



The West Texas Historical Review

The West Texas Historical Association (WTHA) was organized on April 19, 1924, at the Taylor County Courthouse in Abilene, Texas. A short history of the organization can be found at <https://www.tshaonline.org/handbook/entries/west-texas-historical-association>.

Since 1925, WTHA has produced the publication, *The West Texas Historical Association Yearbook*. Published annually, the *Yearbook* contains peer reviewed articles as well as other information about the organization. In 2014, the name of publication was officially changed to the *West Texas Historical Review* (WTHR).

More information on the West Texas Historical Association is available at <https://wtha.wildapricot.org/>

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West Texas Historical Association Year Book

VOL. III

JUNE, 1927

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INTRODUCTORY

The editors of the *West Texas Historical Association Year Book* are pleased to present to their readers the third annual publication of our organization. Our two preceding year books have been introduced to the libraries and book shelves all over our nation. We do not feel that they have exhaustively amplified the various subjects of West Texas history found therein, but we do believe that they contain much data and historical information which will help to throw light on the development of history in this part of Texas.

Our people are beginning to realize the importance of collecting and preserving the history of our pioneers. We have at last come to the day when organizations such as the West Texas Historical Association are expected to keep glowing the historical fires until the dark vistas of the dim past are illuminated for the feet of thousands of eager youths who are yet to pass this way. The preservation and publication of articles such as are found herein will go a long way toward supplying the dearth of dependable accounts at the present time.

The editors in the 1927 *Year Book* have attempted to divide the articles into three sections. The first contains the excellent articles contributed by R. N. Richardson, J. Marvin Hunter, R. E. Sherill and Miss Hybernia Grace. The second consists of personal recollections given by three notable pioneers. The third is a continuation of the policy instituted in the 1925 *Year Book* of reprinting contemporary accounts concerning early days in the Southwest. Then in conclusion, Mr. John R. Hutto, Chairman of the membership committee, has given us an account of the 1927 annual meeting at Stamford, Texas.



THE WEST TEXAS HISTORICAL YEAR BOOK

VOL. III

JUNE, 1927

JIM SHAW, THE DELAWARE

By RUPERT N. RICHARDSON

It is a far cry from Tammany Hall to Jim Ned Creek in Coleman County. Yet, the same Indian confederacy furnished both names; Tammany Hall after Tamenend, a great chief of the Delawares during the period of the Anglo-American colonies, and the creek after a famous scout of the same name.¹ It is said that William Penn, who appears to have been the first white man to make a treaty with the Delawares, always gave value received in his treaties. However this may be, one wonders if all the white men who dealt with this Indian group from the time of Penn on were as conscientious as the generous hearted Quaker. The ancestral home of the Delaware is the basin of the river that bears their name. They belonged to the great Algonquin family; and, since they occupied the central home from which most of the cognate tribes had diverged, they were universally accorded by all the other Algonquin Indians the respectful and affectionate title of "grandfather."² Through the combined pressure of white men and their red neighbors the Delaware groups were pushed westward and ever westward, first to the headwaters of the Allegheny, thence to Eastern Ohio, and thence across the Mississippi River into the Spanish country. It was about 1789 that a part of them, with the permission of the Spanish Government, located in Missouri, and afterward in Arkansas. Those who located in this Southwestern region were closely allied with the Shawnees. By 1820 two bands, composed altogether of some 700 souls had located in Texas. However, it seems that few if any of the members of these bands remained in Texas; for in Houston's second administration, when he needed some trusty scouts to enable him to establish

1. Hodge, Frederick Webb, *Handbook of American Indians*, 1885, Washington, 1907. The conclusion in regard to the creek is not Hodge's, but my own.

2. *Ibid.*

terms of peace with the hostile tribes of the Red and Brazos region, he called on former Governor Butler, of South Carolina, then United States Indian Agent among the Cherokees in the Indian territory, to send him aid. Governor Butler dispatched Jim Shaw and John Conner, Delawares, with their parties to his assistance.³ From this time on the story of the Delaware scouts is inseparably linked with the history of the Indian relations of the Republic of Texas, as well as with that of the United States Government in Texas, after annexation. There was scarcely an Indian council held but that the Delawares were present as interpreters, few scouts were ever sent out except they guided them, and scarcely a single Indian agent or diplomat made a journey to the wild tribes without the protection and guidance of faithful Delaware scouts. Whether the expedition was a peaceful or warlike one, whether the party was large or small, whether it was composed of just an agent and two or three companions or of a squadron of cavalry, either the Delawares or their associates, the Shawnees, were considered indispensable.

But the Delawares were diplomats as well as scouts. They had the confidence of the Comanche as had no other Indians and but few white men; and once when a small Delaware party killed two or three Comanches, and the friendly relations between the two peoples was threatened, T. G. Western, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Texas, regarded the matter as a crisis. He contended that the differences between the two tribes must be adjusted; for, as he put it, "the Delawares are, as it were, the connecting links between us and the Comanches."⁴

Of the Delawares in Texas, three especially stand out as prominent and picturesque figures, not only because of the adventure and romance associated with them but because of the inestimable contributions they made to the advancement of civilization through their aid in the pacification and conquest of the wild border tribes. Although he was less prominent among his people than John Conner, Jim Shaw has been chosen as the subject for treatment in this paper. Conner was the leader of his tribe, and evidently

3. Robert S. Neighbors, Special Indian agent, etc., at San Antonio, to Chas. B. Mix, esq., acting agent of Indian affairs, Washington, D. C. July 22, 1853. J. O. L. R. (no number) University of Texas photostat copies of the papers of the U. S. Indian Bureau.

4. T. G. Western to Majors Sloat and Williams, April 9, 1845, MS in State Department, Indian Affairs 1844-1845 Texas State Library.

acquired considerable property; Shaw, on the other hand, remained to the end a scout, a man who performed great tasks himself, but who does not appear ever to have directed the efforts of others to any great extent.

We cannot say where Shaw was born, neither can we point to any particular forest or stream as the place of his schooling. But we do know that in 1841, when President Lamar's ill-fated Santa Fe expedition made its way along the upper Red River region Jim was then a grown man and had established contacts with the Indian tribes of that region and knew its topography to perfection. However, it must not be understood that he accompanied the expedition; indeed, if he or other scouts of his ability had guided it its history might have been far different. But, in 1843, after Shaw had been sent to Texas to aid President Houston, he, together with John Conner and Jim Second-Eye (all Delawares) was appointed by President Houston as guides and interpreters for an expedition to secure a treaty of peace with the Comanches. Col. J. C. Eldridge, Commissioner of Indian Affairs of the Republic of Texas, directed the expedition and he was accompanied by Hamilton P. Bee. As the Eldridge party approached the vicinity of Red River they observed that the trail of the Santa Fe party, which they had been following, turned sharply to the west in the direction of a strip of timber which, as Shaw explained, was the Wichita. Here the Delaware related to Mr. Bee how some two years before he had happened to be in that vicinity when the Santa Fe party passed. He showed him the very copse of timber where he had stood and had watched the party make the fatal error of taking up the Wichita under the delusion that it was the Red. "If I had not been afraid," said Shaw, "I would have gone to their camp, and I could have guided them to a road that would have taken them direct to Santa Fe."⁵ Shaw told the Eldridge party a great deal about the streams of the country and appeared to be thoroughly acquainted with that region and the plains country to the northwest.

In the autumn of 1843 Shaw appears again, this time as interpreter at the Indian council at Bird's Fort, on the Trinity; and in

5. Testimony of Hamilton P. Bee in the Greer County Case. Office of the Supreme Court of the United States, Transcripts of Records, Number 3 Original; *The United States Complainant, vs. The State of Texas, in Equity*. Vol. 1, October Term, 1894, p. 989.

December of the same year he and Conner went with a small party with a commission from Pierce M. Butler, United States Commissioner, to Pa-ha-eu-ka, head chief of the Comanche Nation, the party taking with them a pipe of peace and an invitation to the chief to attend a council on Red River. The chief had just lost a favorite son, killed in battle, and, according to the custom of his tribe, he would attend to no business but would stay in mourning until the grass came again.⁶ We are not furnished with details about this journey, but one is inclined to conclude that it was a rather dangerous business for a party consisting of only three or four Indians and one white man to go to the lair of a gruff old savage chief under these conditions.

However, Shaw and others evidently got back from the Comanche village safe and sound, for in May, 1844, he and Conner were acting as interpreters at the great Indian council and treaty convention held at Tahwahkano Creek, below where the city of Waco is now located. At this council Jim, incidentally, was used to identify a certain young Ione Indian who was being taken to task in the presence of all the council for horse stealing. The Delaware scout evidently knew personally practically all the chiefs of the nine or ten tribes represented, not to mention the dozens of warriors.⁷

In the late summer or early autumn of the same year Shaw and Conner left the trading house on Tahwahkano Creek with instructions from Houston to find the Comanche wherever they might be and bring them in for a general council. They had not attended the council held in May preceding. This journey took the Delawares to the upper Clear Fork of the Brazos. The Comanche received them hospitably, but manifested considerable indifference about going down the Brazos for a council. While the Delawares were the guests of the Comanches a humorous thing happened that illustrates the high tension that prevailed generally along the Comanche frontier. Some of the horses that belonged to Shaw and Conner had strayed away from their grazing grounds near the village. A young man, who was hired by them for the purpose of

6. "Talk sent to Pa-ha-eu-ka head chief of the Comanche Nation, by P. M. Butler, U. S. Commissioner, December 11th, 1843. (Place where written not stated). O. I. A. L. R. W-145. University of Texas photostat copies of the papers of the U. S. Indian Bureau.

7. Proceedings of the Council at Council Grounds, Tahwahkano Creek, Monday, May 13, 1844. MS in the papers of the State Department of the Republic of Texas, Indian Affairs, 1844-1845. Loc. Cit.

carrying for the horses, went out to look for them. While he was out a company of young Comanche braves held a parade near their village preparatory to going on a raid into Mexico. In the course of his quest for the horses the young man chanced to climb a hill from which he had a view of the Comanche parade grounds. He saw the hostile demonstrations, understood their nature, and concluded that the savages had slain their guests and were holding a celebration in honor of the occasion. So, without making any further investigations, he set out straightway for the peaceful Indian villages down the Brazos with all the speed his horse could make. At the Kechi and neighboring villages down the river he was causing consternation by his report that the Comanche were on the warpath and might be expected to swoop down on their weak Indian neighbors at any minute, and his fright might have caused any amount of disturbance but for the fact that the two Delawares and their Comanche friends came on down promptly and set things aright.⁸

A chronological account of our Delaware Indian during the period of his service on the Texas frontier from 1844 to about 1858 would grow tiresome through the very repetition of accounts of dangerous tasks performed. And, furthermore, the accounts we have collected would not enable us to do this without leaving certain gaps in the story. However, there are certain experiences that must be given notice if we are to appreciate his intrepidity, resourcefulness, and sterling worth. Perhaps the most dangerous predicament Jim ever wriggled out of was an affair at the Comanche village on the San Saba in August, 1845. In the company of Benjamin Sloat, Texas Indian Agent, and two other white men, Shaw went to the village of Mope-chu-cope. This chief and his braves were friendly and entertained their guests with the best fare that Comanche hospitality could provide. The horses of the visiting party strayed away and Shaw went after them, it being feared that they would turn up at some frontier post and cause the officials to think that their riders had been slain. It is interesting that these agents and Indian runners frequently worried about their horses getting away and returning to the post and causing alarm. The fact that they actually underwent dangers

8. Report of John Conner and James Shaw, (written) and witnessed by Daniel G. Watson, October 2, 1844. MS in papers of the State Department of the Republic of Texas, Indian Affairs, 1844-1845, Loc. Cit.

every day does not appear to have troubled them and seems to have been accepted as a matter of course. While Shaw was away the attitude of the Comanches changed, and his return did not improve matters. Buffalo Hump, another Comanche chief, and his party came in after a few days and it seems that their arrival tended to add to the general unfriendly attitude. They began to place guards about the tents of the visitors at night, and when the party proposed to leave they forbade it. A council or two was held and the cause of the difficulty was brought to light. During the preceding winter a small party of Delaware hunters had killed three Comanches on the Saint Mark. Now, none of the Sloat party had had anything to do with that, but Shaw and his brother, Tall-Man (the latter had happened into the Comanche village with goods to trade) were Delawares; and hadn't good Comanche blood been shed by Delawares just a few months before. Thus it was a perfectly Indian-like conclusion that certain of the Comanches reached when they decided that they must have the blood of these Delawares, and possibly that of the white men as well, added for good measure. Indeed the families of the slain Comanches were in camp and they and their friends were making it difficult for the chiefs to restrain the young braves. After more councils were held the chiefs informed the party that unless they made some presents to the relatives of the slain men these relatives would steal on the little party at night and kill them before the chiefs could interfere and stop it. But the cool-headed agent and his Indian companions did not lose their poise. If they should yield too readily the Indians would exact too much of them in the way of presents. So they pretended to be indifferent and bargained with the Indians in good horse-trader style. Finally, as Sloat put it:

"Myself and Shaw Counzulted each other about the matter some time before we gave them eny satisfaction about the trouble which they got very imptient when we agreed to make the same presents if that would settle it forever which they agreed it would. . . ."

Fortunately Tall-Man had the goods at hand and the party bought their way to freedom with goods which Sloat listed as follows:

6½ yds of—square cloth, 4 bucher knives, 4 papers of

paint, 4 looking glayses, 8 plugs of tobacco, 4 pound of powder, 8 bars of lead, 4 conton handkerchieff.⁹

Notwithstanding these occasional misunderstandings he had with the Comanche Shaw had a great deal of influence with that nation. They trusted him and on more than one occasion expressed a preference for him over white men and other Indian scouts. Buffalo Hump once told Houston that any time he wished a conference with him just to send Jim Shaw to the plains after him; Shaw could find him, he said. On another occasion one of Mope-Cho-cope's wives ran away. The chief had an idea that she went to the settlements, since at that time he was camped on the Colorado above Austin. He was much disturbed; for he loved his wife still in spite of her waywardness. So he sent in a runner with the request that notice be sent to all frontier points and that every effort be made to apprehend her. She must not be touched or harmed by anyone, he said; and when she was found, they should notify Jim Shaw. He would get her wherever she might be and take her safely back to her husband. Though it may not be a compliment to other scouts of the frontier it is a tribute to Jim that the wily old Comanche preferred him for such an undertaking.¹⁰

However, there were those who charged our favorite Delaware with gross misconduct. John H. Rollins, United Indian Agent for Texas, in 1849, wrote in complaining fashion to Orlando Brown, Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, that he was finding it well-nigh impossible to secure efficient scouts for his work among the wild tribes. Jesse Chisholm, the famous Cherokee scout had removed to Arkansas; Jack Harry, an excellent Delaware, had died of cholera the year before; John Conner was working for a trading company for six-hundred dollars a year, and the Government would not allow Rollins but five hundred fifty to pay his scout and interpreter; Jim Shaw, interpreter for Major Neighbors, the late agent, was at a military reservation on the Brazos River at a salary of six hundred dollars per annum; and, furthermore, he would not have Shaw if he could get him, for he knew him well. He was not

9.—Report of B. Sloat, July 12, 1845, MS State Department of the Republic of Texas, Indian Papers, 1844-1845. Loc. Cit. Sloat heads his report, "Report of two months with the Comanches." The Texas Government later paid Tall-Man for the goods, which were valued at a little more than \$18.00.

10.—L. H. Williams, Indian Agent to T. J. Western, superintendent of Indian Affairs. June 23, 1845, MS State Department, Indian Affairs, 1845-1860. Loc. Cit.

to be relied upon, being "both a knave and a drunkard."¹¹ However, in considering this estimate of Shaw's worth we must in fairness to the Indian take note of the fact that Rollins' attitude seems to have been to find something wrong with about everything that his predecessor did. The fact that Jim had been guide and friend to Major Neighbors may have been sufficient within itself to prejudice Rollins against him.

Furthermore, the Indian who could boast of a fine gun presented to him by Sam Houston for faithful scout service,¹² the Indian who had the utmost confidence of men like Thomas J. Western, Superintendent of Indian Affairs of the Republic of Texas, and Robert Neighbors, perhaps the greatest Indian Agent of all the Southwest, the scout so highly regarded by Hamilton P. Bee and S. P. Ross, the man whom Buffalo Hump favored and Mope-cho-cope would trust with his wife, needs no special brief in his defense before the bar of history.

However, it is true that Shaw was somewhat addicted to the vice that cursed so many of his race. The most interesting account in this connection comes to us from the German scholar Roemer, who travelled extensively on the Texas frontier in 1846 and 1847. Roemer was with Baron von Meusebach, who, accompanied by Major Neighbors and the indispensable Delawares, was exploring the San Saba country with the idea of establishing a colony of German immigrants. One night when they were in camp high up on the San Saba near the old Spanish Mission where Menard now stands, the learned German was frightened out of his wits by awakening from his first doze of the night to see, in the dim light of the camp fire, the form of an Indian crouched almost over him. After the instant of horror had passed Roemer collected his senses enough to realize that an Indian at night was somewhat like lightning—*the flash you live to see never hurts you*. The savage turned out to be a perfectly peaceful fellow and none other than Jim Shaw's servant. He explained that his master could not "enjoy the peace of the

11.—John R. Rollins to Orlando Brown, Esq., Commissioner of Indian Affairs, November 10, 1849, O. I. A. (no number) University of Texas photostat copies of the papers of the U. S. Indian Bureau.

12. A bill for \$50.00 paid for a gun by President Houston in April, 1843, and presented to Jim Shaw, was approved May 12, 1845, by T. G. Western and Anson Jones. MS in State Department of the Republic of Texas, Indian Affairs, 1843. Loc. Cit.

night" and was sorely in need of a little fire-water. The fire-water was supplied, and we may suppose that Jim found the "peace of the night."

This German writer also gives us the best word picture of Shaw that we have. In describing the party as they left Fredericksburg in February, 1847, for the San Saba country, he says, in substance:

"At the head of our party, on a beautiful American horse, rode our Delaware chief, Jim Shaw, a six-foot, handsome man. As one looked at him from the rear he had an entirely civilized appearance in his dark stylish coat, which he had purchased in a clothing store before leaving Austin, and his black, half-military, stiff-cloth cap. But as one looked at him from the front one observed the features and the brown skin of the Indian. Furthermore, one observed on close inspection that the European dress was not complete, for the leggins of deer-skin made up his dress below the coat."

One night on this journey, after the Germans had started a *singensang*, Shaw entertained them with some Delaware music. As he lay on his back and struck his abdomen with the palm of his hand tones came forth in rythmical bursts which the Indians thought good, but which the Germans were not sufficiently cultivated in Indian music to appreciate.¹³

In 1854 we find Shaw on the upper Brazos, in what is now Young County, camped with his family. It seems that he accompanied Captain Marcy on his expedition for locating the Indian reservations for which Texas had voted lands. At any rate he had been employed at Fort Belknap,¹⁴ and W. B. Parker, who accompanied Marcy on that expedition, referred to him as "our quondam friend." At this time Parker visited Shaw's camp and was impressed with the evidences of civilization he saw about the place. Although Jim was leading a Gypsy life with his wife and two children there were two cats and some barn-yard fowls suggestive of the home of white people. Most interesting of all was a mosquito bar in the tent and a fine side saddle for Shaw's wife. Jim was fond of his family, Parker states, and was anxious to send his children to school. He

13. Roemer, Dr. Ferdinand, Texas, Bonn, 1849, 285 ff.

14. Robert S. Neighbors, special Indian agent to Charles B. Mix, Esq., acting agent of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C., July 22, 1853, University of Texas photostat copies of papers of the U. S. Indian Bureau.

hoped that the reservation soon would be established so that he could settle down on it and have a farm and permanent home. He stayed on in the Fort Belknap vicinity, and as late as 1858 we hear of his scouting for expeditions. In that year he impressed S. P. Ross, whom he accompanied on an expedition to the Red River country, with his dependability and wonderful knowledge of the country.¹⁵

But it is in the death of this faithful Indian that fate worked an incident that in its irony can scarcely be paralleled. This resourceful man who had escaped a thousand dangers, who had traversed Texas from the Canadian to the Gulf, who had faced the fierce Comanche both as an unarmed diplomat and as a scout for military forces on dozens of occasions, who had been connected with practically every frontier expedition for a period of nearly twenty years, met his death in a commonplace accident. While building a house he expected to live in he fell off of it and was killed.

Perhaps it is a questionable practice for the historian to moralize, but our subject here offers a tempting opportunity. Shaw was born and bred an Indian and an Indian he died. The finer things of civilization appealed to him, but he could not appropriate them except in part. In his savage environment he was a master, skilled, versatile, and resourceful; but in the environment of the white man he was crude, awkward, and helpless. We can catch a glimpse of poetic justice in the fact that he was killed in the environment of the white man. The frontier was passing forever and with it the opportunity for service for men of Shaw's type was also passing. In the wilderness and on the plains, in the midst of the elements, wild beasts, savage men and primitive conditions Shaw could survive; but the trappings of civilization overcame him.

15. Greer County case, *supra*, Testimony of S. P. Ross, 939.

PRESERVING THE HISTORY OF OUR PIONEERS

By J. MARVIN HUNTER

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

A month or more ago, when your secretary, Mr. Rister, sent me an invitation to be present at the meeting of your society, I immediately resolved to lay everything aside and attend. So here I am, after traveling some three hundred miles to get here, and I want to assure you that it gives me great pleasure to meet with you at this time. From afar I have watched with interest the activities of the West Texas Historical Association, and I am certainly impressed with the splendid progress which you are making in searching out and bringing to light the fragments of historical facts pertaining to this broad expanse of territory known as West Texas. Every day I realize and appreciate the need of redoubled efforts to rescue from oblivion, and for preservation, those bits of history pertaining to our great State, which, unless rescued soon, must pass away and be forgotten. I regret that steps along these lines were not taken sooner; but it is not too late even at this late date, for there are yet living many people who have had a grand and glorious part in making the early history of Texas. There are men and women of the frontier—by this I mean men and women who helped to carve the present excellent state of civilization out of the wilderness—who are scattered about here and there, and though many of them are extremely old, and their recollection may be dimmed by reason of the infirmities of age they can still give lucid accounts of the hardships and struggles of the people who first went out beyond the outskirts of civilization and established their habitations in the wildness, to face dangers from wild men and wild beasts. Many of these old people are probably illiterate; they may have been deprived of the necessary schooling in their young days; they have kept no written record of what they endured or how they fared on the frontier. But when you meet one of them and talk of "the old days" you can generally obtain from him some good material which would look well in the printed record of their achievement, and the part they had in the building of the Empire State.

Some twenty-five years ago I realized the need of the preservation

of the history made by our early settlers, and I, in a small way, set about to gather such material. Whenever I found an old man or an old woman, who had lived here during "Indian times," I made it a point to get him or her to tell me some of the "experiences" they had during those days, and in this way I have obtained a wonderful collection of narratives. Of course there were sometimes discrepancies in the recital of certain details pertaining to certain events, but in the main the facts were brought out. Take for instance, the battle of Dove Creek, fought January 8, 1865. I have statements from five or six of the men who participated in that deplorable affair, wherein a large band of peaceable Kickapoo Indians were attacked by near 500 Texans, on Dove Creek, some thirty miles from the present city of San Angelo. Some of these accounts are slightly at variance, but in the main are correct, and each narrator adds material to the main account. The most remarkable account I have of the battle is from a Kickapoo Indian, now a very old man, who was with the tribe on Dove Creek, and witnessed the fight, being a very small boy at the time. His story corroborates the versions of several of the men whose accounts I have, especially the account given by Judge I. D. Ferguson of Denton. Judge Ferguson has crossed over the borderline of time, but his story was told in ample time to insert it into the record.

I have come in contact with these old heroes of the frontier in all walks of life, and they were patriots all. It may not be generally known that one of the men who was one of the three who found General Santa Anna hiding in the high grass after the Battle of San Jacinto, fought 91 years ago today, was Sion R. Bostick, who died in San Saba county, a pauper! I am not here to dwell upon the ingratitude of the State, or to offer suggestions of how the State should care for its heroes, but the point I want to bring out is, that historical facts may be obtained from the most humble characters, as Sion R. Bostick, for instance. I knew this old man before he became a charge upon San Saba county. He often stopped at my father's home, and I have heard him relate the story of the battle of San Jacinto, and of the capture of Santa Anna, whom certain writers of history have called the "Napoleon of the West." Not self-styled. Please get that. I have Veteran Bostick's affidavit that he was one of the three who found Santa Anna in the high grass. Another

humble hero was my old friend, Amasa Clark, recently deceased, who was a veteran of the Mexican War. This pioneer of Bandera county died in February of this year at the extreme age of 101 years, but up to the hour of his death his mind was clear and he could recite events of the long ago as if they happened within the past few years. Like all old people, he lived in the past, and when something was said of Aaron Burr, Wilkinson, Blannerhassett, Old Hickory Jackson, General Winfield Scott, or characters of the Civil War, he became energized and wanted to talk about them. But if you spoke of some incident of the Spanish-American War, or the World War, he did not seem to be interested, and would pass it off with the remark, "That was after my time."

Almost every county in this state has a history—I mean a frontier history. I have lived in quite a number of the western counties, Mason, Menard, McCulloch, Tom Green, Sutton, Crockett, Glasscock, Gillespie, Kendall, Kimble, Bexar, and Bandera. In each of these counties I have unearthed history that was actually buried, forgotten or unknown to most of the people of those counties. I think every county should have a written history, and patriotic men and women should be up and doing right now to gather this history to preserve it for future generations. To quote Macauley: "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."

