

During the fall of 1859, Lewis Thompson, who lived at the Patterson and Leaky Mills, where the town of Leaky now stands, started to Uvalde with a load of new lumber, made of the beautiful cypress timber of that section. He was driving two yoke of oxen. When Thompson reached a point of about six miles south of Rio Frio, he stopped to gather pecans. The Indians slipped up and shot him. When found, Mr. Thompson's body was pinned to the ground with an arrow.

J.C. Ware and about nine others, who followed the Indian's trail, soon found where the savages had butchered one of Mr. Thompson's oxen. A short skirmish followed, when the Indians were encountered; and the whites recovered thirty-two head of stolen horses.

Note: The author personally interviewed: J. C. Ware, who followed the Indians; E. L. Downes, who lived in that section of the country at the time; and others. Further Ref.: Vital Statistics of the U. S. Census Records of 1860.

Further Ref.: Hunter's Magazine, September 1916.

Mary and John Richardson

During 1859, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richardson and their five children lived in Lankford Cove, about one and one-half miles west of the present town of Evant. Mr. Richardson had gone to the mill at Belton. Mrs. Richardson and her children remained at home.

Late in the afternoon, Mary, age twelve, and John, aged eight, attempted to drive home the cows. They had stopped to eat grapes, about three hundred yards from the house when Mary saw Indians coming. The sweet little girl immediately told her brother, John, but he refused to run; for on previous occasions, she had told him, jokingly, the Indians were coming and on this occasion he failed to believe his sister. Mary immediately started for the house, but John continued to eat the grapes. Soon he, also, discovered the Indians and started toward the house. Within a few seconds two warriors passed him in an attempt to catch Mary, who was running a considerable distance in the lead. But the Indians failed to catch her. They turned and stabbed little John in the back, and, perhaps elsewhere in the body. When he fell, an Indian tried to make his horse step on the little fellow, but this the horse refused to do.

Mrs. Richardson, at the house, could plainly see all the proceedings. She said, "I thought of my gun at that critical moment. I took it down and fired, and kept firing until assistance came. The Indians (as I supposed) thought there were men in the house prepared to receive them, and let my child alone."

No doubt, this firing caused the Indians to run away, before they murdered little John Richardson.

Dud Langford, a Negro, hunting hogs on the hill, was the first to arrive at the home of Mrs. Richardson.

Little John got well and grew to manhood; but his death many years later was partly attributed to the old wound received on this occasion.

Sources of Information: B. F. Gholson, Geo. Carter and others who lived within a few miles of the home of Mr. Richardson at the time.

Also corresponded with Mrs. Richardson, who furnished us with a letter, which was written by Mrs. Frank Richardson. November 3, 1859, sixty days after this occurred, to her brother, Gen. H. L. Burkett, and printed in the Union and American at Nashville in 1859.

Indian Raid When Ira Wheat was Killed

Approximately six Comanches came into Medina County and charged Ira Wheat, Sr. and Robert Blalock, a short distance from Wheat's ranch headquarters. Mr. Wheat was killed; but Robert Blalock successfully made his escape. When the news reached the ranch, one of the cowmen hurried to the ranchman's assistance, but this pioneer citizen who tried to render aid to Mr. Wheat was also killed. The Indians drove away about twenty-five head of horses, and penned them in a temporary inclosure, on the east Frio, in Uvalde County.

Killing of John Bowles and John Davenport and the Fight That Followed

John Bowles during 1856 established his ranch on the Sabinal River, about six miles south of the present town of Sabinal. For the purpose of protecting his stock, he constructed a corral near the house.

During the dark hours of night, about 1856, and just before the moon arose, someone was alarmed by the running of stock. Almost instantly, Mr. Bowles and his boys were on their feet, and in their night clothes followed the sound of the running horses, which could be easily traced, because one of the animals was belled. Mr. Bowles was the first to reach the ponies, and saw an Indian running away. He did not shoot, however, for fear one of his own boys would be killed. The horses were driven back into the pens.

Mr. Bowles and his boys thought the Indians would again return. So D. Bowles and, perhaps, one of his brothers remained to guard the horses. John Bowles, his father, decided to station himself across the river, behind a hackberry tree. He had been there only a short time when the moon rose, and three Indians, lading a pony, came quietly walking down the trail. At the opportune time, Mr. Bowles discharged his shotgun. This alarmed the boys at the house; so they immediately started to his assistance. The sons then heard their father shoot his pistol six times. When the boys arrived their father was lifting a scalp from a savage. John Bowles remarked, "Hog my cats, if I haven't got one of them!" Mr. Bowles and his boys returned to the ranch headquarters, which were across the river, and word was sent to the adjoining settlements. Just after the break of day several citizens went over to see the dead Indian, and much to their surprise, the dead body of another lay only thirty steps away. The third horse thief was followed by the trail of his blood for approximately four miles. Sometime later a dead Indian was found about one mile farther. Mr. Bowles, no doubt, also killed this Indian.

Afterwards, he was exceedingly cautious for fear the Indians would attempt to retaliate.

On Oct. the 28th, 1859, Mr. Bowles heard the bell of one of his favorite horses, which he had placed in a field. The Indians had removed the rails, and let the animal out. The redskins afterwards removed the bell, and were no doubt making it rattle to decoy the pony's owner. When Mr. Bowles reached the place where the Indians were concealed, they shot him down.

True to their custom, the warriors now took a northwest course, for the purpose of leaving the settlement.

John Davenport, who lived about three miles east of the present town of Sabinal on the lower San Antonio-El Paso road, reached the home of Doke Bowles, son of John Bowles, about the break of day of the same morning Mr. Bowles was murdered. He was riding a pony and driving a yoke of oxen. During the preceding night a Mexican train also camped near the home of Doke Bowles. The Indians stole some of their horses. After stopping for a short time, Davenport started away. But he had only gone a few miles when he, too, was massacred by the Indians.

John Bowles and John Davenport were both scalped, stripped of their clothing, but true to Indian custom, one sock was left on one foot.

Runners soon broadcast the news of the death of these two valued citizens, and word was also sent to Lt. Hazen, at Fort Inge. During the morning of the 29th, twenty-nine citizens and thirteen soldiers, all under the command of Lt. Hazen rapidly rode on the Indian's trail. Doke Bowles, a son of John Bowles, Clade Davenport, a brother of John Davenport, Wm. Thomas, Frank Isbell, Nobe Griner, Arnold, Arnett, Everett Williams, Ben Pulliam, John T. Daugherty, John Kennedy, James McCormick, W. R. Russell, Jesse Lewis and James Robertson, numbered among the twenty-nine citizens. The finding of the bloody shoes confirmed the death of his father to Doke Bowles.

Bud B. Arnett was riding a race horse, called "Fuzzy Buck," and told Doke Bowles that in event the Indians were overtaken, he would gladly exchanged horses so Doke could better revenge the death of his father. The trail was followed to the head waters of the north Llano, and the Indians overtaken the 3rd of November. The order was given to advance and since a running fight followed with the Indians

in the lead, in a short time, citizens, soldiers, and pack mules were badly scattered. Only the foremost men were able to fire. Early in the fighting in a personal combat between the chief and Lt. Hazen, the officer was dangerously wounded. Shortly afterwards, in a similar combat between the chief and Everett, the latter was also shot severely and wounded. In both instances an Indian waved his pistol which he took from the body of John Davenport. Shortly afterwards, Thomas, in a close combat with this same chief, also received slight wounds, and again, the chief waved his pistol and rode away! This chief had already been fired upon no less than one hundred times, and he and his horse were bloody from head to foot. Yet he madly defied his white foes, and continued to wave his pistol. Doke Bowles riding "Fuzzy Buck," was always in the foremost of the fighting and no doubt, inflicted some of the wounds of the chieftain. As a result, the fleeing warriors plunged their horses over a cliff, almost perpendicular and about fourteen feet high. Some of the citizens thought it were too steep, but Doke Bowles replied that a whiteman could always follow Indians. So he plunged his horse over the bluff. Frank Isabell, Nobe Griner, and Williams followed, and these four continued to pursue the savages. Three miles farther, Bowles again overtook the warriors. Doke Bowles would empty his gun, wait for his companions, take their loaded weapons, and again charge the savages. Finally Williams also overtook the warriors, and he and Doke Bowles charged the enemy together. The bloody chief again charged the citizens. Doke Bowles now fired his last shot, and about the same time, counted no less than nine wounds in the chief's body. Williams now was wounded, the chief took the latter's horse and rode away, leaving his own horse standing on the ground, wounded in fourteen different places, and carrying the saddle, rope, and bride of Doke Bowles father. The running fight between the Texans and the Indians lasted for twenty miles, and the entire command now turned their attention to the wounded. James McCormick volunteered to go for medical aid at Fort Clark, which was eighty miles away. During his journey, he was chased by Indians, but in three days, he and the army surgeon reached the bedside of Lt. Hazen, and others.

While the citizens were running the savages, Doke Bowles saw an Indian throw something under a cedar tree, and thinking perhaps it was his father's scalp, picked it up when he returned. It proved to be an old-fashioned ridicule, which contained the scalps of four children,

paint, etc., and a large number of other Indian implements. They also recovered many stolen horses. The paint-horse Mr. Ira Wheat was riding, when killed was also recovered. The Texans recaptured Mr. Wheat's coat, and its holes indicated where the Indians inflicted the fatal wounds.

Ref.: The author personally interviewed E. L. Downs, Monroe Finley, J. C. Ware, James Robertson, Tom Brown and others, who were living in Uvalde and adjoining counties at the time. Further Ref.: Tex. Ind. Fighters, by A. J. Sowell; Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas; Vital Statistics of the U. S. for 1860; and a printed account of the above killing furnished by Capt. J. C. Ware.

John F. Bottorff (Butoff)

John F. Bottorff lived within one and one-half miles of Uncle Archie Modlin, on the Brazos River, about eight or ten miles west of Graham, and about six miles southeast of Newcastle; and numbered among the first settlers in that section. During the fall of 1859, he started to Weatherford to mill; and was driving three yoke of oxen. He usually went unarmed, although Wm. Marlin, his neighbor, often told him he would be killed by the Indians. On this occasion, Mr. Bottorff only had a very small six shooter. When Dillingham Prairie, in Jack County, was reached, he was surrounded and quickly massacred by savages. The Indians also cut off an ox-tail and took it away. Uncle Billy Kutch and his brother from a considerable distance, saw twenty or twenty-five Indians commit this dastardly deed, and scalp their victims. The local citizens let Mr. Bottorff remain in the wagon during the night and buried him the following day in a box made of scrap boards. He was buried near the edge of Dillingham's Prairie at a place now known as the Van Houser Graveyard. Uncle Billy Kutch, Ed Ribble, and about seven others, followed these Indians to the Little Wichita. They were unable to overtake them however, but found where the Indians had eaten the ox-tail.

Note: The author personally interviewed W. A. (Bill) Ribble, George, A. C. and L. L. Tackett, F. M. Peveler, John Marlin, Babe Williams, Henry Williams, Mann Johnson, Aaron Lasater, James Wood, Joseph Fowler, Bud Ham, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. Huse Bevers, and others who lived in this vicinity at this time; also interviewed Mrs. J. T. Bottorff of Denton. We spent several dollars and rode many miles to get Mr. Bottorff's correct name.

Little Henry Davis

John Morris Truelove, and about seven others, followed an Indian trail in 1859. Mr. Truelove's wife was dead, and he left his children at home alone. So he decided to leave the scouts and return to his residence. When within a mile or two of Mrs. McFarlan's home, he suddenly came upon a number of Indians killing a small boy. This child was the son of William Davis of Grayson County, Texas. The boy whose name was Henry, had been to the home of Mrs. McFarlan, to play with her children. Since his father instructed him to go to the home of William Tylor to feed some stock, about two o'clock in the evening, he obeyed his father's command, and was walking leisurely along the road, when he saw a band of Indians. During his excitement, little Henry ran down a step bank into a pond of water, but successful made his way out, only to be killed and scalped by the Indians as he ascended the opposite bank.

Just at this moment, when Mr. Truelove came riding along, he, too, was charged by the Indians, who tried to whip him from his horse with their bows. Mrs. McFarlan heard the screaming and came with her rifle. Her appearance was so sudden, the Indians became frightened and rapidly rode away. Little Henry Davis, brutally whipped and murdered by the barbarians far out on the frontier, was buried on the W. B. Savage farm, adjoining Denton Creek, seven miles south of Montague.

Note: The author personally interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris, and Joe Bryant of Montague, who were living in this vicinity about the time of this occurrence. Further Ref.: Hist. Of Montague Co., by Mrs. W. R. Potter.

Captain John Williams' Company Fight Indians Near Evant

During February of 1859, Lt. T. McMillan of Captain John William's company and about fourteen others were scouting for Indians to the west of the present town of Evant. Simultaneously Therman Ragsdall, was chased by Indians to the home of Mr. Asa Langford. Mr. Langford and J. W. Witcher in turn carried this news to the scouting rangers.

Lt. McMillan's horse had broken down, so he was riding a mule borrowed from Mr. John Riger.

"Don't" Elliot and Wilburn Damson were ordered to go first to Gillespie Point, and then to Henderson Point, to intercept the Indians, already being hotly pursued by Lt. McMillan and the main command. The officer and his mule were lost in the chase.

When the Indians were overtaken, the chief stopped to fight. But his warriors ran away. Bill Beene and Jim Fisk remained to fight the chief. Other rangers followed the fleeing savages. The chief was fired upon several times, but able to protect himself with a shield. About this moment, Lt. McMillan and his mule arrived. As he crossed a ravine, heavily grassed, his animal turned a complete somersault, and accidentally discharged McMillan's pistol; which resulted in killing the mule.

McMillan's position at this time was at right angles with the chief and the two rangers. This gave the lieutenant an opportunity to shoot behind the shield. As a consequence, he shot the chief twice. A squaw then appeared on the scene to assist the wounded warrior. But she soon sustained a broken arm and rode away. Later during the battle this squaw was shot from her horse. "Don't" Elliot and William Dawson were successful in turning the retreating warriors. But Dawson lost his horse and saddle. The Indians were chased about six miles farther.

They carried away four of their number, wounded or dead, and left behind the chief and squaw.

When the rangers returned to headquarters, Mrs. Captain John Williams discovered a human scalp and other articles hidden in the chief's shield. The scalp was given to John Jackson, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Mose Jackson, murdered by the Indians during the preceding year.

The following rangers were in this fight: "Don't" Elliot, Wilburn Dawson, Toll Dawson, Bill Beene, Jim Fisk, Harve Denson, and about seven others.

Note: The author personally interviewed B. F. Gholson, who was a ranger in Capt. John William's company.

The Tackett Fight

Pleasant Tackett, a Methodist minister, settled in Parker County in 1854. Two years later he moved his family to Young County, and numbered among the first settlers of that section. The Tackett home was located on the old Fort Belknap and Austin Road, about nine miles south of the post, near Fish Creek; so named for the Tacketts broke the ice and caught fish during the severe winter weather.

Later in the evening of February 13, 1860, one of Mr. Tackett's milk cows came home through the sleet and snow with an arrow sticking in her side. The fighting frontier parson instructed his sons to be in readiness, for it was his intention to chastise the invading enemy.

Early the next morning, Parson Tackett, and his sons, James, L. L. and Geo. W., backtracked the cows about three-fourths of a mile, to where they found moccasin tracks and saw blankets hanging on the east end of Tackett Mountain. Mr. Tackett thought it unwise to make an open attack, but decided to advance upon the Indians from the north. The Fighting Parson and his sons turned their direction northward and were driving cows when they struck a ravine running east and west. The cattle refused to follow the main trail. They crossed the branch at a point below. This was ample warning to these early Westerners.

Almost instantly several Indians charged like wild demons. These Indians were under the leadership of old Piny Chummy, who only a few months before lived on the Comanche Reservation, near old Camp Cooper. Mr. Tackett and his sons knew him well, and no doubt, Piny Chummy recognized the Tacketts. Only one Indian fought with a gun. The others used bows and arrows. When Mr. Tackett and his sons fired, they shot the gun from the warriors hands, and the same bullet penetrated his arm and passed on into his body. The gun fired, but the warrior reached down with his other arm and picked it up, only in time to fall oblong on the frozen ground. The Tacketts now made an attempt to fight from behind trees, which stood to east of the Indians and to the east of the old Fort Belknap and Austin road. George and L. L. Tackett were the first to charge for this timber, and in their exciting rush across the icy ground each fell. The Indians

thought they had been shot down, so they made a wild rush for their scalps. But the most intense fighting now followed. The two Tackett brothers were instantly on their feet, but one Indian warrior was only about two yards away. The Indians now realized they no longer needed their scalping butcher knives, but needed other instruments instead. George Tackett had sold his six shooter during the preceding day, so he instructed his brother Jim to shoot the nearest Indian, About this time L. L. Tackett filled this warrior full of buck-shot. The Indians were entirely too close to suit their own pleasure. But knew it would be unwise to break and run. So they decided to dance backward in a zigzag way to protect their own retreat.

But while these Indians were pressing L. L. and Geo. Tackett, the other Tacketts were losing no time in their efforts to fill them full of lead. Old Piny Chummy charged Parson Tackett himself, and the old chief received a mortal wound from the discharge of the parson's gun.

When the Indians zigzagged backward about thirty or forty yards, Jim Tackett, wounded above the right eye, requested a brother to place a cap on the former's gun. Sighting with his other eye, Jim shot down a warrior about sixty yards away. Jim Tackett used an old brass mounted Youger, which shot a half-ounce ball. After the report of his gun, the blood was seen to spurt from the Indian's back. Four of the red rascals now lay dead on the ground, and the others made their retreat from the presence of Parson Tackett and his sons.

Mr. Tackett left instructions that the horses be kept in the pens that morning but it seems one pony escaped and was grazing in the valley only a short distance from the fighting. An attempt was made to drive this pony home, but not unlike the cows, he refused to cross the creek at a certain point, and preferred to move westward and cross at the main crossing. It was later discovered that two Indians were hiding in the trail.

Mr. Tackett and his sons could hear the Indians crying over their dead during the remainder of the day. February 15th, George and L. L. Tackett went to the home of neighbors for assistance, and to report the results of their engagement. Archie B. Medlin, Jim George, T. George, L. Williams, and John Anderson joined the Tackett brothers

and they all went back to the scene of fighting. A white flag was found flying from the top of a tree on Tackett Mountain; and under it were as well as blankets and other implements. A few days later, soaring vultures disclosed the graves of four warriors killed in this fight.

During the early part of the battle, Parson Tackett received a spike in his foot, which he carried for several days and until removed by his son, L. L. Tackett with a pair of bullet molds, commonly used for that purpose on the frontier. Jim Tackett carried a spike above his eye for four months and nine days. It was then removed by Dr. Hill of Springtown.

Ref: The author interviewed Geo. and L. L. Tackett, who were in the fight; also interviewed A. C. Tackett, a son of Pleasant Tackett, who was at home when the fight occurred; and others living in Young and adjoining counties at the time.

John Cravens and Nath Darnell established an old ox-treadmill in the western part of Palo Pinto in 1858 or 1859, and it was from this old structure that Mill Branch derived its name.

John Cravens owned a sandy bearded negro called Wesley, who often looked after the mill. Early one Sunday morning in 1860, this darky rode out on Lynn Prairie for the purpose of finding the oxen. There was little timber on this prairie at that time. The negro had not gone far when he met Mrs. Wm. Cain, a daughter of Geo. Hazelwood, and her brother John. They were on their way to Palo Pinto, to stay with Mrs. Cal Hazelwood, while her husband was away. When Wesley reached Little Elm, which bounds the prairie on the southwest, he was suddenly attacked by six or seven Indians. The negro took a northeasterly course in an attempt to reach the home of Uncle Johnny Lynn then located just north of the present highway. But when the darky reached a point about one half mile south of the Lynn home, where two small tanks are at present located, near some hackberry bushes, and a little more than one mile southwest of Palo Pinto, Wesley fell dead from his horse, with several arrows sticking in his back. The exciting chase was seen from the home of Uncle Johnny Lynn.

The negro was buried near the Upper Graveyard, and the first of seven murdered by the Indians, to be buried at Palo Pinto.

