line of advertising before a great while, on the cover pages only. Our only source of revenue which keeps the magazine going is our subscription list; therefore we hope renewals will be made promptly.

Anyone having a copy of the "Life of Ben Thompson," can dispose of it by addressing Frontier Times.

We want every old Texas Ranger, every old trail driver, every old frontiersman to write and tell us his experience in the early days. Write it in your own way; we will put it in shape for publication. We want you old timers to know that Frontier Times is your magazine, and is here to tell its readers what you have gone through and endured to make Texas the grand old state she is today.

Our Clubbing Offers

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Capt. J. B. Gillett's book, "Six Years With the Texas Rangers," regular price of the two \$4.00. Our price \$3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "The Life of F. M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," regular price for the two \$3.00. Our price \$2.25 postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of "Heel-Fly Time in Texas," regular price, \$2.00. Our price \$1.75, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and the highly interesting book issued by the Texas Folk-Lore Society, "Legends of Texas," regular price \$3.50. Our price \$3.00, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and a copy of Dot Babb's book, "In the Bosom of the Comanches," regular price \$3.00. Our price \$2.50, postpaid.

One year's subscription to Frontier Times and the two volumes of "The Trail Drivers of Texas," regular price \$7.00. Our price \$6.00, postpaid. this little magazine

Subscriptions Expiring

Quite a number of subscriptions to Frontier Times expire this month. If you find an expiration notice in your copy of the little magazine we hope you will promptly renew, as it is our policy to discontinue sending Frontier Times at expiration of time paid for, inasmuch as the existence of this magazine depends solely upon its subscriptions. Please watch your date and renew promptly. Frontier Times needs every subscriber on the list if the little magazine is to be a permanent publication.

Frontier Times wants to secure a copy of "The Life of Sam Bass."

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