In 1921, when I went to Bandera county to become owner and publisher of the *Bandera New Era*, I found living there many extremely old people, men and women 75, 80 and 90 years old, who had resided there practically all of their lives. I knew these people would not remain there many more years, and I knew also that if their history was not secured, and at once, it would soon be too late. I was not financially able to prepare a history of that county and have it printed, and my little printing office was not equipped with the machinery to print a book. I lay awake at night and studied about compiling a history of Bandera county. The idea obsessed me, until finally I determined to try to print that history myself, so I set about collecting the material. I could not get out much to interview these old timers, for I had to do the mechanical as well as the editorial work on my weekly newspaper. But I got it, just

the same. I had relatives to get material, some of the old timers wrote their sketches themselves, and some came into my office and told me of their early life and of incidents that had happened fifty and even seventy-five years ago. I set the type for my book by hand, but the problem of binding loomed large, and I did not know how I would do it. One day I reasoned that in the olden times printers did not have sewing machines to put their books together, and they must have sewed them by hand. Happy thought! My problem was solved. I secured an old volume of a miscellaneous character and proceeded to take it apart and learn how it had been put together, and when I found how the stitches were made I called in a neighbor lady and showed her how to sew by hand my *Pioneer History of Bandera County*, a book of near 300 pages. I printed only 1,000 copies of this book, but at first the people did not seem to want it, and I felt that my effort had met with failure. I gave many of them away, offered some of them as a premium with my weekly paper, sold some at a dollar and some at a dollar and a half per copy. Within three years they were all gone, and today they are quoted in certain book stores at \$5.00 each, because the book is out of print. I have only five copies and they are not for sale. But Bandera county has a printed history that will preserve the record of her pioneers for future generations. Twenty-nine of these old pioneers have passed away since the book was printed. I have been solicited to write a history of my old home county, Mason, and I am going to do it within the next few months. There are many incidents in connection with the history of that county which are today remembered by only three or four men now living there. Within a few years these men will have crossed the border-line and if their story is not obtained soon it will be swallowed up in oblivion.

I keep a system of scrap-books in which to file articles from newspapers, and I have been keeping this up for twenty-five years. You can imagine I have some rare material in this respect. Whenever I find an article in any newspaper bearing on Texas history I immediately clip it out, to be later placed in a scrap book. I find the best kind of a book for this purpose is a tailor's sample book, with the samples of cloth removed. You can get these books at almost any store where orders are taken for made to measure cloth-

ing. The books are large and cumbersome, but they will accommodate many clippings. I have ten or twelve of these books full of Texas articles. Each book is numbered and an index is kept of the contents. If, perchance, I want to write an article on any particular Indian raid, or murder, or frontier event, all I have to do is to consult the index, get the number of the book in which there is something on the subject, and thus I have it. For a long time I have been wanting some facts relative to the City of Austin. The other day a friend sent me twelve or fifteen copies of an Austin paper of some years back which contained just what I wanted. He had the foresight to preserve some good history. I think every Texan should keep a scrap book. I have a friend who began keeping a scrap book when he was a small boy at Menardville. He clipped items from the old *Menardville Monitor* published in the early 80s, and from the *Menardville Record*, published by my father in the 90s, and later from the *Menardville Enterprise*. Recently in looking through this scrap book I found much material that will be of use to me in my work, and of interest to the oncoming generation.

Another way to rescue perishing history is to encourage the children in our public schools to gather material and write essays. The prizes being offered by *The Dallas News*, and contests directed by Walter Prescott Webb, adjunct professor of history in the University of Texas, help wonderfully along these lines.

And another way to gather good history is the Old Settlers' Association. Every county in the state should have an Old Settlers' organization. Pardon the frequent reference to my own county of Bandera, but I speak of this in order to illustrate. In 1923, one day there came into my office an old citizen, a man who had resided in Bandera county since 1856. His name was Smith, "Seco Smith," and he is living near Medina today, enjoying life at the ripe old age of 93 years. Soon there came in another man named Graham, who lived in another part of the county. I introduced Mr. Graham to Mr. Seco Smith, and when they had shaken hands Mr. Graham informed me that he had known Mr. Smith since he (Graham) was a small boy, but that was the first time he had seen him in thirty years! Think of it. Both men living in a county of only 900 square miles and had not met in more than a quarter of a century. Right there, strange to relate, an idea was born unto me. Why not have a

reunion of the old settlers of Bandera county? So I set about to organize an Old Settlers Association, with the result that the very next 4th of July we held our first annual reunion, and we have had a reunion every fourth of July since that time. And in this way much sleeping history is brought to light. We have a two days reunion, and old timers make it a home-coming event, I mean those who have moved to distant parts. They come from Arizona, New Mexico, California, Oklahoma, and various Texas counties. We always have some form of entertainment for these old folks which carry them back to the days of their youth. A platform is provided on which they can dance the old square dances, and we have considerable trouble keeping the young folks off of that platform. Yes, we provide a platform for the youngsters, too, where they have their jazz music and modern dances, but for the old folks we have the old fiddle music and the caller, and they enjoy it. Last year we had an old fashioned spelling match, and the old boys and girls spelled words from the old Blue Back Speller. We had a hog calling contest for men, a cow-calling contest for the women and one blushing maiden of sixty-five summers avowed that she would win the prize for calling the cows if they would provide a rail fence for her to climb upon, to the top rail, where she could sit and call the cows home. And each day we have one of those old time barbecues where the meat is cooked by the same old boys who tended the pit forty years ago. If you don't think we have a good time, come over and see for yourself. When I say "we" I mean it literally, for those old people consider me one of them, and I am glad of it.

Some years ago Col. George W. Saunders of San Antonio organized the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, an organization made up of the men who fathered the cattle industry in Texas. These men were makers of history, and it was my pleasing task to compile and edit their book, *The Trail Drivers of Texas*, which I consider a valuable contribution to the historical annals of the state. In this book were given the experiences of several hundred pioneer cattlemen and cowboys of the frontier.

Down at Austin today there is in session a society which is helping to preserve history of the remote past—the Texas Folk-Lore Society, fostered by my good friend, J. Frank Dobie, a native son of Texas.

East Texas now has a Historical Society; there is a West Texas Society with headquarters at Alpine; we have the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society; then this West Texas Historical Society which you are so patriotically and enthusiastically carrying forward. Some two years ago the Texas Pioneers Association was organized in San Antonio; in that same city also is the headquarters for the Texas Landmarks Association. These bodies are all alive and doing good work toward the preservation of our history. One of the oldest bodies probably is the Texas State Historical Association, with headquarters at Austin. Just think of the wonderful collection of material these societies have secured through research, which if printed together would fill many volumes. In my library I have Yoakum's History, Thrall's, Kennedy's, John Henry Brown's, Wortham's, and others, and many books by other authors dealing with the history of this state, but with all which has been written and printed, I think I am not exaggerating when I say that "the half has not been told." There is much unprinted history yet to be gathered and printed, and these historical societies are garnering it bit by bit to place before future generations.

EARLY DAYS IN HASKELL COUNTY

BY R. E. SHERILL, Haskell, Texas

Haskell County was created by an act of the Texas legislature February, 1858. The name was suggested by John Henry Brown, Texas historian, after Charles Ready Haskell, a brave young Tennessee soldier who joined Captain B. R. Duval's company, organized to defend Texas liberty, in which cause he lost his life in the massacre at Goliad, March 27, 1836. This was, however, by no means the beginning of Haskell's history. When man first dwelt in this country is not known. But it is a remarkable and established fact that human beings were here long, long years ago; for human skeletons have been found buried deep in the gravel pits near the Brazos River in the southwest part of the county. But all this is prehistoric, and may well be left to the archaeologist, while we pass to what we know.

It is claimed by some that as far back as 1541, Coronado, searching for Quivira, came east from New Mexico to the confluence of the two main branches of the Brazos in the northwest corner of Haskell County or the northeast corner of Stonewall County. This too, like much of our earliest history, is hazy. The name Brazos, meaning "arms of God," indicates early Spanish explorations as far northwest as the two great arms of this river. Several accounts point in a general way to the presence of whites in this country prior to any definite history. When the natives entered the country, whence they came, and when one tribe succeeded another, no one knows. They were here when the Anglo-Saxons first came, and left when driven out by the whites, about 1870.

In May, 1849, a large emigrant company, composed principally of ex-soldiers of Jack Hayes' regiment, a Mexican war veteran, was formed at Dallas and set out west for the mines in California. In this company were two Tucker boys, brothers of Thos. F. Tucker. The company passed through the south part of Haskell County, following up for some distance Paint Creek and California Creek. On California Creek a young lady in the company died and was buried. That they might rest and repair the ox yokes they struck camp for several days on Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos

near the MacKenzie crossing. Leaving here they took a northwest course, and at the foot of the Plains they met and had a fight with Comanche Indians. In the fight one of their men was killed.

They captured from the Indians a Mexican boy who seemed to be familiar with the country. He told them they were going too far north to reach El Paso. This led to a wrangle over the route to be followed, and the company divided. About one-third, including the two Tuckers, took the Mexican for their guide and went southwest through El Paso into California, reaching there in September. The other party spent the winter in the mountains of northwest New Mexico, reaching the mines next spring. They were taunted for their wild goose chase and a duel followed in which the two Tuckers were killed. Before this, however, Dick Tucker had written home of their trip, giving a glowing account of the beautiful country along California Creek and Paint Creek.

In April, 1849, Captain R. B. Marcy was directed to find a practical route from Ft. Smith, Arkansas, to Santa Fe, New Mexico. On the return trip in the fall he came by a more southern route, reaching Haskell county about October the 20th, and left it going east on the 21st, after camping on what we know as Paint Creek, but called by the Comanches Qua-qua-ho-no. Here he met and had considerable talk with a band of Comanches who pretended to be great friends of the whites. He describes the country as beautiful and fertile, and a favorite resort of the Comanches. This trail made by his company was minutely described, and became a famous road from east to west through Texas to California. This road was extensively used by early emigrants in the rush to the gold fields. It was easily identified and followed as late as 1866, but gradually fell into disuse when the Southern Overland Mail Route was established.

Previous to this the country had been a vast unknown, given over to Indians, and put on the maps of that day as a part of the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains.

Dick Tucker's account of the beautiful country along California Creek confirmed by reports from other emigrants created much interest in the east, and induced William Armstrong and Col. I. G. Searcy with a large surveying party to go to Haskell County in 1855 to locate land. Their field notes began by calling for points

on the California road so many miles west from Belknap. The first location was that of the Sterling C. Robertson survey on California Creek near the MacKenzie crossing, and calls for a certain mesquite tree on the California road 55 miles west from Belknap. This land later belonged to R. M. Williamson, the "Three-Legged Willie" of Texas Revolutionary fame, and from time to time to other prominent Texans. These surveying parties came in companies of from ten to twenty men, worked in opposite directions in the day and camped together at night for mutual protection. Other surveying parties worked at this each summer till the outbreak of the civil war, when the withdrawal of soldiers from the front exposed the country to Indians who ravaged it till some time after the war had closed.

Searching for early history has brought to light, with considerable completeness, accounts of six Indian fights in the county and two others along its borders. This makes interesting reading to the people of our own county, and some of it is of general interest. The fight on the Brazos River, April 3rd, 1867, where George Reynolds was shot, has been partially, but only partially, told in the papers several times, and so will not be repeated here, although a full account of it is quite interesting. For want of time and space we will give an account of only one of the others.

This fight occurred June 28th, 1860, on California Creek, on the maps of that day often called South Paint Creek. The account of this engagement, taken from Smythe's *Historical Sketches of Parker County*, published in 1877, is as follows:

"In June of 1860, Gen. Jno. R. Baylor, who now resides in San Antonio, with his brother, George Baylor, his two sons, Walker K. and Jno. W. Baylor, and Wat Reynolds, visited the Clear Fork of the Brazos, where the General formerly lived. While there hunting cattle, these gentlemen were informed of the killing of Josephus Browning, and the serious wounding of Frank Browning by a large body of Comanches. They immediately went to the Browning Ranch, on the Clear Fork, near the mouth of Hubbard Creek, where they met other gentlemen who had been attracted to the spot by the murderous acts of the Indians. Gen. Baylor, George Baylor, Elias Hale, Minn Wright and Jno. Dawson started in pursuit of the demons, and on the fifth day, June the 28th, 1860, overtook them on

Paint Creek (now called California) where a fierce contest ensued, during which Baylor and his friends killed thirteen of the Indians. On their return to Weatherford they brought the scalps of nine of them, together with numerous trophies, including the scalp of a white woman whom the Indians had killed, several bows and arrows, darts, quivers, shields, tomahawks, and other paraphernalia of savage warfare. The feeling against the Indians was so bitter that Baylor and his party were decidedly lionized for their prowess and daring. The horrible murder of Mrs. Sherman and others in the north-western portion of the county in 1859, and other similar outrages, were fresh in the minds of the people, who seemingly delighted in the slaughter of any of the hostile bands. The excitement was very great. The news of Baylor's success extended to the adjoining counties, and the heroic men were honored by a public barbecue on the square which was participated in by several hundred people. Speeches were made and general rejoicing was universal. In the evening of the day a dance was indulged in at the court house, which was kept up till broad daylight the following morning. In the long room a rope was stretched diagonally across, and on it were hung the nine Indian scalps, the woman's scalp captured from the defunct Comanches, and all the trophies of the expedition. In the excitement incident to the glorification, those who participated in the festivities evidently forgot that the prominent decorations of the hall were the unmistakable evidence of death and murder, and the relics of a barbarism then very frequent in this section of Texas.

"Gen. Baylor took his scalps and other spoils of the victory to various cities and towns, and soon after the people of the south-eastern portion of the state sent flour, meal and other kinds of provisions, clothing, boots, shoes, blankets, pistols, guns, etc., to Weatherford for the support and protection of the people of the frontier. These supplies came in large quantities, and served a most excellent purpose. There was one universal cry. It seemed to be the heartfelt desire of every person. "Exterminate the Indians" was the watchword, and it is not to be wondered that such was the case, when we fully realize the vast destruction of property and human life."

Numerous relics have been found on the ground, which can yet be identified. This battle produced a profound impression and

affected all North Texas.

In the summer of 1874 Jno. W. Mooar and J. Wright Mooar with many other buffalo hunters in Kansas pushed their game south into No-Man's Land, where the territory was disputed by angry Indians. Anticipating trouble, these two brothers left that country just in time to avoid the Adobe Walls fight. Their confederates, White and O'Brien, preceded them to Texas, and sent back word that Ft. Griffin was in the heart of the buffalo range. The two brothers followed by way of Denison and Sherman to Ft. Griffin, where fitting out, they began in the fall of 1875, in Haskell County, what they claim was the beginning of the great buffalo slaughter in Texas. During the winter of 1875-6 at the Twin Lakes on Lake Creek and at the Haskell Spring they killed, skinned and cured the meat of two thousand buffaloes. In the spring of 1876 they freighted the hides and meat to Ft. Griffin where the meat was sold. The hides were taken on to Denison where they were sold and shipped to Lawrence, Kansas. During the hunt this winter they killed a buffalo with a perfectly white hide. This hide was sent to the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876. It was returned, and when last heard from, was in the possession of J. Wright Mooar, at his home in Scurry County. Several years previous to this, about 1867, Reynolds brothers had also killed a white buffalo. This hide was sent to the Smithsonian Institute where it probably still remains. The profit and sport offered by this business induced others to engage in it. Temporary supply camps were established over the country, like the proverbial Arab, springing up in a day, and in a day folding their tents and silently stealing away. Hunters in ever increasing numbers pushed the slaughter from 1876 till 1878, when the American Bison, the monarch of the prairies, had been about exterminated. This ended what was for four or five years an enormous business. Judge Ben Reynolds says he saw on the hill east of Haskell more buffaloes at one time than he ever saw cattle at any one time in his life. They literally darkened the landscape, their numbers were so great.

Killing the buffalo robbed the Indian of his food, clothing and shelter, and cleared the country for cattle men who now rushed in with great herds, soon overstocking the range. This in turn was

followed by a heavy die-up of cattle, equalled only by the slaughter of the buffalo.

Then flourished what was known as the bone business, which lasted in its turn till the vast quantity of animal bones had been marketed for fertilizers. A freighter would select his location and gather the bones in great piles, which were considered his personal property and left by others for him to haul to market. These piles, like great white snow banks, could be seen far across the prairies, and often served as guides for persons traveling across the country. In 1881 Robert Hollis found at the Haskell Spring two little teepee tents with a few Tonkawas, out from Ft. Griffin on a hunt. Out on the flat above the spring was a pile of bones 125 feet long and as high as they could be piled, like a snow bank.

Clearing the country of buffaloes and Indians opened the way for actual settlers. Of these the very first in Haskell County were Geo. T. Reynolds, J. A. Matthews and his new bride, Mrs. Matthews. Near the crossing of the Haskell and Albany road on California Creek they built a rock house in 1876, and just after the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, on Christmas day, they moved into it, about January 1st, 1877. There they lived, engaging in the cattle business for a part of two years, when they moved away, turning over the house to ranch hands. There, a short distance from the old California road and the later MacKenzie trail, two historic trails of the west, by the cool shade and waterholes of this alluring stream, where the hooting of the owl and the howling of the wolf mingled with the gentle sighing of the breeze in the trees alone breaks the silence of the night, where the pecan grows tall, the sun shines bright and the mocking bird sings all the day, beside the still waters and rich pastures of this fertile valley, in this secluded spot of nature, lived these hardy, virtuous, young, pioneer, first settlers of Haskell County, blazing the way for the many thousands soon to follow.

“This was a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where never is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.”

No better citizens of Haskell County ever entered its borders.
Col. Thos. F. Tucker, remembering his brother's description of this

beautiful valley, came from his home on the Colorado, hunting a new location. The reports of it he found to be all true. He moved at once with his family and cattle, and settled in a little pole pen of a house which he built in the fall of 1879 a short distance above the rock ranch house. There they spent the following winter, and in the spring of 1880 were given permission by the ranch hands to move into the rock house. Here he kept open house to the many cattle men, and prospectors now coming into the new country till he was elected first county judge of Haskell County, January 13, 1885. He then moved to the new county seat where the town of Haskell now stands. The springs were first known to the rangers as Willow Pond Springs from the large willows growing there at that time. Later it went by the name of Rice Springs, named from Rice Durrett, a ranch hand working for Reynolds and Matthews, because he visited it on his rounds of the ranch range. When a postoffice was asked for the Department objected to the name, and the people agreed on the name of Haskell, the county name. In December, 1882, J. L. Jones was sent by Judge McCall of Weatherford to buy a herd of sheep said to be located at this spring. While hunting for the spring Jones spent the night with the Casners on Miller Creek, and was told the spring was twelve miles southwest. At the spring, January 1st or 2nd, 1883, he found W. R. Standefer and his son, Elbert, herding the sheep. They lived in a little pole shack they had built in the late fall of 1882. Standefer had been here in 1876 hunting buffaloes. Many others had passed through here but none had settled or built a house. This was the first location and first house built in the town of Haskell. The first settlement in 1882 soon grew into a little town, and became the county seat when the county was organized January 13, 1885.

Before there was any church building it was the custom of the people to have preaching in the houses wherever a place could be had to accommodate the people. It was also customary when a new house was completed to have a dance in it before it was occupied; and if there was a preacher in town the house was open to preaching. Draper and Baldwin had just secured license for selling whiskey. They had built the house and gotten in a choice supply of liquors, but had not yet opened it for business. It so happened that a preacher came to town that day. There was no regular place

for holding religious services, and Draper offered this saloon building, saying they had just as well have it there as anywhere. The kegs and boxes of wares were moved back, seats prepared and preaching conducted in the saloon. The sign over the saloon was "Q. T. Saloon." This sign remained there till a one-legged painter came to town hunting work. These men felt sorry for the fellow and wanted to help him, and asked him what he would put up for a sign. Sitting down together they sketched off a few signs, among others was this one:



Draper said, "That's the one. That suits me better than any of them. That's the honestest saloon sign I ever saw; put her up." It was put up and became a noted sign in all this northwest country far and near, remembered and often commented on. This saloon was destined to a famous history as subsequent events showed. It stood out bold and clear in the face of every passer by, and told with unmistakable truthfulness where its visitors were going.

The country was at this time occupied exclusively with stockmen. Cattle and sheep roamed at will over the broad grassy prairies, replacing the prairie dog, wolf, turkey, buffalo, deer, and antelope of former days. Cattle stealing was customary and nothing thought of so long as each one got his share. If one stole in moderation, observing the ethics of the profession, he was a bully good fellow. If he got hoggish and monopolized the lucrative feature of the profession, he was a low down thief, to be put out of the way. An indignation meeting would be held. His scalp was of little value; and he was lucky if he learned it in time, and wise if he sought new fields. Judge J. V. Cockrell, the first judge of our district, had all the courage, honesty and ability needed to deal with the conditions of those days. He and the district attorney, W. B. Houston, often went from court to court with their rifles across their laps. To this honest old judge is due the credit of

ridding our country of the band of thieves that for a few years operated through here with a free hand. The judge was a very large man and unable to swim. Once while crossing the river, some of the cowboys that he had been getting after surrounded him, and made as if they would duck or drown him. "Now, here, here, boys, none of your skulduggery, now," said the judge; and they were glad enough to let it drop.

The cowboy was rough, but usually kindhearted, save only when he had a little too much liquor. On such occasions he might shoot up the town by day or night, but seldom hurt anyone if left alone. His generosity was manifest on all occasions, but probably never better than in a story told by Queeny Taylor on himself. When making his start in the cattle business he had his headquarters on Paint Creek, in a little extemporized pole shack, hardly more than a brush windbreak, left open by day, and accessible to any prowling little animal at night. One certain cold night when snow covered the ground, he heard a little disturbance going on in his chuck box. Turning over to learn what it was, he saw by the light of the moon a fine little possum with apparent great delight eating his sugar. "Well," said Taylor, "the little fellow is hungry, and he loves it, just let him have all he wants." Taylor quietly watched the little fellow enjoy himself till all was gone and Taylor had no sugar for his coffee next morning. These hardy pioneers enjoyed life, notwithstanding its many privations. Everything was open and free, and nature stimulated hope and ambition. When prices were fair and grass good they were prodigal in their prosperity. When winters were hard, grass short and prices low, they accepted their losses without grumbling. On one occasion when the price of sheep had reached a low point, Rose and Dickenson shipped a car of sheep to St. Louis. The commission house sent a statement showing a balance against Rose and Dickenson, claiming the sheep did not bring enough to pay freight, and calling for a remittance to cover this balance. After reading the statement Dickenson returned it with this notation on the bottom: "Go to thunder; I've got no money; I'll ship you more sheep."

It was in those days that Haskell held its cowboy reunion, not the first, but one of the very earliest of these gatherings. Fifteen or twenty thousand cowboys and their families, from all parts of the

north, south, east and west, came together to renew old friendships, and repeat once more games and contests characteristic of pioneer days. On foot, on horseback, in every kind of vehicle they came, lining the roads for miles in all directions. All restraints were thrown off, and every one did that which was right in his own eyes.

It is intended to include here only such sketches as are characteristic of by-gone days, so at this point in our brief little story, after rapidly reviewing a few events of the passing years, let it drop into a Rip Van Winkle sleep 'til 1927. Thirty-five years have gone. The greatest war of the world has been fought. Time has wrought many changes. The open range has given place to fences, cattlemen to farmers, trails to roads, horse vehicles to autos and aeroplanes. The romantic charm of pioneer life is gone forever. The voice of the cowboy is heard no more in the land. With few, very few, exceptions the silver cord has loosed, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the spirit has gone to God who gave it. The old places are filled by a new generation with broader views, with new aims and ambitions for better farms, roads, markets, schools, colleges and churches; but, alas, not for better morals; and we are yet far, very far, from that longed for goal when "labor and capital shall love each other, and righteousness and prosperity shall lie down in peace together."

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF JONES COUNTY, TEXAS

BY HYBERNIA GRACE

A line drawn from Preston in Grayson County to Eagle Pass in Maverick County divides the great state of Texas into two parts which show distinct differences in their historical developments. Jones County, the object of our study, is located to the west of this line, in a section of the state which many early travelers predicted would never support man. One has only to travel through West Texas today to find how far they missed their guess.

The first of the explorers through northwest Texas was Francisco Vasquez de Coronado who set out in February of 1540 from Compostella with a brilliant assemblage of Spanish cavaliers astride the best horses that could be secured, foot soldiers heavily armed followed, together with several hundred Indian allies. This grand army was in search of gold of which their king was in great need. They turned toward the Santa Fe region of the Valley of the Rio Grande in search of the "Seven Cities of Cibola."¹ While in the first village of Cibola they heard of the bison, which, they were told, could be found to the east. Becoming interested in this queer animal whose hide they saw, they turned toward the east, and thus the buffalo became one of the factors that led Coronado into Texas. Another thing that led them toward the east was the desire to find Quivira, a land where they were told "the chief—took his afternoon nap under a tall spreading tree decorated with . . . little golden bells on which gentle zephyrs played his lullaby. Even the common folk . . . had pitchers and bowls of solid gold."² The Spaniards secured as a guide into this new country an Indian, who was held a prisoner by an enemy tribe. They called him El Turco because they thought he looked like a Turk.³

June found Coronado entering western Texas in what is perhaps now Parmer County.⁴ They traveled in a southeasterly direction

1. Herbert E. Bolton, *Spanish Borderlands*, 88-90.

2. *Ibid.*, 95.