Note: Before writing this article, the author personally interviewed and heard the following people relate this story; H. G. Taylor, who extracted some of the arrows from the negro's back. E. K. Taylor, his brother, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. Huse Bevers, Mrs. M. J. Hart, Jodie Corbin, J. C. Jowell, Mrs. Wm. Metcald, M. F. Barber, Mrs. Matilda Van Cleve, Mrs. Julia Cott, Calvin Hazelwood, Mrs. Wm. Cain, a daughter of George Hazelwood, A. M. Lasater, W. D. Reynolds, whose death occurred today, T. C. Powers, Mrs. J. C. Smith, a daughter of Wesley Nelson, and others. To be sure H. G. Taylor and Calvin Hazelwood were not living when the author began to take notes for the present work, but he heard each of them several times relate this incident.

WestThe Massacre of Mrs. Lucinda Wood and Liddie Lemley and the capture of Hulda and Nancy Lemley

John Lemley and family numbered among the first settlers of Jack County, and reached there late in 1854. Later they moved to Palo Pinto County and located on the Brazos, north of Palo Pinto, and lived close to Rev. Geo. W. Slaughter, and others. Early in 1860, Mr. Lemley moved his family to Erath County, and located near the present town of Lingerville. William Wood, also moved into the same community.

During February 1860, these two early frontiersmen were building homes about a mile apart, and had gone to the Leon River for building timber. Mrs. Lucinda Wood, aged sixteen, and wife of Wm. Wood, was staying with Mrs. Lemley. She was a daughter of Wm. Roberts. Mrs. John Lemley and baby, John, Jr. had gone to the home of Mrs. Matt Tucker, a short distance away to spend the evening. Later during the same afternoon (Dallie, as she was sometimes known), a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lemley, and about ten or twelve years of age, also went over to the home of Mrs. Tucker. Mrs. Lucinda Wood, Liddie Lemley, whose exact age is not known, Hulda Lemley, then nineteen years of age, and Nancy, whose age is also unknown, were at the house alone.

Indians, screaming most hideously, came charging toward the house. The girls were so greatly frightened some of them ran out into the yard. Each of the four were then captured and carried about two miles, to point very near the present town of Lingerville. Here at least some of the girls were brutally assaulted by these barbarians. Afterwards, and just before dark, Mrs. Wood and Liddie Lemley, were released. When they started away, these unfortunate young ladies were lanced with spears and shot in the back with arrows. They, of course did not live to relate the tragedy. Hulda and Nancy were then placed on horses and carried in a southwesterly direction. The Indians took these two innocent pioneer daughters to a place about three miles southwest of Stephenville, where J. P. Skyler's water tank is now located. Here, early the next morning, after being in the clutches of bloodthirsty savages all night, they were released with little or no clothing to protect their bodies. These girls also fully

expected to be spread and shot by the Indians when they started away. But fortunately the Indians no longer molested them.

Aunt Hulda stated, however, that the Indians did not say, "Stephenville go." On the contrary Mrs. Reasoner stated the Indians pointed toward the Lemley home.

The two girls followed wagon tracks and made their first appearance at the residence of Will Roberts, who lived about one mile from Stephenville.

The pioneer mothers of this frontier-log-cabin-village hurriedly made them sufficient clothing.

When the author personally interviewed Aunt Hulda (Lemley) Reasoner in 1926, he was informed that only on few occasions had she ever discussed this catastrophe, even with her own people. In fact, the middle-aged daughter of Mrs. Reasoner stated that the story, the latter related to the author, was the most complete and contained details her mother had ever before made in her presence.

Mrs. Lucinda Wood, who had an abundance of light golden hair, was scalped, but Liddie Lemley's thin head of hair remained unharmed. The two were buried in the West End Cemetery, Near the present city of Stephenville. After this tragedy, Mr. John Lemley moved his family back to Palo Pinto County.

Ref.: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Aunt Hulda (Lemley) Reasoner herself, who was one of the daughters captured; Ike Roberts, who followed the Indians after the girls were released; Jim Woods, a nephew of Wm. Wood, W. C. McGough, Mrs. H. W. Carter, who was at the funeral of Mrs. Wood and Liddie Lemley; C. E. Ferguson, Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, J. C. Jowell, E. K. Taylor, Mrs. Mary J. Taylor, Mrs. Jane Bevers, Mrs. M. J. Hart, A. M. Lasater, B. L Ham, Joe Fowler, and many others who were living in Erath, Palo Pinto, and adjoining counties at the time.

The Monroe Brothers

These two brothers were camped and improving a place on Spring Creek, about eight miles due west of Meridian in Bosque County. The next morning after the preceding tragedy, the Monroe boys were making rails about four hundred yards from their camp when charged by Indians. They jumped on their ponies and, no doubt, intended to run, but one of them was soon killed. The remaining brother reached his camp, but died shortly afterwards.

Ref.: The author interviewed Koss Barry, who lived about seven miles from the Monroe boys when killed, and who also referred to his father's old diary, which contained notes concerning this massacre.

Further Ref.: Jacob Olson; the Vital Statistics of the U. S. 860, and Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas.

James Knight

During the same day, and at some time in the evening, the Indians charged and killed James Knight. He was working for John Pancake and Wm. Babb, who lived on Neil's Creek, about four miles south of Cranfill Gap. This young man when killed was cutting timber for building purposes, about one half mile west of the Pancake home in Hamilton County. He was scalped.

Ref.: Before writing this article, the author personally conferred with Mrs. L. M. Blackwell, J. M. Robertson, and others, who were living in that section at the time; Col. Buck Barry's diary; the Vital Statistics of the U. S. Census for 1860. The author interviewed George White, son of the Rev. John S. White; George Crawford, Dan Hollond, and others who were living in this section of the state at the time. Also conferred with Mrs. L. M. Blackwell, who personally saw the Indians chasing the preachers. Vital Statistics of the U. S. Census for 1860.

During the following day, after the killing of James Knight, and the second day after the massacre of Lucinda Wood and Liddie Lemley, the Indians charged Jesse J. Griffith and John S. White, two primitive Baptist preachers, who lived about six miles east of Hamilton. They were on their way to the home of Col. William Miller who lived about one mile north of the present Coryell City. When these preachers reached a place about four or five miles west of the present town of Turnerville, they saw about eighty head of horses, and stopped to count them. It was then about three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

Neither Griffith, nor White was armed. But each of them had previously been admonished many times that they should carry weapons of war for protection. But each time such suggestions were made, they held up their Bibles.

While they were counting these horses, seven or eight Indians came charging toward them. One of the number was redheaded; so again we find the appearance of a redheaded man. The preachers were dressed in a truly frontier fashion. And soon the race for life started with the preachers in the lead. Their long frock tailed coats were flying in the wind and presented a pathetic, yet impressive scene. When they reached a point about two miles west of Turnerville, the Indians overtook the primitive preachers and instructed White to dismount. He refused and was shot in the back. The redskins then turned to Griffith and wounded him several times. And although severely wounded, the two preachers were finally able to get together and reach the timber on the headwaters of the Middle Bosque. Mr. White went to the home of Green Buchanan for assistance. Parson White recovered but carried a portion of a spike until he died. Mr. Griffith lived nine days and then died from the effects of his wounds.

The author interviewed George White, son of the Rev. John S. White; George Crawford, Dan Holland, and others who were living in this section of the state at the time. Also conferred with Mrs. L. M. Blackwell, who personally saw the Indians chasing the preachers. Vital Statistics of the U. S. Census for 1860.

Benjamin Van Hook and Mosiac Scaggs

During February 1860, Mosiac Scaggs and his family consisted of a wife and eight or nine children. They lived on the North Gabriel in Burnet County about twelve miles south of Lampasas. Benjamin Van Hook lived farther east in the same county or over in Williamson County.

About ten o'clock in the morning, Benjamin Van Hook was alone and herding horses on the headwaters of the North Gabriel about three miles east of the present town of Lake Victor. He was suddenly charged and murdered by Indians. The warriors then went four or five miles to the southwest where they charged Mosiac Scaggs, also out alone and hunting stock. The Indians chased him for several miles. It is generally supposed he hit his leg during his race for life against a cedar tree with sufficient force to break it. This, no doubt, enable the Indians to overtake him. He was then murdered. The warriors then made a rapid retreat toward the northwest.

Note: The author personally interviewed Mrs. M. L. Baker, who heard the shots; John Nichols, M. J. Bolt and several others who were living in Burnet, Lampasas and adjoining counties at the time.

Further Ref.: Vital Statistics of the U. S. Census for 1869.

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W. D. C. (Boaz) Wood

During February of 1860, Henry and W. D. C. Wood were a short distance from their homes hunting horses. They lived about five miles east of the present town of Richland Spring. They became separated. W. D. C. Wood was charged by Indians and soon received a mortal wound. Henry Wood successfully made his escape.

T. J. Milligan

T. J. Milligan, who had been sheriff of Mason County, lived on Comanche Creek about one and a half miles north and west of Mason on the Camp Colorado and San Antonio Road, and had charge of a local stage stand. Late in the afternoon and during February of 1860, he went only a short distance from his home to drive in the mules. Soon, Indians surrounded him. He fired several shots but finally received a mortal wound. Mr. Milligan lay in the cow lot all night. Mrs. Milligan barred her door and used every precaution to prevent the Indians from massacring the family.

Note: The author personally interviewed J. F. Milligan and wife, a son and daughter-in-law of the deceased.

The authorities differ slightly concerning the date of this difficulty. Several interviewed stated that Gid Foreman was killed the same afternoon, and only a short time before the Indians killed Jowell Baggett and wounded Bettie, his sister. But one or two others were of the opinion his death occurred the day previously. But the preponderance of evidence and physical facts indicate that the same Indians murdered both within a short time of each other.

March 3, 1860, Gid Foreman lived on the Leon in Comanche County about four or five miles northeast of old Cora. He was returning home from Cora accompanied by Dave Merchant and Calvin Lester. Just before they reached the home of Mr. Foreman, the road divided. Gid Foreman took the left road to his residence and the others followed the road to the right.

When Foreman had only gone about three hundred yards from Calvin Lester and Dave Merchant and was within sight of his own home, he was charged by Indians. Calvin Lester and Dave Merchant heard him hollowing. Foreman made an attempt to run to some nearby timber but was soon killed with arrows. Gid Foreman usually was well armed but only a few days before sold both of his pistols.

Note: The author personally interviewed Dave and Dick Cunningham, D. T. (Pat) Lester and others; also corresponded with A. I. Kuykendall, who married Bettie Baggett, mentioned in the succeeding section.

Further Ref.: Early Days in Central Texas, by F. M. Cross; Indian Fights on the Texas Frontier, by E. L. Deaton.

Jowell and Bettie Baggett

About one hour after the Indians murdered Gid Foreman, they suddenly appeared at the home of John Baggett, who lived about nine miles nearly north of Cora. Mr. Baggett had gone to the latter place for supplies. Mrs. Baggett had been preparing supper but was temporarily resting on the bed. Jowell and Bettie were playing in a live oak thicket just below the cow pens. Sarah, then fourteen years of age, and some of the other children were also out playing. Sarah told Jowell to open the gate. She thought her father was coming with a large herd of horses. But one second later she realized her mistake and exclaimed, "Joe, it is Indians."

Sarah came running into the yard and three of her smaller brothers and sisters ran through a crack in the fence. They subsequently hid under the bed in the house. Mrs. Baggett asked about Jowell and Bettie and Sarah replied, "Ma, they are in the thicket below the cow pen and the Indians will kill them."

Mrs. Baggett then stood in a chair and looked over the top of the door and could see an Indian bridling the horse. This warrior strung his bow and then went behind the thicket and about the same time she heard Jowell scream. A second or two later Mrs. Baggett saw an Indian throw Bettie from the thicket and one of the blood thirsty warriors ran up to her with an arrow and began to stick it into her side. He then pulled this weapon out and threw it away. The savages then rode about one hundred yards, no doubt, for the purpose of decoying the occupants out of the house. Had they been able to ascertain that Mrs. Baggett and her children were alone and no men present, no doubt, the red men would have murdered most of them and carried the others into captivity. But Mrs. Baggett was too shrewd for them, aware of their intrigues and refused to open the door.

About the same time she saw Bettie get up from the ground and start for the house. But Jowell could not be seen nor heard. Shortly afterwards, Bettie, who had been stripped of her clothing and stabbed seven times with arrows called, "Mother, open the door and let me in." Mrs. Baggett instructed Bettie to go to the back part of the house. Little Bettie, wounded as she was, obeyed her mother's command.

Mrs. Baggett also prepared two guns for any emergency. Bettie informed her mother that the Indians had killed little Jowell.

Soon the savages disappeared, and in a short time, the cattle and hogs were coming home. So Mrs. Baggett thought it unsafe to leave the little son lying on the ground. Spurred on my mother love, she risked her own live to recover the corpse. When found, the poor little fellow was stripped of his clothing and scalped. But the Indians, true to their tradition, left a shoe and sock on the left foot.

This tragedy was unknown to the husband and father until he and his brother returned home about ten o'clock that night. Early the next morning, Jowell Baggett, Sr., brother of John Baggett, conveyed the news to the citizens of Cora, and about twelve o'clock, approximately twenty rangers and citizens were on the Indians' trail. When the warriors had a few hours start, however, it was almost impossible to overtake them. Bettie Baggett got well and afterwards married A. I. Kuykendall, who kindly contributed a part of the information of this and the preceding section.

William Cross

During the March raids of 1860, the same Indians that killed Gid Foreman, or a different band, stole a large number of fine horses from Henry Mansker in Eastland County. Consequently, Mr. Mansker, his son, Tom, and Wm. Cross followed the Indian's trail, which led into Erath County. The three frontiersmen overtook about fifteen Indians at Moccasin Rock on Armstrong Creek. This was on the old Desdemonia and Lingerville road, about six miles west of Lingerville. During the fighting, Cross was killed. Mr. Mansker and his son escaped by jumping over a twenty foot bluff. Henry Mansker lost many horses.

Ref.: The author personally interviewed Mrs. Sarah Jane Keith and W. C. McGough, who lived near Mr. Mansker at the time.

Further Ref.: Regulators and Moderators, by John W. Middleton.

William Jenkins

During the March raids of 1860, the Indians stole horses of Wm. Jenkins, who ranched in Mills County, about one and half miles east of Center City. Early the next morning, Mr. Jenkins and John Willis trailed the Indians eight miles to the northeast, and found them in camp on the top of a mountain. The horses, however, were not in sight. There were five Indians in this camp. John Willis had broken his gun. But Jenkins soon killed one of the warriors, and wounded another. He picked up a gun lying in the Indian camp and shot a third Indian. The other two then ran away. After recovering one of Mr. Jenkin's horses, and some trophies of war, the two citizens started toward the east. But they had gone only about two hundred yards, when Jenkins and Wellis met a large band of Indians. A running fight followed with the two whites in the lead. The citizens only fired when it became necessary to hold back the enemy. The Indians finally turned and rode away. Shortly afterwards, however, Wm. Jenkins discovered he had been seriously wounded. He died two days later. The first fight happened in a post oak grove on the mountain about two and a half miles northeast of the present town of Star.

Ref.: B. F. Gholson, of Evant, Vital Statistics of the U. S. Census for 1860.

Wolf was an employee of Hoffman, who ranched at the mouth of the Little Seco in Medina County. One morning during March of 1860 while cow-hunting on the Sabinal River, about eight miles north of the present city of Sabinal, they were charged by approximately eight Indians, and both killed.

Seco Smith and others followed the Indian trail, and soon found a murdered Mexican previously employed by Ross Kennedy. The trail then led to the Sabinal River. Here an Indian warrior painted for war, hung from a live oak tree. On the ground lay his bow and arrows, shield, rope, etc. The tree disclosed that a fierce fight had been fought. About two hundred yards away, some one discovered two objects lying on the ground. It was the bodies of Alexander Hoffman, age thirty-eight, and Sebascon Wolf, age twenty. The Texans continued to follow the Indian trail, for about ten miles farther. Here they met a group of citizens from Uvalde County, who stated they had already given the Indians a surprise while butchering beef. The Indians scattered like a covey of quail. The citizens of Uvalde recovered their stolen horses.

The Indians were often known to do freakish things, and the hanging of this warrior to the tree by his neck, was certainly one of them.

The Vital Statistics disclose that Vincent Rilhanz and Nichol Ingman were also murdered by Indians in Medina County during the same month.

Ref.: J. C. Ware, who was living on the Sabinal at the time.

James H. Swindells, April 24, 1858, received a contract to carry the mail from Stephenville to a little place known as Birmingham on Palo Pinto Creek about one and a half miles north of the present town of Gordon; then to Palo Pinto, and Jacksboro, and back, once a week. This contract expired January 6, 1861. During 1860, J. H. Swindells employed Nick Lee to carry his mail.

One fine spring morning in April, 1860, he had gone about fourteen miles north of Stephenville and was near the present village of Exray, when shot in the back and killed by Indians. Nick was riding a mule. Since he usually reached Birmingham for dinner, W. H. Daves, the postmaster, could not understand why the mail carrier failed to arrive.

Note: Before writing this article, the author personally interviewed M. T. Gellantine, a second or third cousin to Nick Lee; Mrs. A. Wolf, a daughter of W. H. Daves; and Ike Roberts; C. E. Ferguson; Henry Blue, and others who were living in Erath and Palo Pinto County at the time.

Further Ref: Census and Post Office Records in Washington and Austin.

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James Hamby

James Hamby, a boy fifteen years of age, numbered among the first settlers of Young county. Prior to his death he had worked for a Mr. Lamshead, who lived near the Comanche Reservation, about four miles northwest of old Fort Griffin. Young Hamby was murdered by Indians during April of 1860, on the head waters of Elm in Throckmorton County.

Ref: The Census records for that same year; Mrs. Stanley and others who were living in Young County at the time.

Conrad Newhous and Martinas

Conrad Newhous numbered among the early merchants of Old Fort Belknap. May 10th, 1860, he and a Mexican employee named Martinas, were on the Newhous ranch about ten or twelve miles northwest of Fort Belknap. Parker Johnson and William Newhous were also at the ranch. Conrad Newhous, searching for stock, crossed the creek only about a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the house. His horse, which he was riding bareback, made a sudden jump, because he could smell Indians who were hidden nearby. Newhous, fell to the ground, began hollering for help, and his horse ran on to the house. Parker Johnson and Will Newhous came running to meet Conrad. The Indians ran away; but the redskins had already mortally wounded the dismounted rider with arrows and spears. Newhous died during the following night. The Mexican, Martinas, who became separated from his employer, was also killed. Mr. Newhous was buried at Fort Belknap. Almost invariably he carried two six-shooters, but on this particular occasion, happened to be out a short distance from the house unarmed.

Ref: The Newhous family Bible; Mrs. J. L. Price; a niece of Conrad Newhous; and F. M. Peveler, who helped to bury Mr. Newhous; also U. S. Vital Statistics for 1869.

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Jonas Dancer

Jonas Dancer, a frontier preacher, numbered among the first settlers of Llano County. During May of 1860, some of the local citizens agreed to meet at a certain point for the purpose of blazing the ground to build a new church. Parson Dancer, traveling alone, left his home early but was massacred by Indians before reaching his destination.

Note: The author personally interviewed Ike Maxwell, who lived in Llano County at the time. Also interviewed others.

Josephus and Frank Browning

The Browning Ranch on Hubbard Creek, not a great distance from its mouth, was a well known place during the pioneer days. This ranch was near the present town of Crystal Falls, in Stephens County. During the middle of June 1860, Josephus and Frank Browning, sons of William Browning, were out riding the range in search of cattle. When the noon hour arrived, these boys were below the mouth of Hubbard's creek and about one mile from the Clear Fork, in a mesquite and live oak flat. Since it was extremely hot weather, they decided to stop under the shade of a tree and let their horses graze. A short time later, they heard Indians coming. So the Browning boys hurriedly cut the hobbles from their ponies and started away. Since Josephus had more difficulty with his horse, he was soon overtaken by Indians and killed. Frank being badly wounded, fell from his saddle when he crossed Hubbard's Creek. Frank's pony, with two arrows sticking in his body, ran to the ranch. Wm. Browning instantly knew Indians had attacked his sons. So he, in company with others, took the back trail of the pony. When Frank was found at a crossing of Hubbard's Creek about one and a half miles east of the present town of Crystal Falls, was still conscious and able to relate the story to this father. Frank stated, "I stayed with Joe until he was killed, then I ran away from the Indians." He also told his father the feathered warriors attempted to grab his bridle reins. But when he shot two or three of their number, the Indians fell back. William Browning then sent to the ranch for a wagon, and after Frank was carried home, the relief party brought in the body of Josephus. Frank was wounded about seventeen different times and at least two or three arrows passed completely through his body. But under the care and treatment of a doctor summoned from Fort Belknap, he recovered. His death, however, about twenty years later, largely attributed to the old wounds.