3. *Ibid.*

4. W. A. Stephenson, "Spanish Exploration and Settlements of West Texas Before the 18th century," found in *West Texas Historical Association Year Book*, Vol. II, 69.

until they reached a stream which was likely the Salt Fork of the Brazos in Stonewall County.⁵ Exploring parties were sent out and these reached the Clear Fork of the Brazos in Jones County where they found "many groves of mulberry trees near it and rosebushes with the same sort of fruit they have in France. There were walnuts and the same kind of fowls as in New Spain and large prunes like those in Castile."⁶

Coronado and his men grew suspicious of El Turco for they thought they were traveling ~~to~~ far to the southeast to find Quivira. Coronado called a meeting of his officers at which it was decided best for a greater part of the army to return, and for Coronado to continue the journey to Quivira with only thirty horsemen and six foot soldiers. A confession from El Turco later revealed that his plan was to lead these Spaniards out upon the Llano Estacado of Texas, where he hoped to weaken and perhaps cause their death from thirst and starvation. For doing this he had been promised freedom by his Indian captors. El Turco's home was in Florida, and this accounts for the southeasterly course he had pursued.⁷ So this homesick Indian's desire to return to his people was a factor that led these *conquistadors* into Jones County. Thus passed the first white men through Jones County, unable to foresee the wealth which one day would be derived from the rich lands through which they struggled.

For over three hundred years the Indians were left free and happy to cross and recross Jones County before they again saw the white man there, and a still longer time was to pass before the white settler to Jones County encroached upon their hunting grounds. During these three hundred years the British colonies were established along the Atlantic seaboard. These same colonists won their independence and began an expansion westward which was not to end until they had reached the Pacific.

In 1848 the United States took possession of that vast area to the southwest which is included today in the states of New Mexico, Utah, Arizona, Nevada and California. Gold was discovered in California at Sutter's Fort soon after the United States occupied it,

5. James Newton Baskett, "A Study of the Route of Coronado." found in *Kansas Historical Collections*, Vol. XII., 219.

6. G. P. Winship, *The Coronado Expedition*, 70.

7. J. N. Baskett, *Op. Cit.*, 222.

and there began at once a flood of gold-seekers to the Pacific coast.⁸

These first people found it necessary to blaze their own trail across unsettled and oft times untraveled lands. In 1849 the United States government sent out eighty soldiers under the command of Capt. R. B. Marcy to mark out the best route from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to New Mexico and California. In going from Fort Smith to Santa Fe, Captain Marcy passed through the Panhandle of Texas and marked out what we know as the Albuquerque trail. On his return he marked out a road far to the south of the Albuquerque trail hoping he had found a route which would be free from snow the entire year. This southern route became known as the Marcy trail. It was on this return journey that he passed through Jones County, and became the first man to lead a wagon train across this part of the West.⁹ Over this Marcy trail passed many of the Forty-Niners,¹⁰ and California Creek in the northern part of the county remains to remind us of the second migration across Jones County in search of gold.

By December, 1850, eighty-two counties in eastern Texas had been organized,¹¹ and homeseekers could be found in many others to the north and west. The greatest check to farther westward migration were the bands of roving Indians, who, after years of unfair and unjust treatment at the hands of those who represented the United States government, had developed such a keen hatred for the white man that he dared not move too far from the settled area. It was to meet these conditions that the United States government adopted the policy of establishing forts between the Indians and white settlements. One of these forts was the "Post on the Clear Fork of the Brazos," better known as "Phantom Hill."

On November 14, 1851, Brev. Lieut. Col. J. J. Abercrombie with Companies C and G of the Fifth Infantry arrived at a point on the Clear Fork of the Brazos where they decided to establish the post. On November 16, Companies B, E, and K of the Fifth Infantry arrived.¹²

Work was begun at once to build the fort. Part of the buildings

8. White, *The Forty-Niners*, 55.

9. R. B. Marcy, *Reconnaissance in New Mexico and Texas*, Senate Executive Dec. No. 64, 1st Sess. 31st Cong., 64.

10. C. Goodwin, *The Trans.-Mississippi West*, 461.

11. Z. T. Fulmore, *History and Geography of Texas*, 279-288.

12. C. C. Rister, "Ft. Phantom Hill and Its Military History" in *Frontier Times*, Dec., 1925, p. 36.

were constructed of stone and part of wood. The stone was found some two miles from the location, but timber was scarce and it was necessary to go from eight to forty miles to get it.¹³ The buildings were put up by the labor of the soldiers with Leonhardt, a civilian, given the contract to do the masonry work.¹⁴

Col. Abercrombie remained in command until April 27, 1852, when he was succeeded by Lieut. Col. Carlos A. Waite.¹⁵ The number of men assigned to this fort was at first two hundred and seventy-four.¹⁶ On August 24, 1853, four companies of infantry were withdrawn leaving only one company until Sept. 24, 1853,¹⁷ when it was joined by Company I of the Second Dragoons.¹⁸ These men, numbering one hundred and thirty-nine, formed the garrison at "Phantom Hill" until it was abandoned on April 16, 1854. On September 24, 1853, Bvt. Maj. H. H. Sibley took command remaining until March 26, 1854, when he was replaced by First Lieut. C. Givens, First Dragoon, who was commanding officer when the fort was abandoned.¹⁹

There are those who still insist that Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, and George Thomas were at one time in command at "Phantom Hill." Lack of space will not permit giving the army records of these men, but they are sufficient to show that these men were busy elsewhere between 1851 and 1854, the time "Phantom Hill" was occupied as a Federal post.

While Albert Sidney Johnston was never in command at Fort "Phantom Hill," he was a frequent visitor there as he discharged his duties as frontier paymaster. He usually spent four or five days at the post on each visit; and his coming must have been looked forward to by those stationed at "Phantom Hill," not so much because of the money he brought as because he was almost their only connection with the outside world. He brought these isolated folk bits of news from their friends, and willingly attended to business which these people could not leave to transact for themselves. "To

13. Report of Bvt. Lt. Col. W. G. Freeman, 1853, Adjutant General Office, Washington, D. C. A copy of this document loaned by Dr. C. C. Rister, professor of history, Simmons University, Abilene, Texas.

14. Interview with H. A. Anderson (now deceased).

15. C. C. Rister, *Op. Cit.*

16. Senate Doc. No. 1, Pt. II., 1st Sess. 32nd Congress, Sr. No. 659, pp. 58-59.

17. C. C. Rister, *Op. Cit.*

18. Senate Doc. No. 1, 1st Sess. 33rd Congress, Sr. No. 691, pp. 118 and 119.

19. C. C. Rister, *Op. Cit.*

buy a horse, a gun, a pair of boots, a ribbon; to have a watch mended; to pay taxes; to adjust some entangled business"—these and other favors were asked of him.²⁰

The life of these frontier soldiers was indeed strenuous. Scouts were kept out hunting for Indians who were constantly reported killing men, women and children, and driving stock away. Escorts from the fort were sent out to meet government trains; stage coaches carrying mail and its few passengers received their protection; and even the paymaster was met and escorted into the fort.²¹ During the period of "northers," which was from November to April, from eight to twelve teams were kept busy hauling firewood from a black-jack thicket some five to eight miles distant. To others were assigned the duty of keeping the post in water, which had to be hauled most of the time a distance of four miles. Supplies for "Phantom Hill" were hauled from Austin. Twenty-four wagons, twelve horses, ninety-three mules, and twenty-six oxen were used for this.²² In addition to all these arduous tasks the men must drill, for, after all, their duty on the frontier was that of a soldier.

Part of the soldiers were armed with percussion muskets, others with musketoons. But Lt. Col. W. G. Freeman, who visited Fort "Phantom Hill" August 30, 1853, for the purpose of inspection, reported that "the batallion could not be reviewed or exercised owing to the large number (123) of raw recruits who had joined a fortnight before, and the few old soldiers in the rank. In some companies there were half a dozen instructed men under arms—three detachments (all old soldiers) being absent and on escort and fatigue duty. Upward of 50 recruits appeared on parade without arms, there being none in the company store for issue."²³

Health conditions at "Phantom Hill" were not the best. Asst. Surgeon Alexander B. Hasson reported in 1852 that in a period of seven months 293 cases of illness had been treated. This, according to his figures, meant every man was reported ill once in every five and one-half months. He reported two deaths, one from scorbutus and one from pulmonary apoplexy. Eighteen other cases of scorbutus were reported.²⁴ During the first eight months of

20. William Preston Johnston, *Life of Albert Sidney Johnston*, 176.

21. C. C. Rister, *Op. Cit.*

22. Report of Bvt. Lt. Col. Freeman, *Op. Cit.*

23. *Ibid.*

24. A. B. Hasson, *Medical Topography and Diseases at Post on the Clear Fork of the Brazos River*. Senate Ex. Doc. No. 96. 1st Sess., 34th Congress, 375-378.

1853, 363 cases of illness were treated by the fort physician, Dr. Taylor. Intermittent fever was the most prevalent disease, but scurvy still was common.²⁵ Scurvy was due to the lack of vegetable diet, and, in attempt to overcome this, it was recommended that pickles be added to the soldiers' rations.²⁶ So eager were the soldiers for vegetables that in the spring they gathered wild onions and ate them with a relish. The soldiers tried to raise a garden, but the exceedingly dry weather of 1852 and 1853 killed it.²⁷

The most serious inconvenience at "Phantom Hill" was the lack of an adequate supply of drinking water. During the first winter the soldiers drank the water from the creek nearby, but when the weather became warm, this water became offensive after standing a short time. A spring was discovered, which furnished enough water for drinking and cooking, but as the dry weather continued the source failed.²⁸ Then it was necessary to haul all water a distance of four miles.²⁹ It was finally this lack of a water supply together with the inability to secure fresh vegetables for the troops that led to the abandonment of Fort "Phantom Hill" on April 6, 1854.³⁰ The troops were ordered to Eagle Pass.

The first night of the departure of the troops the fort was burned. The soldiers were camped not far from the fort this first night, and one of the soldiers, whose name was Scullion, and a negro boy belonging to T. N. Gibbins, stole back to the fort and set fire to all the buildings. There seems to have been no motive for the act only the desire to witness a big blaze. Mrs. Emma Johnson Elkins writes that she saw these two in irons pass through Fort Chadbourne on the way to Eagle Pass where they were to be tried for the crime. Scullion and the negro boy finally confessed their guilt.³¹

The United States government never did buy the land on which "Phantom Hill" was built. It is interesting to note that this first site of the white man's abode in Jones County was also the first survey in the county. This land was first owned by Mr. William

25. *Ibid.*

26. Report of Bvt. Lt. Col. Freeman, *Op. Cit.*

27. A. B. Hasson, *Op. Cit.*

28. *Ibid.*

29. Report of Bvt. Lt. Col. Freeman, *Op. Cit.*

30. C. C. Rister, *Op. Cit.* ..

31. Mrs. E. J. Elkins to Mrs. W. R. Chapman, Aug. 20, 1912.

E. Evans who acquired it as a headright grant from the Republic of Texas on June 29, 1838. Mr. Evans deeded this land to Mr. Charles Chamberlain, June 11, 1841. At the death of Mr. Chamberlain the Harris County Court ordered that it be sold at public auction to the highest bidder. On August 5, 1851, this tract of land of one-third of a league was sold to Mr. A. C. Daws on a credit of twelve months for the sum of \$50.00.³² This sale, it will be noted, took place nine days before "Phantom Hill" was located on the same tract. The price of little more than three cents per acre bears testimony to the fact that people did not believe that within their life time settlements would extend this far west. They could not have believed that on this very land there would spring up a thriving little village which would furnish keen competition for the county seat of one of the best agricultural counties in the state of Texas.

With the passing of the troops from "Phantom Hill" on April 6, 1854, silence reigned amid the crumbling ruins of the old fort. This was not to be for long, however, for in 1858 repair work was done and again man attempted life on this barren hill. This time it was known as Station No. 54 on the South Overland Mail or Butterfield Stage Coach line³³ which ran from St. Louis to San Francisco. Mr. Burlington, the station master, and his wife lived here alone, ready at all hours of the day and night to prepare a meal for "Big Dick," the driver, and any passenger he might have with him.³⁴

The route followed by this stage coach line entered Texas near Preston on the Red River. From here it passed through Sherman, Gainesville, Forts Belknap, "Phantom Hill," and Chadbourne, and on to the Rio Grande, which was crossed above El Paso, thence on to San Francisco.³⁵

The first of the stage coaches to pass through "Phantom Hill" was one enroute from St. Louis. It reached "Phantom Hill," Wednesday evening, September 22, 1858, carrying one through passenger, Mr. W. L. Ormsby, a special correspondent of the New York Herald.³⁶ The first through passenger from San Francisco

32. Jones County Deed Records, Book A., 564-567.

33. *Daily Alta California*, San Francisco, Calif., July 1, 1859.

34. *New York Herald*, New York, Oct. 31, 1858.

35. *Daily Alta California*, July 1, 1859 and *Evening Bulletin*, Oct. 12, 1858, San Francisco, Calif.

36. *Evening Bulletin*, San Francisco, Calif., Oct. 12, 1858.

was Mr. G. Baily, agent for the Postoffice Department.³⁷ Over this line came many prominent men, among them were Senators and members of the House of Representatives from California, who were on their way to attend sessions of Congress.

Along this stage coach line homeseekers began to settle. Fort Belknap grew into a thriving frontier village with a population of 150 by 1858.³⁸ Several counties, among them Jones, were created in 1858,³⁹ which indicates the expectation of the state legislature that settlements would soon push still farther west. The Civil War came, however, checking farther advance. With the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the posts in Texas at the beginning of the war, marauding Indians were left free to ravage the frontier settlements.

With the end of the Civil War people again sought homes on the cheap lands in the western part of the state. The cattlemen, finding their cattle had no money value in Texas, sought markets in other states. These people needed protection from the Indians, and it was to meet these needs that sub-posts were ordered established on the frontier.

"Phantom Hill" was established as a sub-post of Fort Griffin on June 5, 1871, and discontinued July 18, 1871. The continued dangers from the Indians led to its re-establishment on January 5, 1872. The soldiers were to be relieved on the eighth of each month by a new command sent from Fort Griffin. In addition to patrolling the frontier a small detachment was sent to guard the mail station at Mountain Pass.⁴⁰ There is a record of troops being at "Phantom Hill" as late as March, 1872.⁴¹

The establishment of these military posts and sub-posts helped to check the depredations of the Indians, and within less than a year after the abandonment of "Phantom Hill" as a sub-post the first settlers had reached Jones County. These were John, Emmett, and Creed Roberts, and C. J. and Mode Johnson. They struck camp on the streams not far from "Phantom Hill."⁴² Settlers continued

37. *Ibid.*, Nov. 22, 1858.

38. *New York Herald*, New York, Oct. 31, 1858.

39. Z. T. Fulmore, *Op. Cit.*

40. C. C. Rister, *Op. Cit.*

41. "Jacob Howarth to R. C. Crane," *West Texas Historical Year Book*, Vol. II., 4.

42. Emmett Roberts to C. C. Rister and R. N. Richardson, July 23, 1923.

to come and usually stopped at "Phantom Hill" where they found shelter until they located a spot where they wished to build their home. By 1879 "Phantom Hill" had become a bustling little village.

The population of the county in 1880 was 546.⁴³ On April 18, 1881, these citizens petitioned for a county organization, and on June 13 officers were elected.⁴⁴ "Phantom Hill" was selected as a temporary county seat. A keen fight came over the selection of a permanent county seat. On November 14, 1881, Jones City was declared by the Commissioners Court the permanent county seat, having received forty-seven votes which was a majority of all the votes cast.⁴⁵

In January, 1882, the county records were brought to Jones City, which, in the meantime, had become Anson. There is some difference of opinion among the early settlers as to just why the change in the name was made. It seems to have been made in no meeting of the citizens, but was an agreement reached as citizen met citizen on the streets. Since the county was named Jones after the last President of the Texas Republic, it was decided wise to call the county seat Anson after the same man.⁴⁶

Jones County grew rapidly. By 1890 the population had increased to 3797.⁴⁷ It is now estimated to be about 28,000.⁴⁸

Such very briefly is the early history of Jones County. A complete history must discuss the great industrial growth of this county, explain the rapid strides made in education, trace the growth of the churches from the small brush arbor of the eighties to the large brick temples of worship of the present, and show how the courts brought order from disorder. By all means, space must be given to the cowboy, who was to Jones County and the West the trail blazer, the vanguard of an advancing civilization. The early farmer will not be forgotten for he too braved and sacrificed much in proving that the West was able to support mankind.

43. Census Bulletin, Washington, D. C., Nov. 25, 1891.

44. Minutes Commissioners' Court, Jones County, Vol. I., p. 1.

45. Minutes Commissioners' Court, Jones County, Vol. I., p. 8.

46. Interview with Mr. McD. Bowyer, Anson, Texas.

47. Census Bulletin, Washington, D. C., Nov. 25, 1891.

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EARLY DAYS IN STAMFORD

BY MRS. C. C. FERRELL

(Editor's note: To supplement the address given by Colonel R. L. Penick to the West Texas Historical Association at its last meeting in Stamford the editors have added this interesting and short article by Mrs. Ferrell, one of Jones county's early settlers. Article was first written in 1911.)

As the train approaches Stamford, especially if it is during the summer of 1911, one might well conclude that he is nearing a town of some eight or ten thousand inhabitants, and this impression is deepened as he looks out and sees a modern stone and brick depot, well kept grounds, surrounded by a broad expanse of paved streets, and hears the din and noise of the street with its vehicles of traffic, automobiles and carriages. And when he views its compactly built business section, its pleasant avenues, its beautiful residences, its oil mill and machine shops, with their number of employees, its splendid college and public library, it is difficult to realize that "Uncle Sam" might not possibly have been mistaken, when, in the census of 1910, he gave Stamford only 3,902 inhabitants.

It is also difficult to realize that only twelve years ago there was nothing but mesquite prairie on this spot where now stands this little model city, so perfect as a whole.

Stamford is the outgrowth of the projection of the Central Railway. It is named after Stamford, Connecticut, the home town of Mr. Charles Hamilton, the President of the road. It is located on a section of land known as the B. B. B. & C. No. 11, which was owned by the Messrs. Swenson of New York City. It is situated about one half mile from the north boundary line of the county and fifteen miles north and four east of the County Site.

In the summer of 1899, work was begun on the extension of the Central Railway from Albany in Shackelford County; it was the first road built into Jones County and people watched with intense interest the building of every mile of it. Anson received many reports daily as to the progress of the road, even as to the number of rails laid per day. The growth of the town was phenomenal from the beginning. Some idea of the intense and feverish interest with which the people watched the growth of the new town and the coming of the road may be obtained from the following extracts from letters

written by a man on the ground at the time. (Reference to Judge C. C. Ferrell).

"Anson, Texas, Jan. 7th, 1900.

"The first house was started on wagons from Anson to Stamford this morning, more houses will be moved. The Stamford lots are now for sale, prices from \$25.00 to \$350.00, the latter price for choice corner lots. Cars are being run about four miles west of the River, about twelve miles from Stamford. Two lots sold today to Penick-Colbert-Hughes Co., who will erect a house 80x100 ft. and put in a first class stock of hardware and implements; two to Morrow and Lowden who will erect a stone building for a bank; four to Malloy, who will build a hotel of thirty-five rooms; six to Campbell, for a lumber yard; one to Leavett, for Postoffice and store combined; three for livery stable." This letter also stated that "the posts for a telephone line between Anson and Stamford are all up, put up by the Roberts System." Then a letter from the same party, dated Jan. 21st, states "cars are being run to within seven miles of the place and houses are being erected as fast as the building material can be obtained; lots to the amount of \$6,500.00 have already been sold at Stamford." Then Jan. 30th, 1900, "Stamford is on a boom, the first train will run into the place next Friday." However, the cars actually arrived February 14th, after which the town grew by leaps and bounds. Inside of two years the place had a good school, several churches, a gin, two hotels "the Tavern and the Inn," electric lights and water works—water was obtained from a lake west of town, since supplemented by a larger lake. The fall of 1899 and the beginning of 1900 was the termination of a period of drouth and the beginning of an era of prosperity for all this western country. The recent rains, the high price of cotton, and the high price of cattle put new energy into the people. It was an auspicious time for the beginning of any new enterprise. The little town flourished, the population increased, substantial buildings took the place of those first erected, and Stamford soon took on the appearance of a thriving little city.

FRONTIER EXPERIENCES OF EMMETT ROBERTS OF NUGENT, TEXAS

(Editor's note: Mr. Roberts, who located at Nugent, Jones County, on the Clear Fork of the Brazos in 1873 was for many years in the very van of frontier cowmen of West Texas. This account was given by Mr. Roberts from memory, but its accuracy on many points can be verified by records and the observations of others. The account was given in the form of an interview to two of the editors in July, 1923.)

I was born in North Carolina, but our family left for Texas in 1850 when I was but three weeks old. We settled in Tarrant County, then moved to Stephens County in 1869, and came to "Ranger Camp," now Ranger, Texas, in 1871. About May 10, 1873, I came to this place, near Nugent, Texas.

In Stephens County I was located on Gonzalos Creek, about four miles from where Breckenridge now stands. The place was known as the Pollard Ranch, and lay northwest of the present site of Breckenridge. Among the ranchers in that county at that time was C. J. Johnson and his son, Mode Johnson, on Cedar Creek; a man named Ray ran a ranch on Sandy; Jim Browning had a ranch near the mouth of the Gonzalos; one Bishop had a ranch on Hubbard Creek (I do not think this Bishop was related to the Bishop family, one of whom was killed by the Indians at the C. J. Mountain before I came to the country); Bill and John Hitson were located up on Battle Creek in the west part of the country; and my brothers, John, Dick, and Creed Roberts, and I ran the Pollard Ranch. These are not all the ranches in the county at that time, but they are all that I can recall now. There was a settlement at Picketville, near the present Breckenridge. Bill Picket was there at that time. I do not know whether they called it Picketville because the houses were made of pickets stuck in the ground and a roof covered with dirt or because it was the home of the Pickets. There were a number of houses in the village and it was used as a kind of place of safety for the families of the cattlemen throughout the country. They did not dare leave their families alone on the ranches, but left them there where there were a number of people. I do not remember a settlement in the county at that time by the name of Yanceyville.

There was a road coming up from Waco by way of Stephenville, up Hog Creek by the present Desdemona, up by Masker Lake, by the

Old Flannigan ranch (Merriman); then up to Gunsight Mountains (Gunsight) and on to Fort Griffin.

Among the Indian tales common around Picketville at that time was one to the effect that a teacher named Jones—he taught the village school at Picketville—was killed west of Picketville by the Indians in 1870. He had gone out after his horse, and was not far from the settlement. When the Indians attacked him, he did nothing but yell and run around a bush, although he had a pistol in his hand. Two men watched the massacre but were not strong enough to give aid. The Indians shot his body full of arrows and scalped it. He was from the east, and had not been in the country long. Another story was that of the death of George Hazelwood, killed in 1868 over on Battle Creek, one Sunday morning. I saw a whole armful of arrows his wife had; these had been shot at him, and many had been pulled out of his body. The Indians out of deference to his bravery did not scalp him. I heard about this murder in Fort Worth. The news of such matters would soon travel over the frontier.

In the early seventies Eastland County was much like Stephens. I think there were fewer people there than in Stephens. I ranched near "Ranger Camp" in 1871. It was so called because the Rangers had used it as a kind of camp headquarters. I never saw any buildings or stuff there that pertained to them. I do remember seeing a trail leading from Ranger up through Stephens County. There were the paths of two horses running side by side indicating that the Rangers always made the trail in twos. It was well worn and bore evidence of long use.

About the same time that I settled on the Clear Fork near Nugent, 1873, Mode Johnson, son of C. J., settled on Chimney Creek north-east of Nugent. I was located just below where Nugent now stands. It was about five miles between our headquarters.

On bringing our herd out from Stephens County I had an interesting experience with John Laurens, a "bad man" of that day and a cattle thief. I believed Laurens was driving away some of my cattle, and I followed the trail of a herd he was driving and overtook his party. He would "burn out" brands, and brand them with his brand, and also mark them. But my brand, J. P. B. with the B lying up against the other two letters was hard to burn out. Also,

as it happened, part of the cows he had branded out of my herd were old gentle milk cows, and I knew them anyway. Laurens was not with the herd when I came up, but a fellow named Wilson was watching the herd. I rode up and told him that he had some of my cattle, and that I wanted to get them. He told me to go see Laurens, who was away about a half-mile shoeing his horse. I insisted that I knew the cattle, and that I wanted to get my own stuff, that we didn't need Laurens. But Wilson insisted, and when I began to work the herd trying to cut out my cows, he began following me up trying to undo what I was doing, and protesting all the time that if I had any cattle in that herd to go get Laurens—he was the man who had branded them. But I continued, and as I glanced over my shoulder I thought I saw him raise his rifle as though fixing to fire. I had no chance to protect myself and work the cattle also (we were all heavily armed with pistol and Winchester, and Wilson was carrying his rifle across the pommel of his saddle), so I called in George Outlaw, who was with me, and who was working for the C. J. outfit, and told him to cut the cattle out while I watched Wilson. Before this I had asked Wilson if he wanted to scrap me over the matter, and he said he did not, but that he wanted me to see Laurens before I cut out the cattle. Now there were several of the Laurens gang around besides Wilson. In a fight they would have had us badly outnumbered, and Outlaw refused to cut out the cattle. I was vexed with Outlaw then, but as I look at it now I know that it was the sensible thing to do. They would have had all the advantage of us in a fight, and they would have taken any advantage they might have had. There was nothing for me to do, but to go down to Laurens camp and see him. He treated me cordially. I went down and ate a meal with him and his outfit. He came back to the herd with me, and said he would give up any cattle that were fresh branded. He insisted that in order to determine this I would have to ride into the herd and rope and throw the cattle I claimed. I told him there was no sense in my doing this, that I knew the cattle that he knew them, and knew that he had lately burned out my brand and placed his own on them. He kept insisting, and I was just as determined that I was not going to do that, and I told him to give the cattle up without further ado. I do not know where matters would have drifted to; it looked like a fight with odds against me.

But just then up rode a bunch of men from Fort Belknap over on the Brazos out for the same purpose I was after—that is, to get some of their cattle which Laurens had branded and was driving away. Among these men were Archie Medlin, B. Williams, and there were eight men in the outfit. We had it on Laurens then, and he knew it. I set in and cut my cattle out, and asked Medlin if he needed any help in getting his. When he replied that he did not, I moved on. The above incident happened in Shackelford County, 1873, when we were moving out to our location in Jones County. Johnnie Laurens was finally mobbed in the Shackelford County jail. Eight of his men, or men of his type, were later killed in a fight on Elm Creek on the west side of the Clear Fork in Shackelford County or possibly over in Throckmorton—I know the location, but am not sure about the county. The cowmen attacked them in a kind of mob, and they received the penalty generally meted out to cow thieves in those days.

When I came to this country, 1873, there was not as much timber as now except on the creeks where the timber was about like it is now. I recall that some of the flats were noticeably dotted with dead mesquite, some of them good sized trees.

There were thousands of buffalo. They could be found here at all seasons of the year, but were most numerous in the fall and winter. They would drift through here in great numbers in the fall and go on south as far as Coleman. They didn't drift toward Stephens county much. There were not many in that country in my day. In the spring they would drift back. Sometimes they would keep you awake at night with their grunting and bawling. I have seen the time when I could step out from our house or tent and shoot several early in the morning without moving from in front of the door. The trails they cut through this country were sometimes several feet deep. It was annoying to ride down their trails. They were too narrow for the horse to follow conveniently, and one frequently had to put his feet up across his horse's neck. We frequently roped buffalo both large and small. They would fight, and for that reason we generally used a long rope when practicing with buffalo. It was good practice to teach a horse to hold, but it was dangerous sport. They were about as difficult to hold as cattle of corresponding age and size, but they were quicker

especially on the turn. We shot them down when we were through with our fun and wanted our ropes. When chased, a buffalo would never run east or south—always west or northwest.

There was an abundance of turkey, deer, and antelope here then. Also black bear, mountain lions, especially in the hills, and panthers and lobo wolves. The wolf was the greatest enemy of our cattle. They would kill a huge bull as readily as a calf. Frequently a calf or yearling attacked by a mountain lion or panther would escape with cuts and scratches if mother cattle were near, but an animal rarely ever escaped from the lobos. I have been awakened in the night to hear as many as two cows bawling in different directions—in the clutch of the loboos. There were many bobcats polecats and rattlesnakes. Frequently in driving a herd across a prairie dog town one could see the cattle jumping and dodging here and there, and hear many rattlers buzzing away.

In spite of all these enemies our cattle multiplied rapidly and thrived. We had an ideal cow country. Grass was abundant; the country was not overstocked as was the section east of us—in fact Johnson's and mine were all the cattle there were for a while; the winters were mild and the country offered good protection.

Our greatest enemies were the Comanches. They were a serious drawback to our business. They did not bother our cattle, but they stole our horses again and again and left us afoot. I have chased Indians under many conditions. In Tarrant County when I was a boy the Indians would come in on Grand Prairie and raid ranches of their horses. Word would be sent down to the "settlement," and the settlers would mount their old nags and start chase. As I remember these occasions it seems like nearly every farmer rode an old mare, and the names of most of them was "Puss." Armed with shot guns, rifles and pistols we followed the Comanches' trails many a time; but we would start hours late, and we could not have caught them had we had an even start. I always thought we would surely ride up on them, but I know now that we did not know how to chase Indians.

One of the best chases I ever had was in Coleman county in 1872. Joe Matthews, who ranched on the Clear Fork below Fort Griffin was putting up a herd to drive to Colorado, and sent eight of us south into Pecan Bayou country to gather up the drifts since he

needed a few more head to make up the herd. We ran into old Bobbie Sloan's range, and camped at his pens—there was no house there. It was in August, and most of Sloan's men had gone east into the settlements to enjoy a little civilization in the lay-off season. But when we struck Sloan he told us he would help us round-up, and would brand what calves of his had been overlooked in the spring round-up. Sloan's horses were hobbled out around the pens, and some of his men were killing a beef that morning. We left the pens early, and had got about four miles away and had placed or sent one of our men on a hill between us and the Sloan ranch. We were north or northwest of the ranch—that is toward the Indian country from the ranch. We noticed our man on the hill motioning to us to come to him. We thought he meant for us to push the cattle we had struck up his way. When he continued to motion we thought he wanted us to hurry up, and we tried to push the cattle faster. Finally I saw that something was wrong, and I rode to him as fast as I could and the others followed. When I reached the elevated point I saw the Comanches—15 of them—running about seventy-five head of horses, and headed northwest. It was too late for us to head them off. In fact they had about a half-mile the start of us. We took after them, but dared not ride too hard of a sudden lest we break our horses down. They had practically every horse Sloan had and many others they had gathered up in their raid. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the race started. We ran them until about the middle of the afternoon without any sign of gaining on them. But about three-thirty or four o'clock we began to draw closer. They saw this, and four or five of them stopped and pretended that they were going to fight us. This was to give the others who were with the herd more time, of course. But we did not check, and before we got in good shooting distance these four or five turned and soon caught up with the others. By sun-down we were close to a creek—the Jim Ned, I think, and they made a sharp turn as though they intended to rush into a copse of timber in the creek valley. We turned to head them off from this, but as soon as they saw they had thrown us off the track, they turned again. The result of these movements was to throw us farther behind, and we began to lose heart. They crossed the creek, and took a position about a mile from us on an elevated point, where we watched them

and they watched us until dark. We knew, and they knew that we had no chance to catch them in the dark. All of our party did not keep up; Bud Matthews, my brother Jim Roberts, Bill Spencer and I were in the lead, and riding together at sundown. The others were not far behind. During this chase the Indians had killed eight jaded horses and mules. Whenever one of the herd could no longer keep up with the rest, they would not let it drop out and leave it alone, but always killed it. They killed the horses with arrows, which they drove in to the feathers, just behind the last rib. One arrow did the work. They had good Spencer rifles like the ones we got from the government at Fort Griffin, and in addition to these they carried bows and quivers of arrows. The quiver contained many arrows, and was strapped across the back with the feather end of the arrows protruding just above the left shoulder. Thus an Indian would hold his bow in his left hand and with his right draw out arrows across his shoulder and place them on the bow. They could keep a veritable stream of arrows flying from the bow. Within their range—fifty or seventy-five yards—for accurate shooting—the arrow was an effective and deadly weapon. I think the government furnished these Indians with rifles. All I ever had any dealings with were well supplied with them and were fair shots. In this race the Indians sometimes changed horses taking one from the herd to relieve their own. I recall that at one time we saw one of them on the ground, but in a moment he was stride a horse. One of the secrets of their ability to get away was the fact that they always ran straight. There was no taking short cuts on them, they followed a straight line. They preferred to ride on high open ground where this was available, but they would not go far out of their path to get such a trail.

Once at the C. J. Mountain in Stephens County a bunch of Indians ran a herd of horses into us and almost over us when we were camped one night. It was so dark that we could not see the Indians, and since there were so few of us we did not try to fight them. The nearest I ever came to killing an Indian was on Bitter Creek. We saw the Indians approaching and ran into a draw with brush on the banks, and as I looked out from the thicket in which I was hiding I saw a warrior coming down a deep cut buffalo trail. I saw him first, took dead aim, and fired. But the mule he was riding

saw me just as I fired, and threw up his head. Instead of hitting the Indian I hit the mule squarely in the forehead. As the mule fell the buck rolled off of him and was out of sight in a flash. The Comanches killed all white men they saw, but they were cowardly, and did not attack unless they thought they had the advantage. Their main purpose in coming into this country was not to kill white men, but to steal horses; and for that reason, no doubt, there were fewer of us killed.

When we first located over here we did not build any house and we did not have any pens near our tent. We pitched our tent down in the river—in the narrow valley between the high bank and the low bank and were thus protected from view. We never left the camp or came into it in the day time, and we frequently moved it.

In my experience with frontiersmen I have heard many interesting stories and have been a party to many interesting events. This story about a certain Irishman I know to be substantially true, although I did not witness the incident:

This fellow frequently drove cattle to Colorado from the vicinity of Fort Griffin. He was a good fellow, and folks liked him; but those who observed him said he drove too many cattle for the number he owned. Complaints piled up against him until he had a number of men watching to get him. Word spread around Picketville one day that the Irishman had gone west with an unusually large bunch of cattle and that the brand of every cowman in the country was represented in his herd. So a mob was organized at Picketville; and they followed his trail swearing that they would hang him. They caught up with him on the Pecos, and he greeted them heartily—he was exceedingly glad to see them, and insisted that they spend the night with him. They ate supper with him, and all enjoyed themselves in a friendly fashion. After supper they announced to him that they were going to hang him, and inquired of him if there was anything he wanted to say, any word he wanted to send back home, any request, etc., etc. He thought it a good joke that this group of men were going to hang him for his thievery, and he began to laugh and guy them about their own virtue. He said that the only desire he had was that one honest man should have some part in his hanging, and requested that any honest man who happened to be among them come forward and tie the rope around his neck.

Nobody volunteered, and the humor of the situation broke over the crowd. They all laughed, shook hands, and let him go his way. Among this group was one or possibly there were two of the Schoolcraft boys, Bill Cairns, and Cal Greer. All of them lived around Picketville.

Among the frontier cowmen of this section there developed a practice which ruined some of us—that of cattle borrowing. The practice came about in this fashion. A certain man would want to put up a herd to drive to Colorado or some other point north. He would not have enough of his own, or would not want to sell them if he had them; and the practice of borrowing some from his neighbor came about quite naturally. As long as it was done by special consent and on a small scale a man could keep up with it; but it soon got to be a general custom, and men would take your cattle without saying anything to you about it. One could not protest without endangering one's standing among friends; for the cowmen had agreed in mass meeting held in different places that the practice be considered legitimate. In fact they would drive your cattle away without your knowing anything about it. Of course each man was supposed to know whose cattle he was driving, and to keep an accurate record of it; but this they would not do. The practice went on until 1875 it got so bad that the cattle associations placed inspectors on the range whose business it was to inspect each outgoing herd, and report result to the assessors office at the county seat. This made the matter a thing of record, but even then it was difficult to get a settlement out of the men who had driven off your cattle. In 1875 George Outlaw and I went to the records and found that two thousand head of my cattle had been driven away by various men. On the other hand we had used very few of other people's cattle. I had given my attention to raising cattle, and had not driven many herds to market. When I went to the various men for settlement they would say, "Well I'll go down to the records and find out how many cattle I owe you." But from all this country then one had to go to Palo Pinto to records, and the upshot of the matter was that he would never go. Such obligations in open accounts would expire through limitation so that one could not sue on them after two years. At last after much delay I would push the matter again and my man would say, "Well I'll square off even

with you." In fact the accounts were generally settled by common agreements just in that way. The men agreed to square off even. This was alright for the driver of herds who had borrowed many cattle, but for a man like myself it worked an injustice. When Johnson and I saw the way things were going we placed our cattle out here on the Clear Fork and put men around them to prevent a complete loss. In this way we protected ourselves somewhat; but we had already lost many cattle.

Fort Griffin was the rendezvous for all this country. It was a veritable robber's hole. They would throw a blanket over your head and take your money in a flash. Many reckless and interesting characters came that way. One I recall was well known; a woman called Lottie Demo. She was a good looking red headed woman and came to the Fort unannounced. She rented a cottage in the settlement and lived there alone. She was the central figure in every card game of the community and often staked large sums. She was known generally as being "straight," at least insofar as her relations with men were concerned. No one ever visited her house. One day she left on the stage as quietly and as mysteriously as she had come. No one ever knew who she was, whence she came or whither she went.

My Fort Griffin experience is very limited due to the fact that I tried to keep away from there as much as possible on account of the lawless conditions at the place. It was dangerous to put the head out of the window, even while the soldiers were there. And the soldiers did not try to break up this lawlessness. They were there solely to prevent Indian raids. There were not many laws, but even these were not enforced rigidly. Conditions improved later. It became necessary to kill many people and get them out of the way in order to have safe living conditions.

Two or three companies of soldiers were stationed there. The soldiers came out to my cow country a time or two. They were a source of trouble to me. One time they drove off many of my cattle. They did not know of the location of our ranch there. At least this is the story they told me. They said they believed the nearest ranch was on the Pecan Bayou; but there were ranches as close to us as Albany, on the Hubbard. Flynn (?) was there in 1869, eight miles east of Albany.

We would go out early in the morning to work with the cattle and would not return until after night, no matter how tired we were, so that the Indians watching us could not follow. By dodging around and taking different routes home, we would beat them much of the time. When we got to making trails to our camp, we would pick up and move so they would not know where to find us.

One day we made a drive southeast of here and had driven the cattle into a valley near Phantom Hill. About dark when we turned the cattle loose we loped to higher ground to kill time in coming to the ranch in order to avoid any possible meeting with the Indians. There were many cattle thieves in the country. When the soldiers saw us acting rather shy, loping away, they thought we had been stealing cattle and were running from them. They drove our cattle into Coleman County. They killed two or three on the road and lost many of them, for they turned them loose at night and gathered them up next morning. During the night many of them would go astray. As soon as they had driven them over there, they told Gholson, a ranchman there, that they had gotten the cattle from a ranch near Phantom Hill. Gholson sent a man over here to tell us about it. We decided to let the cattle remain with his herd until spring, when we got most of them back.

The soldiers at the fort were frolicsome and fond of gambling and drinking. They were supposed to keep the Indians back, but they never did any good. Perhaps they prevented the Indians from coming into the country in bunches. But the Indians would go within two hundred yards of the fortress and steal the horses. I went to the fortress many times to secure the aid of the soldiers in recovering my horses stolen by the Indians. The General would always say that he would send out his men at once, but he usually did so two or three days after the Indians had disappeared with the horses. It would then be impossible to recover them, for the Indians would make a raid one night and be gone the next day. In their efforts to overtake the Indians, the soldiers always remained on the main trail. Very seldom did they get out of the road. I told the General that it was impossible to catch the Indians that way, for it was sufficiently difficult to keep up with them even when they were in sight. But he said it was necessary to carry provisions in the wagon for the men had to have something to eat. I

told him the thing to do was to kill buffalo; to get a bunch of Tonks as guides; to make the soldiers stay with them and catch the horse thieves. This plan was tried, but the soldiers could not keep up with their guides. The Indian guides said the soldiers were good for nothing. And they were not far from the truth. They had these big feather-legged horses. They could not shoot running as the Indians. The Indian did not have to stop to fight you. He did his fighting on horseback and his horse was always on the move. The Indians were a hard lot to get.

As for the amusements of the soldiers, they would come out here on little excursions and camp and fish and kill time drinking champagne. They had plenty of it for there were a number of saloons at Fort Griffin and seven dance halls.

In regard to the buffalo, the period of the killing out of these was in 75 and 76. I knew two or three men who had big outfits for this business. One man named Garrison, of Stephenville, who used to freight a great deal for Fort Griffin from Waco. He himself traveled back and forth in a buggy, but he had trains of wagons to haul the supplies. There were some well-beaten trails leading to the buffalo country, and they had a regular headquarters camp. Another man who followed this business was Conrad, one of the leading men in this country. He owned a big ranch and a good business in Albany. He had two partners named Rath and White, and the firm name was Conrad, Rath and White. I was not acquainted with Rath and White. It seems to me that they were from Kansas. They did a good business sending trains to the buffalo country. They had a big camp which was called Rath City. There was nothing there except dug-outs, but it served as headquarters for the bringing in of the hides. This place is situated about twenty miles from Hamlin—ten miles north down the river from the mountains; on the east side of Double Mountain fork, on a high plateau. There were a few stores and saloons and it was a pretty bad place; so I have heard.

The MacKenzie Trail, so far as I know, was the only road leading from Fort Griffin to the west. It crossed Double Mountain, north of Flat Top Mountain; then crossed Stinking Creek, which is in Stonewall County; then went by Salt Fork; then by what is now Jayton; then it went on to the plains country, going up Sulphur

Draw in the direction of Roswell. I do not know its terminus. I do not know when it was established, but it was established by General MacKenzie when he was trying to quell the Indians. It was established before I came to this country. It was so cut up that it was difficult to know it was a road, for people would make short cuts. I followed it in '86 when I was going to the Plains. This was the only government road. It was not kept up. There was a Fort at El Paso and one on the Pecos but none on the Plains.

Many cattle were driven to Denver to market. However, they did not take a direct route for fear of the Comanches. The route went from this country to the Concho; then up the middle Concho; then there was a ninety mile drive from the Concho to the Pecos. Some of the men who bought the cattle to be driven there were Geo. Reynolds, of Ft. Worth, and old man Maxwell. I knew Reynolds personally. He brought a herd of cattle from Denver here and bought land northeast of here. They drove cattle to Colorado from '69-'73.

I never did make the drive over the north trail. I went into Denison by Weatherford, leaving Fort Worth to my right, passing through Sherman and Denton and from there on to Denison. They drove the Chisholm Trail as early as '69. I do not know when they began. More went over the North trail than over the West because so many cattle were driven from South Texas.

Chisholm's brand was a long mark on the body of the cow and a slashed ear. They commenced cutting at the end of the ear and cut until the end would hang down. His brand was called Jingle Bob and Rail.

We did not make many trips for supplies. Our food consisted of such things as bread, coffee, meat, etc. We did not buy much meat because we had all the meat we wanted in the way of game or beef. We seldom killed a buffalo except when away from the cattle. There is not much difference between the meat of the buffalo and cattle meat. The cattle were easier to get. For convenience we would rope out the big fat calves. When we wanted supplies we would load our wagons at Ft. Worth, going by the way of Palo Pinto, Weatherford, and Cedar Creek. We crossed Big Caddo Creek in the gaps of the mountains. We called this Lynn Gap because George

Lynn lived there. The country east of there was not so rough. Palo Pinto at that time was about the size of Nugent today. In the spring the boys would take a wagon, and at Fort Worth load twelve or fifteen hundred pounds of flour, canned goods, etc.

We had just common cow horses—fourteen or fifteen hands high—the best horses in the world for cattle. We bought all our horses. We rode about six horses apiece. We had no more because it was difficult to keep them. We would ride a horse once a week. We could ride one down one day and the next week he would be fat again. We would come in at night get our suppers, and at nine or ten o'clock we would round up the horses and put them in rope corrals close to our tent to prevent the Indians stealing them. In the day time we would let them go out on the range. There were many mustang horses here, but we could not catch them. They would go in bunches of forty or fifty. I caught one of these, a two-year old, and he got as tame as could be and would follow me anywhere. Many of the domestic horses stolen by the Indians would be lost and would join the wild horses. Within a short time they would become as wild as any of them.

We had as good saddles as we could get—very like those they make now. One could buy them as ornamental as he desired. These saddles were made especially for the cattlemen. The ones we bought were made at Weatherford. One could send to Denver and get any desired weight of saddle. These were shipped by way of Fort Worth or Fort Griffin. We rode with two girths. We hardly ever used the flank girth except in roping. When we roped, we tied them up enough to come up to the horses side. The saddles we used were lighter than they are now. A horse could burst them by a fall. Sometimes the horns of the saddles would be pulled off. When we were ranching on the Plains I bought saddles from Abilene. We wore boots all the time. In the winter we wore woolen pants. We had these big leather leggings to keep off the rain, snow and sleet. We rode with spurs all the time, but very seldom had quirts. These were so hard on horses that the ranchmen would not employ men carrying them; for many times in a fit of anger, when the horse was jaded, they would beat him over the head. And, too, when the men got mad they would spur them on the shoulders, the tenderest place on a horses' body, drawing the blood.

When I came to this country, the stage line was not in operation. It was the mail route, and was used in the early days before the war. It was the trans-continental stage line. It went by Phantom Hill and Mulberry Canyon. There was another stage line from Abilene to San Angelo or Ballinger in later years, and I think they carried the mail on this. I used to ride on the stage from Denison to Fort Worth. I know of no trails in this country except those of the buffalo hunters. There was nothing here. The people at Concho got their supplies from the south, probably Austin. They did not pass this way with them.

We used to have some big dances. We had to go a long way—usually down to Fort Griffin. I never did take much part in them. To make music they had fiddles, banjos, guitars, and a horn. There were plenty of women in the settlements, especially at Picketville and at Fort Griffin. The soldiers had their headquarters on a high hill. Below were the settlers. The people would go twenty-five or thirty miles to a dance. Once I went to Breckenridge from Ranger to a dance—a distance of about forty miles.

Preachers used to come through the country, stopping at the forts like Picketville. They wore sixshooters. Everybody went armed in those days, even the women when they went to the cow pens, thirty or fifty yards away. The people would stack arms and listen to the preacher. They had preaching at Fort Griffin and schools also. There was a considerable settlement there. The schools would run three or four or five months—whenever they could get a teacher. Barney Bartholomew, cashier in the bank at Albany now, taught school there. He also had some experience in the cattle business.

As for the Indian dance, I saw the Tonks dance a few times; but there was not much to it except hard work. The Tonks would steal our horses. I would go to the fort and get them. They told the soldiers they captured them from the Comanche Indians, and General Buel wanted me to pay them for their work to encourage them; but I told him it would be encouraging the Indians to steal again from my camp. I saw fifteen or twenty horses in the bunch that belonged to people near me, and I told the soldiers that they would be down after them as soon as I got word to them.

The Tonks had been placed on the reservation. They had their camp in the river valley on a ten-acre plot of ground. The settlers

were among them. These Indians would go naked in the summer time. Their worst fault was stealing. They used to go to the settlers' houses and they would drive them out like dogs, but before leaving, the Indians would steal a biscuit or something. They would get drunk and there would be trouble. Many times when they were drunk the soldiers had to tie them down. They used them sometimes in trailing the Comanches; but the Tonks would not do anything because they had no backing. They would take four or five along with them. The Tonks would fight if the soldiers would stay with them; but the soldiers could not keep up with them. The rangers did not keep any regular men in this part of the country. Captain Waller had a bunch of rangers in Stephens County and there was a camp of Rangers east of Breckenridge.

I will tell you this story before we quit. On the frontier we knew a certain red complexioned fellow, a good cowhand, but he would never tell the truth. He lived at Palo Pinto, with his whole family. The ranchmen were trying to put down the stealing of cattle. This man was a good fellow and was liked by everybody; but he liked to steal cattle and tell lies. They got a bill against him for stealing cattle. The country was so thinly settled that it took all the men of the country to run the courts. I used to sit on the grand jury and on the petit jury. Bill Veal defended this man. He got among his witnesses and found out that they had a pretty good case against him, and so the lawyer advised him to plead guilty and get as light a term as possible. One man, Bill Hitson from whom he had stolen a cow was on the jury. Everybody on the jury knew what a liar the defendant was; so when he plead "guilty" they did not believe he was telling the truth; so they found him not guilty.

MRS. MALISSA C. EVERETT, A PIONEER WOMAN

(Editor's Note: The following life story of this frontier woman is so amazingly interesting and extraordinary as to justify its publication in the Yearbook in the words with which it is written in the original account. To retell the narrative would tend to destroy its value, therefore the editor has allowed Mrs. Everett to tell her experiences in her own way.)

The hardships encountered by this frontier woman were typical of the frontier during this period of time. To suffer the inconveniences and hardships such as are herein narrated were but incidents in the daily lives of these heroic people. Similar accounts could be given by many other frontier women who endured the isolation of frontier life and braved the dangers of Indian depredations. West Texas sons and daughters with fathers and mothers, or grandfathers and grandmothers, who have passed on to them this noble heritage are truly blessed. May the heroic sacrifices made by these hardy souls lighten the burdens and daily toils of all those who follow.)

I am 83 years old; born in Mississippi, Tishomingo County, February 6th, 1840; and moved to Texas with my father and mother William R. and Almily Martin in the fall of 1851. We came through in wagons, one was an ox wagon. I think we were 42 days on the road. We crossed the Mississippi River at Memphis, Tennessee. There were 19 in all of our company, counting our four negroes. It was a long journey to take with wagons and teams, but there was no railroads then and there was some danger of robbers on the way. There was no banks to put your money in, so we had to bring our money along with us. My father had several thousand dollars with us. We was frightened several times one night as we came through the Mississippi bottom, they stood guard all night. That evening there were three men met us three times. The third time my father asked them what they meant, they said they were hunting; after they passed we stopped wagons and got out our guns and loaded them and every one that could shoot a gun carried a gun. We never saw them any more. My father had a good home in Mississippi, but it was for our sakes he broke up and moved to Texas. We crossed Red River at Shrevesport. My father had a brother living in Harrison County. We stopped there a few days and then came on to Smith County and rented a place from a man named Holden. We stayed there and made a crop, we all had a time there with measles, all had them except my mother and one negro woman.