The living witnesses interviewed by the author slightly differ concerning what the boys were doing at the moment the Indians charged. But we sincerely believe this one of the most accurate accounts of this Indian killing that has ever been written.

Before writing this story, the author went to Oklahoma to personally interview J. S. Schoolcraft, whose sister married Frank Browning; also went to San Antonio to interview Walker Baylor, who saw the corpse of Josephus Browning and whose brought back nine of the scalps of the particular Indians who murdered Josephus. Also interviewed J. R. Browning, a cousin, F. M. Peveler, J. V. Mathews, James Clark, and others who were living in Stephens and adjoining counties, when Josephus Browning was killed.

The Famous Paint Creek Fight

After the Indians made the preceding raid, the local citizens elected John R. Baylor as their leader. Mr. Baylor suggested that it would be inadvisable to attempt to immediately pursue the Indians. For in such cases, the red men expected to be followed, and to protect their retreat, posted spies on adjoining hills and mountains.

The local citizens set to work molding bullets and preparing for an extended invasion into the Indian country. It was, also agreed, the pursuing party rendezvous at the ranch of John Dawson.

About three days later, John R. Baylor, George W. Baylor, Elias Hale, M. Wright, Tom Stocton, and John Dawson started out for an unknown destination in search of the hostile savages. This was one of the most dangerous, yet one of the most successful raids ever made by such a small band of citizens.

The first day the old Indian trail was followed to a point a few miles above old Camp Cooper, where the citizens camped on the Clear Fork for the night. The following morning they discovered the retreating Indians, also camped very near this same place, and that the warriors sent their scouts on an adjacent high point of land. During the second day while the citizens were searching for the trail, George W. Baylor found the scalp of Josephus Browning, which had been accidentally lost by the Indians. This scalp was returned and buried in the lonely grave with young Browning's body. The half dozen brave Texans pursued their journey and followed the trail into hostile territory.

As usual, those interviewed slightly differ concerning the details of the famous Paint Creek Fight. On one occasion, however, Col. Charles Goodnight, John Dawson, and Congressman Hatton Semners, became intensely engaged in a conversation. This conversation was printed in the *Farm & Ranch*, October 14, 1911, and ably presented by Hon. Hatton Semners. Excerpts of this story are given as follows:

"Col. Charles Goodnight said to Mrs. Dawson, "John tell Semners about the fight when you got the arrow wound in your

hand there, pointing to the scar. 'All right, Charlie' said Mr. Dawson. And thus began the story. 'John R. Baylor George, W. Baylor, Elias Hale, Tom Stocton, M. Wright, and myself followed their trail and overtook them about one hundred and twenty-five miles away, killing one of them and the others escaping. 'After the fight we started home and the next morning met another band of seven Indians.

"After running them to Paint Creek above old Camp Cooper, we overtook them and in the fight, which followed, killed six of them. Continued our journey toward home on the evening of the same day about an hour before sundown, we met a band of six Indians driving some stolen horses; we saw them face to face. The place is known as Baylor's Creek. When the Indians saw us they set up a yell. We yelled back and the fight begun. Four of the Indians were shot down, but only one of them was badly wounded in the back and could not get up.

"One Indian and a boy about seventeen years old started to escape on a horse. When they had gone some distance, the boy looked back and saw the wounded Indian on the ground struggling to rise. He jumped down from behind the wounded Indian on the horse and came back to the one on the ground. He tried to lift him up, but he could not stand; when the boy saw he could do nothing for the wounded Indian, he gave a most distressing cry and started toward us and shooting as he came. It was clear that he had determined to avenge the death of his comrade by killing some of us, or die in the attempt.

"He was coming straight to me. I shot him with a rifle. Tom Stocton and Elias Hale were shooting at him with six-shooters. The boy had on a loose shirt and the pistol bullets went through, but they could not stop him. The men who were shooting at him with their pistols were kneeling down. The Indian was coming straight for me. He got so close to me that Stocton and Hale got back and I started to mount my horse and met me face to face about ten steps away. We both started to shoot at almost the same time. I with my pistol, and he with his bow. He was a little quicker than I was, and his arrow went into my right hand, and as I was aiming at him, he shot into the stock of my pistol disabling

it and making me helpless. Just as he was getting another arrow with which he would, no doubt, have killed me, Geo. Baylor shot him with a shotgun and he fell from his one rifle hole and nine pistol wounds, besides the one made by the shotgun. There were no wounds in his arms or legs. The shirt was as bloody as if it had been dipped in blood."

Others may have had a nobler purpose, used better judgment, or been inspired by a higher patriotism. But no example of any man's courage in all the annals of man's history, excels that of this lone Indian boy with his bow and arrow engaged in a mortal combat with six white men armed with guns.

The dead body of the wounded Indian who escaped on his horse, was afterwards found and his shield became the property of Mr. Dawson. In a receptacle of the shield was found the scalp of a woman, with long golden hair. This scalp may have belonged to Mrs. Lucinda Wood, who was massacred by the Indians only four months before.

Most of this fighting occurred in the present Haskell County; and, no doubt, some of these various scattered bands were returning from the settlement where they had been making one of their forays.

In addition to a large number of captured Indian implements and stolen horses, John R. Baylor and his five associates brought back nine Indian scalps, as evidence of their successful fighting. Shortly after they returned, another scout left old Camp Cooper and went into Haskell County. The bodies of four additional Indians, which had been murdered by Col. Baylor and his men, were found. So these six lone Texans during this expedition killed no less than thirteen warriors, recovered a large number of Indian implements. The scalp of Josephus Browning and some frontier lady's scalp, and also recovered a large number of horses, which had been stolen in Palo Pinto County and elsewhere.

Celebrations and barbecues were held at Crystal Falls, Palo Pinto, Weatherford, and elsewhere, and in several instances, the frontier citizens danced around these Indian scalps.

General Robert E. Lee and His Soldiers' Experience with Indians on the Seco

During 1860, while General Robert E. Lee was in command of the Department of Texas, his able officer in command of a division of the Second Cavalry, started from San Antonio to Brownsville, for the purpose of putting a stop to the invasions of Cortina. When General Lee reached a point on the Seco, a messenger reported Indians were raiding and robbing the settlements only a short distance ahead. Shortly afterwards, the soldiers made a surprise attack on the savages, who were about to rob a house then occupied by women, whose husbands were away. When General Robert E. Lee and his men appeared, the Indians scattered like a covey of quail, and made a dash for the northern mountains, from which the beautiful streams of that section flow. For several miles the blood thirsty savages were pursued; but they finally escaped in the rough country. Some of their number, however, were wounded.

Ref.: John Henry Brown's Indian War and Pioneers of Texas.

Massacre of Members of the Lewis Family

Two brothers named Lewis, one whose whiskers were red and the other black, together with the latter's family, stopped at Ham's stage stand, fourteen miles from Jacksboro. The wife of the black whiskered brother was a Mexican, and the party had just arrived from some point in the west. The Lewis family then located on a survey about twelve or fourteen miles northeast of Jacksboro.

It became necessary for the black whiskered brother to go to the above place, so he left the other in charge of his family.

Before he went away, the former was told by his brother that if he found his family massacred by Indians, when he returned, he would find him also. The Indians really came and the occupants of the house barred the door. The warriors fired the building, and as the red whiskered Lewis, and the wife of his brother, together with her children, were forced to flee, each was shot down by the savages. Only one child successfully made its escape. The other children were either killed or carried into captivity. Moses Damron lived only a short distance away, and could hear the screams of the Indians and the citizens. The following morning, when he walked over toward the home of the Lewis family in search of his horse, he discovered what had happened. Only the chimney of the house remained to relate the story. The child that was saved was perhaps in Jacksboro with his father. After this tragedy, the two moved to parts unknown.

Author interviewed Joseph Fowler, James Wood, B. L. Ham, A. M. Lasater, and others who lived in Jack County at this time.

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John Wood and Henry Mills

Henry Mills, a married man, and John Wood who lived on the Paluxi, about sixteen or eighteen miles east of Stephenville, were out hunting hogs on the Sycamore, about eight miles west of their residence, and were carrying a sack of corn. Both were murdered and scalped by the Indians. When they failed to return, searching parties were sent out and found them the succeeding day. Circumstantial evidence seemed to indicate that John Wood had emptied his gun, but Henry Mills was unarmed.

Mrs. Pate and one or two of her children rode through this same section about the time the two were killed.

Ref.: Kye Danley and Mrs. Pate, who then lived in that section.

Captain J. J. Cureton's Wolf Creek Fight

During 1860, the citizens of Palo Pinto and adjoining counties met and organized a local company to combat the hostile Comanches and other raiding tribes. The name of J. J. Cureton and George Greer were each placed in nomination for Captain, and the former elected.

Shortly afterwards, Captain Cureton in command of forty-one men, determined to carry the war into the Indians' own territory, and started out in search of savage villages. After being out for several days, when the weather was extremely cold and water scarce, provisions became exhausted. Captain Cureton and his men then decided to take a southern course and strike the Colorado, somewhere in the vicinity of Old Fort Chadbourne, and the Butterfield Stage Route to California. "Captain Jack's" men almost became mutinous. They divided into two sections, one followed Captain Jack Cureton and the other, Geo. Greer. Capt. Cureton and his men passed the Double Mountains of Stonewall County, and made a two days' journey almost due south.

For the first time, after being out approximately thirty days, Indian signs were discovered. Shortly afterwards, the scouts reported black objects in the distance. Capt. Cureton ordered his men to advance, and a little later they surprised several Indians killing prairie dogs in a small valley near Wolf Creek, and at a place, no doubt, in the present county of Nolan. The creek at this point ran almost due north and south. When charged the Comanches scattered and ran for the timber along the stream. Several of their number received mortal wounds. Wiley Peters and Tom Stockton shot at the same Indian. He was wounded, and retreated into a nearby thicket. This Indian was then surrounded by Capt. Jack Cureton, Wiley Peters, Tom Stockton, James Lane, Bud Strong, John Lasater, and perhaps one or two others. Captain Cureton cautioned his men to be careful. But brave James Lane persisted in going too close and received an arrow in his side. This arrow penetrated his intestines and lodged against his spine. The rangers were now one day's march north of old Fort Chadbourne. So they decided to take the wounded man to this post. The entire command remained at Fort Chadbourne two days to recuperate. They then followed the old Butter field Stage Route

toward the settlements. But James Lane's wound was so serious he could not be moved. As a consequence, the officers at Fort Chadbourne requested Capt. Cureton to appoint two of his men to stay with their wounded comrade. Whereupon Wiley Peters and one other were appointed for this purpose. The second man, however stated he could not stay, so Wiley Peters was then requested to select a man to stay with him. This Wiley refused to do, but in lieu thereof, called for a volunteer and Wm. McGlothen responded. James Lane lived nine days after he was wounded, then he died. He was buried north of the old Government hospital at Fort Chadbourne. Wiley Peters and Wm. McGlothen were at his funeral.

The Captain then issued necessary provisions to the two citizens to last until they reached the settlements. Peters and McGlothen were advised to follow the old Butterfield route to Mountain Pass, twenty-six miles to the East, and to Phantom Hill about thirty miles farther on. Each of these places at the time were old stage stands on the Butterfield route. Peters and McGlothen reached the settlement the next day after passing Fort Phantom Hill, which was then an abandoned military post.

George Greer and his command, about two days later, came along following the trail of Captain Cureton and his men, and found two dead Indians up the creek from the battle ground.

The following citizens numbered among the thirty-one rangers in Capt. Cureton's command, namely: Capt. J. J. Cureton, James Lane, Wiley Peters, Tom Stockton, Geo. Dr. Rossett, Tom Mullins, Dave Daniels, Geo. Graves, and his son, Geo. Graves, Jr., Bud Strong, Wm. Fancher, and others.

Note: Prior to writing this section, the author personally interviewed Wiley Peters who remained with James Lane at Fort Chadbourne until he died. Also interviewed A. M. Lasater, whose brother John was in the fight. Martin Lane whose uncle James Lane received the mortal wound, James Wood, and others who were living in Palo Pinto and adjoining counties when this fight occurred.

Further Ref.: Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas. This particular campaign was unusually important, for it was the forerunner of a campaign made by the same command in company with Capt. L.

S. Ross, and his rangers, and Lt. Spangler, in command of soldiers from Camp Cooper, when Cynthia Ann Parker was captured.

White Massacre on Dillingham Prairie in Jack County

William Clinging and White came to Jack County with a herd of cattle. For a time they stayed with John Ribble, who lived near Dillingham Prairie. But when the Indians killed John Bottorff, Mr. Ribble moved his family to Weatherford. Clinging and White then batched, so they could look after their cattle.

When Bill Clinging was away, the Indians stole the horses. White started over to an adjoining ranch and was killed by raiding warriors before reaching his destination. This massacre occurred on or near Dillingham Prairie in Jack County about 1860.

Note: Before writing this section, the author interviewed W. A. (Bill) Ribble and Tom Ribble, sons of John Ribble; A. M. Lasater, James Wood, B. L. Ham, Tobe Parmer, and others who were living in Jack and adjoining counties at the time.

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Killing of Chapman at Burton Spring

During 1860, Chapman was on a deer stand near Burton Spring in Jack County, alone, waiting for a deer. But the Indians came instead and murdered young Chapman before he could escape. He was buried by the side of the road leading to the Burton Ranch about one and a half miles from the place he was killed.

Note: Before writing this section, the author interviewed A. M. Lasater, James Wood, Joe Fowler, B. L. Ham, and one or two others, who were living in Jack County when Chapman was killed.

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John Reasoner

John Reasoner, who numbered among the early settlers of Jack County, lived on Keechi about ten or twelve miles north of the present town of Graford.

During 1860, he and his son were in the field, near their log cabin, shocking wheat. The horses were also in the field, and suddenly became frightened. When Mr. Reasoner raised up to see what was causing the disturbance, he saw a large band of Indians. This early settler and his son, both of whom were unarmed, ran for the house. The son successfully escaped. But Mr. Reasoner in the presence of his family, was lanced and killed near the field fence.

Ref: Mrs. Huldy Reasoner, A. M. Lasater, B. L. Ham, James Wood, Joe Fowler, Mrs. Ed. Wohlforth, Mrs. Huse Bevers, and Mrs. H. G. Taylor, and others, living in Jack and adjoining counties at the time.

During the fall of 1860, Cole and Will Duncan established ranch headquarters on California Creek about ten miles northwest of Fort Belknap; their houses were about seventy five yards apart; and not yet completed. Lindy Harmison, colored, working for Mrs. Cole Duncan, started to the creek for water. With a bucket in each hand, and one on her head, she was singing, "I am going home to die no more." Mrs. Cole Duncan could see and hear her through the cracks of the unfinished house. When Lindy reached California Creek about one hundred yards away, Mrs. Duncan heard her say, "Oh, Lordy," The mistress of the new ranch quarters looked up just in time to see Lindy surrounded by Indians and literally filled with arrows. She was buried on the banks of California Creek about two hundred yards from the house.

The Indians then started toward Wm. Duncan's unfinished ranch quarters, which were about seventy-five yards away. This was late in the evening. He and his brother-in-law, Bob Mathis, at the time, had gone out on the range to drive in milk cows. For fear they would be killed, Cole Duncan ran out in the yard with his gun, waved his hat, and this unusual movement caused the Indians to believe the soldiers were coming, and they dashed away in a northeasterly direction.

Ref: F. M. Peveler and others; living in Young County at the time.

Samuel Kuykendall

The surviving old settlers differ concerning the date of this particular transaction. Some place it as early as 1859, and others as late as 1861.

Samuel Kuykendall, and a young man named Splawn lived on Resley's Creek about six miles west of Dublin in Comanche County and were driving home some oxen. When they reached a point near the present town of Carlton the two were suddenly charged by Indians. Kuykendall rode a pony, and Splawn a mule. The latter was armed, but the former was not. Consequently, when the Indians made the charge, Splawn thought it useless to attempt to run away on the mule, which was exceedingly slow; so he dismounted for the purpose of selling his life as dearly as possible. About the same time Kuykendall's pony bogged in a mud hole when he attempted to jump a bank. The Indians circled shyly around Splawn who had the gun, but soon filled Kuykendall's body with arrows, and murdered him almost instantly. When the savages passed up Splawn, he decided his opportune time to get away had arrived so ran his mule as fast as the animal could go, and successfully escaped.

Note: The author personally interviewed Wm. Reed, Geo. White, and others who were living in Comanche and adjoining counties at the time. Also corresponded with A. I. Kuykendall, a nephew of Samuel Kuykendall.

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Woodard Breaks Indian's Neck

During 1860 Woodard and a few others, out scouting, saw a lone Indian in the distance. Woodard fired and broke the Indian's neck. No other savages were seen. This occurred a few miles south of Cherokee in Llano County.

Ref.: R. Ralb, who lived north of Cherokee at the time.

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Chancy Couch

Prior to his death, Chancy Couch lived on Deer Creek, about six miles north of the present town of Fredonia and near the McCulloch and San Saba County line. Early one morning about 1860, he and Lawrence Hays, his son-in-law, were on their way to cut a bee tree. Mr. Couch decided to walk through the woods while his son-in-law drove the oxen around the road. In due time, Lawrence Hays reached his destination and was ready to remove the honey, but his father-in-law failed to arrive. Search was then made, and Chancy Couch, found where he had been murdered by Indians.

Note: The author personally interviewed Taylor Vanteneer and others who were living in that section of the state at the time.

When the Indians made their appearance at the home of James Landman on the 26th day of November, 1860, it was the beginning of one of the most far reaching raids ever made on the West Texas frontier. Furthermore, no foray ever perpetrated by the Indians on the pioneers of the West, excels the massacres to be related to exemplify the treachery and brutality of the wild hordes of the plains.

Because of this gigantic raid, the exasperated citizens, rangers and soldiers determined to carry the war to the Indians' own doors, and to see the Indians paid dearly for this and the following dastardly deeds. When this policy of retaliation was pursued, the Indians were not only crushed, but Cynthia Ann Parker recaptured, after being in the hands of the savages for more than twenty-four years.

Volumes have been written about the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker, but few times, if ever, has a complete story of her recapture ever been told. Much has been written about the fight in which she was recovered, but little has been said about this particular raid, which was the direct cause of the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker. And of the two phases of this very important frontier history, the part that has been heretofore left untold, from the standpoint of history, is equal or superior to the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker herself.

James Landman and family lived about four and three-quarters miles northeast of Jacksboro, and about three-quarters of mile east of the home of Calvin Gage, who lived on Lost Creek. It was the 26th day of November, 1860. James Landman and his fourteen year old stepson named Will, were about one and a quarter miles to the east cutting timber. Mrs. Landman, Jane Masterson, a young lady, Katherine Masterson, also a young lady about fifteen or sixteen years of age, Lewis Landman, a son, six or seven years old; and John Landman, a baby were at the house.

A large band of Indians came from the north down Hall's Creek, and charged the home of James Landman. Mrs. Landman and her seven-year-old son Lewis, were brutally murdered by the barbarians, and the baby, John, left unharmed. Jane and Katherine Masterson were

taken to the home of Calvin Gage, about three quarters of a mile to the west. The Indians were more considerate of Katherine, for they placed her on a horse. But poor Jane was roped and dragged the entire distance. Before they left, the warriors cut open the feather beds, took the ticking and emptied the feathers on the floor and ground. They also took other things that suited their fancy.

After leaving the Landman home a horrible scene, the blood-thirsty warriors, with Katherine on a horse, and Jane dragging on the ground, started to the home of Calvin Gage, to further murder, pilfer and plunder.

Mrs. Landman and her son Lewis were buried at Jacksboro.