That fall we moved to Cook County. We landed there the 15 of January, 1853, we brought a little bunch of cattle and some hogs with us. My father taken up land between Pilot Point and where Whitesboro now stands, in what was called the Cross Timbers. A

married man could take up three hundred and twenty acres, and a single man a hundred and sixty acres, so my father and three of my brothers taken up land. The first night after we got there they come a terrible blizzard. We like to of froze, we hadn't been used to nothing like that. Next morning it was a beautiful morning, but cold. My father went to Gainesville which was 13 miles west of us to get the papers fixed up about the land and when he got back that evening the boys and the negroes built a smoke house for shelter, had it all ready to go in when he got back from town. Some went to cutting logs, some splitting boards and some building. Then they all went to cutting logs and making boards to build us a house, all lived in log houses and had puncheon floors. Next was to put in a farm. The first land that was put in was broke with what was called a bulltongue plow, there were but few people in that country at that time and they told my father he was fooling away his time, they couldn't be anything raised in that country. My father told them from what he could see, he didn't think any one had tried, and he was going to give it a fair trial and if he couldn't raise anything he would go where he could, and don't remember of father having to buy any corn after the first year. Of course it didn't take much corn, the range was just as fine as it could be lots of waste for the hogs. We ground our meal by hand on a steel mill. We bought our corn down east on the black land which they called Egypt. The last land that he broke he got a turning plow. He broke the land and punched a hole with a hand spike and covered the grain with their heel, planted corn, watermelons, pumpkins, and sure made a fine crop.

All was well pleased with the country, fine grass, good water, and lots of game: antelope, deer and turkeys, no roads through the country, plenty of Indian trails, but no Indians to bother at that time, no schools, no churches, very few neighbors. What there were was mostly from Missouri. One of our neighbors was Jacob Heddy; one Lee Winchester, and a widow woman by the name of Boggs—all poor folks. They got to having preaching there once a month. It was two miles from where we lived, we walked and went every time when we could; later on they organized a church there; two of my brothers were converted and joined the Baptist church. They

were the first ones of the family that ever joined the Baptist church. My parents and the older children were Presbyterians.

We got our supplies from Jefferson, two hundred miles away. They drove in turns, it would take several weeks to make the trip. There was no big herds of cattle at that time. There was two men lived four or five miles from us that had the largest herds, their names were Doomas and Emmerson, they hadn't begun to grade up cattle for sometime after that, they were all long horn Spanish cattle, nor I don't remember of them making any drives for some time after that in the fall of 1854, I think it was, the country began to settle up pretty rapidly there was several families moved in our neighborhood all from Tennessee, Bond, Ingrun, Haze Brazal, and a Baptist preacher by the name of Asa Davis, and several others—all good energetic people and we sure welcomed them as citizens of our country. They built a little log school house, had split logs for seats, called it Happy Hollow School House. They got Parson Davis to promise to teach us a ten months school. Oh I was so glad. My father told me he wanted me to go every day, and I wanted an education so bad. The teacher's family got sick—(it only lasted ten days)—and stayed sick so long and one of his children died and that broke up the school and that ended my school days.

Now I have pulled through this long life in ignorance how often I have thought oh if I only had had an education I might have been of some use in this old wicked world. But as it is I have just done what I could.

Jake Heddy lived in about a quarter of a mile of us. He had a blacksmith shop and the men would meet there to have their sport, run foot races, and such like, and finely got to horse-racing for fun, later got to betting on their horses. The war was coming on and they went from bad to worse.

On April 29, 1858, I was married to Samuel H. Livingston, my father and mother both died before the war. The war came on in 1861 then our trouble began; the Indians began to steal, kill and skelp the white people they never did get as far east as our neighborhood but close enuff for us to allways be on the lookout on the light of the moon—that was when they allways done their mischief. I well remember one night my sister had let my two youngest sisters

go home with a school teacher that boarded at my fathers and taught school before he was married (Yeron was his name), and after they were gone the news came that they intended to take the hole country as far east as Jorden Creek and that would take us in. My husband was at home sick at that time. His health was so bad they wouldn't keep him in the army long at a time so he was at home at the time this happened. So their was no man to send after the children. I told my sister if any one would go with me we would go after the children, they were three miles towards Gainsville. So we saddled our horses and we were not long going, one of my sisters one sister-in-law went with me. As I was riding a horse we hadn't owned but a short time and didn't know much about him my sister, and sister in law took the children up behind them and we wasn't long getting home. My husband got up and went back to the army. This horse I rode and one more we had were fine large horses and he was afraid they would be stolen and he told me as there was horse buyers coming through the country occasionally to sell them so I sold the one I rode for nine hundred dollars and other one for eight hundred dollars in Confederate money. Captain Roff got the one I rode and they said he was a plum outlaw, no man could ride him, I felt like providence had saved my life, as it had done in many instences.

On one occasin the Indians came near Gainsville and the soldier boys got after them and they killed one of our men and run in and got him before they had time to skelp him. I have forgot the mans name. I think it was six miles west of Gainsville, one of my brothers and two or three other men carried the dead man on their horses back to town.

There was a man lived near Gainsville by the name of Jones the family was composed of a wife and two or three daughters. They saw the Indians coming and they circled around the house several times drawing a little closer every time, and would yell every time. It wasn't common for them to tackle a house but they felt sure they was going to do it this time, and they thought their only chance was to bluff them off so the girls put on some of their fathers clothes and tried to scare them off. They got sticks like guns and got out in the hall where they could see them and shook their fist at them and dared them to come, so it worked all right and their lives were saved. On another occasion their was a family near the same place by the name

of Bose the way I remember it they had been east on visit and on their return home they got close to home the Indians run on them and killed all the family except the mother and two or three daughters. They tied them on wild horses and carried them off. The reason they were carried off alive they found out the white people would buy them back, so they did and they went back to their home. The most excitable times we had was when so many men was hung at Gainsville. The lowdown class of people organized a secret society called it a peace company and of course the people wanted peace they swore them in and death was their portion if they revealed it they were sorry they joined them but was afraid to tell it, so a man by the name of Childs mistrusted their was something going on that was kept a secret and joined to find out what it was they called in the soldiers and commenced to arresting them, of course we knew nothing about it. So one morning we were setting at our breakfast table and a man rode up and told my husband he wanted him to go with him to Ganisville. My husband put in his excuses that he couldn't go, the man said you must go. He said whats the matter. The man said we have a prisoner to take to Gainsville. He asked who it was and it was a man by the name of Harper, a man we was well acquainted with. Well, we didn't know what the trouble was, so he went with them to Gainsville and when they got there there was over three hundred soldiers there and bringing in prisoners from every direction, so when night come on he asked to go home and they didn't want to let him off at all he said I allways go home when I tell her I will be there and if I dont go she will come up here to see whats the matter, so they let him off by the promise of being there next morning. I don't remember how many days he was gone. They garded the town day and night. This man, Childs, found out who the leaders were. They jerked them up and found them guilty and hung them on an old elm tree which was still standing there a few years ago. They acknowledged under the gallows their intentions. Their aim was to kill men, woman and children such as they didn't see fit to take with them and drive the stock to Kansas. There was a widow lived near town named Wolsey, her two oldest boys had joined the army at the beginning of the war and had made true soldiers and her two younger boys were gulled in to this secret arrangement and were in prison. She didn't ask no

lawyer to plead their case she did it herself and after she got through pleading with men, she got down on her knees and pled with God. My husband said he never heard such a prayer come out of anybodys mouth said he didn't think their was a dry eye in the court room. They released her boys and she taken them home with her, no doubt but God answered her prayers. Those men that got this thing up were traters to their country. They were given 90 days to go peaceibly to their own side and they wouldn't go and caused so much trouble I believe innocent men were hung on there account. There were two old men Arfase Dawson and old Jimmie Ward was gulled in to it, and when they began to arrest the men, they thought they would make their escape. They went to where Mill Creek emptys into Red River and they couldn't get across and decided to come back and give themselves up. They got back to Gainsville and were waiting for their trial when the news came in that one of their party had waylaid and killed old Colonel Young, one of the leading citizens of the country. His son, Jim Young, came in with the news full of revenge and ordered them all to be hung, and all the people were rought up over the killing and they took nineteen more out and hung them on the same old Elm tree—I think that made 40 in all. Those two old men I spoke of was in the bunch. This old man Ward had known me before I was grown. He came to our house one day just before this all happened all rought up I didn't know what it meant. He walked back and forth, wouldn't sit down. He said to me, Malissa, which is my given name, we are going to have the worst times that ever was known right here among us and it is right on hand in a few days said to me you don't know nothing about it but I do and about that time our hired hand stepped in and he didn't say any more. I couldn't understand what he meant till after it all come to light, and then I thought the old man aimed to tell me all about it so I could make my escape. They had the day set when they were to rise up and take the country and it wasn't but a few days off. While this was going on the women and children didn't know what to do for protection. We would gather some times at one place and sometimes at another. We would take axes and hammers and all sorts of tools in the house so as to have something to protect ourselves with.

After this we moved four miles west of Whitesboro, lived in join-

ing house with old man Garner and family. It was two large rooms and a hall between. They occupied one room and us the other and all used the hall. We lived thus the two last years of the war, this old man was an infidel a horse racer and everything else but the right thing. All tho a good neighbor, he thought lots of us, treated us nicely, his wife was a good Christian woman.

The people got so tired of war and turned to God for help, oh such meetings as we did have. I had felt for some time every time I went to church the hole sermon was right to me. So they had a protracted meeting at old Happy Hollow School House right close to where my father settled. We lived then about ten miles from there my husband went down to one of his brothers Wint Livingston that lived not far from the meeting and they made him promise that we would go down the next day so I got ready, me and my sister that lived with us, and rode a horse back and carried my baby. My sister-in-law was converted at that meeting. My husband stayed at home to finish cutting his grain and when he got there I was going up for prayer I didn't know what he would think of it. I didn't go up but a few times till I was happily converted, that was on the fifth day of June, 1864. I asked the Lord to lead me in way he wanted me to go and I joined the Missionary Baptist Church that evening. It was under a brush arbor in front of the little log school house, so we went from there to one of my sisters that lived at my fathers old home. We hadn't been there long till my husband said to me lets go out to the lot and see the horses. I knew he was a great man for horses but that wasn't his motive in going out there—he wanted to talk to me. He put his arms around me and said, 'I love you better than I ever did but I feel like I am partly cut off from you. I would give anything if I was just where you are.' The next day he went up for prayer, but the meeting closed and him not saved. The day was set for me to be baptized he would say so often that he wished he was ready to be baptized with me so something would happen every time that I couldn't be baptized. The greatest test came at last. We had to go home. I had to meet a infidel face to face. I thought so often on my way home, oh I will be brave. So when we got there him and his wife met us at the gate he took hold of my hand and asked me the news. I said we had a good meeting and I stopped. He said we heard you had been converted.

I slaped my hands said 'yes, and I wish I could tell the hold world about it.' I conquered the devil right there and could talk to him allways after that and he would ask me so many questions about how I felt and all about it he said wife, Malissa has something shes not ashamed of she said John she has got religion that is what it is, in a few days there was a meeting commenced. It was called the Harve Howeth school house four miles west of us we were fixing to go he asked me where we were going. I told him, he turned to his wife and said I believe I will go with them. She said John do go—no telling when he ever heard a sermon before. Just as we were starting Mr. Finch rode up and went with us. The old man rode along with me and asked me so many questions about my religion. In August they had their meeting at Whitesboro such a meeting we did have too, my husband was converted one of my husbands sisters, Mrs. Fowler, the old man Garner, and one of his daughters all baptized at the same time my husband was converted before this old man he got in a terrible fire before he was converted. His wife told me he would walk the yard nearly all night. So one evening he asked my husband to take a walk with him they went about a quarter of a mile to a grove of timber; he said he recond he was the most miserable man on earth. I want you to get down on your knees and pray for me. He was converted soon after that on his way home from church when he joined the church. His wife put in her letter that she had held for 20 years the minister held up her letter showed to the congregation and made such a good talk their shouting and praising God all over the house our home was so different we searched the Bible and talked about religion and all enjoyed our selves together the minister that held the meeting was named Holman my husband gave him every dollar we had which was one hundred dollars in Confederate money. I believe me and my husband had something to do in leading that old man to Christ. Oh the good we might do if we could all ways be brave soldiers for the Lord.

Now I will tell something funny. Its my experience with my first cook stove. There was a lot of people moved away from around Gainsville and couldn't take their stoves with them. They left on account of the Indians and a man by the name Scott that lived on Dry Elem Creek near Gainsville that bought several stoves those

people that was moving away one of my friends went up there and bought one she had never had a cook stove and was highly pleased with it, so she put at me to go and get me one, we wove lots of cloth. Cloth was the currency of the country. So I got my husband in notion to go. I gave the man 13 yards of cloth for a cook stove, the second I ever saw—didn't know one thing about one. He would laugh at me and say he had no idea it would cook a lick, so I could hardly sleep good for fear it wouldn't cook. Old mother Garner had seen a good many before she came west. She said she thought sure it would cook. We aimed to put it in the fireplace and let the pipe run up the chimney. It was to cool to quit fire in the fire place so we set it in the hall waiting for warmer weather so one day they were all gone from home. I thought now was my time to try it. The wind was in the south I drug it to north side of the hall so the smoke would go out of the house and built a fire in it, put on some corn bread, the hardest thing to cook of anything. I kept putting in fuel and it wouldn't cook at all. The bread looked like it had been seting in the sun, so I took it and gave it to the hogs cleaned out all the ashes and drug it back to its place, so when the folks came home, I got a chance and told old mother Garner for she was like a mother to me, I told her that stove wouldn't cook a lick, said how do you know I said because I have tried it, she walked out in the hall and asked me where the pipe was. I said I didn't have any. She said, child it wont cook without a pipe. She asked me if I turned up the damper. I hadn't evan found it, I said what part does that play she said it regulated the heat. I said why didn't they call it a regulator. She said she didn't think I need to be uneasy she was sure it would cook all right. It didn't entirely satisfy me, but I felt some easier so the time came to set up the stove. I knew if it didn't cook I never would hear the last of it, so I asked the old lady what to get to make the hottest fire, she told me and I made the fire. All were standing around looking on to see the out come, I went to work to get supper. It got red hot right now. It looked all most like it would set the house on fire it burnt up everything I put about it. My husband said he would give it up he was satisfied it could cook and I was mitily relieved, now that is my experience with my first stove. No doubt some will think I was the most ignorant person on earth. You must remember we all

come into this world not knowing much, and we have to learn what we do know some have a better opportunity to learn than others. Somebody had to launch out on the front to open the way for others, you must remember we were deprived of many conveniences and privileges that others had in eastern country; no railroads; no way shipping in anything; no one knows the hardships the first settlers went through with to make the country what it is, but I don't regret it in the least, if my time were not so near spent I would like to press on out to the front again. I like to live in west. I don't think they began to grade up the cattle in our part of the country after the war and then the people didn't think there was much to it for some time. The way I remember it, they drove the most of their herds to Kansas City to market by the way of the old Chrisholm trail. One of my brother-in-laws, Uel Livingston, drove large herds to Kansas City from Hamilton C., I have heard him speak of such times as they would have on the road when the cattle would stampede. They would place a man out in front of the herd to stop them. One night, everything was quiet and he was so tired and sleepy in front that night he lay down and went to sleep. He awoke. They had stampeded. He said it seemed the hole earth shook, said his horse saved his life. When he awoke his horse was standing right over him some of his feet on one side of him and some on the other. He had that horse trained so well he said money couldn't buy him. We had a man by the name of Jim More, lived with us the last two years of the war. He was exempted from Army for some cause or other. He came to us and wanted to live with us and work for his vituals and clothes till the war closed. I made him lots of clothes and when he went to get married at the close of the war, I had a lot of Jeans that I had wove. I took it to Sherman and traded it for cloth for his wedding suit. I cut and made it for him. He thought it was so nice. He was a good Christian man, my husbands health was so bad we had to have some one to work the farm and he just suited us. When the war closed we bought us a little home near Whitesboro so we could send the children to school and be handy to church, so we had to get another man to do the work. So there was a man by the name of Pete Everett came out from Georgia. My husband went to see him, my husband asked him what he had been getting a month for his labor. He said eight

dollars a month. My husband told him that wasn't enuff. He would give him twelve dollars and a half a month. So he set in and worked two years till my husband's death which occurred on the 11th of October, 1869 and his advise was for me to keep him as long as I could. He worked for me one year after Livingston's death then we raised his wages to 15 dollars after the first year. He was a good Christian man.

Livingston died on the 11th of October his mother and one brother on the 18th and another brother on the 29th all in the same month. It seemed like death was at every door; all died with pneumonia. Livingston died in the faith; he lay sick eight days said from the start he would never get well, told me all about how to manage every thing. My youngest brother joined the army when he was 17 years old. They put him with soldiers to guard the west. He got home just before Livingston's death so he stayed with me three years. (This same good man Aša Davis that married us and baptized us stood by his bedside when he died, and I stood by his bedside when he died I don't see why their is not more said about those good soldiers of the cross than is that came out in an early day and went through all the hardships of a frontier country riding horse back for miles through snow and rain to make the country a fit place for people to live in and getting, you might say, nothing for all their labor. Some people is opposed to foreign missions. What would Texas been to day if it hadn't been for such men as Merrel Asa Davis, Steed, Cotten, and all such men as them. I was personally acquainted with all them except Merrel and I have read his book I sure do enjoy reading it. Oh how I wish I was able to send one missionary to the heathen lands. If I had my life to live over and know and feel as I do now, I would have an education if I had to get it over a wash tub.]

After the war closed the Indians kept doing their devilment their was a lot of families moved in our neighborhood. Parson Witt, a Baptist preacher, the Shegoges, and the Robbersons, and several others I have heard them tell so much about their troubles with the Indians. The tame Indians use to come to our house after they came from across Red River when they first came they brought baskets and wooden spoons to trade for something to eat and then they quit bringing anything just begging they got to coming so often

and so many the people stopped them, after the war ended the white men got to killing the buffalo for their hides. What a shame it was. I have seen loads after loads pass our house. They would leave the meat that they couldn't eat lying on prairie. There was a man named Green run from the Indians and stopped right close to where I lived he had left some horses up there and had sent his son after the horses and after he had gone we heard the Indians were taking all that country. The old man came to me with tears in his eyes and said Mrs. Livingston I have tried all the neighbors to get a horse to go see about my son and they wont trust me and I have come to you knowing you have none but your work horses if you will let me have one of them I will promise you I will not take him where there is any danger. I told him he could have one. The neighbors told me I would never see that horse again, but he came back and said if there is anything I can do for you just tell me. That man done several jobs for me. I couldn't do my self. I don't know why but it seemed like the people had no confidence in him.

Well time passed on and I tried hiring boys I found that wouldn't do. I worked myself nearly to death to get anything out of them a man came in with some sewing machines to sell the first that had been in that country. So I bought one—gave one hundred dollars for it. I work in the field thru the day and sewed at night. I have heard the chickens crow for midnight many nights before I closed my eyes for sleep, my brother that lived with me had gone to Berlington, and gone in business there that left me and my sister that lived with me and my little children all alone, so I had to hire another hand. There was a man come out from Georgia named Gus Everett a cousin to Pete Everett that had lived with us so long. I hired him at 15 dollars per month so in spring he proposed to me I didn't want to marry but my sister was fixing to marry and I new I and my little children would be all left alone, so I went to my first husbands brother and told him about it and asked his advise about it. He had allways been like a brother to me. He said if I knew he would be good to you and the children I would glad for you to marry for your killing yourself at work. Said he liked the man's appearance and for me to go ahead and do what I thought best. So I went to the Lord with it. I never prayed more earnestly over

anything in my life than I did to know if it was best or not, so I thought it best to marry and we decided to marry before my sister did, we married on the fifth of April, 1874—that summer after crops were laid by we went to see my first husband's folks in Comanche County. There were still some danger of Indians. A man and his wife and John Fowler and John West went with us, as we came back we camped on the creek there at Fort Worth and got terrible frightened. Our horses got to cutting up and we thought it were Indians. Everett stayed at camps with me, and West and Fowler crawled up close enuff to see it was strange horses bothering them. Fort Worth was a small place at that time. The last bad trouble we had with Indians was when the Huff family was killed in 1874 about three weeks after Everett and I were married. He moved a family by the name of Slover up there near the place where they were killed. I think it was in Wise Co.

Just after the war closed the thieves liked to of took the country. They organized and there was a string of them from Missouri to the coast. They liked to of never got them broke up. There were people all among us that would keep them posted in everything. People was afraid to keep any money about the house, and there was no banks to put it in, and a good horse was in danger of being stolen at any time, in 1877 we made a visit to Georgia to see his people we stayed eight months. In fall of 1879 we moved to Montague county and bought one hundred and sixty acres of county school land. The country sure settled up fast after the land come on the market. They were 17 families moved right in our neighborhood, all hawled water from the same place on brushey creek. We had no school in our neighborhood. Mrs. Cherry gave us one of her rooms for school purposes and taught the school, we got to our place on the first day of December. There was only one little cabin on the place the cracks all open, no window, no door shutter. Now you may know we had some work to do. Winter on hand a house to build and a farm to grub out and put in cultivation. As luck would have it we made pretty good crops for a few years. We came up with the payments on our land pretty well, and their was such a good spirit among the people if one got behind with his crop they would all go in and help him up. They dug wells and built school houses and had some of the greatest revivals of religion I

nearly ever attended. We took the western fever again in the fall of 1885. We rented our place to Mr. Culverhouse and started west, came out to Albany, Shackelford County, and wintered there. My youngest brother lived there. The men freighted there till warm weather and we started out again and come out to San Angelo. It was so dry ever thing was burnt up nothing made only in the irigated farms. On our way out there we had to buy water for our teams. They had gards to gard the mail from one place to another they blew the bugal at sun rise and at the setting of the sun. We started for home fearing the consequences. Sure enuff when we got there their hardly a thing made in all that country so we had to do something. That was in 1886 we went down near Gainsville and went to work on the railroad. We worked 18 months to get money to pay our place out. We worked near Whiteright and Bonham in 1887, when they had the first prohibition election ever held in Texas. We were right close to Bonham. I was boarding the hands and my husband worked on the dump. I had a nice set of boys but I was all the Pro there was in the crowd. They joked me a heep about it the Pros had blue ribbon on their horses and the Anties had red ribbon, all negroes of course had red I classed the boys with them. I told them that I hoped I would live to see the day that it would be put clear out of the State, and thank God I have. The year 1888 our son-in-law, Bill Wilkins, went back on our place. We furnished the money to make the crop for half of it, so we had something to start on. In '89 we sold out and started westward. My husband, Bill Wilkins my son-in-law and family, Tom Livingston and family and my son each having only one child. Ivy Everett, my youngest child remained with my daughter, Lucy Bailey. January the 23rd, 1890, we came through on the train to Big Spring. My husband met us there and taken us to where they had stopped on the Concho river. In the spring my son-in-law, Early Bailey and family, come to where we were and he filed on a section of land it was awarded to him. He put a house on it, dug a well, and put a windmill over it and grubbed out some land, after all that the stockmen beat him out of it. It was impossible to get a hold on any land. There was no laws enforced but in favor of the stockmen. There is an old man living at Sterling City now, that lived 5 or 6 miles below where we stopped, he taken up a section of land on the

North Concho. When he went there the stockmen went to his place loaded up his house hold goods and hawled them several miles below there at the little place called Montvale where there was a post-office and threw them in a corral. There name is Kellis. They told us many times how they were treated. There was a man and his wife lived in three quarters of a mile of us the only neighbor we had within five miles of us. Their name was Neal Reed. They now live about five miles west of where Sterling City stands. One day she come to our house and said to me I reckon you all aim to go to the fishfry next Sunday. I said, Sunday? She said, yes, they allways have it on Sunday. I said, no, we will not be there. She said, we sure have a good time. I said, I am trying to live a Christian life and we are commanded to let our light shine and I don't think it would shine much on the river fishing on the Sabbath day. She said the people will want to know why you didn't come what shall I tell them. Tell them just what I said. She went home and told her husband what I said. She came back next morning and said her and husband had talked it over and they decided I was right, so that ended the fish fries on the Sabbath day.

Sterling county was organized and Sterling City elected for the county cite. So they had a school there, so we put our child in school there and we found out they were teaching dancing as much as any thing else so we went to Big Spring to put our daughter in school. We stayed there 18 months and my husband hawled water for the town to bear our expenses. So Glasscock County was organized and we came down to look out a location to put up a hotel. We liked all right and he moved a house we had on the Concho to this place left it on the skids till after the Election for the County cite. They run two places, one was called Dixie. This place was elected under the name of New Calaforna. There was a little town and postoffice called Garden City and they decided to call this place Garden City. These counties were all cut off from Tom Green territory. They had court before we moved. The first court that held in this county was held in our house. They elected their officers. They elected John Chambers judge, Bill Byers clerk, John Bryant tax assessor, Joe Akins sheriff. Tom Bambrage, S. Hill, Alexander, and I. T. Herriman commissioners, and Henry McPherson, treasurer. We moved here the 11th day of April, 1893.

There was only one family here. Their name was Highsaw. We only had one large room and upstairs and the county clerk boarded with us. Mrs. Highsaw and I had a lonesome time for a while. I only had one child with me and she had three or four little children. Her husband was working in R. R. shops in Big Spring. Mine freighting he would take a load of wool to San Angelo and bring back a load of lumber to build us a house, when court would meet then I would have a time of my life. We fixed a place out by the side of the house for them to wash and comb, and one table full would come in at a time. Then they would go out and others come in till they all got thru eating. They were all glad to have somewhere to get their meals and was good to pay their bills. We got our house built and I sure did appreciate it, the next thing was to get furniture for it, so we left the county clerk to run things. We went to Big Spring to get it, although it was over thirty miles. We expected to get back that night but we got in about nine miles of home we were so tired and sleepy we took a notion to camp, we stopped put horses on the grass we got home the next morning about nine o'clock with out any breakfast so it was a buissy time arranging things . I put up nine beds and that was not enuff in time of court. Some times I would have beds made down nearly all over the floor. Old man Canada was our district judge at that time. I told him I would go out of the business if I couldn't be better prepared to take care of the people. He advised me not to go to any more expense till the county settled up more. Said every thing was all right, after that my husband was elected treasurer he held the office six years. He bought a little store and had the postoffice.