The Gage Family

When the Indians reached the home of Calvin Gage, the following people were present: Mrs. Calvin Gage, Mrs. Katy Sanders, a mother-in-law, Matilda Gage, age fourteen; Johnathan Gage, age five; Polly Gage, age one and a half, and Mary Ann Fowler, age about ten years.

Joseph Fowler, about sixteen, brother of Mary Ann Fowler, and son of Mrs. Gage by a former husband, had penned one ox and was down in the pasture, at the time, almost a mile from home, in search of another.

When the Indians arrived at the frontier home of Calvin Gage, who was away, they shot and killed Jane Masterson, dragged from her home in the manner mentioned in the preceding section. The Indians brutally slaughtered Mrs. Katy Sanders. They also shot Mrs. Calvin Gage, several times with arrows, knocked her in the head and left her for dead. Polly was also seriously wounded and left to die a lingering death. But she and her mother recovered. The death of Mrs. Gage, however, several years later was largely attributed to this horrible onslaught of the savages. The Indians also shot Mary Ann Fowler and Johnathan Gage. And to appease their peculiar sense of humor tossed one of the babies of Mrs. Gage high up in the air only to see it fall flat on the ground. To intensify the excruciating pain of this innocent little infant, it was again several times tossed backward over an Indian's shoulder.

Then at the home of Calvin Gage, the Indians murdered Mrs. Katy Sanders, mother of Mrs. Gage, and left the latter dead; they also left Jonathan Gage, Polly Gage, and Mary Ann Fowler badly wounded. No doubt, the Indians thought each would die. They killed Jane Masterson as has already been related. These brutal barbarians then ripped open seven feather beds and emptied the feathers on the ground; and after pilfering and plundering to their hearts content, rode away and took with them Katherine Landman, Matilda Gage, and little Hiram Fowler. Matilda and Katherine, both about fourteen years of age were savagely abused, stripped of most of their clothes and then released.

By this time the girls could hear Joseph Fowler driving the belled oxen, which had strolled away. Consequently, instead of returning home, in their pitiable condition, they hurried to convey the news to Joseph Fowler, for fear he would run into and be massacred by the Indians. The three cautiously hurried to the house, and Joseph Fowler personally told the author that it was impossible to conceive of the terrible scene he saw on that occasion. A cold wind was coming from the north and feathers were so badly scattered, they resembled snow. Joseph and the two girls carried Mrs. Gage and Mary Ann into the house, but Jonathan and Polly were able to walk.

As soon as possible, Dr. S. A. Cole and Dr. Milton Hays were called to the aid of the injured, all of whom in due time recovered. But the death of Mrs. Gage several years later, was attributed to her old wounds. About one year after this tragedy the bones of little Hiram were found several miles away, where he had either been murdered by the savages or turned loose to starve. So up to this time the Indians had killed five people, left four for dead, and carried Katherine Landman and Matilda Gage several hundred yards from home.

A little later during the same day after the Indians charged the home of these two frontier families, news was narrated in all directions, and a posse of men was soon on the Indian's trail. Joseph Fowler left the bedside of his dead and wounded, to convey the sad news to James Landman and his stepson were just ready to start for home, and can we really imagine the shocking effect of this sad news? And again can we realize the paralyzing effect of the horrible scene which presented itself to Mr. Landman at the time he reached his frontier home? Joe Fowler then crossed the creek to the home of Wiley Gunter, John Fowler, etc., to relate to them his sad story. When he returned home, it was already dark. Numbers of people at that time had gathered in. Needless to say, every able bodied person was ready to shoulder arms against the savages. For such a sight they had never before seen.

Note: Before writing this and the preceding section the author personally interviewed Joseph Fowler himself, a stepson of Calvin Gage, and the same Joseph Fowler who was driving the belled oxen, when this tragedy occurred.

Also interviewed A. M. Lasater, whose father-in-law was murdered by these same Indians the following day, B. L. Ham, James Wood, and others who were then living in that section.

At the time of this particular raid, there were less than two hundred families living in Jack County. Since it was reasonably certain the savages would extend their foray further on into the settlements, the local citizens hastily dispatched a messenger to Weatherford, for aid and to alarm the people. At that time John Brown was living sixteen miles northwest of Weatherford, near Rock Creek, and on the Weatherford-Jacksboro Road. The messenger reached his home just before day, November 27, 1860. From Mr. Brown, this "Paul Revere" of the Western Frontier secured a fresh horse and hurried to Weatherford. Mr. Brown had about thirty-five head of horses penned in the peach orchard near the house. About sunrise he saddled one of his slowest ponies, and started to the home of Mr. Thompson, his neighbor, who lived about two miles to the West. Since the Indians had not been previously depredating in that section he told his wife before he rode away, that the redskins would not come that far south on this particular raid, but would eventually do so. He then started unarmed on a slow pony to the Thompson home.

About thirty minutes after Mr. Brown had gone, and before reached the home of Mr. Thompson, two of his slaves, a Negro woman, and a boy about fourteen years of age, were on the outside of this yard a short distance to the southwest of the John Brown home. This house was newly constructed and was one and a half story "Log Cabin mansion."

To their sudden amazement, when they looked up the road towards Jacksboro, and saw about fifty or sixty Indians riding rapidly towards the house, the Negro Woman told the boy they must hide or else be killed. This brave Negro lad said, "No. I'll die with de misses and chilluns." The Negro woman then ran and hid in the high grass in the peach orchard, but the boy hurried to the house and related to Mrs. Brown, the Indians were coming. The approaching warriors could now be plainly seen. Mrs. Brown hurriedly gathered the following children: Mary, about ten years of age, John, about eight, Teranna, about five, and Seaph, about two months old, and took them upstairs. She then closed the trap door. About this moment it was discovered that Annie, about two and one half years of age, was missing, So the

brave Negro boy named Anthony Brown, after the Indians had completely surrounded the house, rushed down stairs in search of Annie. She was found playing in the Negro cabin, about thirty feet from the house. Annie at the time was dipping ashes with a spoon. The Negro boy and the colored boy carried little Annie upstairs. About this time Mrs. Brown heard the rattling of chains, and since her husbands bridle reins had chains next to the bits, she thought it was he coming. So she looked out of a window and said, "Have you come." About that moment she discovered a savage in the very act of shooting her. So she jerked back only in time to receive an arrow in her ear. This weapon struck the window facing, where she had been standing.

During this exciting time, the Indians were also chasing the horses in the orchard and the Negro woman then hiding in the tall grass later stated that if she had not been hidden under the tree, the Indians would have ridden over her several times.

The blood thirsty savages cut the bell from one of the horses, and started the herd westward toward the home of Mr. Thompson. They had gone only about one-half mile, when the warriors met Mr. Brown unarmed. He was soon killed with a lance, and scalped. But it is generally supposed he wounded one of the warriors with a pocket knife, for evidences of a wounded Indian were later discovered.

The Indians continued their course westward, crossed the line from Parker into Palo Pinto County, and next appeared to exact their toll of human lives, at the home of Ezra Sherman, who lived on Stagg's Prairie, then known as Betty Prairie, and located a few miles north and east of the present city of Mineral Wells.

Note: Before writing this article, the author personally interviewed A. M. Lasater, who on June 8th, 1876, married Annie Brown, the little daughter playing in the ashes with a spoon when rescued by Anthony, the Negro boy. Mr. Lasater not only heard his mother-in-law many times relate this story, but remembers the occurrence himself, for he was a boy several years of age when this occurred.

Also interviewed Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. Huse Bevers, James Wood, E. K. Taylor, Joseph Fowler, Mrs. M. J. Hart,

B. L. Ham, James Eubanks, Mrs. Wm. Porter, and others who were living in Palo Pinto and Parker County at the time.

Mrs. Martha Sherman

Mrs. Sherman's maiden name was Martha Johnson, a sister of Jerry Johnson, an early settler of Parker County. She had been previously married and later wedded to Ezra Sherman. They moved to Staggs Prairie in Palo Pinto County, and lived there only a short time before this raid. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman made their home in a small log cabin.

On November 27, 1860, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman and children were eating dinner, when the same Indians mentioned in the preceding sections, surrounded their home. Some of the warriors stepped in the door and told the family to "Vamoose." Ezra Sherman then took his wife and children and started east toward their nearest neighbor, who lived on Rock Creek in Parker County. Mr. Sherman, like Mr. Brown was unprepared to fight and had no guns at home.

When this pioneer family reached a point about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards east of their residence, about six of the warriors suddenly dashed up, took Mrs. Sherman by the hair of the head and started back toward the house. Mr. Sherman was again advised by the Indians to "Vamoose." The oldest child, a son of Mrs. Sherman by her former husband, hid in a brush pile where he could see all that transpired. Mr. Sherman with the two smaller children went on to the home of a neighbor.

The wife and mother was then carried back toward the house, being robbed by the remaining Indians. When the blood-thirsty barbarians dragged Mrs. Sherman, to a point, about two hundred yards from the house, she was tortured in an inconceivable manner. This faithful frontier mother was outraged, stabbed, scalped, and left for dead. An Indian on a horse held up her hands while another pushed an arrow under her shoulder blade. Neil S. Betty later placed this arrow in a museum, perhaps in Dallas, as a symbol of the severe suffering administered to Mrs. Sherman, by the blood-thirsty savages.

The house was completely robbed and pilfered by the Comanches. The warriors took cups and saucers and drank molasses out of a large barrel, which Mr. and Mrs. Sherman had stored away for the winter. The blood-thirsty warriors also ripped open feather and straw

beds, took the ticking and emptied the contents on the floor and ground. They took Mrs. Sherman's family Bible, for what purpose no one knows, unless as a token of war. The savages then took a southwest course almost in the direction of the present city of Mineral Wells.

Mr. Sherman secured a gun from a neighbor and returned. His wife was found still alive and in a pitiable condition. His house after being robbed and ruined by the raging savages, was fired; but since it was a rainy day, the building refused to burn.

The splendid frontier citizens, the trail blazers of the great west, administered to Mrs. Sherman all possible aid. For three days she lived and continually talked about her horrible experience.

Many times she shamefully referred to that "Big old red-headed Indian." No full blooded Indian was ever known to be red-headed. Was this red-headed man the same individual who made his appearance in other raids before and after this time? Was it some one the Indians had captured when a child and reared to be a blood-thirsty savage? Or was it some renegade ruffian of our own race? Nevertheless, again we find the presence of a red-headed man with the red men.

Mrs. Sherman was buried to the west of the Fox family in the Willow Springs Graveyard, several miles east of Weatherford.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed a daughter of R. C. Betty, Mrs. William Porter, who stayed with Mrs. Sherman a great portion of the three days she lived, after being brutally assaulted by the savages. Also corresponded with Mrs. Joe Sherman a daughter-in-law of Mrs. Ezra Sherman, and interviewed those mentioned in the preceding and succeeding sections relating to this particular raid.

Further Activities of Indians During This Same Raid

After the Indians left the home of Ezra Sherman, they stopped about two or three miles north of the present city of Mineral Wells. The savages then took a northwest course toward Turkey Creek and next appeared at the home of Joe Stephens. But here they did little damage, and soon went away. Joe Stephens counted fifty-five savages painted for war.

The Indians now had a herd of about three hundred head of stolen horses. They made their next stop about one mile from the home of William Eubanks, who lived about five or six miles northwest of Mineral Wells. Four or five of the warriors were sent to reconnoiter his home. These Indians were first discovered by James G. Eubanks, about eleven years of age, who in company with John and George Eubanks, had been to the spring for water. James told his mother and older sisters that his father was coming. The sister came out to see, but soon discovered the horsemen were Indians. The three Eubanks girls, Mary, age eighteen, Emily, fifteen, and Guss, thirteen, put on men's hats, and stood on a bench stationed near the strongly fortified picket fence, and just on the inside of the yard. Only their heads and shoulders could be seen. Mary the oldest girl also armed herself with a loaded double barrel shotgun. The Indians then dashed up as if they intended to make a charge, but when Mary pointed the gun as if she intended to shoot, the savages circled and rode away. Had these brave frontier girls become frightened, perhaps a different story would have to be related. Mary actually fired one shot and the gun kicked her from the bench. It had the desired effect, however, for the Indians appeared frightened, and hurriedly made their retreat.

The savages then started toward the mouth of Big Keechi, a favorite Indian crossing. But it was not long before another unusual event transpired.

During the dark hours of night, Wm. Eubanks, who was away when the Indians visited his home, and who was now returning, found himself surrounded by about three hundred head of horses, and fifty-five warriors. Since it was dark, it occurred to him that the safest thing to do, was to remove his hat, assume a stooping position like an

Indian and follow the herd. This he did, but made it a special point to drop behind as rapidly as he could. Finally, when he reached the timber, and had an opportunity to slip away, he lost no time in reaching his residence on Turkey Creek.

It was a rainy, misty night, but a bright moon was shining beyond the clouds. The savages crossed Big Keechi above its mouth and then took a westerly and northwesterly course toward Dark Valley. When the Indians crossed the rough country, bordering on the breaks of the Brazos near the mouth of Keechi, they lost several of their stolen horses. Each of the thirty-five head of Mr. Brown's horses returned home, including the horse he was riding when killed.

During the following day, when the Indians passed the home of Jowell McKee, who then lived in Dark Valley, near the Flat Rock Crossing, about eight miles north of Palo Pinto and seven miles southwest of Graford, they took about three hundred head of his horses. The Indian's herd now consisted of approximately five or six hundred head, and was about one half mile wide.

After leaving the home of Jowell McKee, the savages discovered Tom Mullins and Billy Conatser. An exciting chase followed with the latter in the lead. Mullins and Conatser, however, were not overtaken before they reached Ansel Russell's store, which was about one and a half miles west of Graford, and on the old Fort Worth and Belknap Road.

And this brings to a close one of the largest forays ever made by the savages on the West Texas Frontier. Seven people were killed, five wounded, two innocent girls made captives, but later released, and several others seriously menaced and greatly frightened by their presence.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed James G. Eubanks, who first saw the Indians when they appeared at the home of William Eubanks; also interviewed Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. Huse Bevers, A. M. Lasater, Mrs. M. J. Hart, Martin Lane, James Wood, E. K. Taylor, B. L. Ham, Joe Fowler, John McKee, whose father lost the two or three hundred head of horses in Dark Valley. Also interviewed others mentioned in the preceding sections

relating to the same raid. This is, no doubt, by far the most detailed and accurate amount of this major raid that has ever been offered. And it is the result of hundreds of miles of hard driving, and many months of close study.

The Citizens, Rangers, and Soldiers Retaliate

When the Indians passed Murphy's Station, the second day after they killed John Brown and Mrs. Sherman, and the succeeding day after they stole the horse of Jowell McKee, and gave Tom Mullins and Conatser an exciting chase, the savages were then reported to be riding at a much more rapid gait, for, no doubt, they expected to be pursued by citizens. They were pursued, but the citizens used an entirely different tactic, than the Indians expected.

Almost every able bodied man was in arms, and ready to retaliate against the Indians for the many crimes they committed on this particular foray. To allow the Indians to go unpunished would be more than the citizens could endure. Most every one realized, however, that before the Indians could be properly chastised, it would be necessary for the citizens, rangers, and soldiers to seek their villages somewhere along the head waters of the Texas streams, and perhaps not a great many miles from the Cap Rocks of the Plains. An enterprise of this kind of course, called for a large number of able bodied men, completely equipped for an extended invasion. Neither could such a thing be pre-arranged within a single day. So a call was made for volunteers, and a large number of splendid citizens responded. The company rendezvoused near the mouth of Rock Creek, across the river from the pioneer horn of Col. Kit Carter. Capt. J. J. Cureton, grandfather of the present Chief Justice of the Supreme County Court of Texas, and often called "Capt. Jack" was selected as a captain of the citizens' company, and a more appropriate leader could not have been found.

After his company was completely organized, word was conveyed to Captain Ross, who at the time was camped on Elm Creek with company of rangers, at a point several miles west of Fort Belknap.

Capt. J. J. Cureton's company was organized December 1860 and the following men composed the company:

J. J. Cureton, Capt. R. W. Pollard, 1st Lieut., M. D. Sanders, 2nd Leut., J. H. Baker, 1st. Sargt., Ben Milam, 1st. Corpl., J. L. Daves, 2nd. Corpl., M. Anderson, John Anderson, Chas. Allen, G. W. Baker,

Wm. Brown, W. H. Blevins, Allen Baker, Abe Blevins, T. B. Blevins, J. P. Brown, S. M. Blevins, Front Ball, M. Bragg, Nathan Bragg, Jesse Bragg, W. A. Bell, John Bell, J. H. Coffee, J. H. Chick, Samuel Church, P. A. Chamberlain, Simpson Crawford, W. Grammer, Thos. Grammer, Jas. Dulin, G. W. Dodson, John Dalton, J. M. Elkins, W. J. Eubanks, J. Farris, John W. Flinn, Jack Flint, Phillip George, Chas. Goodnight, W. Henclewood, J. P. Hales, S. G. Harper, W. R. Hill, E. G. Hall, T. R. Harris, Geo. Harris, W. Hullum, Bev. Harris, C. T. Hazlewood, Pate Jones, Parker Johnson, Jacob Lemons, J. G. Moss, B. B. Meadows, Elisha Mayse, Cavelle Mayse, Rich Moss, W. J. Moseley, W. Y. Moss, Thos. Nelson, John T. Porter, J. T. Pollard, W. Porter, W. M. Peters, J. W. Robertson, Peter Robertson, Squire Robinson, J. Runnels, G. Huff, T. W. Robertson, Wm. Shirley, J. N. Sparks, C. C. Slaughter, V. Simonds. W. N. Shultz, Thos. Steward, James Sanders, John Standley, W. Strong, I. P. Volentine, D. F. Wells, Geo. Williams, Jas. Yancey, H. Williams, D. C. Smith, N. J. Deaston, Thos. Alley, M. Southerland, and Robt. Wood.

F. M. Peveler and two or three others not mentioned in the list, were along with this expedition. Capt. Cureton's company reached Fort Belknap December 6, 1860, and from here word was sent to Capt. L. S. Ross. It was agreed that the two companies join each other on California Creek, seven miles northwest of Belknap.

Capt. L. S. Ross, who had been previously commissioned to organize a company of Texas rangers, perfected an organization at Waco during October of 1860. The rangers enlisted for a period of six months. Thomas H. Kelliheir was made first lieutenant, and N. M. Summerville, and B. C. Sublett second lieutenants. The command marched directly from Waco to Palo Pinto, where seven men joined the company, making a total of thirty-nine. From Palo Pinto Capt. Ross and his company moved to Caddo Springs, where several citizens from Jack County also enlisted. When the command reached Fort Belknap, it was further augmented by the arrival of additional recruits and Capt. Ross' company now consisted of sixty-six men, including officers. His company then moved out on Elm Creek in Young County, about eight miles northwest of Belknap, where a permanent camp was established, during October of 1860.

We are not in possession of the complete muster roll of Capt. Ross'

Company.

Since Capt. Ross assisted Major Van Dorn during 1858, in the battle of the Wichita Mountains, he was always highly esteemed by the soldiers at Camp Cooper. And when he sent an invitation to Capt. N. G. Evans, then in command of the post, to send a detachment of the Second Cavalry, the troop was gladly furnished. These troops rightly belonged to Col. Albert Sidney Johnston and Lieut. Col. Robert E. Lee, each of whom were away on detached service at this particular time. Capt. Evans furnished twenty-soldiers from Company H of the Second Cavalry under the immediate command of Sgt. W. Spangler. They were instructed to report to Capt. Ross for further orders. Lt. Spangler joined Capt. Ross' command at his camp on Elm about the 10th of December, 1860. Then about two days later Capt. Ross and Cureton threw their forces together at a point on California Creek about seven or eight miles northwest of Belknap. Capt. Ross himself selected forty of his own men who had the best horses. The expedition now consisted of the following troops: Twenty men under Lt. Spangler; forty men under Capt. L. S. Ross, and about ninety-six men under Capt. J. J. Cureton, making a total of approximately one hundred and thirty-six men.

It was the pleasure of the author to personally interview a number of citizens who were living on the frontier at this particular time, and familiar with the expedition; also interviewed members of both Capt. Cureton and Ross' Companies, who played a prominent part in this important expedition. Each man, however, observed this expedition from his own individual angle, and company.

If all the stories that have been written concerning this expedition were compiled into a single edition, the material would aggregate many volumes. Many accounts have been surprisingly accurate, while others have been surprisingly inaccurate. But practically all, as we shall later see, have presented an incomplete story. The noble efforts of Lt. Spangler and Capt. J. J. Cureton and their men have been more or less, overlooked on the one hand, and the causes that led up to this raid on the other.

Scouts composed of members from both companies were thrown ahead, and the command moved as rapidly as possible in a

northwest direction. They followed the general course the Indians pursued after leaving the settlements with approximately six hundred head of horses. Sometime during the afternoon of December the 17th, the expedition reached Pease River and soon reached a point where the sand was well packed because a large herd of buffalo only a short time before had crossed. So here the expedition crossed to the north side of stream, and camped for the night. Then during the 18th of December the command re-crossed to the south side of Pease River.

J. H. Baker who was a first sergeant of Captain Cureton and a school teacher at Palo Pinto, stated, "I kept a record of every day and can vouch for the correctness of the date and events partially narrated." He further stated, "We all traveled together in a northwest direction, following the Indian trail made by the horses stolen in Palo Pinto and Parker Counties, where we struck Pease River."

Late in the evening of December 18th, the scouts reported the discovery of where the Indians skinned a skunk on a sand hill. Some of the scouts followed the trail further, while others brought the news to main command; but the trail was soon obscured by darkness.

Cunningham and Marion Cassidy of Captain Ross' Company, Col. Charles Goodnight of Capt. Cureton's Company, according to the best evidence, numbered among the scouts. Either late in the evening of December 18th, or early in the morning of the following day the scouts also discovered where the four Indians, who skinned the skunk, joined others. A little farther, the advance guard found where the Indians had cut down a chittam bush. The Indians were exceedingly fond of chittam berries. The tracks of Indian children were also seen around these bushes. So every one knew the Indians were close at hand.

Early in the morning of the 19th, Capt. Cureton's company became slightly delayed because of their horses. According to one account this delay was occasioned because Uncle Jim Chick's horses had gotten away and started back toward Palo Pinto. This necessitated the delay of Cureton's command for about an hour

and a half or two hours, while a detachment was after Mr. Chick's horses. According to another report, the delay was occasioned because of the fatigued condition of the animals, necessitating Capt. Cureton and his men to travel somewhat slower than Capt. Ross, and his command. These different explanations were made by men who were members of the expedition. It is entirely possible that both conditions could have existed. Nevertheless, Capt. Cureton and most of his command were somewhat delayed. But some of the Cureton men, who served as scouts, were, nevertheless, following closely behind Capt. Ross, and as the citizens, rangers, and soldiers advanced, the Indians' signs became more and more numerous.

Just before the Indians were discovered, Capt. Ross numbered among the scouts, and concerning his experience he said:

"I galloped forward about a mile to a high point, and riding to the top, to inexpressible surprise, found myself within two hundred yards of a Comanche village, located on a small stream winding around the peak of the hill. It was a most happy circumstance, that a piercing north wind was blowing, blowing with it clouds of sand, and my presence, was unobserved and the surprise complete. By signaling my men as I stood concealed, they reached me without being discovered by the Indians, who were packing up preparatory to a move."

Jim Stewart was detailed to go back to Capt. Cureton's command and report the discovery of the Indians. Lt. Spangler and his soldiers were ordered to conceal themselves near the mouth of the creek on which they had been camped, to prevent the Indians from crossing the river to the north, and to take them by surprise, for it was reasonably certain that a large number of them would break and run in that direction

The Indians were slowly moving as if they were unaware of the presence of the whites. Some were still in camp while others, some distance away; and at this particular time, the savages were considerably scattered.

Capt. Ross and his men made a sudden charge and the Indians

became completely demoralized. Some of them took a northwest course and ran directly into Lt. Sprangler and his men. This, of course, turned a part of these Indians back toward Capt. Ross' command, others were killed, and a few successfully crossed the river. Since the Indians scattered, it became necessary for the rangers and soldiers to also break up into small bands and pursue the fleeing red men.

Two distinct views are entertained concerning the chief in command of these Indians. At any rate, the chief, who rode an excellent horse, dashed away and turned his Indians from the west towards the north, and then returned back toward Capt. Ross and his men. With this chief were eight warriors, and shortly afterwards a ninth followed in the rear. This ninth Indian riding a slow horse, was soon killed and proved to be half white and half Indian. The chief with a young girl behind him, now rapidly rode away, and was followed by Cynthia Ann Parker, riding a different pony. At first Cynthia Ann was thought to be a man because she was covered with a buffalo robe. The chief and Cynthia Ann were followed by Capt. Ross and Lt. Kelliher. After running for about a mile, Lt. Kelliher ran up beside the horse of Cynthia Ann Parker, who was still riding near the chief, and Ross was in the act of shooting her, when she held up her baby and stopped. Ross continued to pursue the chief and when within twenty yards of him, fired his pistol and killed the Indian girl, whom he took to be a man. The same shot would have also killed the chief, had it not been for his shield which covered his back. When the Indian girl fell dead from the horse, she dragged the Indian chief to the ground also, but he landed on his feet. This was about one half mile from where Lt. Kelliher was holding Cynthia Ann Parker and her child. Before Capt. Ross could control his horse, he was almost over the chief who was on the ground, and who wounded Captain Ross' horse with an arrow. The animal began to pitch, and it was with difficulty the Captain stayed in the saddle. During this time, the Indian was shooting an almost solid stream of arrows, all of which missed their mark only by a very narrow margin.

Capt. Ross said, "Being at such a disadvantage, he would have killed me in a few minutes, but for a random shot from my pistol (while I was clinging with my left hand to the pommel of my saddle, which broke his right arm at the elbow, completely disabling him. My horse

then became quiet and I shot the chief twice through the body, whereupon he deliberately walked to a small tree, the only one in sight, and, leaning against it began to sing a wild weird song. At this moment my Mexican servant, who had once been a captive with the Comanches, and spoke their language as fluently as his mother tongue, came up in company with two of my men."

Ross then summoned the chief to surrender, but he refused and treated every overture with contempt, and at the same time was anxious for an opportunity to throw a lance with his left hand at Capt. Ross, who afterwards said:

"I could only look upon him with pity and admiration. For deplorable as was his situation, with no chance of escape, his party utterly destroyed, his wife and child captured in his sight, he was undaunted by the fate that awaited him, and as he seemed to prefer death to life, I directed the Mexican to end his misery by a charge of buckshot from the gun which he carried."

The chief's weapons of war were sent to Governor Houston and deposited in the archives at Austin.

Capt. Ross further said: "We rode back to Cynthia Ann and Kelliheir and found him bitterly cursing himself for having run his pet horse so hard after an 'Old squaw.'" But when Ross looked into her face he said, "Why Tom this is a white woman; Indians do not have blue eyes." But, of course, at this time no one knew that she was Cynthia Ann Parker.

The hardest fighting occurred on Mule Creek. Here the Indians formed a circle with their horses and secreted themselves on the Inside. But they were soon demoralized by the Texans. Capt. Ross said, "Some of you fellows on fresh horses stop the front Indians." Twelve well-mounted men followed the lead Indians for about the same number of miles, before they were overtaken. As a reward for their efforts, however, they brought back seven scalps. Fourteen Indians were killed near Mule Creek, three elsewhere and the "half-breed" white youth made a total of twenty-five killed in battle. Three were captured, and not a single white wounded.

Before the fighting ceased, some of Capt. Cureton's men had begun to arrive on the scene, and the entire command arrived about the time the fighting was over. When the battle ended and troops were picking up Indian implements, Capt. Ross discovered an Indian boy about nine years of age hiding in the grass. This Indian boy began crying, for he thought he, too, would be killed. But when he was placed on the horse behind Capt. Ross, he soon became somewhat reconciled. Concerning this boy, several years later, Capt. Ross said, "And when in after years, I frequently proposed to send him to his people, he steadfastly refused to go."

When the entire command, including Capt. Cureton and his men camped for the night, Cynthia Ann Parker kept crying. Capt. Ross instructed the Mexican servant to tell her that she was in the hands of her own people, and would not be harmed. She replied that two of her boys were with her when the fight began, and that she was uneasy for fear that both of them had been killed. These boys were Quannah Parker and his brother, and each of them successfully made their escape. Capt. Ross then instructed Cynthia Ann to relate her past history, which she did and since her story corresponded with the Parker Fort massacre, the citizens were reasonably well satisfied they had re-captured Cynthia Ann Parker.

December 20th, Capt. Ross and his command returned to their camp in Young County. But Capt. Cureton and his men decided to push farther on out into the Indian territory.

A scout from Capt. Cureton's command, discovered a very large Indian trail, which led south. From every indication, it seemed that no less than two thousand savages were in this band. Since the citizens were poorly equipped and their horses fatigued, Capt. Cureton and his men decided they were in no position to meet such a large band of Indians. As a consequence, Christmas Day 1860, they turned their attention toward home.

During the 27th, they accidentally met a party of Indians and a running fight occurred. When night came the company was so badly scattered, they did not get together until the following day. During the fight, Tom Pollard, Boyken Bradley, and John Dalton were wounded, but each of the three recovered.

Capt. Cureton and his men arrived at Fort Belknap December 30, 1860, and practically all reached their homes before the dawn of the new year, after being out for almost a month.

When the rangers reached their camp in Young County Cynthia Ann Parker was sent to Camp Cooper, where she could receive the attention she demanded. Capt. Ross also dispatched a messenger to Col. Isaac Parker, an Uncle of Cynthia Ann, to inform him that it was generally believed his niece had been recaptured

After the capture of Cynthia Ann Parker, she was several times asked through the Mexican boy as an interpreter, if the ninth Indian who followed the chief back, during the early part of the fighting, and who later proved to be half white, was her son, Cynthia Ann replied, "That was my boy and it was not my boy." Several times she repeated this expression. It was afterwards ascertained that the boy was a son of another white woman who had been captured by the Indians and when his mother died, she requested Cynthia Ann to adopt him.

Just after the fighting F. M. Peveler requested Tom Kelliheir to present him with a buffalo robe, which had been captured from the Indians. Mr Peveler's request was granted, and today the buffalo robe is still in his possession.

Col. Charles Goodnight and some of the scouts also picked up the identical Bible which had been stolen from the home of Mrs. Sherman, which was located near the Palo Pinto-Parker County line. Since the Indian trail had been followed from Palo Pinto County to Pease River and since Mrs. Sherman's Bible was recovered no doubt, some of the identical Indians who inflicted such a severe blow on the settlements November 26, 27, and 28th next preceding were partly punished.

Cynthia Ann Parker and her child were detained in the guard house at Camp Cooper until Isaac Parker, her uncle, arrived. Isaac Parker and A. B. Mason reached the David Peveler ranch in Young County and spent the night. The next morning at the request of Mr. Parker and his, companion, Champ Farris and Lewis Peveler piloted Isaac Parker to Camp Cooper, which was about forty miles away, and

which was reached about dark.

The following day Cynthia Ann was seated on a box, in a tent, before Isaac Parker and others, and here was enacted one of the most dramatic scenes of all western history. Cynthia Ann Parker around the camp fire during the first night, after she was recaptured, related to Ross a surprisingly accurate story of what had transpired at Parker's Fort in 1836, when she was captured by the Indians. But it seems there was some difficulty in establishing that this was really Cynthia Ann Parker. Col. Parker said, "If this be my niece, her name is Cynthia Ann." Prior to this time the despondent woman had been sitting on the box with her chin resting on her hands, and her elbows resting on her knees. This name, no doubt she had not heard for many years and its being repeated seemed to momentarily revive her despondent soul. She then stood up, patted herself on the breast, and said, "Me! Me! Cynthia Ann." Frank Gholson and Robert Gray were then sent to bring Ben Higgins, another interpreter, for it was thought she would perhaps, talk to Higgins more freely than she did to the Mexican boy.

When he arrived she did talk more freely, and told the interpreter that she once had a pale face father and mother, and that her name Cynthia Ann, both of which she regretted, but that she now had a redfaced father and mother, and that her name was "Pelux", which she pronounced "Peloch." She called her baby, she had in her arms, "Cullin," reported to mean "Prairie Flower," a name by which the baby afterwards went.

Again she described the massacre at Parker's Fort, with a surprising degree of accuracy. In relating her past history, although she was only about nine years of age when captured, she gave the time she had been in Indian captivity and missed it only about four moons, which was less than four months. She also remembered correctly the number of prisoners the Indians took away, but could recall only one name, and that was her brother, John.

Although the massacre at Parker's Fort occurred in territory not covered by the present work, but in order to give a uniform story with proper form and symmetry, we shall now relate briefly the past history of Cynthia Ann Parker.

During 1834, Parker's Fort was established about two and one half miles northwest of the present town of Groesbeck, in Livestone County, and was occupied by Elder John Parker, his family and close friends, which consisted of a son James W. Parker and his family, a daughter, Mrs. Rachel Plummer and her family, Mrs. Sarah Nixon, another daughter and her family, Silas M. Parker, another son and his family, Benjamin F. Parker an unmarried son, Mrs. Nixon, Sr., mother of Mrs. James W. Parker, Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg, daughter of Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Giddy, Samuel M. Frost and family, G. E. Dwight and family, David Faulkenberry and son, Silas H. Bates and Abraham Anglin. Parker's Fort was a citizens fortification of a truly frontier fashion.

On the morning of May 19, 1836, James W. Parker and Nixon, the two Faulkenberrys, Bates and Anglin went to their respective fields, which were a mile or two from the Fort. About nine o'clock during the same day, several hundred Comanche Indians appeared on the prairie about three hundred yards from the fort and hoisted a white flag. This was, of course, an Indian intrigue. Benjamin F. Parker went out to the Indians first for a talk, and when he returned expressed the opinion that the Indians wanted to fight. He stated, however, that he would return to the savages and see if a hostile demonstration could not be averted. This he did over the protest of his brother Silas, and when he again reached the Indians, Benjamin F. Parker was surrounded and almost instantly killed. Only about three men were now left to guard the fort, and when the Indians came charging and giving their vociferous screams, the occupants of the fort then became completely demoralized. Mrs. Sarah Nixon hastened to the fields to advise her father and others. Silas M. Parker was soon killed on the outside of the fort, in an attempt to recover Mrs. Plummer, who was knocked down with a hoe, and carried by the Indians into captivity. Elder John Parker, his wife and Mrs. Kellogg attempted to escape, and were successful in getting about three fourths of a mile from the fort, when the Indians overtook them and drove them back. Elder John Parker was stripped, murdered and scalped. They also stripped Mrs. Parker and left her for dead but she recovered. Mrs. Kellogg, like Mrs. Plummer was made a captive. Mrs. Sarah Nixon had now conveyed the news to her father, husband and to Mr. Plummer. Plummer conveyed the news to the Faulkenberrys, Bates

and Anglin. David Faulkenberry started immediately for the fort, and the others also followed when they were found by Mr. Plummer. J. W. Parker and Nixon started for the fort, but the former met his family on the way, and took them into the bottoms of the Navasota; Nixon who was unarmed continued on toward the Fort and soon met Mrs. Lucy and Mrs. Silas Parker and her four children just at a time when all were overtaken by the Indians. Mrs. Silas Parker was compelled to place her nine year old daughter Cynthia Ann behind an Indian warrior and her son John behind another. She and her two younger children and Mr. Nixon were then carried back to the fort. Upon arriving, however, she passed around the fortification and Nixon went through, and was on the verge of being massacred himself, when David Faulkenberry appeared with his rifle and caused the Indians to fall back. Nixon then hurried away to find his wife, and soon overtook Dwight who, as best he could, was protecting Nixon and Frost's families. Ross then went with John W. Parker to his hiding place in the Navasota bottom. David Faulkenberry left with Mrs. Silas Parker and her two children. Cynthia Ann and John were now in the hands of the Indians. One warrior came so close the dog of Mrs. Silas Parker, mother of Cynthia Ann, caught the Indian by the nose and caused both the horse and rider to fall backwards in a ditch.

By this time Silas Bates, Abraham Anglin, and David Faulkenberry who were armed, together with Mr. Plummer who was unarmed, arrived on the scene, and Mr. Plummer demanded to know what had become of his wife and child. He then armed himself with a butcher knife of Abraham Anglin and started out in search of his loved ones. After being gone six days, however, he returned without being rewarded for his efforts. During the fighting at the fort, Samuel Frost and his son Robert fell while they were defending the women and children. The Indians now withdrew and the results of storming Parker's Fort were as follows:

Killed: Elder John Parker, Benjamin F. Parker, Silas M. Parker, Samuel M. Frost and his son Robert; dangerously wounded: Mrs. John Parker and Mrs. Juddy. Captured: Mrs. Elizabeth Kellogg, Cynthia Ann and John Parker, children of Silas M. Parker, Mrs. Rachel Plummer and her infant son James Plummer.

Mrs. Kellogg fell into the hands of the Keechi and was ransomed by

the Delawares about six months later. The Delawares carried Mrs. Kellogg to Nacogdoches where she was delivered to General Houston who paid them one hundred and fifty dollars. Mrs. Rachel Plummer was ransomed by a Santa Fe trader at a point in the rocky mountains seventeen days travel north of Santa Fe. She then accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Donohue to Independence, Missouri, where she found her brother-in-law, Mr. Nixon, who took her back to her people. The 19th of February, 1838, exactly twenty-one months after her capture, she reached the home of her father.

Her infant son, James P., was snapped from her bosom soon after she was captured and she never knew what was his fate. After she had been in the hands of the savages about six months, she gave birth to another child, but it was cruelly murdered in her presence.

Cynthia Ann Parker was in the hands of the Indians twenty-four years and about seven months. She was captured the 19th of May 1836, and recaptured on the 19th of December, 1860.

During this time the fate of her brother, John, was often discussed. Cynthia Ann was occasionally seen by Indian traders, but in 1839, 40, 43, and 46, when treaties of peace were made with the savages, the Comanches invariably refused to release her. In 1842, however, about three years after the death of his mother, and after being in the hands of the Indians for approximately six years, James Plummer was ransomed and taken to Fort Gibson. He reached his home during the following year, and was placed in the hands of his grandfather, and afterwards became a respected citizen of Anderson County.

Four years after Cynthia Ann Parker was captured, Col. Williams, an Indian guide named Jack Harry and other packed mules with goods, and started on an expedition into the Indian territory. They struck Tahauka's band of Comanches on the Canadian, and with them was Cynthia Ann Parker, now approximately thirteen years of age. This was the first news received of Cynthia Ann since she had been captured. Col. Williams proposed to redeem her, but the Comanches related that all the goods he had would not ransom Cynthia Ann and he further admonished Col. Williams to approach him no more on the subject. The Colonel then, however, requested that he be permitted

to see Cynthia Ann. She was then brought into his presence and sat down near the root of a tree, but had nothing to say. The citizens related to her the news of loved ones and play mates at home, but, perhaps, in accordance with her instructions received from the Indians, she remained as silent as a statue. Cynthia Ann afterwards developed into a beautiful woman and became the wife of the noted Indian Chief, Peta Nocona. Cynthia Ann was again seen by some Indian traders about 1851, and was asked if she preferred to return to her people. But she shook her head, and pointed to her own little naked barbarians playing about her feet, and to the Indian chief who was her husband. The Texas Almanac for 1859, mentions her being still in the hands of the Comanches, and it was not until Capt. J. J. Cureton, Capt. L. S. Ross, and Lt. Sprangler, together with their respective commands recaptured her on the 19th of December, 1860, that she was restored to her people.

All the credit that has been given and more is due to ex-Governor L. S. Ross for the part he played in this expedition. But heretofore, unfortunately, the noble efforts of Capt. J. J. Cureton and his men have been regrettably ignored. They largely initiated this expedition, as is shown by the reports of Sgt. J. H. Baker, who kept a diary of each day's transactions. This statement of Mr. Baker is corroborated by members of Capt. Jack Cureton's company, as well as by additional evidence. Capt. Ross, no doubt, was also contemplating such an expedition himself, but since the citizens of Palo Pinto and adjoining counties under their able leader, Capt. Jack Cureton, largely initiated the expedition in retaliation for the Indian's raid, into their settlements, it seems to the author that it is but fair that they too, should be credited for playing a prominent part in this expedition. It is true that only a few of Capt. Cureton's men reached the battle grounds before the fighting finally ceased and the remaining Cureton men arrived about the time the fighting was over. But the success of the expedition should rightfully be attributed to Capt. Cureton, Capt. Ross, Sgt. Sprangler and their respective commands for each had an important part to play.