We lived here two years that we only heard two Baptist sermons, the Methodist was organized their was but very few Baptist here finally a Baptist preacher N. D. Bullock come and held a meeting for us. There was a Baptist preacher roving through that Brother Bulluck was acquainted with his name was Cook he had him to stop help him to organize the first Baptist church in the county. We organized with eight members me and my husband, two daughters and one son-in-law was among the charter members. We called Brother Bulluck for our pastor. He opened the door of the church and five joined for baptism, my youngest daughter were one among them, we organized the church June the 21, 1896, my husband was

ordained as deacon while we lived at Big Spring and served as deacon and clerk for this church up till his death, we held our meetings in the school house. At one time the trustees wouldn't let us have our meetings there, because we refused to let them bring a keg of beer to one of our entertainments we went to the court house for a while they got ashamed of their selves and wanted us to go back to the school house, we went back and in 1902 we built a church the first services that held in the church my son was converted that was the last one of my children to be converted, the stockmen had full possession of the county didn't want settlers to come in, they saw the country going to settle up anyway so they made an absolute lease law in favor of the stockmen it was for five years. When leases began to run out the settlers grabed on to it and they tried to fight at the start but found it was no use so they gave it up and the country began to settle up.

Their was large pasture come on the market and we had been here 13 years and had not got any land we knew it was coming on the market so we sold out all our stuff here in town to be ready for it. We filed on 4 sections and got three, we had saved up money enuff to improve our place and buy a few head of cattle. In the year 1893 they built a jail and used it for court until 1910 they built a courthouse, before the stockmen began to fence off their pastures separately. They had what they called drift fences running east and west to keep the cattle from drifting north or south it was free range then and those that had cattle would get together and have a general roundup and brand their calves; finally each man fenced off his pasture to itself taken in big pastures for miles and miles that was when they began to try to keep out the settlers and the wirecutting began, the big stockmen had the whole country monopolized about the first man that was put in this jail was for wire cutting. They came for and near to hear the trial, I dont remember what they done with him, he lived in Coke county we moved on our claim in the fall of 1902 we built a little barn and lived in it till we got our house built. A man by the name of Hughs and my son Tom Livingston built the house we had such a nice home we sure did enjoy it on June the 8th 1910 my husband died then I had to brake up house keeping oh how I did hate to give up my home that I had worked so hard to butify so I went to live with one of my daughters

eleven miles south of town, Bill and Ollie Wilkins, they only had one child and she was married, she married L. E. Crutcher, they now live at Loraine, Texas. I had such a nice quiet home. They was both good Christians, members of the Baptist church and loved to go to church I thought I had a good home for life. But on the 28th day of November 1912 she died so I was all broke up again and had to do something. So me and my widowed daughter Lucy Randall went in together and bought some lots here at Garden City and built us a little home here, and I expect my body will be laid to rest here in the Garden City cemetery. I have all ways loved the west and am not sorry of my choice alltho I have been deprived of lots of enjoyments that other people have had and went through with many hardships that others didn't have to go through with, I feel like it was the Lords will that I should, and if I have been any help towards civilizing the country and making it a fit country for others to live in, give God the glory.

MALISSA C. EVERETT, Garden City.

In an early day they was lots of men left their familys and went to the gold diggings in Calaforna expecting to get rich and come back to their familys. Some were killed by the Indians, some starved for water on the plains, and some few got back. One man named Marcus Webster had two sisters named Delpha and Frances he brought two nuggets of gold with him he had pins put on them and they wore them for breast pins they were very valuable and they sure was proud of them. another man was gone 17 years and I think he come empty handed, another one named Parsons was gone six years his wife heard he was dead and married another man. Parsons come back and her last man devided what they had and left the country, finally her and Parsons lived together, they made up a company of several familys, right after the war closed to, one of my brother in laws and familys were in the company, they were to all meet on Dry Elm near Gainsville. The time was set when to meet. So my brother in law Wint Livingston and family went to the place appointed to camp and stayed there several days and no one came so they turned and went to Grimes county, Texas. The company come on later and started on their long journey and we

heard the Indians run on them and captured them. Taken every thing they had and but few of them made their escape.

There was something happened that was very misteries it was in the fifties a man come to my fathers and asked for something to eat he was roling a wheelborrow, said he had come through from Calaforna. He had a box on the wheelborrow. We supposed it had gold in it, and how he got through it is a mistery to me, he told us all about how he maneged to get through, my father-in-law had read about it in Georgia, it come out in the papers, my brother and I was at my sons last June at Cedar Gap in Talor County, he said right here at this place the Indians run on to us in an early day and killed several of our men. Their was but few of us made our escape, and liked to of froze to death, they captured every thing we had.

MRS. MALISSA C. EVERETT.

CAPTAIN R. B. MARCY'S RECONNOISSANCE OF THE HEADWATERS OF THE RED RIVER

(Reprint of a portion of U. S. Senate Executive Document, Thirty-Third Congress, first session.)

Captain R. B. Marcy who explored the Red River region and the Llano Estacado of Texas in 1852 passed through a part of the Southwest entirely unoccupied save by the wild nomadic Indians. To him who now lives in a part of the country explored by this bold officer and his party there is much interest attached to Marcy's account of his exploit. The familiar landmarks along his route, together with the lucid account he gives of the dangers and hardships of the enterprise, bring back to those who knew the frontier during this early time memories of days that are past and gone. The infinite details which he gives of the flora and fauna of this region make this a valuable source book indeed, and because of the value of this type of material in constructing the history of this part of the Southwest the editors of the *Yearbook* take great pleasure in presenting the following account:

"New York, December 5, 1852.

"Col. S. Cooper, *Adjutant General U. S. Army*

"Sir: I have the honor herewith to submit a report of an exploration of the country embraced within the basin of Upper Red River, made in obedience to the following order:

'(Special Orders No. 33)

'Adjutant General's Office
Washington, March 5, 1852.

'Captain R. B. Marcy, 5th Infantry, with his company as an escort, will proceed, without unnecessary delay, to make an examination of the Red River and the country bordering upon it, from the mouth of Cache Creek to its sources, according to the special instructions with which he will be furnished. On completing the exploration Captain Marcy will proceed to Washington to prepare his report.

'Brevet Captain G. B. McClellan, Corps of Engineers, is assigned duty with the expedition. Upon the completion of the field service he will report to Brevet Major General Smith, the commander of the 8th department.

'The necessary supplies of subsistence and quartermasters' stores

will be furnished from the most convenient depots in the 7th or 8th military department.

'By command of Major General Scott:

R. JONES, Adjutant General'."

"Before proceeding to give a detailed account of the expedition, it may be proper to remark, that during the greater portion of the three years previous to the past summer, I had been occupied in exploring the district of country lying upon the Canadian river of the Arkansas, and upon the headwaters of the Trinity, Brazos, and Colorado rivers of Texas.

"During this time my attention was frequently called to the remarkable fact that a portion of one of the largest and most important rivers in the United States, lying directly within the limits of the district I had been examining, remained up to that period wholly unexplored and unknown, no white man having ever ascended the stream to its sources. The only information we had upon the subject was derived from the Indians and semi-civilized Indian traders, and was of course very unreliable, indefinite, and unsatisfactory; in a word, the country embraced within the basin of Upper Red River had always been to us a "*terra incognita*." Several enterprising and experienced travellers had at different periods attempted the examination of this river but as yet none had succeeded in reaching its sources.

"At a very early period, officers were sent out by the French government to explore Red river, but their examinations appear to have extended no further than the country occupied by the Natchitoches and Caddoes in the vicinity of the present town of Natchitoches, Louisiana. Subsequent examinations had extended our acquaintance with its upper tributaries, but we were still in the dark in regard to the true geographical position of its sources.

"Three years after the cession to the United States, by the First Consul of the French Republic, of that vast territory then known as Louisiana, a small party, called the 'Exploring expedition of Red river,' consisting of Captain Sparks, Mr. Freeman, Lieut. Humphry, and Dr. Custis, with seventeen private soldiers, two non-commissioned officers, and a black servant, embarked from the St. Catherine's landing, near Natchez, Mississippi, with instructions to

ascend Red River to its sources. They descended the Mississippi, and on the 3rd of May, 1806, entered Red river, expecting to be able to ascend in their boats to the country of the Pawnee (Pique) Indians. Here it was their intention to leave their boats, and after packing provisions on horses, which they were to purchase from the Pawnees, to proceed (as expressed in their orders) *to the top of the mountains*, the distance being, as they conjectured, about three hundred miles.

"It is evident from the foregoing that Red River was supposed to issue from a mountainous country, and the preparations for this expedition were made accordingly. This party encountered many difficulties and obstructions in the navigation of the river among the numerous bayous in the vicinity of the great raft, but finally overcame them all, and found themselves upon the river above this formidable obstacle. They were, however, soon met by a large force of Spanish troops, the commander of which ordered them to proceed no further; and as their numbers were too small for a thought of resistance, they were forced to turn back and abandon the enterprise.

"Another expedition was fitted out in 1806 by our government, and placed under the command of that enterprising young traveller, Lieut. Pike, who was ordered to ascend the Arkansas river to its sources, thence to strike across the country to the head of Red river, and descend that stream to Natchitoches. After encountering many privations and intense sufferings in the deep snows of the lofty mountains about the headwaters of the Arkansas, Lieut. Pike arrived finally upon a stream running to the east, which he took to be Red river, but which subsequently proved to be the Rio Grande. Here he was taken by the governor of New Mexico, and sent home by way of Chihuahua and San Antonio, thus putting a stop to his explorations.

"General Wilkerson, under whose orders Lieut. Pike was serving at the time, states, in a letter to him after his return, as follows: 'The principal object of your expedition up the Arkansas was to discover the true position of the sources of Red River. This was not accomplished.' Lieut. Pike, however, from the most accurate information he could obtain, gives the geographical position of the

sources of Red River as in latitude 33°N, and longitude 104°W. Again, in 1819-'20, Col. Long, of the U. S. Topographical Engineers, on his return from an exploration of the Missouri river and the country lying between that stream and the head of the Arkansas, undertook to descend the Red river from its sources. The Colonel, in speaking of this in his interesting report, says: 'We arrived at a creek having a westerly course, which we took to be a tributary of Red River. Having travelled down its valley about two hundred miles, we fell in with a party of Indians, of the nation of 'Kaskias,' or 'Bad Hearts,' who gave us to understand that the stream along which we were travelling was Red river. We accordingly continued our march down the river several hundred miles further, when, to our no small disappointment, we discovered it was the Canadian of the Arkansas, instead of Red river, that we had been exploring.

"Our horses being nearly worn out with the fatigue of our long journey, which they had to perform barefooted, and the season being too far advanced to admit of our retracing our steps and going back again in quest of the source of Red river, with the possibility of exploring it before the commencement of winter, it was deemed advisable to give over the enterprise for the present and make our way to the settlements on the Arkansas. We were led to the commission of this mistake in consequence of our not having been able to procure a good guide acquainted with that part of the country. Our only dependence, in this respect was upon Pike's map, which assigns to the headwaters of Red river apparent locality of those of the Canadian.'

"Dr. James, who accompanied Colonel Long, in his journal of the expedition, says: 'Several persons have recently arrived at St. Louis, in Missouri, from Santa Fe, and among others the brother of Captain Shreeves, who gives information of a large and frequented road, which runs nearly due east from that place, and strikes one of the branches of the Canadian; that, at a considerable distance south of this point, in the high plain, is the principal source of Red river.

"His account confirms an opinion we had previously formed, namely: that the branch of the Canadian explored by Major Long's party in August, 1820, has its sources near those of some stream which descends towards the west into the Rio del Norte, and conse-

quently that some other region must contain the head of Red river.' He continues:

'From a careful comparison of all the information we have been able to collect, we are satisfied that the stream on which we encamped on the 31st of August is the Rio Raijo of Humbolt, long mistaken for the sources of Red river of Natchitoches. In a region of red clay and sand, where all the streams become nearly the color of arterial blood, it is not surprising that several rivers should have received the same name; nor is it surprising that so accurate a topographer as the Baron Humbolt, having learned that a Red river rises forty or fifty miles east of Santa Fe, and runs to the east, should conjecture it might be the source of Red river of Natchitoches.

"This conjecture (for it is no more) we believed to have been adopted by our geographers, who have with much confidence made their delineations and their accounts to correspond with it.'

"Hence it will be seen that up to this time there is no record of any traveller having reached the sources of Red river, and that the country upon the headwaters of that stream has heretofore been unexplored. The Mexicans and Indians on the borders of Mexico are in the habit of calling any river, the waters of which have a red appearance, 'Rio Colorado,' or Red river, and they have applied this name to the Canadian in common with several others; and as many of the prairie Indians often visit the Mexicans, and some even speak the Spanish language, it is a natural consequence that they should adopt the same nomenclature for river, places, etc. Thus, if a traveller in New Mexico were to inquire for the head of Red river, he would most undoubtedly be directed to the Canadian, and the same would also be the case in the adjacent Indian country. These facts will account for the mistake into which Baron Humbolt was led, and it will also account for the error into which Colonel Long and Lieut. Pike have fallen in regard to the sources of the stream which we call Red river.

"Dr. Gregg, in his 'Commerce of the Prairies,' tells us that on his way down the south bank of the Canadian his Comanche guide, Manuel, who, by-the-by, travelled six hundred miles with me upon the plains, and whom I always found reliable,) pointed out to him breaks or bluffs upon a stream to the south of the Canadian, near

what we ascertained to be the true position of the head of the north branch of Red river, and where it approaches within twenty-five miles of the Canadian. These bluffs he said were upon the 'Rio Negro,' which the Doctor supposed to be the Washita river; but after having examined that section of country, I am satisfied that the north branch of Red river must have been alluded to by my guide, as the Washita rises further to the east. It therefore seems probable that 'Rio Negro' is the name which the Mexicans have applied to Red river of Louisiana.

Immediately on the receipt of the foregoing order I repaired to Fort Smith, Arkansas, where the Quartermaster General had directed that transportation should be furnished me, but on arriving there I learned that nearly all the means of transportation had a short time before been transferred to the depot at Preston, Texas. Captain Montgomery, the quartermaster at Fort Smith, manifested every disposition to facilitate my movements, and supplied me with ten most excellent horses, with which I proceeded on to Preston. At this point I made a requisition upon the quartermaster for a sufficient number of teams to transport supplies of subsistence, and baggage for my command, for five months. These were promptly furnished by Bvt. Major George Wood, to whom I am under many obligations for his active and zealous cooperation in supplying me with such articles as were necessary for the expedition. With but few resources at his command, with animals that had been worked down, and, in consequence of the scarcity of grain, very poor, and with parts of old wagons much worn, he succeeded in a very few days in fitting me out with twelve ox teams that performed very good service.

"As my company was at Fort Belknap upon the Brazos river, one hundred and sixty miles from Preston, and as the route by way of Fort Arbuckle to the mouth of Cache creek (the initial point of my reconnoissance upon Red river) is much the shortest, I determined to leave my supply train under the charge of a wagonmaster to bring forward over this route, and to proceed myself to Fort Belknap and march my company over the other trail, uniting with the train at the mouth of Cache creek.

"I accordingly reached Fort Belknap on the 30th of April, and on the 2nd of May left with my company, marching over the Fort

Arbuckle road as far as where it intersects Red river. As our road led us along near the valley of the Little Wichita, I took occasion to examine it more particularly than I had ever done before, and found it a much more desirable section of country than I had imagined.

"The soil in the valley is very productive; the timber, consisting of overcup, white-oak, elm, hackberry, and wild china, is large and abundant, and the adjoining prairie is covered with a heavy growth of the very best grass. The stream at fifteen miles above its confluence with Red River is twenty feet wide and ten inches deep, with a rapid current, the water clear and sweet.

"From the point where I first struck it, good farms could be made along the whole course of the creek to its mouth. The country adjoining is high, rolling prairie, interspersed here and there with groves of post-oak, and presents to the eye a most pleasing appearance.

"From the Little Wichita we ascended Red river along the south bank, over very elevated swells of undulating prairie, for twenty-five miles, when, on the 9th, we reached the high bluffs of a large tributary called the 'Big Wichita river.' This stream flows over a clay bed from the southwest and enters Red river about eight miles below Cache creek. It is a deep, sluggish stream, one hundred and thirty feet wide, the water at a high stage very turbid, being heavily charged with red sedimentary matter; the banks abrupt and high, and composed of indurated red clay and dark sandstone. The river is very tortuous in its course, winding from one side to the other of a valley a mile in width, covered with a luxuriant sward of nutritious mezquite grass, which affords the very best pasturage for animals.

"The latitude of the place is 34° 25' 51".

"There are but few trees on the borders of the Big Wichita; occasionally a small grove of cottonwood and hackberry is seen; but, with this exception, there is no timber or fuel near.

"The valley of the river for ten miles above the mouth (the portion I examined) is shut in by bluffs about one hundred feet high, and these are cut by numerous ravines, in many of which were found

springs of pure cold water. The water in the main stream, however, is brakish and unpalatable.

"It is my impression that the Big Wichita is of sufficient magnitude to be navigable with small steamers of light draught at almost any stage of water.

"In consequence of the high water in Red river, we were detained at the mouth of the Wichita until the morning of the 12th, during which time our provisions being almost consumed, and not knowing positively when our wagon train would join us, I took two Indians with packhorses, swam the river, and started in quest of it. After going about twenty-five miles toward Fort Arbuckle, we struck the trail of the wagons, and following it two miles, overtook them. They had been detained several days by heavy rains, which had rendered the ground very soft, and in many places almost impassable. In consequence of this, some of the wagons had been broken, and the repairs caused a still further detention. Early on the following morning, after packing the horses with provisions, we returned to where we had left the command, and on our arrival found that the water in the river had fallen sufficiently to admit of fording. Accordingly, on the morning of the 12th, during a violent rain, we commenced the crossing, which was anything but good, as the quicksand in the bed of the river was such as to make it necessary to keep the wagons in constant motion. The moment they stopped, the wheels would sink to axels, requiring much force to extricate them. By placing a number of men upon each side of the mules and wagons to assist them when necessary, we however succeeded in reaching the opposite bank without any serious accident. The latitude at the point where we crossed is 34°, 29'. The river is here two hundred yards wide and four feet deep, with a current of three miles per hour; the banks upon each side low and sandy, but not subject to overflow. Passing out through the timbered land on the bottoms, we ascended the high bluff bordering the valley by a gradual slope of about a mile, which brought us upon a very elevated prairie, the valley of Cache creek in view directly before us. We arrived there the evening of the 13th, but found that the train had not yet come up. During our march today we passed a small stream flowing into Red river, and directly at the point of crossing, in a gully

washed out by the rains, we found many pieces of copper ore, of a very rich quality, lying upon the surface.¹ Our time, however, was too limited to admit of a thorough examination of the locality.

"Cache creek is a stream of very considerable magnitude, one hundred and fifty feet wide and three feet deep, with a current of four miles per hour, flowing over a hard clay and gravel bed between high abrupt banks, through a valley one mile wide, of rich black alluvion, and bordered by the best timber I have yet met with west of the Cross Timbers.

"Several varieties of hard wood, such as overcup, pecan, elm, hackberry, ash and wild china—are found here, among which there is much good timber. The overcup (*Quercus Macrocarpa*) especially, is here seen of very unusual size, often from three to four feet in diameter.

"This tree, from the length of its stock, the straightness of its grain, and the facility with which it splits, is admirably adapted to building purposes, and is made use of extensively in the southwestern States.

"The soil in the valley is of such superior quality, that any kind of grain adapted to this climate could be produced without the aid of irrigation.²

"Three miles above the mouth the stream divides into two branches, of about equal magnitude, both of them wooded throughout as far as I traced them, and the soil along them arable in the highest degree; indeed, its fertility is manifest from the very dense and rank vegetation everywhere exhibited. The water in the creek

1. "An analysis of this ore by Professor Shephard gives the following results:

Copper (with traces of iron).....	35.30
Silica	30.60
Oxygen and water	34.10
	<hr/>
	100.00

2. An analysis of the sub-soil from Cache Creek, by Professor Shephard shows that it possesses strong enduring constituents, and is admirably suited to the production of grain. It is eminently calcareous, as will be seen from the following analysis of its composition:

Silica	82.25
Peroxide of iron	2.65
Alumina55
Carbonate of lime	5.40
Carbonate of magnesia.....	1.70
Water (hygrometric moisture).....	5.50
Sulphate of lime and carbonate of potash (only slight traces).....	.00
	<hr/>
	98.05

is alkaline, but quite palatable; and its temperature at the time we encamped upon it was 75 degrees F. Our supply train arrived on the 14th, but as the recent rains had raised the water in the creek so much as to prevent our crossing, we were obliged to remain here until the 16th.

“This being the point upon Red river at which we were directed to commence our exploration, I propose from this time to make such extracts from my journal as I may conceive pertinent to the objects of the expedition, as set forth in the letter of special instructions, which I had the honor to receive from your office, with such other information as may be considered important, and the conclusions which I have arrived at after an examination of the whole country embraced within the limits of our reconnoissance.

“On the morning of the 16th the water had fallen so much that after digging down the banks, the wagons were taken over without difficulty. We found an excellent ford upon a rapid, where the water was shallow, and the bed had gravel.

“Passing through the timbered land in the bottom, we struck out across the valley, and ascended the ridge dividing Red river from Cache creek; here we found a good road over smooth, high prairie and after travelling 14,789 miles, encamped upon a small affluent of the west fork of Cache creek, where we found good water and wood. In the course of the march today, we met numerous detached pieces of copper ore, mixed with volcanic scoria.³ This scoria is found in large masses in the ravines we have passed, and extends back several miles from the creek. The other rocks have been principally sandstone. In the course of the day’s march we observed several Indian horse tracks crossing our road which were made just previous to the last rain. The direction they had been going was towards the Wichita mountains, and are the first Indian signs we have seen.

3. These ores consisted of a calcareous amygdaloid, through which is interspersed black oxide of copper and strains of malachite. According to Professor Shephard’s analysis, it only yields five per cent of copper.

Upon the river a few miles south of our route, we found specimens of a very rich ore, which Professor Shephard, after a careful analysis, pronounces to be a new species, which he has called Marcyllite; it was coated with a thin layer of the rare and beautiful Atacamite, (muriate of copper,) and consists of

Copper	54.80
Oxygen and chloride	36.20
Water	9.50
	100.00

Chapter II

"Soon after we had reached the high prairie ridge upon which we had travelled today, we came in sight of the Wichita mountains, some twenty-five or thirty miles to the north, the chain seeming to be made up of a series of detached peaks, running from the northeast to the southwest, as far as the eye can reach. Rising as these mountains do upon the naked prairie, isolated from all other surrounding eminences, they form a very striking and prominent feature in the topography of the country. We cannot yet form any definite estimate as to their height, but shall avail ourselves of the first opportunity to determine this point.

May 17. On rising this morning I learned, much to my surprise, that nearly all our oxen had wandered off during the night, and had not been found. I immediately sent seven of the teamsters in search of them; but after being absent two hours, they returned unsuccessful, reporting that they could get no track of them. I then started out with one of our Delawares, and after going a short distance from camp took the track, and following it about a mile, came up with the animals, who had very quietly esconsed themselves in a grove of timber near the creek.

"As they had upon several occasions before given us trouble, and occasioned the loss of much time, I resolved that in future I would have them herded until late in the evening, and tie them to the wagons for the remainder of the night.

"As we did not march until very late this morning, we only made eleven miles, and encamped upon one of the branches of Cache Creek.

"Our road has continued upon the high ridge lying between Red river and Cache Creek, and has been perfectly firm, smooth and level.

"We have today seen the first buffalo tracks. They were made during the last rains, and are about five days old. We are anxiously awaiting the time when we shall see the animals themselves, and anticipate much sport.

"In the evening, shortly after we had turned out our animals to graze, and had made everything snug and comfortable about us, our-

selves reclining very quietly after the fatigue of the day's march, one of the hunters came into camp and informed us that a panther had crossed the creek but a short distance above, and was coming toward us. This piece of intelligence, as may be supposed, created no little excitement in our quiet circle. Everybody was up in an instant, seizing muskets, rifles, or any other weapon that came to hand, and followed by all the dogs in camp, a very general rush was made towards the spot indicated by the Delaware. On reaching the place, we found where the animal, in stepping from the creek, had left water upon his track, which was not yet dry, showing that he had passed within a short time. We pointed out the track to several dogs, and endeavored, by every means which our ingenuity could suggest, to inspire them with some small degree of that enthusiasm which had animated us. We coaxed, cheered, and scolded, put their noses into the track, clapped our hands, pointed in the direction of the trail, hissed, and made use of divers other canine arguments to convince them that there was something of importance on hand; but it was all to no purpose. They did not seem to enter into the spirit of the chase, or to regard the occasion as one in which there was much glory to be derived from following in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessor. On the contrary, the zeal which they had manifested in starting out from camp, suddenly abated as soon as their olfactories came in contact with the track, and it was with great difficulty that we could prevent them from running away. At this moment, however, our old bear-dog came up, and no sooner had he caught a snuff of the atmosphere than, suddenly coming to a stop and raising his head into the air, he sent forth one prolonged note, and started off in full cry upon the trail. He led off boldly into the timber, followed by the other dogs, who had recovered confidence, with the men at their heels, cheering them on and shouting most vociferously, each one anxious to get the first glimpse of the panther. They soon roused him from his lair, and after making a few circuits around the grove, he took to a tree.