There is yet another important phase of this expedition to be considered. It is generally stated that the Indian chief killed by Capt. Ross and the Mexican boy, was Peta Nocona, husband of Cynthia Ann Parker. The Mexican boy, who had been an Indian captive

himself stated that he personally knew Peta Nocona, and that it was this chief that was killed. The correctness of this statement, however, has been questioned by Col. Charles Goodnight, Judge A. C. Tackett and others who for seventy or more years made their home on the northwestern frontier.

In 1878, Quanah Parker and about three hundred of his Indians became dissatisfied with the reservation, and went to the Palo Duro Canyon in the Panhandle. Charles Goodnight was ranching in this section at that time, and entered into a treaty of peace with Quanah Praker. Simultaneously Goodnight sent word to Fort Elliott notifying the authorities of the presence of the Indians, and requested that he be furnished protection. Whereupon the commander of the post detailed twenty-five soldiers to go to the relief of Col. Goodnight. Quanah Parker stayed in Palo Duro Canyon for about three weeks, and in a communication addressed to the author, Col. Charles Goodnight, said, "While Quanah was there, I got much of this evidence, and learned from him beyond a doubt, that Peta Nacona, his father, was not in the Ross fight, at all, but had left there the day before the fight."

It has also been reported that Quanah and his younger brother left the preceding day and were with their father, Peta Nacona. Cynthia Ann Parker, however, seemed to have entertained a different view concerning Quanah and her other son. After she was captured, and for some time, she continued to cry, and Capt. Ross thinking, perhaps, she was uneasy for fear she would be killed, requested the Mexican interpreter to relate to her that she was now in the hands of her own people and safe. But she stated that she was uneasy that her sons had been killed during the fighting.

In after years Col. Charles Goodnight, Judge A. C. Tackett, and others heard Quanah Parker say, that his father, Peta Nocona was not killed on this occasion, and as evidence of this, produced an aged squaw who confirmed Quanah Parker's statement. Quanah contended that his father died many years after, near the Antelope Hills, while on a plum hunt; nevertheless, Capt. Ross and his Mexican boy killed a chief who was being followed by Cynthia Ann Parker and who had sufficient interest at stake to return with eight warriors into the very jaws of death. But it is possible and plausible that this chief

was not Peta Nocona.

Col. Goodnight, Judge Tackett, and others, who long lived on the northwestern frontier of Texas, were very firm in their convictions, and strongly contended, the chief killed was not Peta Nacona, but another chief. Others, however, have been just as firmly convinced, the chief killed was Peta Nacona. Quanah Parker himself, for many, many years after the above conference with Col. Charles Goodnight, continued to strongly insist his father was not killed in this particular battle.

The author has presented for the reading public both views and has made no attempt to say which version be correct.

John Parker, the brother of Cynthia Ann, after being in Indian confinement for many years, married a Mexican girl who had also been a Comanche captive. They finally became dissatisfied with their surroundings and moved into old Mexico. We are informed by F. M. (Babe) Williams that he met John Parker at Fort Belknap about 1862, and that Parker stated that before he and his Mexican wife left the Indians, they secretly took a quantity of gold the Indians had stolen from the mines of Old Mexico; that he had been separated from his sister for several years, and that he was present when Press Witt killed an Indian in Denton County, and had an opportunity to shoot Witt, but did not do so, because he had no desire to kill a member of his own race, and was afraid he might kill some of his own relatives. According to (Babe) Williams, John Parker at this particular time, had a ranch on the Nueces, and was schooling three of his children in San Antonio.

An act was approved April 8, 1861, whereby the State of Texas granted a pension of \$100 per annum to Cynthia Ann Parker. Her mother tongue gradually returned and on one occasion she recognized Mr. Anglin, who lived at Parker's Fort at the time of the massacre. Little Prairie Flower died about two or three years after she was captured. And in 1864, the sad life of Cynthia Ann Parker came to a sudden end, and the angels of peace called her to a happier home.

She died at the home of her brother in Anderson County. In after years, the Federal Government appropriated money to move the graves of her and her little daughter to Oklahoma where they were buried by Quanah Parker. In company with Mr. Lester B. Wood, a student of Texas history and citizen of Breckenridge, it was the author's recent pleasure to visit their graves.

Note: In former years the author several times heard H. G. Taylor, C. T. Hazlewood, J. H. Chick, and others relate this story. And before writing this and preceding sections, the author personally interviewed B. F. Gholson, who was a "Ross Man" in the fight, and who was present when Cynthia Ann said "Me! Me! Cynthia Ann!" Also interviewed, Berry Fulcher, another member of Ross's Company; F. M. Peveler, who has the buffalo robe; talked and corresponded with Col. Charles Goodnight, who was a member of Cureton's command, who acted as a scout and was present when Mrs. Sherman's Bible was found. Also interviewed Babe Williams, A. M. Lasater, James Wood, and many others who were living on the northwestern frontier at the time. The author also rode approximately seven hundred miles, for the sole and only purpose of interviewing W. A. Bell, one of the members of Capt. Cureton's command. But his memory was so bad he was not able to furnish much valuable information.

Further Ref.: The author is also indebted to the following works: Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas by John Henry Brown; Cynthia Ann Parker, by James T. De Shield; Heightman's Register and Dictionary of the United States Army; Chronological List of battles, Actions, etc., a little bulletin issued by the United States Department of War; an account of this expedition written by J. H. Baker and printed in the Mineral Wells Index, perhaps during the latter part of 1910; Page 423, Vol. 5, Gammell's Laws of Texas; Frontier Reminiscences by John M. Elkins, a member of Captain Cureton's company; Fort Worth Star Telegram, April 1, 1928.

The author drove several hundred miles to interview surviving "old timers," who were able to give additional information for this and other frontier events, and we believe, that after making this and other frontier incidents a personal study for over four years, this account is the most complete and as accurate as has ever been written.

Steve Brannon and Grandma Cohen

As usual, those interviewed slightly varied concerning dates, distances, etc., when they related the story of Steve Brannon and Mrs. Cohen. But Mr. Brannon lived a mile or two westward of the present city of Strawn in Palo Pinto County. Grandma Cohen was a widow and one of those splendid frontier mothers, who often acted as a doctor, midwife, nurse, etc., when a physician was not available. Mrs. Brannon was sick. Mr. Brannon, who had been over to the Claytons two or three miles away to get Mrs. Cohen, was returning home and suddenly assaulted by a band of hostile Indians. He was riding horseback, and Grandma Cohen riding behind. They ran for the Brannon ranch, but it was not long before Grandma Cohen had an arrow sticking in her back, causing her much pain. Steve Brannon would occasionally turn on the Indians and draw his gun, which caused them to retreat. Then again he would make a dash towards his home, but the Indians came charging as before. When Mrs. Cohen received another arrow in her back she pleaded with Steve Brannon to let her down but this he refused to do, and kept riding as fast as his horse would go. Fortunately, Mr. Brannon's sons heard him screaming and came to his assistance. The Indians then hastily retreated. Mrs. Cohen recovered, but had she been left to the mercy of the Indians, as she insisted, no doubt, she would have been killed. This episode occurred December 15, 1860, just before Cynthia Ann Parker was captured.

Note: The author interviewed W.C. McGough, A. Hestalow, and others who lived in this vicinity at that time.

Further Ref: History of Eastland County, by Mrs. George Langston.

Ghols Flannigan and Joe Smith

Ghols Flannigan and Joe Smith left the Flannigan Ranch for Blair's Fort, which was located near the present town of Desdemonia. When they had gone only about one mile to the southeast, and were about three miles south of the present town of Ranger, they were suddenly charged by Indians. Joe Smith was painfully wounded with an arrow in his knee and Ghols Flannigan who fell or jumped out of the wagon received a mortal wound. The sudden appearance of the savages frightened the oxen, and caused them to run away with wounded Joe Smith in the wagon. After they had run for a considerable distance, and caused the wagon wheels to hang on a tree, Joe Smith hastily retreated into the thick timber where an Indian would seldom charge. Here he waited for Ghols, but Ghols never came. Joe's knee soon became exceedingly painful and he decided he had better go to the ranch and report their experience. Gad Reese went at once to see about Ghols, and found him dead and scalped. He then returned to the Flannigan home and shortly afterwards, Reese and Ral Smith brought the body to the ranch. The following day Lyman McCain, Mr. Highsaw, and, perhaps, one or two others came over from adjoining Colony Creek. This tragedy occurred December 16, 1860, and the deed was, no doubt, done by the same savages that wounded Mrs. Cohen during the preceding day.

February 1, 1886, after being embedded in Smith's knee for twenty-five years, two months and five days, a part of an Indian point worked its way to the surface, and was extracted.

Note: The author personally interviewed W. C. McGough; Mrs. Sarah Jane Keith and her sister, sisters-in-law of Joe Smith and daughters of C. C. Blair. Also interviewed others, all of whom were living in this section at the time.

Further Ref.: History of Eastland County by Mrs. George Langston

Indians Treed in the Lake Creek Mts.

About 1860, when the savages were stealing horses near the present town of Gordon, in Palo Pinto County, the news was dispatched to Col. Baylor and a company of rangers in Parker County. No further solicitation was necessary, and in a short time, they were in their saddles. After following the Indians for a considerable distance the savages were seen to retreat into a cave somewhere in the Lake Creek Mts., not far from Kettle Hollow. Since it was now nearly dark, it was agreed to keep the Indians surrounded until the succeeding morning. But when daybreak arrived, the Indians had slipped out and gone.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. J. Langley, who was along, who helped crowd the Indians into the above cave.

An act was passed February 7, 1861, providing that each of the frontier counties be authorized to organize a company of minutemen not to exceed forty in number, rank and file, for the purpose of protecting the frontier. Each member of such company was required to keep himself furnished with a suitable horse, guns and necessary provisions.

December 21, 1861, an act was approved providing for the raising of a regiment of rangers to protect the northern and western frontier of Texas. Such rangers were required to equip themselves in the same manner mentioned in the preceding paragraph, and then were further required to enlist for a period of twelve months. The requisite number of men were required to be raised as follows: One company in the counties of Clay, Montague, Cook, and Wise; one company in the counties of Young, Jack, Palo Pinto and Parker; one company in the counties of Stephens, Eastland, Erath, and Bosque; one company in the counties of Coryell, Hamilton, and Lampasas, Comanche, and Brown; one company in the counties of San Saba, Mason, Llano and Burnet; one company in the counties of Blanco, Bandera, Medina, and Uvalde; one company in the counties of Frio, Atascosa, Liveoak, Karnes, and Bee; one company in the counties of El Paso, and Presidio, and one company was authorized to be raised in any section of the State designated by the Governor. The last company, which was the tenth, was never organized. So the regiment consisted of nine companies. The act provided that these frontier troops be stationed in detachments of not less than twenty-five in each camp, along the frontier from the Red River to the Rio Grande, and then down the latter stream to its mouth.

Nine companies, lettered from A to I, were organized in January of 1862, and James M. Norris of Gatesville made Colonel of the regiments. The companies were located and commanded as follows: Company A, Rio Grande Station, Thomas Rabb, Captain; Company B, Camp Salmon, John Salmon, Captain; Company C, Camp Breckenridge, Allen Brunson, Captain; Company D, Camp Verde, Charles De Montel, Captain; Company E, Camp San Saba, N. D. McMillan, Captain; Company F, Camp Llano, H. T. Davis, Captain;

Company G, Camp Collier, F. M. Collier, Captain; Company H, Camp Nueces, J. J. Dix, Captain; Company I, Camp Belknap, J. J. Cureton, Captain.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally studied the dusty files in the War Department at Washington, where a large number of Confederate records are preserved; also studied records on file in the Adjutant General's Office in Austin, and interviewed surviving old timers, many of whom were in this regiment. Further reviewed records on file in the Texas State Library. Also found much valuable material in a set of bulletins: Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, and Texas Almanacs for the early and middle sixties.

Bloody Fight Near Comanche During February of 1861

During February of 1861, just at the outbreak of the Civil War, Indians made their appearance on Rusk Creek in Comanche County. They were stealing all the horses that could be found and chasing every person that came into their path. The warriors continued their raid to the Leon, then up Indian Creek, and late in the evening made their appearance near Comanche. By this time, five men from the Rush Creek community were following their trail. E. L. Deaton joined the pursuing citizens near Comanche. E. L. Deaton, A. J. Stewart, James and Kenneth McKenzie, Bailey Marshall, James Wilson, now numbered among the scouts. When the sun went down the citizens camped near the mountains, and all night could hear the bawling of cattle. It was therefore reasonably certain the Indians were somewhere in the vicinity. No fires were made, although the night was extremely cold. The following morning the frontiersmen climbed in their saddles and followed the Indians' trail. They soon found where the savages had killed several head of cattle. A mule and cow had been skinned alive and turned loose, a steer's tail cut off, and others found dead. The Indians had camped nearby and left considerable luggage, but the warriors themselves had gone. Several stolen horses were hobbled and grazing not far distant.

The citizens took the hobbled horses, a part of the luggage and again started on the Indians trail, which was now leading toward the settlements. The raiding warriors, however, had divided into different bands, and each squad was depredating and stealing all the horses they could find. Late in the evening the Comanche minutemen had in their possession about thirty-five head of horses. Since there were only six of the citizens and were a long way from the settlements, they now started with their spoils toward Comanche. When the rangers reached the county seat, they were informed that Jim Tankersley was encamped on Duncan Creek with a scout of men. A courier was dispatched to him and them, requesting that they join Mr. Deaton and his associates. It was their plan to return to the Indians camp and await the arrival of the savages. The two squads were to meet at a ranch about two miles from town. Mr. Deaton and his companions arrived in advance of the others and since the night was cold, they built their fires back of a field, and permitted their horses to

graze. The guards soon discovered horsemen coming up the valley and when the alarm was given, all were in readiness. When the horsemen reached a point about one hundred yards from the fire, they made a low whistle which was answered by the citizens. The answer disclosed the identity of Mr. Deaton and his associates. So the horsemen who were Indians came storming through the night, but since the Texans could not be dislodged, the savages soon retreated toward Comanche. Tankersley and his men had been delayed, because it became necessary for them to go by Comanche for supplies, but were now leaving town to join the others. When they reached a point in the suburbs of the frontier village, they accidentally ran into the same Indians, who had charged the camp two miles from town. But they thought the Indians were the other citizens, and the savages, no doubt, mistook the Texans for members of their own race. So in the darkness, the Indians and citizens were soon mixed up together so badly, that one could not be told from the other. The savages, however, fired first and a bloody fight followed in the very edge of the little village of Comanche, which was then far out on the frontier. The firing could be plainly heard and the people of Comanche became extremely alarmed. Kenneth and James McKenzie and others were wounded; but the two McKenzie brothers received the most severe wounds. Kenneth died the next morning and although James recovered, he was an invalid ever afterwards.

Mr. Deaton and his companions, who were at the ranch two miles away, heard the firing and since it seemed to be at town where the women and children were located, no time was lost in reaching the little village. A halt was made, however, at the identical spot where the firing occurred, and the Indians were then hidden not a great distance away. Their presence, however, was unknown to the Texans. When Mr. Deaton and his companions reached Comanche, the citizens had "forted up," and James Tankersley and his men on guard. But Mr. Deaton's voice was recognized and their arrival welcomed by the citizens.

The Indians on this foray stole practically all the horses in that section of the country and the citizens left stranded far out on the frontier. Supplies were soon exhausted and distressing times prevailed. It was nearly a year before the people were protected by the frontier regiment, mentioned in the preceding section.

Ref.: Indian Fights on the Texas Frontier, by E. L. Deaton. Author also personally interviewed Joel Nabers, Dave and Dick Cunningham and others who were living in Comanche County when this fight occurred.

Henry Robinson and Henry Adams, Killed and Others Seriously wounded

The 13th day of March, 1861, Henry M. Robinson and Henry Adams, who lived twelve and fifteen miles northwest of Uvalde on the Nueces, started to camp Wood, a Federal military post, which was being abandoned because of the outbreak of the Civil War. When they reached a point new Chalk Bluff, about two miles beyond the home of Henry Adams, these frontier citizens stopped at a spring for water. Here the two pioneers were surrounded by Indians and both killed.

The Indians then followed the road down the Nueces, and sixteen savages made their next appearance at the home of Henry Robinson, whom they had just killed. When they first discovered the red skins were in the yard trying to rope the children. D. W. Robinson came out of the house with a double-barrel gun loaded in one side with shot, and in the other with a ball. He fired the shot first and the ball next, and wounded at least one Indian. Mrs. Robinson at the time was at the camp of a Mr. Casey, who with his family arrived from California only a short time before. Amanda Melvina Robinson, about twelve years of age, and a daughter of Mr. Casey, as well as other Robinson children, left the Robinson home and started toward the Casey camp. Mrs. Robinson heard their screams and came to the door. According to reports, the Casey girl was subject to fainting spells, and the presence of Indians caused her to become unconscious, at a point between the Casey camp and the home of Mr. And Mrs. Robinson. In her hysterical condition she bitterly resisted the savages, who badly lacerated her hands. George Robinson was wounded in the arm with an arrow, and had it not been for a bone, this instrument would have passed on into his body. The Indians robbed the Robinson home, cut open the feather beds and took the ticking as usual. This barbarous onslaught may have been more disastrous had it not been for the bravery of Mrs. Robinson. In the presence of Indians and in the very jaws of death, she motioned to her rear in a manner to cause the red men to believe she was directing the rangers. The Indians then went away.

After they were gone, it was discovered the savages took a

daguerreotype picture of Mr. Robinson from the house and placed it in the yard with the face down, and covered it with a sock, which Mr. Robinson was wearing when killed, and which had been knitted by Mrs. Robinson. This splendid frontier wife and mother readily understood that this gesture meant her husband had been killed.

And again the mysterious red-headed man made his appearance and took a major part in this raid. But whether or not he was the same or a different individual that appeared on previous and subsequent occasions, no one knows. Mrs. Robinson now gives us some more definite information concerning his identity. According to her account, he was stationed at Fort Inge. Boyd, the "red-headed Indian" prior to this tragedy, had several times dined at the Robinson home, been there on a number of occasions, and Mrs. Robinson said she knew him well. But it seems Mr. Robinson had had some difficulty with this red-headed man sometime before his death.

According to reports, when Albert Sidney Johnston made his march to suppress the Mormon uprising of Utah, this red-headed man deserted along the way. But could Mrs. Robinson have been mistaken in identifying the man? That we do not know. But nevertheless, she seemed to be very positive that she knew him.

During 1872, James A. Robinson, a son was a scout under Major Davis, who was stationed six miles north of Utopia, a little town in the northeastern part of Uvalde County. The Major told James A. Robinson, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, that on one occasion, when he was with Gen. R. S. MacKenzie, they charged the Comanches on the Salt Fork of the Arkansas and during the fight this same red-headed Boyd was killed. According to reports, Davis further told Robinson that he knew Boyd before he deserted the army, and when killed he kicked him to ascertain whether or not he was dead.

Julius Sanders and the Remaining Part of the Red Men's Raid

Julius Sanders who lived on the Frio about nine miles east of Uvalde was returning home from some corrals or stock pens, which he and his sons had constructed about ten miles south of Batesville, for the purpose of catching mustang ponies. Mr. Sanders rode a splendid gray horse and had only gone a few miles when the same sixteen Indians mentioned in the preceding section, murdered and scalped him and took his horse.

About two miles beyond where the Indians murdered Julius Sanders, who was killed the succeeding day after the Indians left the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, the sixteen warriors charged Shanghi Pierce and Leonard Eastwood. Eastwood was riding a wild pony which began to pitch, and seeing that it was impossible for him to escape, he told Pierce to run on to the ranch and protect the women and children. After Mr. Pierce was gone the Indians rode on by Leonard Eastwood and surprising as it may seem, they never harmed him. But when the Indians passed, he counted them, and there were sixteen warriors, including the red-headed man. The Indians often did peculiar things, and this was one of them. Just why they did not molest Leonard Eastwood, no one knows, unless they did not care to ride his wild pony, and delighted to see his horse pitch.

After extending their raids almost to Corpus Christi, the savages came back up the Nueces. Benavides, a Mexican Captain in charge of a company of Mexican minute men or rangers, concealed his men near a lake between the Nueces and Rio Grande, for he felt sure the Indians would pass this point. When they did the "Red-Headed Indian" was riding the gray horse of Julius Sanders. He was recognized and Benavides ordered his men to shoot that "Red-Headed" ... but the Indians escaped. Again the Indians were counted and there were sixteen, including the mysterious "Red-headed man."

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed James Robinson, a son of Henry Robinson who was killed, and the same James A. Robinson that talked to Major Davis. Also talked to Ed. L. Downs, J. C. Ware and others who were living in Uvalde

County at the time.

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John Schriber

John Schriber who lived near D'Hanis, in Medina County, left his home one morning in 1861, on a mule in search of oxen. Later during the same day, the mule returned without Schriber and with an arrow sticking in its side.

A searching party was sent out, and Mr. Schriber was found dead and scalped where he had been massacred by the Indians.

Ref: The Texas Indian Fighters, by A. J. Sowell.

Early one morning William Youngblood, who lived in the northwestern part of Parker County, was about one-half mile from his house making rails. The Indians slipped up and killed him. This fact soon became known to the family at the house. In a short time William Lowe and others were on the Indians' trail, which they followed to a point close to the Angy Price place in the northeastern part of Palo Pinto County. Here the Indians were found and a surprise attack intended. But one of the men was of an excitable nature, and had to hallow. This, of course, alarmed the Indians who broke and ran away. Since the savages, riding better horses, soon ran away from the citizens, about two miles farther the wild hordes of the plains appeared at the home of High Van Cleve, which was on East Keechi. Pleas Price, preparing to be married to Miss Bertha Parmer, was at Mr. Van Cleve's home at the time. Milton Lynn was there also. Their horses were saddled and tied near the fence. A race horse of Mr. Van Cleve's stood staked near the house. This animal, of course, particularly appealed to the Indians, but when the savages cut the rope to lead him away, the race horse ran into the stable and Mr. Van Cleve closed the door. A fight soon followed and in a short time the savages rode away. Lynn and Price whose horses were saddled, mounted their steeds and followed. In a short time an arrow lodged in the top of the back of Mr. Lynn's saddle, and had this instrument been one inch higher, he would have received a mortal wound.

When the Indians passed the home of Isaac Lynn, several shots were exchanged there. From here the warriors rode on toward the Parmer ranch, which was five or six miles farther. Lynn and Price took a different route and beat the savages to the home of Mr. Price's sweetheart. In a short time Tobe Parmer, John Curry, Milton Lynn, and five or six others pursued the Indians and overtook them about seven miles south and west of Jacksboro. Tobe Parmer and one or two others, who were riding the fastest horses, reached the Indians first, and in a short time arrows and bullets were flying thick and fast. But when the remaining citizens arrived, the Indians started for the timber, which was about one hundred and fifty feet away. One warrior, no doubt, attempted to frighten the citizens by charging back. But when Tobe Parmer jumped from his horse, and fired, this savage

dropped practically everything he had and started toward his companions. He appeared to be wounded. The whites then divided into squads for the purpose of locating the Indians. Tobe Parmer and Dan Richardson, were the first to find them, and when they fired, one Indian fell from his horse. Mr. Parmer was also soon on the ground to get the Indian's bow and quiver of arrows, etc. The savage who was not yet dead said, "No shoot, no shoot, Waco Waco." He meant, don't shoot me for I am a good Waco. But the savage was immediately killed, and it was soon discovered he had Wm. Youngblood's scalp in his possession.

The dead Indian was leaned against a tree on the Palo Pinto and Jacksboro Road and here he remained for a long time. For if a savage once fell in the hands of an enemy, his companions ever afterward steered clear of him. Although Pleas Price badly tore his wedding clothes, in the timber, nevertheless, he was married that night. And Wm. Youngblood's scalp was returned before his funeral.

Note: Personally interviewed Tobe Parmer who was in the fight. Also interviewed A. M. Lasater, James Wood, B. L. Ham, Joseph Fowler, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, W. A. Ribble and others who were living in Palo Pinto, Jack and adjoining counties at the time.

Fights of Col. Buck Barry and His Command on the Northwestern Frontier

After the ordinance of secession was passed, early in 1861, as has already been related, Col. Henry E. McCulloch and his forces were assigned to the frontier. Col. R. B. (Buck) Barry, who had charge of a portion of McCulloch's command, was stationed on the northwestern frontier.

While camped at Camp Cooper, Col. Buck Barry agreed to meet Major Burleson at a spring on Red River. Consequently he detailed ten men to escort the wagons, which carried provisions and supplies. When the ten men had gone about forty miles, they were stormed by a large number of savages, and eight of their number were wounded. The battle started at nine a.m. and continued until three p.m. when the Indians were supposed to have exhausted their ammunition and left the field. It was afterwards learned through peaceable tribes that the savages lost eight of their warriors. Capt. Buck Barry, as soon as he received the news of their situation, dispatched one half of his command to the ranger's relief.

During the second day after the above fight, Wilse Biffle reported to Capt. Buck Barry and his command, that he had discovered Indian signs. Col. Buck Barry halted his command and sent twelve men back for the pack mules. This was during the hot days of July, 1861. The twelve men were hardly out of sight, when firing started. The remaining command, of course, rushed to their relief. But three of their number, namely: J. J. Weatherby, Tif Conneley, and Bud Lane had already been killed, During the fighting two others were wounded. The savages were well armed, highly painted for war, and outnumbered Col. Buck Barry's men about three to one. Their chief, in accordance with their usual custom on such occasion, was wearing a peculiar head piece somewhat similar to that often worn by a bandmaster. For a long time this chief was able to turn the showering bullets with his shield. But finally the Indian chieftain was wounded in the head, and his warriors rallied to his relief and moved him away. It was not long before a running fight followed with the savages in the lead. For ten or twelve miles, along the divide between the little Wichita and the Red Forks of the Brazos, the

rangers followed the Indians. Seven of the savages were known to have been killed, and, perhaps others seriously wounded. The next morning, the horses of Buck Barry's men were so stiff, they were hardly able to stand.

Graves were dug with butcher knives for the dead, and they were buried in a buffalo trail. Private McKay who was one of the eight men wounded two days before, also, died and was given a frontier burial.

Ref.: Col. Buck Barry's account of his controversy in Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas; also interviewed F. M. Peveler, Babe Williams, John Marlin, Henry Williams, Mann Johnson, W. A. Ribble, and others who were living on the northwestern frontier at the time or shortly afterwards.

Captain John Williams and Ed King

October 14, 1861, Capt. John Williams and his cowhands were gathering cattle for the Confederate army. While scouting in the northern part of Llano County near the Llano-San Saba County line and passing through Babyhead Gap, Capt. Williams became separated from his men. The Indians then came rushing off of the mountain and made a charge. Ned, David and John Truman successfully made their escape, but Ed King, riding a mule, was being killed. So Capt. John Williams rushed to his relief, but he too, was soon killed and scalped. Capt. Williams, at the time, lived near the present town of Cherokee.

363 Robert Carter

October 19, 1861, Lt. Robert Carter, John Witcher, John Hurst, F. G. Morris, A. W. Witcher, J. R. Townsend, James Mitchell, Joe Manning, Simpson Lloyd, and a tenth man who belongs to Capt. Frank Cotton's company, were returning from a ten day scout. Lt. Carter and his men, had been gone nine days, had seen no Indians, and were now nearly home.

The supply of meat being short, J. W. Witcher, was dispatched from the head spring of the Lampasas River to meet the squad at the next camping place with a deer, or such other meat that could be found. Since he did not return F. G. Morris was dispatched to Lookout Mountain to see if Witcher could be found, and to assist, if possible, in killing a deer.

When this point was reached, he saw several Indians about two miles away running a man that appeared to be Witcher. Morris promptly reported at the camp. Lt. Carter ordered his men to advance as rapidly as possible. When they reached a ravine above the spring, the rangers' horses snorted at something in the rear. This was only a short distance from their camp, and evidently the Indians intended to stampede the horses, for about twenty-two savages now appeared on the scene. Lt. Carter ordered his men to charge and was met by the Indians on the half way ground. It was now dark but severe fighting followed. Difficult it was to tell the white men from Indians. Finally the whites withdrew to one side of the draw, and the Indians to the other. Lt. Carter ordered another charge and a hand to hand encounter followed. John Hurst and Gundy Morris were now wounded. When a third charge was made, Lt. Carter himself could not be found. Several of the savages' horses were wounded. By this time the Indians retreated apparently for the purpose of giving attention to their dead and wounded. When the camp was reached, Mr. Carter had not appeared. J. W. Wilcher and J. R. Townsend volunteered to crawl in the dark over the battle ground to see if their lieutenant could be located. But they were unable to find him. This fight occurred Saturday night and searching parties did not find Mr. Carter until the following Monday morning. He was dead.

Several Indians were killed and some of these rangers received

slight wounds. J. W. Witcher, who had been sent out to kill a deer, successfully escaped from the charging savages.

Notes: the author interviewed F. M. Carter, a son of Robert Carter who was killed. B. F. Gholson and others who were living in Hamilton and adjoining counties at the time.

364

Davidson and Carter

During 181, Capt. Green Burleson of Bell County was in command of a company at Fort Chadbourne. While on a scout at a point about three miles southeast of Big Spring, the rangers charged a large band of Indians. During the fighting, Green Davidson was killed. One warrior was singled off to himself and some of the boys attempted to make him surrender. When Private Carter approached the savage, this warrior thrust an arrow into Carter's body and killed him.

Davidson and Carter were buried far out on the frontier near where they were killed. Others were slightly wounded and the savages lost several of their own number.

Ref.: Mart Flemming, who belonged to the company.

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Calvin Putman and Others Fight Near the Head of the Pedernales

During 1861, Putman and about fifteen or twenty others stationed at Camp Davis on White Oak, about ten miles south of Fredericksburg, were scouting and struck an Indian trail. The warriors were overtaken at a point about two miles from the head spring of the Pedernales. A running fight followed. Three Indians were killed and the others completely routed.

Note: Before writing this section, the author interviewed several of the surviving old settlers of that section.

366

Don Cox Kills Indian

During 1861, or 62, Don and Baz Cox, who lived about one half mile east of Sidney, staked out a little brown pony the Indians had dropped on a previous raid. It was night and before the Cox boys reached home, two of their dogs bayed at a lone Indian. These dogs were soon joined by five or six others, which came charging from the house. John Cox shot at the savage but apparently missed him. The report of the gun, however, caused the dogs to charge the Indian who had been warding them off with an arrow. Don Cox then rushed up and killed the warrior with a butcher knife. Don, himself, was killed by Indians about four years later in the famous Dove Creek Fight.

Ref.: Joel Nabers, Richard Cunningham, Dave Cunningham and others who were living in Comanche County at the time.

367

Thomas Killen

During the summer of 1861, Thomas Killen, William Washington, and Sowell, hunting stock on Poe Prairie, north of Millsap in Parker County, stopped in the shade to let their horses graze. Each of them were unarmed and suddenly charged by about eight Indians.

Killen received a mortal wound and Washington was seriously wounded. All three, however, escaped. But Thomas Killen died six weeks later and was buried in the Rock Mill Graveyard.

Ref: James Newberry who lived in that portion of Parker County at the time.

Josiah and John Short

During 1861, Josiah and his son, John Short, were about two miles from home and ten miles northeast of Montague on South Bonita, unarmed, hunting stock. His son rode a good horse, but the father's steed did not class so well. Seven or eight Indians came charging toward them. The father told the son to get away if he could. John hurried home for a gun, and when he again reached his father, the latter's horse had been killed and the Indians were chasing Josiah, who had been wounded two or three times. The arrival of the son, however, caused the savages to retreat. Mr. Short lay in bed a long time, but finally recovered from his wounds.

Note: Author interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris and Joe Bryant, who were living in Montague County at that time.

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A Son of Charlie C. Guinn Captured by Indians

About 1861 Indians charged two sons of Charley C. Guinn, while traveling along about three or four miles from home, and about fourteen miles northeast of Montague. The older son successful escaped, but the Indians captured the younger, who was about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

370

Grandpa McKenzie

During 1861, Grandpa McKenzie lived on Indian Creek, about four or five miles east of Comanche. In company with a small boy, he went to the creek to secure walnut bark, to be used for dying purposes.

The Indians shot Mr. McKenzie but the boy ran hurriedly to the house. The old man exclaimed, "Don't leave me, my pistol has gone off and shot me." He apparently did not know Indians were hiding.

An examination of the gun of Grandpa McKenzie, who was seventy-three years of age, disclosed that it had not been fired. Grandpa McKenzie died the next day.

Note: Author interviewed Dave Cunningham and one or two others who lived in Comanche County at the time.

Motheral Gap Fight

During 1861 or 1862, the Indians stole horses belonging to James Ferguson and others then living in the vicinity of Stephenville. The citizens took a course south and east, supposing the warriors would go to Motheral Gap. S. Danley, John Clark, M. T. Gillentine, Wm. Gillentine, Wm. Waller, and possibly one or two others concealed themselves in this Gap, which is about ten miles southeast of Stephenville. Here they waited for the Indians. At the same time three men were following the Indians trail. The Indians with stolen horses passed the home of Ben Beech, and in a short time reached Motheral Gap, where they were ambushed by the above citizens. Apparently, three or four of the savages were seriously wounded. But the citizens were able to scalp only one. Walsh Cox, Hightower, and Townsend who were the three trailing the Indians, reached the battle ground just as the fight was over. The savages pushed on into the mountains in the direction of Glen Rose, and were pursued for several miles, but finally made their escape.

Note: Author personally interviewed M. T. Gillentine who was in the fight, Ben Beech by whose home the Indians passed. C. E. Ferguson, whose father had his horses stolen, etc., all of whom lived in Erath County at the time.

The Experience of George Lemons and Elic Hestelow

About 1861, the above gentlemen stopped for the night, a few miles northwest of the present city of Strawn, in an old log house, built and formerly occupied by Dicky Lloyd. In the mid-hours of night, the peculiar action of the cattle caused them to believe Indians were near, and in a short time they discovered their horses, which had been hitched near the house, were gone. Elic Hestlow who was barefooted and some distance from the old log house, saw an Indian riding a painted pony. He fired and when he did the Indian not only threw away considerable meat strung on a rawhide string, but also fell over on his horse, and appeared to be wounded. Hestelow then returned to the house. But the next morning the citizens followed the Indian trail for about one-half mile, where they found the painted horse the Indian was riding. Apparently a buck shot had passed through the Indian's thigh, and on into the animal's backbone. They also found a place where the wounded Indian had wallowed in the grass, and had attempted to plug his wound with twisted grass. Shortly afterwards, a posse of citizens followed the Indians' trail to Gonzales creek in Stephens County, where a considerable fight followed.

Note: Personally interviewed J. A. Hestalow, son of Elic Hestalow

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Citizens of Coryell Kill Several Indians Near Ferry

During 1861 it was discovered the Indians were raiding in Coryell County. Consequently, Curran Richardson, Ike Richardson, James Wylie, Wm. Study, Brazier and about five others rushed to Lookout Mountain near the present village, Ferry, to waylay the Indians as they left the settlements. In due time, the savages arrived and the citizens killed five of the seven savages.

A. D. Hamlin Bluffs Indians With a Stick

During the first year of the Civil War, A. D. Hamlin, after selling his store at the old salt works in Llano County, about four miles west of Bluffton, started to Burnet and points beyond. A few days before he had received a letter from his mother stating: "Son, I want you to come home, I am afraid the Indians will kill you."

The first night he stayed with Ike Maxwell, a brother-in-law, who lived at Bluffton. The next day he started to Burnet unarmed; for when he sold his store he sold his gun also. Everything went well until Mr. Hamlin reached a point about four miles from Burnet. Here, unarmed as he was, he accidentally ran into approximately twenty Indians driving about one hundred head of stolen horses. What could he do? Suddenly he decided to jump from his steed and run into a thick clump of timber. Here he reached down and picked up a burnt stick shaped like a pistol. In due time, some of the Indians dashed up to shoot Hamlin. But when he drew his crooked stick, the warriors hid behind their horses' necks, circled and rode away. The Indians then seemed to have appointed a certain one of the warriors to dash up and shoot Hamlin, who held his hand on his hip under his dusty coat as if he were ready to fire at any moment. When the lone Indian again dashed up a second time to shoot, again Mr. Hamlin bluffed them away with his bogus gun. Finally, the Indians decided Mr. Hamlin was too much of a fighting man, so they took Hamlin's horse and drove their stolen herd on toward the northwest.

When Mr. Hamlin reached Burnet, he placed the bogus pistol in E. Sampson's store, where it remained until E. Sampson died. Sampson's brother then took the famous stick to Austin.

Two or three days after Mr. Hamlin's experience, some settlers farther up the frontier engaged these Indians in battle on the Pecan Bayou. During the fighting, they recovered Hamlin's saddle bag, which contained his Bible and about fifteen hundred dollars in unpaid accounts.

Note: The author personally interviewed Ike B. Maxwell, brother-in-law with whom A. D. Hamlin stayed; M. J. Bolt, T. E. Hammond, W. T.

Fry and others who were living in Llano, Burnet and adjoining counties during these early days.

Early Indian Fights in McCulloch County

Those interviewed differ considerably concerning the date of this difficulty. Nevertheless, this particular fight will be related at this particular time.

The Indians had been stealing horses in Mason County. So J. M. Bolt, Henry Morris, Pat Jones, Monroe Coats and a few others took the Indians' trail and followed it to a point about twenty miles or more northwest of Mason and near the corner of McCulloch Co., where the citizens encountered a large band of Comanches. The chief, who spoke Spanish, made overtures for a single combat. This, of course, was only an intrigue for the purpose of overpowering the small band of Texans. The Indians' chieftain asked the whites to send a man forward to meet him. J. M. Bolt, who could speak Spanish, accepted the chief's challenge. But before J. M. Bolt was able to engage the chief in a fight, the remaining warriors simply loaded down his body with bullets and arrows. During the fight that followed, Henry Morris was wounded in the foot and remained crippled ever afterwards. Pat Jones received a slight arrow wound in his head. Others were also wounded. J. M. Bolt was buried where he fell and at a point in the southwestern part of McCulloch or the southeastern portion of Concho County.

Note: The author personally interviewed W. P. Fry, son-in-law of J. M. Bolt, also interviewed J. F. Milligan, who states that this fight happened after the Civil War.

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Massacre of the Brackett Family

About 1861, Tom Brackett, who lived in Bracketville near Fort Clark, started in a wagon with his wife and children to Uvalde. He was within fourteen miles of his destination, when the entire family was massacred by Indians. Seldom in the entire history of the frontier, did the savages massacre the entire family.

Double Mountain Gap Fight in Palo Pinto County

About 1861 or 1862, the savages made a horse stealing raid down the Paluxy, nearly as far as the present city of Glen Rose; then crossed the divide toward Robinson Creek. When their raid became known, members of the Arrington, Powell, Chambers families, and others were soon in their saddles and riding toward the Double Mountain Gap, in Palo Pinto County, where they expected to intercept the Indians. But when this point was reached, the presence of a large number of stolen horses disclosed that the Indians were camped nearby, for it was already night. It was then agreed that the citizens move quietly and cautiously until the rangers discovered the whereabouts of the sleeping enemy; then silently charge the savages in their beds, and take them by storm. That, however, could seldom be done. For invariably, some excitable fellow had to yell too soon. So it was in this case. One of the Chambers boys cried out, "Here they are boys." This exclamation, of course, brought all savages to their feet. The Indians fired and then fled into the brush where they could not be found. But the citizens recovered the stolen horses. One of the Chambers boys lost a finger.

Ref:—History of Hood County, by Thomas P. Ewell.