"I was so fortunate as to reach the spot a little in advance of the party, and gave him a shot which brought him to the ground. The dogs then closed in with him, and others of the party coming up

directly afterwards, fired several shots, which took effect, and soon placed him 'hors du combat.' He was a fine specimen of the North American cougar (*Felis concolor*,) measuring eight and a half feet from his nose to the extremity of his tail.

"May 18. At 6 o'clock this morning we resumed our march, taking a course leading to the crest of the 'divide,' as we thereby avoided many ravines which extended off upon each side towards the stream, and were always sure of a good road for our wagons. This ridge runs very nearly on our course, but occasionally takes us some distance from Red river; as, for example, our encampment of last night was about nine miles from the river, and we only came in sight of it once in the course of our march yesterday.

"As soon as the train was under way this morning, Capt. McClellan and myself crossed over the dividing ridge and rode to Red river. We found the bed of the stream about seven hundred yards wide; the valley enclosed with high bluffs upon each side; the soil in the bottom arenaceous, supporting a very spare herbage; and the water very turbid, and spreads over a large surface of sand. The general course of the river at this point is a few degrees north of west.

"We are all in eager expectation of soon falling in with the buffalo, as we have seen the fresh tracks of quite a large herd today. As we advance, the country, away from the borders of the water courses, becomes more barren, and the woodlands are less frequently met with; indeed, upon the river there is no other timber but cotton wood (*Populus angulata*,) and elm (*Ulmus Americana*,) and these in very small quantities; for the most part the valley of the river along where we passed today is entirely destitute of trees.

"We have seen near here several varieties of birds, among which I observed the meadow lark (*Sturnella ludoviciana*,) the pinnated grouse or prairie hen (*Tetrao cipido*,) the virginia partridge (*Ortyx Virginianus*,) the kildeer (*Charadrius vociferous*,) and several varieties of small birds. We encamped upon a small affluent of Cache creek, where, on our arrival, we found no water except in occasional pools along the bed, however, in the course of an hour some of the men, who had gone a short distance up the creek came running back into camp and crying at the top of their voices, 'Here

comes a plenty of water for us boys!' And, indeed, in a few minutes, much to our astonishment and delight, (as we were doubtful about having a supply,) a perfect torrent came rushing down the dry bed of the rivulet, filling it to the top of the banks, and continued running, turbid and covered with froth, as long as we remained. Our Delawares regarded this as a special favor from the Great Spirit, and looked upon it as a favorable augury to the success of our enterprise. To us it was almost inexplicable phenomenon, as the weather for the last three days had been perfectly dry, with the sky cloudless. If the stream had been of much magnitude we should have supposed that the water came from a distance where there had been rains; but it was very small, extending not more than three miles from the point where we encamped.

"Our Delawares report that they have seen numerous fresh buffalo 'signs,' and that we shall probably soon come upon the herds. We have captured a horse today which has a brand upon him, and has probably strayed away from some party of Indians.

"*May 19.* Last evening the sky became overcast with heavy clouds and frequent flashes of lightning were observed near the horizon in the north and northwest. Atmospheric phenomena of this character are regarded by the inhabitants of northern Texas as infallible indications of rain, and in verification thereof we had a very severe storm during the night. Much rain has fallen and the earth has become so soft that I have concluded to remain here until the ground dries a little, particularly as it still continues raining at intervals, and the weather is very much unsettled. Frequent rains are very unusual upon the plains at this season of the year; the rainy season generally lasts until about the first of May, when the dry season sets in, and there is seldom any more rain until about the middle of August. The past spring has been uncommonly dry—so much so, that vegetation has suffered from it: now, however, the herbage is verdant and the grass most luxuriant.

"*May 20.* Although it continued raining violently during the night, and the ground was this morning mostly covered with water, we yet made an attempt to travel, but found the prairie so soft that it was with very great difficulty our teams were enabled to drag

the wagons over it. We only made five miles and encamped upon a small affluent of Cache creek, which with all the small branches in the vicinity were full to the top of their banks. We find but few trees along the branch upon which we are encamped; hackberry and wild china are the only varieties.

"On the 21st we again made an effort to travel; but after going a short distance up the creek, found ourselves obliged, in consequence of the mud, to encamp and await dry weather.

"*May 22.* This morning notwithstanding it was cloudy and the ground very far from being dry, we made another effort to proceed. Still keeping the high 'divide,' we travelled in a westerly direction about eight miles, when we turned north towards two very prominent peaks of the Wichita mountains, and continued in this course until we arrived upon an elevated spot in the prairie, where we suddenly came in sight of the Red river, directly before us. Since we had last seen the river it had changed its course almost by a right angle, and here runs nearly north and south, passing through the chain of mountains in front of us. We continued on for four miles farther, when we reached a fine, bold, running creek of good water, which we were all rejoiced to see as we had found no drinkable water during the day. We encamped about four miles above its confluence with Red river.

"This stream, which I have called Otter creek, (as those animals are abundant here,) rises in the Wichita mountains, and runs a course 25 degrees west. There are several varieties of wood upon its banks, such as pecan, black walnut, white ash, elm, hackberry, cottonwood, wild china, willow and mesquite; and among these I noticed good building timber. The soil in the valley is a dark loam, and produces a heavy vegetation. The sub-soil is argillaceous. Otter creek is fifty feet wide, and one foot deep at a low stage of water. The country over which we have passed today has been an elevated plateau, totally devoid of timber or water, and the soil very thin and sandy. We have not yet come in sight of any buffaloes, but have seen numerous fresh tracks. Antelopes and deer are very abundant, and we occasionally see turkeys and grouse. Captain McClellan was so unfortunate as to break his mountain barometer last night, which is much to be regretted; as we had

brought it so far in safety, we supposed all danger was passed, but by some unforeseen accident it was turned over in his tent and the mercurial tube broken. Fortunately, we have an excellent aneroid barometer, which we have found to correspond very accurately with the other up to this time, and we shall be obliged to make use of it exclusively.

“On ascending Otter creek this morning as high as the point where it debouches from the mountains, I found the timber skirting its banks the entire distance, and increasing in quantity as it nears the mountains. The mountains at the head of the creek have abrupt rugged sides of coarse, soft, flesh-colored granite, mixed with other granulated igneous rocks. Greenstone, quartz, porphyry, and agate are seen in veins running through the rocks, and in some pieces of quartz, which were found by Dr. Shumard in the bed of the creek, there were minute particles of gold. As the continued rains made the ground too soft to admit of traveling at present, we are improving the time by laying in a supply of coal, timber, etc., for our journey on the plains.

“*May 24.* It commenced raining again during the night, and has continued without cessation all day.

“*May 25.* It has rained violently during all of the last night, and has not ceased this morning. When this long storm will abate we do not pretend to form even a conjecture. It has occurred to me that possibly these rains may fall annually in the basin of Upper Red river; thus, perhaps, accounting for what is termed the June rise in the river. As to the cause of this rise there have been various conjectures; some supposing the river to have its sources in elevated mountain ranges, where the melting of the snows would produce this result; others, again, consider it to be by rains upon the headwaters of the river. This latter idea, however, seems rather improbable, as the country west of the Cross Timbers, so far as known, is generally subjected to very great drought from May to August. We are now in the immediate vicinity of the Wichita mountains, and it is possible they may have an effect upon the weather by condensing the moisture in the atmosphere, and causing rain in this particular locality.

"May 26. Some of the mountains which we ascended yesterday upon the east side of the creek, exhibited a conformation and composition similar to those upon the west side—that of a coarse, soft, flesh-colored granite, the peaks conical, occasionally terminating in sharp points, standing at intervals of from a quarter to one mile apart. In some instances the rocks are thrown together loosely, but here and there showing a very imperfect and irregular stratification, with the seams dipping about twenty degrees with the horizon. The direction of this mountain chain is about south 60 degrees west, and from five to fifteen miles in breadth. Its length we are not yet able to determine. Red river, which passes directly through the western extremity of the chain, is different in character as the mouth of Otter creek from what is below the junction of the Keché-ah-qui-ho-no. There it is only one hundred and twenty yards wide; the banks of red clay are from three to eight feet high, the water extending entirely across the bed, and at this time (a high stage,) about six feet deep in the channel, with a rapid current of four miles per hour, highly charged with a dull-red sedimentary matter, and slightly brackish to the taste. Two buffaloes were seen today, one of which was killed by our guide, John Bashman.

"Deer and antelopes are plenty, but turkeys are becoming scarce as we go west; grouse and quail are also occasionally seen here. As Otter creek continues very high, I intended, if Red river had been fordable, to have crossed that stream this morning and continued up the south bank; but we found the water about eight feet deep, and have no other alternative but to wait until it falls. Along the banks of Red river, for the last thirty miles, we have observed a range of sand-hills, from ten to thirty feet high, which appear to have been thrown up by the winds, and support a very sparse vegetation of weeds, grape-vines, and plum-bushes. Upon the river the timber has diminished so much that we now find only here and there a few solitary cotton-woods.

"From the fact that the Wichita mountains are composed almost entirely of granite and other silicious rocks that usually accompany metallic veins, and that in many places along the range they bear evident marks of great local disturbance, and from the many detached specimens of copper ore found upon the surface through-

out this region, I have no doubt but that this will be found, upon examination, to be a very productive mineral district.

Chapter III

"*May 27.* As the water still continues at too high a stage for crossing, we moved our camp up the creek about a mile this morning, where we found better grass for our animals. Shortly after we had pitched our tents, a large party of Indians made their appearance on the opposite bank, and requested us to cut a tree for them to cross upon as they wished to have 'a talk' with 'the captain.' I accordingly had a tall tree cut, which fell across the stream, when they came over upon it and encamped near us.

"They proved to be a hunting party of Wichitas, about one hundred and fifty in number, and were commanded by an old chief, 'Canaje-Hexie.' They had with them a large number of horses and mules heavily laden with jerked buffalo meat, and ten wild horses which they had lassoed upon the prairie. They said they had been in search of us for several days; having learned we were coming up Red river, they were desirous of knowing what our business was in this part of the country. I replied to them that I was going to the head of Red river, for the purpose of visiting the Indians, cultivating their friendship and delivering to them 'a talk' from the Great Captain of all the whites, who in token of his kindly feelings, had sent some presents to be distributed among such of his red children as were friends to Americans; and as many of them continue to regard Texas as a separate and independent republic, I endeavored to impress upon them the fact that the inhabitants of that state were of the same nation as the whites in other parts of the United States. I also told them that all the prairie tribes would be held responsible for depredations committed against the people of Texas, as well as elsewhere in our territories. I made inquiries concerning the country through which we still have to pass in our journey.

"They said we would find one more stream of good water about two days' travel from here; that we should then leave the mountains,

and after that find no more fresh water to the sources of the river. The chief represented the river from where it leaves the mountains as flowing over elevated flat prairie country, totally destitute of water, wood, or grass, and the only substitute for fuel that could be had was the buffalo 'chips.' They remarked in the course of the interview that some few of their old men had been to the head of the river, and that the journey could be made in eighteen days by rapid riding; but the accounts given by those who had made the journey were of such a character as to deter other from attempting it. They said we need have no apprehension of encountering Indians, as none ever visited that section of the country. I inquired of them if there were not holes in the earth where the water remained after rains. They said no; the soil was of so porous a nature that it soaked up the water as soon as it fell. I then endeavored to hire one of their old men to accompany me as guide; but they said they were afraid to go into the country, as there was no water, and they were fearful they would perish before they could return. The chief said, in conclusion, that perhaps I might not credit their statements, but that I would have abundant evidence of the truth of their assertions if I ventured much further with my command. This account of the country ahead of us is truly discouraging; and it would seem that we have anything but an agreeable prospect before us. As soon, however, as the creek will admit of fording I shall, without subjecting the command to too great privations push forward as far as possible into this most inhospitable and dreaded salt desert. As the Indians, from their own statements, had travelled a great distance to see us, I distributed some presents among them, with a few rations of pork and flour, for which we received their acknowledgments in their customary style—by begging for everything else they saw.

"May 28. Captain McClellan has, by observations upon lunar disturbances, determined the longitude of our last camp upon the creek to be 100 degrees 0' 45", which is but a short distance from the point where the line dividing the Choctaw territory from the State of Texas crosses the Red river. The point where this line intersects Otter creek is marked upon a large elm tree standing near the bank, and it will be found about four miles from the mouth

of the creek upon the south side, with the longitude (100 degrees 0' 45") and the latitude (34 degrees 34' 6") distinctly marked upon it.

"Captain McClellan will start tomorrow for the purpose of running the meridian of the 100th degree of longitude to where it intersects Red river, and will mark the point distinctly.

"*May 29.* After digging down the banks of the creek this morning, we were enabled to cross the train and resume our march up the river; our course led us towards the point where the river debouches from the mountains, and our present encampment is directly at the base of one of the peaks, near a spring of good water. This mountain is composed of huge masses of loose granite rock, thrown together in such confusion that it is seldom any portion can be seen in its original position. There are veins of quartz, greenstone, and porphyry running through the granite, similar to those that characterize the gold-bearing formation of California, New Mexico, and elsewhere. This fact, in connection with our having found some small particles of gold in detritus along the bed of Otter creek, may yet lead to the discovery of important auriferous deposits in these mountains. Among the border settlers of Texas and Arkansas, an opinion has for a long time prevailed that gold was abundant here, and several expeditions have been organized among for the purpose of making examinations, but the Indians have opposed their operations, and in every instance, I believe, compelled them to abandon the enterprise and return home, so that as yet no thorough examination of the mountains has been made.⁴

"We find blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, and currants growing upon the mountains; and this is the only locality west of the Cross Timbers where I have seen them. Grapes and plums are also abundant here, as elsewhere, upon the Upper Red river. The grapes are rather smaller than our fox-grapes, are sweet and juicy when ripe, and I have no doubt would make good wine; they grow upon small bushes about the size of currant-bushes, standing erect

⁴4. Specimens of quartz and black sand were collected in the mountains; and from the presence of hydrated peroxide of iron and iron pyrites in the quartz, and from its similarity to the gold-bearing quartz of California, we were induced to hope that it might contain gold, but a rigid analysis by Professor Shephard did not detect any trace of the precious metal.

like them, and are generally found upon the most sandy soil, along near the borders of the streams. The plums also grow upon small bushes from two to six feet high, are very large and sweet, and in color vary from a light pink to a deep crimson; they are the Chickasaw plum, (*Prunus Chicasa*).

"May 30. Captain McClellan returned this morning, having traced the meridian of the 100th degree of west longitude to where it strikes Red river. This point he ascertained to be about six miles below the junction of the two principal branches, and three-fourths of a mile below a small creek which pots in from the north upon the left bank, near where the river bends from almost due west to north. At this point a cotton-wood tree, standing fifty feet from the water, upon the summit of a sand hill, is blazed upon four sides, facing north, south, east, and west, and upon these faces will be found the following inscriptions: upon the north side 'Texas, 100 degrees longitude'; upon the south side, 'Chocktaw Nation, 100 degrees'; upon the east side, meridian of 100 degrees, May 29, 1852'; and upon the west side Captain McClellan marked my name with the date. At the base of the sandhill will be found four cotton-wood trees, upon one of which is marked 'Texas,' and upon another will be found inscribed '20 miles from Otter creek.'

"Red river at this place is a broad shallow stream, six hundred and fifty yards wide, running over a bed of sand. Its course is nearly due west to the forks, and thence the course of the south branch is WNW for eight miles, when it turns to nearly NW. The two branches are apparently of about equal magnitude, and between them, at the confluence, is a very high bluff, which can be seen for a long distance around. We are encamped tonight near two mountains, about three miles from the river, and one mile west of the head of the west bank of Otter creek, near a spring of pure cold water, which rises in the mountains and runs down past our camp. Our road leads along near the creek valley, which is from one to two miles wide, with a very productive soil, covered with a dense coating of grass, and skirted with a variety of hard timber.

"May 31. Our course today was northwest until we encountered a bold running stream of good water, forty feet wide and three feet

deep, flowing between very high and almost vertical red clay banks, through a broad, flat valley, about two miles wide, of a dark alluvial soil, the fertility of which is obvious from the dense vegetation which it supports.

"There is a narrow fringe of pecan, elm, hackberry, black walnut, and cotton-wood, along the banks of the creek; but the timber is not so abundant, or of as good a quality, as that upon Otter creek. The abrupt banks made it necessary for us to let our wagons down with ropes. We, however, crossed in a short time, and marched about three miles further, encamping near a small spring of good water, where the wood and grass were abundant.

"From the circumstances of having seen elk tracks upon the stream we passed in our march today, I have called it 'Elk creek.' I am informed by our guide that five years since elk were frequently seen in the Wichita mountains; but now they are seldom met with in this part of the country.

"The deer and antelopes still continue plenty, but turkeys are scarce.

"One that our greyhounds caught today is the first we have seen for several days. The pinnated grouse, quail, lark, mocking bird, and swallow-tailed fly-catcher, are also frequently seen.

"*June 1.* During our march today we passed along the borders of a swift-running rivulet of clear water, which issues from springs in the mountains and is filled with a multitude of fish. We also passed near the base of a very prominent and symmetrical mountain, which can be seen for twenty miles upon our route, and is a most excellent landmark. Several of the gentlemen ascended this peak with the barometer, and its altitude, as thereby indicated, is seven hundred and eighty feet above the base.

"Captain McClellan has called this "Mount Webster," in honor of our great statesman; and upon a rock directly at the summit he has chiselled the names of some of the gentlemen of the party. The valleys lying between many of these mountains have a soil which is arable in the highest degree. They are covered with grasses, which our animals eat greedily. There are also many springs of cold, limpid water bursting out from the granite rocks

of the mountains, and flowing down through the valleys, thereby affording us, at all times, a most delicious beverage, where we were led to believe, from the representations of the Wichitas, we would find only bitter and unpalatable water. This is an unexpected luxury to us, and we now begin to cherish the hope that all the discouraging accounts of those Indians may prove equally erroneous.

“Taking an old Comanche trail this morning, I followed it to a narrow defile in the mountains, which led me up through a very tortuous and rocky gorge, where the well-worn path indicated that it had been travelled for many years. It presented a most wild and romantic appearance as we passed along at the base of the cliffs, which rose perpendicularly for several feet directly over our heads upon either side. We saw the tracks of several elk that had passed the defile the day previous.

“After crossing the mountains, we descended upon the south side, where we found the river flowing directly at the base; and after ascending it about two miles, arrived at a point where it again divided into two nearly equal branches. The water in the south branch (which I have called ‘Salt Fork’) is bitter and unpalatable, and when taken into the stomach produces nausea; whereas that in the other branch although not entirely free from salts, can be used in cases of great extremity. The compound resulting from the mixture of the water in the two branches below the confluence is very disagreeable to the taste. The north branch, which I propose to ascend, is near the junction, one hundred and five feet wide, and three feet deep, with a very rapid current, and the water of much lighter color than that in the Salt Fork. Three miles below the fork, between the river and the base of the mountains, there is a grove of post-oak timber, which Captain McClellan, who examined it, estimates to cover an area of four or five hundred acres. This is well suited for building purposes, being large, tall, and straight. There is also an extensive tract of mesquite woodland near our camp.

“One of the Delawares caught two bear cubs in the mountains today; one of which he brought in his arms to camp. As the mountain chain crosses the river near here, and runs to the south of our

course, we shall leave it tomorrow, and launch out into the prairie before us, following the bank of the river, which appears to flow through an almost level and uninterrupted plain, as far as the eye can extend. I have provided water-casks of sufficient capacity to contain water for the command three days. I shall always have them filled whenever we find good water; and I hope thereby to be enabled to reach the sources of the river without much suffering. I cannot leave these mountains without a feeling of sincere regret. The beautiful and majestic scenery through out the whole extent of that portion of the chain we have traversed, with the charming glades lying between them, clothed with a luxuriant sward up to the very bases of the almost perpendicular and rugged sides, with the many springs of delicious water bursting forth from the solid walls of granite, and bounding along over the debris at the base, forcibly reminds me of my own native hills, and the idea of leaving these for the desert plains gives rise to an involuntary feeling of melancholy similar to that I have experienced on leaving home.

June 2. We left our last night's camp at 3 o'clock this morning and taking a course nearly due west, emerged from the mountains out into the high level prairie, where we found neither wood nor water until we reached our present position, about half a mile from Red river, upon a small branch, with water standing in holes in the bed, and a few small trees scattered along the banks. The latitude of this point is $35^{\circ} 3'$; longitude $100^{\circ} 12'$.

"On leaving the vicinity of the mountains, we immediately strike a different geological formation. Instead of the granite, we now find carbonate of lime and gypsum. The soil, except upon the stream, is thin and unproductive. The grass, however, is everywhere luxuriant. Our animals eat it eagerly, and are constantly improving. Near our encampment there are several round, conical-shaped mounds, about fifty feet high, composed of clay and gypsum, which appear to have been formed from a gradual disintegration and washing away of the adjacent earth, leaving the sides exposed in such a manner as to exhibit a very perfect representation of the different strata.

June 3. We were in motion again at 3 o'clock this morning, our course leading us directly towards a very prominent range of hills

situated upon the north bank of Red river, and immediately on the crest of the third terrace or bench bordering the river valley. Their peculiar formation, and very extraordinary regularity, give them the appearance, in the distance, of gigantic fortifications, capped with battlements of white marble. Upon examination they were found to consist of a basis of green blue clay, with two super-strata of beautiful snow-white gypsum, from five to fifteen feet in thickness, resting horizontally upon a sub-stratum of red clay, with the edges wholly exposed, and so perfectly symmetrical that one can with difficulty divest himself of the idea that it must be the work of art, so much does it resemble masonry. In many places there are perfect representations of the re-entering angles of a bastion front, with the glacis reverted with turf, and sloping gently to the river. Several springs issue from the bluffs, and (as I have always found it to be the case in the gypsum formation) the water is very bitter and disagreeable to the taste.

"I am inclined to believe that this same formation extends in a southwesterly direction from the Canadian river to this place, as I passed through a belt of country upon that stream somewhat similar to this, and in a position to be a continuation of it. We crossed the river near the lower extremity of the bluffs, at a point where we found it fifty yards wide and sixteen inches deep, with a current of three miles per hour, running over a bed of quicksand. We passed without difficulty by keeping the animals in rapid motion while in the stream, and encamped upon the high bluff on the south side. By following up the course of a ravine in the side of the gypsum bluffs, where there were detached pieces of copper ore, we discovered a vein of this metal which proved to be the 'green carbonate,' but not of so rich a character as that we had seen before. At this point we are nearly opposite the western extremity of the chain of Wichita mountains.⁵

5. Professor Shephard's analysis of a specimen of the sub-soil from the valley of the river near our camp on the third June gives the following result:

Silica.....	79.30
Peroxide of iron.....	8.95
Alumina.....	1.50
Carbonate of lime.....	1.10
Sulphate of lime, with strong traces of sulphate of soda and chloride of sodium	4.65
Water.....	4.50

"June 4. We made an early start this morning, and travelled in the direction of a chain of bluffs which appeared to us to be upon the branch of the river we were ascending; but on reaching them we found ourselves upon a creek running towards the *Salt Fork*, the bluffs of which we could see from the top of an eminence near the creek, about eight miles distant.

"To regain our route we were obliged to turn directly north, and march about six miles in this direction, when we again came in sight of the main *North Fork*. In our route we have passed near several hills of similar formation to that of the gypsum bluffs before described. Sulphate of lime is found in large quantities throughout this section, and occurs in various degrees of purity, from the common plaster of Paris to the most beautifully transparent selenite I have ever seen. I observed several specimens, from one to two inches in thickness, that were as absolutely colorless and limpid as pure water.

"We are encamped upon the elevated prairie near a clump of trees, where we find water standing in pools. We have found the grass abundant, and the water and wood sufficiently so for our purposes at all our camps since we left our visitors, the Wichitas.

"As I was riding today with one of our Delawares, about three miles in advance of the train, we suddenly (as we rose upon an eminence in the prairie) came in sight of four buffalo cows with calves, very quietly grazing in a valley below us. We at once put spurs to our horses, and with our rifles in readiness, set out at a brisk gallop in pursuit; but unfortunately they had 'the wind' of us and were instantly bounding off over the hills at full speed. We followed them about three miles, but as they were much in advance at the outset, we could not overtake them without giving our horses more labor than we cared about, and so abandoned the chase. Our greyhounds caught two young deer upon the open prairie today, and they have had several chases in pursuit of the antelope, but have not as yet been able to come up with them. The latitude of our present position is 35° 15' 43".

"June 5. After marching nearly a mile from our last camp, we crossed a running brook of clear water, which had a slightly

sulphurous taste and odor. It rises in the hills to the southwest, and runs rapidly, like a mountain stream, into the main river. The appearance of this stream reminds me so forcibly of some I have seen in the mountains of Pennsylvania, that I searched it faithfully, expecting to see the spotted trout, but only found a few sun-fish and minnows.

“From this brook to our present position, the country we traversed was exceedingly monotonous and uninteresting, being a continuous succession of barren sand-hills, producing no other herbage than the artemisia, and a dense growth of dwarf oak bushes, about eighteen inches high, which seem to have attained their full maturity, and bear an abundance of small acorns. The same bush is frequently met with upon the Canadian river near this longitude, and is always found upon a very sandy soil. Our camp is in the river valley, near a large spring of sulphurous water, in the midst of a grove of cotton-wood trees. Upon a creek we passed today on the opposite bank of the river we noticed pecan, elm, hackberry, and cotton-wood trees. The grass still continues good, and the water of the main river, although not good, can be used. The bed of the river is here one hundred yards wide with but little water passing over the surface, being mostly absorbed by the quicksands. Our Indians brought in three deer this evening, and the greyhounds have caught a full-grown doe in a fair chase upon the open prairie. We occasionally see a few turkeys, but they are not as abundant as we found them below here. There are several varieties of birds around our camp, among which we saw the white owl, meadow-lark, mocking-bird, king-bird, swallow, swallow-tailed fly-catcher, and quail.

“*June 6.* Starting at 3 o'clock this morning, we crossed the river near our last camp, and passed over a very elevated and undulating prairie for ten miles, when we reached a large creek flowing into Red river, which, in compliment to my friend, Mr. J. R. Suydam, of New York City, who accompanied the expedition, I have called ‘Suydam Creek.’ It is thirty feet wide; the water clear, but slightly brackish, and flows rapidly over a sandy bed between abrupt clay banks, which are fringed with cotton-wood trees. As the water in

the main river near our camp is very bitter, we were obliged to make use of that in the creek.

“Above our present encampment there appears to be a range of sandhills, about three miles wide, upon each side of the river, which are covered with the same herbage as those we passed below here.

“We have seen a trail of a large party of Comanches, which our guide says passed here two days since, going south. I regret that we did not encounter them, as I was anxious to make inquiries concerning our onward route. These Indians were travelling with their families. Upon a war expedition they leave their families behind, and never carry lodges, encumbering themselves with as little baggage as possible. On the other hand, when they travel with their families, they always carry all their worldly effects, including their portable lodges, wherever they go; and as they seldom find an encampment upon the prairie, where poles for the frame-work of the lodges can be procured, they invariably transport them from place to place, by attaching them to each side of the pack-horses, with one end trailing upon the ground. These leave parallel marks upon the soft earth after they have passed, and enable one at once to determine whether the trail is made by a war party or otherwise. The Comanches, during the past year, have not been friendly with the Delawares and Shawnees; and although there has as yet been no organized demonstration of hostilities, they have secretly killed several men, and in consequence our hunters entertain a feeling of revenge towards them. They, however, go out alone every day upon their hunts, are frequently six or eight miles from the command, and seem to have no fears of the Comanches, as they are liable to encounter them at any moment; and being so poorly mounted that they could not escape, their only alternative would be to act on the defensive. I have cautioned them upon the subject several times, but they say that they are not afraid to meet any of the prairie Indians, provided the odds are not greater than six to one. They are well armed with good rifles—the use of which they understand perfectly—are intelligent, active, and brave, and in my opinion will ere long take ample satisfaction upon the Comanches for every one of their nation that falls by their hands.

Chapter IV

"June 7. Taking two of the Indians this morning, I went out for the purpose of making an examination of the surrounding country and ascertaining whether good water could be found upon our route for our next encampment. We had gone about three miles in a westerly direction, when we struck a fresh buffalo track leading north; thinking we might overtake him, we followed up the trace until we came near the summit of a eminence upon the prairie, when I sent one of the Indians (John Bull) to the top of a hill, which was about one-fourth of a mile distant, to look for the animal. He had no sooner arrived at the point indicated than we saw him make a signal for us to join him, by riding round rapidly several times in a circle and immediately putting off at full speed over the hills. We set out at the same instant upon a smart gallop, and on reaching the crest of the hill discovered the terrified animal fleeing at a most furious pace, with John Bull in hot pursuit about five hundred yards behind him. As we followed on down the prairie we had a fine view of the chase. The Delaware was mounted upon one of our most fractious and spirited horses, that had never seen a buffalo before, and on coming near the animal he seemed perfectly frantic with fear, making several desperate surges to the right and left any one of which must have inevitably unseated his rider had he not been a most expert and skilful horseman. During the time the horse was plunging and making such efforts to escape, John, while he controlled him with masterly adroitness, seized an opportunity and gave the buffalo the contents of his rifle, breaking one of his forelegs, and somewhat retarding his speed; he still kept on, however, making good running, and it required all the strength of our horses to bring us alongside of him. Before we came up our most excellent hunter, John Bull, had recharged his rifle and placed another directly back of his shoulder; but so tenacious of his life is this animal, that it was not until the other Delaware and myself arrived and gave him four additional shots, that we brought him to the ground. Packing the best pieces of the meat upon our horses, we went on, and in a few miles found a spring-brook, in which there was an abundance of good water, where I determined to make our next encampment. On our return we saw a pack of

wolves, with a multitude of ravens, making merry over the carcass of the buffalo we had killed in the morning.

"Thinking that the Comanches, whose trail we had seen yesterday, might possibly be encamped within a few miles of us, I this morning directed Captain McClellan to take the interpreter and follow the trace. After going about fifteen miles he found one of their camps that had been abandoned two days previous; and as there was no prospect of overtaking them he returned, after ascertaining that they were travelling a southerly course towards the Brazos river.

"In many places above the Wichita mountains we have found drift of quartz and scoria, but the boulders of greenstone, granite, and porphyry, were only seen below the upper end of the range; and the nearer we approached the mountains from below, the larger and more angular became the fragments, until, on reaching near the base, large angular pieces nearly covered the surface of the ground, thereby leading us to the conclusion that here is the source of the boulders we have seen below the mountains; whereas the drift found here must come from above, as we have yet discovered no igneous rocks in place since we left the mountains. The formation here is a dark limestone overlaid with loose scoria. The earth upon the stream is highly arenaceous, and the soil poor. The grass, however, as we have found it everywhere upon Red river, and its tributaries, is of a very superior quality, consisting of several varieties of grama and mezquite.

"The range of the grama grass, so far as my observations have extended, is bounded on the north by near the parallel of 36° north latitude, and on the east by about the meridian of 98° west longitude. It extends north and west, as far as I have travelled; it appears, however, to flourish better about the latitude 33° than in any other. As there is generally a drought on these prairies, from the 1st of May to the middle of August, it would appear that the particular varieties of grasses that grow here do not require much moisture to sustain them.

"*June 8.* Our route today has been over a rolling prairie, in many places covered with the dwarf oak buskes before mentioned. We are encamped upon a creek of clear and wholesome water

which Dr. Shumard has named 'Loess Creek,' from the circumstance that the soil upon the stream contains a deposit of land and fresh-water shells, among which are found those of *Pupa muscorum*, *Succinea elongata*, and *Helix Plebeium*, forming a pulverent grayish loam similar to the loess found upon the Rhine.

"No fossils were seen in this silt, but our time would not admit of making a very thorough examination of the locality. Specimens of the shells were, however, procured, to accompany our collection, and were found to be similar to those described by Lyell as occurring in Europe.

"The creek is twenty feet wide, and eight inches deep; runs rapidly between low banks with only a few cotton-wood and elm trees upon them. There are also some few small knots or clumps of trees upon the elevated prairie lands in the vicinity. The observations for latitude at this point give the result 35° 24' 50".

"June 9. At half-past 2 o'clock this morning we were en route again over a very elevated prairie for six miles, when we arrived in the valley of a fine stream of pure water, twelve feet wide, and one foot deep, with a rapid current. This stream is fringed by large cotton-wood trees along the banks, and the grass in the valley is most excellent, consisting of the mezquite and wild rye, which our animals are very fond of. From the fact of the water being so good in this stream, we called it Sweet-water creek. The valley is bordered upon each side by bluffs from ten to forty feet high; the soil a reddish loam, and quite productive, being somewhat similar in appearance to that in the bottoms of Red river, below the confluence of the Wichita, where the most abundant crops are produced.

"As we ascend the river, we have conclusive evidence of the falsity of the representations of our visitors, the Wichitas. It will be remembered they told us that the entire country was a perfectly desolate waste, where neither man nor beast could get a subsistence, and that there was *no danger from Indians*, as none ever resorted to this section of Red river. Their statements have proved false in every particular, as we have thus far found the country well watered, the soil in many places good, everywhere yielding an abundance of

the most nutritious grasses, with a great sufficiency of wood for all the purposes of the traveller.

“There are several old camps near us, which appear to have been occupied some two or three weeks since by the Comanches; the grass where their animals have grazed is not yet grown up.

“Red river, which is about six miles distant from our present position, is eighty yards wide, with but very small portion covered with water, running over the quicksand bed. The banks upon each side are from four to ten feet high, and not subject to inundation. The valley is here about half a mile wide, shut in by sandy bluffs thirty feet high, which form the border to a range of sand-hills extending back about five miles upon each side of the river. The soil in the valley is sandy and sterile, producing little but scattering weeds and stunted brush.

“June 10. Our course today has been almost due west, up the north bank of Sweet-water creek. The country upon each side of the valley is high and gently undulating, and the geological formation has changed from deep red sandstone to carboniferous limestone.

“The weather for the last four days has been very cold, as will be seen from the meteorological tables appended; indeed, I think I have never in this latitude known the thermometer to range as low at this season. Upon the plains where I have heretofore travelled during the summer months, a strong breeze has generally sprung up about 8 o'clock in the morning and lasted until after night, reaching its maximum intensity about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This breeze comes from the south, and generally rises and subsides with as much regularity as the sea-breeze upon the Atlantic coast, which fact has given rise to the opinion that it comes from the Gulf of Mexico. These cool and bracing winds temper the atmosphere, heated to intensity by the almost vertical rays of the sun, rendering it comfortable and even pleasant in midsummer. Observations were made this evening for the determination of latitude, and the result showed 35° 26' 13”.

“June 11. We crossed Sweet-water creek at 3 o'clock this morning, and keeping back upon the high prairie bordering the valley,

travelled eight miles in nearly a west course when we crossed two fresh Indian trails which, from the circumstance of their being no trace of lodge-poles, our guide pronounced to have been made by war parties; and he states that he has during the day seen four Indians upon a hill in the distance taking a look at us, but that they turned immediately on seeing him and galloped off. The fact of their not being disposed to communicate with us looks suspicious, and they may have hostile intentions towards us; but with our customary precautions, I think we shall be ready to receive them, either as friends or enemies.

“Our usual method of encamping is, where we can find the curve of a creek, (which has generally been the case,) to place ourselves in the concavity, with the wagons and tents extending around in a semi-circle, uniting at each extremity of the curve of the creek, so as to enclose a sufficient space for the command; thus we are protected on one side by the creek, and upon the other by the line of wagons and tents. Immediately after reaching our camping-ground, all the animals are turned out to graze, under charge of the teamsters, who are armed, and remain constantly with them, keeping them as near the command as the supply of grass will permit. We generally commence the day’s march about 3 o’clock in the morning, and are ready to encamp by 11 o’clock; this gives ample time for the animals to graze before night when they are driven into camp. The horses and mules are picketed within the enclosure, while the oxen are tied up to the wagons; sentinels are then posted upon each side of the encampment, and kept constantly walking in such directions that they have the animals continually in view.

“Many have supposed that cattle in a journey upon the plains would perform better and keep in better condition by allowing them to graze in the morning before starting upon the day’s march, which would involve the necessity of traveling during the heat of the day. These persons are of opinion that animals will only feed at particular hours of the day, and that the remainder of the day must be allotted them for rest and sleep, and that unless these rules are adhered to they will not thrive. This opinion, however, is, I think, erroneous, and I also think that cattle will adapt themselves to any circumstances, so far as regards their working hours and their hours

of rest. If they have been accustomed to labor at particular hours of the day, and the order of things is at once reversed, the working hours being changed into hours of rest, they may not do as well for a few days, but they soon become accustomed to the change, and eat, and rest as well as before.

“By starting at an early hour in the morning during the summer months, the day’s march is over before it becomes very warm; whereas, (as I have observed,) if the animals are allowed time to graze before starting, the march must continue during the middle of the day, when the animals (particularly oxen) will suffer much from the heat of the sun, and, so far as my experiences goes, will not keep in as good condition as when the other plan is pursued. I have adopted this course from the commencement of our journey, and our oxen have continued to improve upon it. Another and very important advantage to be derived from this course is found in the fact that the animals, being tied up during the night are not liable to be lost or stolen.

“The country over which we are now passing, except directly in the valleys of the streams, is very elevated and undulating, interspersed with round conical hills, thrown up by the winds, with the apices very acute; the soil, a light gray sand, producing little other vegetation than weeds and dwarf oaks.

“The creek up which we have been travelling runs almost parallel to Red river, and affords us fine camping places at any point.

“From the very many old Indian camps that we have seen, and the numerous stumps of trees which, at different periods, have been cut by the Indians along the whole course of the creek, we infer that this is, and has been for many years, a place of frequent resort for the Comanches, and I have no doubt they could always be found here at the time the buffaloes are passing back and forth in their migrations during the spring and winter.

“The parties of Indians whose trails we crossed in our march today were going south, and not having their families with them, our interpreter infers that they are bound for Mexico upon a foray. Had we met them, and learned that such was their intentions, we might have dissuaded them from proceeding further. They may have

seen our trail; if so, and they are friendly, they will visit us. Should they not come in, however, I shall send out an Indian after them to ascertain where they encamped and the time they left. In consequence of their known hostility, our Delawares are getting somewhat cautious about encountering them. The interpreter says he would not be afraid to meet five or six, but thinks he would avoid a greater number. I directed him, in the event of his meeting a party, to invite them to come to camp, as I had a talk for them. He replied, 'Suppose he want to kill me—I not tell him.'

⁷⁰This man has often been among the prairie Indians, understands their language and character well, and the moment he sees a trail made by them, or an old deserted camp, he at once determines of what nation they were; the number of horses and mules in their possession; whether they were accompanied by their families, and whether they were upon a war expedition or otherwise; as also the time (within a few hours) of their passing, with many other facts of importance.

"These faculties appear to be intuitive, and confined exclusively to the Indian; I have never seen a white man that could judge of these matters with such certainty as they. For example, upon passing the trail of the Indians today, one of our Delawares looked for a moment at the foot-prints, picked up a blade of grass that had been crushed and said the trail was made two days since, when to us it had every appearance of being quite fresh; subsequent observations satisfied us that he was correct.

"Upon another occasion, in riding along over the prairie, I saw in the sand what appeared to me to be a bear track, with the impression of all of the toes, foot, and heel; on pointing it out to one of the Indians, he instantly called my attention to some blades of grass hanging about ten inches over the marks, and explained to me that while the wind is blowing, these blades are pressed towards the earth, and the oscillation thereby produced had scooped out the light sand into the form I have mentioned. This, when explained, was perfectly simple and intelligible; but I am very much inclined to believe the solution of it would have puzzled the philosophy of a white man for a long time.

A few such men as the Delawares attached to each company of

troops upon the Indian frontier would, by their knowledge of Indian characters and habits, and their wonderful powers of judging of country, following tracks, etc., (which soldiers cannot be taught), enable us to operate to much better advantage against the prairie tribes. In several instances when we have had our animals stray away from camp, I have sent six or eight teamsters for them, who, after searching a long time, would often return unsuccessful. I would then send out one Indian, who would make a circuit around the camp until he struck the tracks of the lost animals, and following them up, would invariably return with them in a short time. In this way their services are almost indispensable upon an expedition like ours.

“June 12. Our course today was very nearly due west, up the left bank of Sweet-water creek until, within about three miles of our present position, we turned with the course of the stream more northwardly.

“The country we passed over was similar to that of yesterday, but not so sandy or so heavy upon our teams. We came in sight of a line of high bluffs this morning, which were apparently about ten miles to the northwest of us. They are very elevated, and present much of the appearance of the borders of the great Staked Plain, or the ‘Llano estacado’ of the Mexicans.

“On reaching camp we found that a large party of Indians, with very many animals, had been encamped here about two weeks since. Numerous trails and horse tracks were seen in every direction, and their animals have cropped the grass for a long distance around.

“Their lodges were pitched near our camp, and our guides pronounced them to have been Kioways. On inquiring how he could distinguish a Kioway from a Comanche camp, he said the only difference was that the former make the holes for their fires about two feet in diameter, while the latter only make them about fifteen inches.

“A community of beavers have also selected a spot upon the creek near our camp, for their interesting labors and habitations. I know of no animal concerning which the accounts of travellers have been more extraordinary, more marvelous or contradictory, than

those given of the beaver. By some he is elevated in point of intellect almost to a level with man. He has been said, for instance, to construct houses, with several floors and rooms; to plaster the rooms with mud in such a manner as to make smooth walls, and to drive stakes of six or eight inches in diameter into the ground, and to perform many other astounding feats, which I am inclined to believe are not supported by credible testimony. Laying aside these questionable statements, there is quite sufficient in the natural history of the beaver to excite our wonder and admiration. For instance, at this place, upon an examination of the dam they have constructed, I was both astonished and delighted at the wonderful sagacity, skill, and perseverance which they have displayed. In the selection of a suitable site, and in the erection of the structure, they appear to have been guided by something more than mere animal instinct, and have exhibited as correct a knowledge of hydrostatics, and the action of forces resulting from currents of water, as the most scientific millwright would have done. Having chosen a spot where the banks on each side of the creek were narrow and sufficiently high to raise a head of about five feet, they selected two cottonwood trees about fifteen inches in diameter, situated above this point, and having an inclination towards the stream; these they cut down with their teeth, (as marks upon the stumps plainly showed,) and, floating them down to the position chosen for the dam, they were placed across the stream with an inclination downward, uniting in the center. This formed the foundation upon which the superstructure of brush and earth was placed, in precisely the same manner as the brush dam is made by our millwrights, with the bushes and earth alternating and packed closely, the butts in all cases turned down stream. After this is raised to a sufficient height the top is covered with earth, except in the center, where there is a sluice or waste-wier, which lets off the superfluous water when it rises so high as to endanger the structure. In examining the results of the labors of the ingenious quadrupeds, it occurred to me that the plan of erecting our brush dams must have been originally suggested from witnessing those of the beavers, as they are very similar. I watched for some time upon the banks of the pond, but could see none of the animals. I presume they think we make too much noise

in our camp to suit them, and deem it most prudent to remain concealed in their sub-marine houses.

“I observed one place above the pond where they had commenced another dam, and had progressed so far as to cut down two trees on opposite sides of the creek; but as they did not fall in the right direction to suit their purposes, the work was abandoned. As the course of Sweet-water creek turns too much to the north above here, we shall leave it; and it is with much regret that we are obliged to do so, as it has afforded us the best of spring water, with good grass and wood, for five days.

“*June 13.* Leaving the command this morning encamped upon Sweet-water creek, I made a trip to Red river, which is about six miles in a southwest direction; it was one hundred yards wide where we struck it, with but a very small portion covered with water, and, very much to our astonishment, for the first time, upon tasting it, we found it free from salts. Following up the stream about a mile, we discovered that this good water all issued from a small stream that put in upon the north bank, and above this the bed of the main river was dry. As there is an incrustation of salt upon the bed of the river below the creek, where the water has subsided after a high stage, I have no doubt but that the water above here will be found to be impregnated with salts, and that all the fresh water now found in the river comes from the creek mentioned.

“Along the whole course of Red river, from Cache creek to this point, we find three separate banks or terraces bordering the river; the first of which rises from two to six feet above the bed of the stream. The second is from ten to twenty feet high; and the third, which forms the high bluff bordering the valley of the river, is from fifty to one hundred feet. The first bank is in places subject to inundation, and generally is from fifty to two hundred yards wide. The second is never submerged and is from two to fifteen hundred yards wide. The third bank bounds the high prairie. We found the range of sand-hills still continuing along the river; and we have constantly during the day been in sight of the line of bluffs which I supposed to be the border of the ‘Llano estacado.’ We also have

passed the trail of a very large party of Indians, who were ascending the river before the last rain, (some two weeks since).

"After leaving the river on our return to camp, we found two fine brooks of cold spring water, with good wood and grass upon them, and as they are in our course, I propose to make our next camp upon one of them.

"June 14. Making an early start this morning, we travelled eleven miles in a westerly course, when we reached a very beautiful stream of good spring water, flowing with a uniformly rapid current through a valley about a mile wide, covered with excellent grass. There is a heavy growth of young cotton-wood trees along the borders of the creek, and among them are found immense quantities of that peculiar variety of grape I have before mentioned as growing in the sand-hills along the valley of Red river. They grow here upon low bushes, about four feet high, similar to those cultivated varieties that are trimmed and cut down in the spring. When growing near the trees they never rest upon them, like our eastern varieties of the wild grape but, stand separate and erect, like a currant bush.

"The creek appears to be a place of winter resort for large numbers of the prairie Indians. We found many old camps along the stream, and the ground for several miles was thickly strewn with cotton wood sticks, the bark of which had been eaten off by their animals. The prairie tribes are in the habit of feeding their favorite horses with the cotton-wood bark in the winter, and it is probably the abundance of this wood that has attracted them here. We found the stumps of the trees that they had cut from year to year in various states of decay—some entirely rotten, and others that had been cut during the past winter. The fine mezquite and grama grass furnishes pasturage for their animals during the great part of the winter; and the cotton-wood is a never failing resort when the grass is gone.

"As we are now nearly opposite the country on the Canadian river occupied by the Kioway Indians, it is quite probable that some of that nation winter at this place; and I have no doubt but that they could be found here at any time during that season. I have called the creek *Kioway creek*.

"Game is abundant in this vicinity; and our hunters keep the entire command constantly supplied with fresh meat, so that we have not as yet had occasion to kill one of our beef cattle. Seven deer and one antelope were killed today. For months previous to leaving Fort Belknap, with the exception of a few wild onions, my men had eaten no vegetables. Some of them had been attacked with scurvy, and all were more or less predisposed to it. I have, therefore been exceedingly anxious to take all possible precautions for warding off this most dreaded disease. As I had no anti-scorbutic, with the exception of a very few dried apples and a little citric acid, I was obliged to make use of everything the country afforded as a substitute for vegetables. I caused the men to eat greens whenever they could be obtained, with the green grapes occasionally; and today we were so fortunate as to discover a fine bed of wild onions (a most excellent anti-scorbutic) upon some sand-hills over which we passed. A quantity were collected by the men and made use of freely."

Editor's Note: Two days from the time the preceding entry was made Marcy followed the river until he came to the place where it descended from the "Llano Estacado." On the table-land of the plains it broke up into a number of small rivulets. Having found the head of the north tributary of the Red River the explorers next turned their attention to the south fork, and on July 1, after suffering intensely from drinking the alkaline waters along the way, they at last reached its source in a clear cool spring of fresh water. From this point the travellers turned their faces eastward and began their return journey.

THE STAMFORD MEETING

BY JOHN R. HUTTO

Members of the West Texas Historical Association were very expectant of a successful meeting at Stamford on April the 21st of this year. Rain and road conditions, however, greatly limited the number of attendants.

The welcome address to the Association was delivered by Mr. Locke, secretary of the Stamford Chamber of Commerce. The response was given by Judge R. C. Crane of Sweetwater, president of the Association. Judge Crane gave a brief review of the purposes of the organization; of the importance of collecting and preserving historical documents, newspapers, pamphlets and books on western history; of the importance of perpetuating the traditions of the pioneer frontiersman who were really the founders of our great Western Commonwealth.

The Association was favored by the presence and council of J. Marvin Hunter, who read a paper on "Preserving the History of Our Pioneers." The father of Mr. Hunter was a pioneer school teacher who came West during the middle seventies. For a number of years he was on the editorial staff of the *San Angelo Standard*, and contributed many articles, which were widely read, on "The Trail of Blood on the Texas Frontier." He spoke Spanish fluently and was engaged at the time of his death in translating Filisola's "Guerra de Tejas."

Mr. Hunter followed in the footsteps of his father and is a great devotee to the accumulation of historical data, such as newspapers, pamphlets and books on western history. He is the founder and editor of the *Frontier Times*, a historical journal published at Bandera, Texas, which is widely and favorably known.

The last number on the morning program was an address by Col. R. L. Penick on the "History of Stamford." Col. Penick is a pioneer citizen of Jones county and has been engaged in the hardware business in Anson and Stamford for about four decades. He was modest in associating himself with the development of Stamford, but in truth he is often spoken of as the "Father of Stamford." The first house in Stamford was moved by him from Anson and was used as a

bank building and Mr. Penick was the first president. A few months later it was nationalized and R. V. Colbert was made cashier. Mr. Penick is senior member of the firm of Penick-Hughes Hardware Co., was officially connected with Stamford's three railroads as director, was a trustee of the Stamford Methodist college, and organized the first commercial club of Stamford in March, 1900, in a tent. A. P. Duggan, the retiring president of the West Texas Chamber of Commerce, was the first secretary. The water supply of Lueders and Stamford, Lake Penick, situated on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, was named in honor of Col. Penick.

Swenson Brothers of New York, who held large ranch acreage in western Texas, induced the Texas Central railroad to build westward and to locate the terminus, for a stated number of years, in the midst of their holdings. The town was named by Mr. McHark, at that time president of the Texas Central, whose native town was Stamford, Connecticut.

The first passenger train came into Stamford, Feb. 11, 1900, and by May the first it had a population of fifteen hundred. Today it is an aggressive and progressive little city, a wholesale and distributing center, of more than five thousand people.

After the members were treated by Colonel Penick to a most excellent luncheon at the Stamford Inn the Association reassembled. Mr. R. E. Sherrell of Haskell, a retired business man, a scholar of the old "Latin and Greek type," a former school teacher, and a gentleman of the old Southern "Blue Stocking" Presbyterian type, read a very interesting paper on the "History of Haskell County During the Early Days." This paper, together with that of Prof. R. N. Richardson of Simmons University, entitled "Jim Shaw, a Noted Indian Scout" are distinctive and valuable contributions to western history.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Members of the West Texas Historical Association are urged to preserve files of the *Year Book*. It is the plan of the Publication Committee to make this annual a valuable source of information on West Texas history. For that reason it is suggested that those who have not the two preceeding year books may obtain same for the sum of three dollars each. A limited supply of these publications are now in the hands of the Secretary.

WEST TEXAS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

C. C. RISTER, Secretary,

Abilene, Texas.