During 1861, J. P. McMurray who was serving his first term as tax assessor of Bandera County, was traveling alone while discharging his official duties. George Hay and perhaps others warned him of the danger of Indians. But Mr. McMurray said he was not afraid. The first night the tax assessor stayed at a ranch on the Seco. The next day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he passed two men, who were on their way to Bandera, and who were eating their lunch. These men asked McMurray to dine with them, but he stated he was in a hurry and rode ahead. Before he had gone a mile, however, the Indians sprang up around him and began firing. Mr. McMurray hurriedly started back to the two campers, but was soon killed by the savages. When word reached Bandera that the tax assessor was missing, P. D. Saner, Robert Valentine, O. B. Miles, and Geo. Hay left their homes to find the officer. The first night they stayed at the ranch of H. P. McKay, and the next morning McMurray's body, with face downward, was founded near a draw leading to the Seco. This draw has since been known as Dead Man's Hollow. Mr. McMurray was not scalped, perhaps, because he had a crippled hand. The Indians seldom scalped a crippled person. But these warriors took his pistol and assessment book.

Ref.: Pioneer History of Bandera County by J. Marvin Hunter.

Comanche County Citizens Fight Indians on the Headwaters of the Lampasas

After the Indians had broken open stables in the town of Comanche and stolen a large number of horses, Capt. James Cunningham and sons, Joel Nabors, Wm. and James Arthur, Robert and James Maxwell, Thomas Ross, Robert Neill, Bud and Thomas Homsley, Richard Keyser, and, perhaps one or two others followed the Indians' trail from the town of Comanche to the headwaters of the lampasas in Mills County. The seventeen rangers, at this point, came upon nineteen Indians concealed in a ravine.

Capt. Cunningham sent a part of his command down below to reconnoiter the ravine. The rest of his men remained in the timber a short distance away. When the firing started, the savages left their entrenchment and came out in the opening at a point previously occupied by the whites. There were only three or four horses among the savages, so a portion of Capt. Cunningham's command dismounted; and it was largely the rangers on the ground that dislodged the Indians from the ravine. The savages then retreated into the timber and were dodging from place to place. After the fight lasted about one hour, Capt. Cunningham said, "All that will go with me to run the Indians out of the thicket, come on." When they started into the break, the savages started out on the other side, but were pushed back by another division of Capt. Cunningham's command.

The savages then became somewhat demoralized. When one of their number fell, others dashed up and carried him away. No doubt, at least four Indians were killed. But the rangers recovered the body of but one. The savages then broke into divisions and were pursued for a considerable distance by Capt. Cunningham and his men. The dead savage was placed against a sign post on the San Saba and Comanche Road.

Note: The author personally interviewed Dave Cunningham and Joel Nabors, who were in the fight.

Fight Near Mercer's Gap in the Comanche/Brown County Territory

About 1861, J. H. Christman, T. D. Saunders, Ambrose Lathen and Pat Gallagher, who were on their way from Camp Colorado to Gatesville, met several Indians driving a caballada of stolen horses. The Indians were discovered at a point between Pecan Bayou and Blanket Creek in Brown County and not a great distance from Mercer's Gap. The Texans examined their arms and made ready for war. When the Indians were within one hundred yards, J. H. Christman, who led the small command, ordered his men to charge. As they advanced, the citizens continued to motion their hands as if calling others in the rear. This, of course, caused the Indians much consternation for they seldom fought when the citizens stood their ground. The Indians fled and were charged by the four citizens for a short distance. After gathering up the thirty-six head of horses, which had been stolen, the whites hurried on to the home of Jesse Mercer, which was in Comanche County. Here the horses were penned for the night and the following day driven to Hamilton and then to Gatesville.

Note: The author personally interviewed Dave Cunningham and Mrs. Joel Nabors and others who were living in Brown and Comanche County at the time.

Further Ref.: Wilbarger's, Indian Depredations in Texas.

381 Stage Stand Fight at Van Horn's Well

During January or February 1862, about fifty savages charged and stormed the Stage Stand at Van Horn's well. Wm. Hope and four Mexicans were present to defend the premises. The Stage Stand was a rock structure and the roof covered with dirt. The mules were kept in rock pens immediately behind the rock building, and the two front rooms connected by a large hall. The savages made a dash through this hallway for the mules, and two of their number killed. The warriors then broke loose the dirt roofs and fired the rafters. Hope and his four Mexican companions were forced to flee. But Hope told them not to fire until it became necessary, and to lie flat on the ground when closely crowded. When they pursued these tactics, the savages would circle and fall back, and in this manner retreated several miles before the Indians withdrew. Wm. Hope then sent the Mexicans to Fort Davis to notify the soldiers, while he himself circled around the Indians to meet the upper stage, which was coming from the west, and which he met before it struck the Indians.

Hostile Indians Finally Kill William Hope

After the preceding episode, Wm. Hope, Geo. Van Pelt, Mathew B. Wilkins, Wm. Holmes, Charles Montague, Peter Wallace, and possibly one or two others had been gathering horses three miles east of Fort Davis. While driving the horses home late in the evening, Van Pelt and Hope stopped at a spring for water. Peter Wallace and one other rode ahead. When Van Pelt and Hope raised up from the spring, they saw a large number of savages riding toward them at a vary rapid gait. Van Pelt was armed, riding a splendid horse and made his escape, but Hope, riding a mule and unarmed, was massacred by the Indians.

The savages also charged Peter Wallace, the Irishman and his companions. Wallace was also unarmed, but bluffed the Indians by making a hip pocket play, and by this means successfully reached camp.

Note: Before writing this and the preceding section, the author personally interviewed E. L. Downs, who was stationed in Fort Davis at the time, as a cavalryman in the Confederate Army, and was at the Van Horn's wells after the stage stand was burned.

March 9, 1862, Owen F. Lindsey was at his home, near Regency and about one hundred and fifty yards east of where James F. Lindsey now lives. He was writing a letter when James Williams came up to his home with the news the savages had raided in Hanna Valley on the Colorado during the preceding night. Hanna Valley is now in Mills, but, then in Brown County. In a short time, Owen F. Lindsey, George Robbins, A. J. Jones, Enoch Powell, Pink Moss, James Williams, Isaac West, T. S. Hanna, and about three others followed the savage's trail, which led down the river to the mouth of Pecan Bayou, and then up the Bayou. About two thirty in the evening the eleven citizens came upon an equal number of savages. The Indians fled, but were followed by the citizens. Owen F. Lindsey, a brave frontiersman, who thought his companions were close behind, rushed into the jaws of death. In a short time he was completely out of sight of the remaining citizens, and alone in the presence of the savages. The Indians halted and in a short time he was dead. Soon the others arrived, the Indians then made a stand, and a severe fight followed. Geo. Robbins was wounded, and at first it was thought he would die. A. J. Jones and Enoch Powell were also wounded. The Texans fell back and built a rock fortification. After the fight was over, Mr. Owen's body was found, not a great distance away. Geo. Robbins, A. J. Jones and Enoch Powell recovered from their wounds.

Note: Author interviewed James Lindsey, a son of Owen Lindsey and others.

Henry Grobe and Berg

April 2, 1862, Mr. Berg, who lived seven miles east of Fredericksburg, started to town. He was alone, and while on his way, killed by seven Indians. From there, the savages went on toward the home of Henry Grobe who lived about twelve miles northeast of Fredericksburg on Willow Creek. About 8:00 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Grobe, unarmed, started to fix his field fence and had only gone about a quarter of a mile when the seven savages dashed forward and soon slaughtered him. Mr. Grobe was buried at Fredericksburg.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed SIB. Grobe, a son of Henry Grobe, and others.

Lampasas Raid During April of 1862

John N. Gracey, numbered among the first settlers of Lampasas and erected this health resort's first hotel. The 8th of April, 1862, his son, James Gracey, who was thirteen or fourteen years of age went about nine miles westward of Lampasas to the home of Thomas Dawson, a single man, to hunt a horse. John Stockman, a boy about the age of James Gracey lived with Thomas Dawson.

During the morning of the 9th of April, 1862, the two boys reached a point a mile or two from the ranch of Thomas Dawson. The boys became separated. Young Stockman was after some turkeys in a thick cluster of timber. James Gracey heard a horse bell and started in a different direction. In a short time, fifteen savages, driving approximately one hundred head of horses, appeared. True to their name and tradition, they captured and scalped young Gracey. The Indians then stripped James of his clothes and stood him on the ground, and beckoned for him to run. As he did, his body was filled with arrows.

John H. Stockman, hidden in the nearby timber, plainly saw the bloodthirsty Indians brutally assault young Gracey and really expected to be murdered in a similar manner. But the savages' large herd of stolen horses were now almost stampeded. And it required their closest attention to keep these animals traveling in the right direction. The warriors were now also attracted by the discovery of James Baker and family, who were returning to San Saba County from Austin. So John H. Stockman successfully escaped.

At the time, when they were surrounded by the savages, Mr. Baker, Mr. Baker's eight months old daughter, Elga Pope Baker, and father-in-law, Mr. Austin, rode in a buggy. Mrs. Baker rode horseback a short way behind. Mr. Baker and family had spent the previous night in Lampasas, and it was now about nine o'clock in the morning. A "Norther" blew swiftly from the north and the savages were briskly showering these worthy citizens with arrows. Mr. Baker stepped out on the ground, was dangerously injured, and lost all his guns and ammunition when the team ran away with the vacated buggy. He had one weapon in his possession, however, and it contained only one

load. With this Mr. Baker backed backward to a lot of timber. Mr. Austin, being aged and decrepit, was unable to render much assistance, particularly since the remaining guns had been carried away by the runaway team. In a short time a savage shot an arrow through seven folds of a Navajo blanket and wounded Mr. Baker's baby.

Fortunately, however, for the citizens, the runaway team ran directly toward the home of Thomas Dawson. When the latter saw the horses and buggy pursued by savages, he knew someone was in distress. So Dawson started toward Lampasas to give the alarm. But he had only gone about one mile when he accidentally came upon Dempsey Pace, John Greenwood, Geo. Weldy and Newton Knight; Lampasas citizens who were out hunting. These local citizens then took the back trail of the buggy and in a short time, saw the savages, who were at a great distance and who seemed to want to fight. But instead of pursuing them, the citizens pushed on to render aid. When Mr. Baker and his little family were found, a litter was made and they were carried to the home of Thomas Espy, who lived about two miles east of the Dawson home. Here, Mr. Baker lay for several weeks, on the divide between life and death, but finally recovered, and since the arrow had been already spent by penetrating seven folds of a blanket, Mrs. Elga Pope (Baker) Ward, who now lives in Ballinger, and who was the baby wounded, only received a painful wound and soon recovered.

While the Indians were assaulting the Baker family, young John H. Stockman was making his escape. A white shirt he wore he soon removed, for fear it would be more easily detected by the savages. When he had to cross a prairie, Stockman lay down and crawled and at one time, the Indians, who were chasing the stampeding horses, almost ran over him. But, although his body was badly lacerated with briars and thorns, Stockman made his way to the home of Thomas Espy, and perhaps, reached that point prior to the arrival of the citizens with Mr. Baker and family.

Note: Author personally interviewed and corresponded with Mrs. Elga Pope (Baker) Ward, who was the daughter wounded, R. M. Marley, M. J. Bolt, John Nichols, D. R. Holland, and others who lived in Lampasas and adjoining counties at the time.

Ref.: Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas, by John Henry Brown.

James Tankersley and James Carmeans

During 1862, James Tankersley lived in the frontier town of Comanche and James Carmeans lived at old Cora, a former county seat of Comanche County. During the preceding winter, Mr. Tankersley had cured about four thousand pounds of meat and thinking, perhaps, he could sell some of his product at Camp Colorado and Camp Collier in Brown and Coleman Counties, in company with James Carmeans, went to those two camps for that purpose. James Tankersley and James Carmeans, after spending the night at Camp Collier on Clear Creek in the southwestern part of Brown County, were planning to return home alone, but were told by Lt. Christian that an ambulance would soon be traveling the same way, so they had better wait for it was unsafe to travel alone. But they stated, "We shall ride along slow. The ambulance will soon overtake us."

After going six or seven miles, Tankersley and Carmeans were ambushed by fifteen or twenty Indians. Carmeans was evidently killed first and Tankersley, who was later forced to make a stand, seemed to have fought a desperate fight. This was shown by the surrounding trees. After he had exhausted practically all of his ammunition, it seems he crawled to the body of his companion and fired his guns at the savages. But Tankersley, too, finally succumbed to the deadly fire of the savages.

Shortly afterwards, Pat Gallagher and Crockett Large, who heard the firing and who were already alarmed, saw a lone savage in the road. They knew this was only a trap and that other Indians were ambushed nearby. Riding excellent horses, they hurriedly started with the news toward Camp Collier. When Gallagher and Large had gone only about three or four hundred yards, they came upon the bodies of Tankersley and Carmeans, but hurried on and in a very short distance, met the ambulance. After reporting what had occurred, the two frontier citizens rushed to the camp to report the news to the rangers. Both Tankersley and Carmeans were stripped and scalped and as usual, one sock was left on the left foot.

Another peculiar trait of an Indian is that he is almost invariably fond of red hair. Since James Tankersley was redheaded and had a red beard, the Indians removed both his scalp and beard. James Tankersley and James Carmeans were buried by the Rangers near live oak trees about one hundred and fifty yards north of Camp Collier.

Lt. Wm. Pogue and about thirty rangers overtook the enemy late in the afternoon, a short distance west of the present town of Abilene. A running fight followed with the savages in the lead. Since the Rangers' horses had been exhausted during a hard day's drive, the Indians soon ran away from the Rangers. But during the fight, at least one Indian was killed.

Note: The author personally interviewed John Nichols, who helped to bury Tankersley and Carmeans, and who was stationed at Camp Collier at the time. Also interviewed Richard Kolb, who was stationed at Camp Collier a little later. Dave and Dick Cunningham, Joel Nabors and others who were familiar with the circumstances.

Col. R. B. (Buck) Berry's Indian Fight in McCulloch County

During April of 1862, Col. R. B. (Buck) Berry and his men were on their way to Fort Mason, to be mustered into the Confederate Service. They stopped for the night at Camp San Saba, a Confederate camp, then located on the San Saba River near the present Brady and Mason highway.

A raiding band of Indians, returning from one of their forays were discovered and followed for about ten or twelve miles in a northwesterly direction. Here the red men were overtaken by Col. Buck Berry and his men. Needless to say, a running fight followed. One of the warriors was wearing a lady's silk dress which had been stolen during their raids. This warrior was first thought to be a squaw, but he shot his arrows with utmost precision. Captain Gogges said to Col. Buck Berry, "Notice how viciously the d--- squaw shoots her arrows."

It was soon learned, however, that his supposed squaw was an Indian buck, of the most gallant type.

Since, as a rule, the rangers became scattered when following an Indian trail, Col. Buck Berry and a few of his men in this instance, were in the lead. For a very short time the savages stood their ground, but after several of their number had been killed, and reinforcements were constantly coming, the Indians fled. The savages soon retreated into a thicket of live oak timber found so abundantly in that section. Here they made a second stand, and in a short time, Sgt. Erhenback received several wounds. Johnson was also wounded and Lt. Nelms had his lips pinned together with an arrow. Several of the horses including the one ridden by Col. Buck Berry himself, were wounded. Three Indians were known to have been killed outright, and another later died from his wounds.

Ref.: Col. Buck Berry's own account of this conflict in Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas.

Barnes and His Mexican

During the War, Clay County was entirely abandoned. As early as 1862, only one or two families remained in the county. Ed Wohlfforth, and family lived on the Big Wichita about three or four miles from its mouth.

One morning about eleven a.m. during 1862, approximately thirty Indians, returning from the settlements with about one hundred head of stolen horses, like wild demons, dashed upon Mr. Barnes, of Grayson County, and his Mexican employee. Mr. Wohlfforth was not at home at the time. Mrs. Wohlfforth who heard the shooting and Indians yelling, stepped out in the yard to see the excitement. Barnes and his Mexican fought the Indians for about one hour, and until their ammunition became exhausted, Mr. Barnes, who had cattle in that section, and who was out to look after his stock, was finally killed. The Mexican then fled, but before he had hardly gone a mile, he too, was slain by the savages. Mrs. Wohlfforth sat on a chicken coop and watched the entire proceedings, which occurred about three quarters of a mile from her house.

The two were buried by Mr. Wohlfforth and a Mr. Gooch. Mrs. Barnes removed her husband's cattle two or three years later.

Note: Author interviewed Mrs. Wohlfforth herself.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Walker

Mrs. Sarah Ann Walker and three children, who lived in the Illinois Bend of Red River and in the northeastern part of Montague County, had been to visit a neighbor about six hundred yards away. When Mrs. Walker's brother was returning to his home in the Bend, he saw two Indians coming toward him, and they almost headed him off. The father's attention was then directed to the savages, and about that time one of his sons, said, "Sister is out that way."

He then looked and exclaimed, "I see her coming." The father hurried to her rescue, and his appearance frightened the Indians away, but not until after Mrs. Sarah Ann Walker had been mortally wounded. But Mr. Campbell, the father succeeded in saving Mrs. Walker's three children.

Note: Author interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris and others who lived in Montague County at the time. Also corresponded with J. T. Campbell, a brother.

About 1862, John Morris, who lived about ten miles southeast of Montague in company with W. A. (Bud) Morris and Andrew Posey, started early in the morning to cut a bee tree about three miles to the northwest. When they returned, John Morris and Andrew Posey walked through the woods, while W. A. (Bud) Morris drove an ox-wagon around the road and hauled the honey and bees. After W. A. Morris reached home, his father sent him horseback to the Wm. Eaves Place. When within three hundred yards of the latter's place, he met six or seven men following an Indian trail. W. A. (Bud) Morris then learned for the first time, that the Indians followed him from the bee tree almost to his home.

The Indians went about four miles south and stole horses belonging to J. R. Durham. About four o' clock during the afternoon of the same day, the savages killed St. Clair Jones who was returning home from Willa Walla Valley, and perhaps, other points. When Mr. Jones was at the residence of Mr. McCracken, he asked, "Jones, aren't you afraid the Indians will get you riding that kind of a pony." Jones laughed and replied, "Oh, I guess I can talk them out of it, if they run on me." But he was killed before he reached home, and the Valley in which his death occurred, has since been known as Jones Valley. Since Mr. Jones was one of the first settlers of Montague County, a tributary of Duncan Creek on which he settled, has since been known as Jones Branch.

The citizens finally overtook the savages about dark and about three quarters of a mile from the present Montague County court house. The Indians fled and could not be followed on account of darkness.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris, who hauled the bees in the ox-wagon; Joe Bryant and others who were living in Montague County at the time.

Further Ref.: 109, Pioneer Days in the Southwest.

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Private Tulley

During 1862, Austin Morris, Geo. Frazier, and one or two others had a short Indian fight about two or three miles southeast of Forestburg in Montague County. When the warriors reached a point about four hundred yards from the present town of Forestburg, they struck Private Tulley, who belonged to Capt. Tottey's company, who had been to Wise County on a furlough, and who was returning to camp with a deer across his horse. When Pvt. Tulley reached a point where the present Forestburg stores now stand, he was caught and killed. Members of his own command heard him screaming, but only thought it was somebody herding horses.

Note: Personally interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris, a nephew of Austin Morris.

Warren Hudson's Indian Experience

During 1862, Warren Hudson and T. H. Keys were gathering pecans on Indian Creek in Brown County. Hudson was up in a pecan tree thirty feet from the ground, and Keys was sitting under a bank eating nuts. The two were waiting for Elbert Hall, Leonard Huff and Huff's brother. Hudson saw three horsemen approaching in the distance, so he reported to Keys the other boys were coming. Shortly afterwards, Warren Hudson took a second look and exclaimed the horsemen were Indians. Just how long it took Mr. Hudson to climb out of the pecan tree, we do not know, but venture to say, it was considerably quicker than it took to climb upward.

Note: Author personally interviewed Warren Hudson himself.

Capture of Wm. Wilson and Anna Acres

Hiram Wilson was one of the early settlers of Parker County, and during the war, lived about 12 miles south of Weatherford, between Muddy Branch and Spring Creek. Oliver Fulton, his brother-in-law, lived on the latter stream about 2 miles north. Fulton had just purchased a sargum mill, and arrangements were made for Wm. Wilson, the 12-year old son of Hiram Wilson, to drive the steers hitched to the mill, while his uncle and others made molasses. Consequently Wm. Wilson left his father's home late one evening during July 1862, to go to the residence of Oliver Fulton, his uncle, to be on hand early next morning to drive the steers.

Since Fulton's steers were wild, the next morning he decided to send Wm. Wilson back to his home and borrow his father's steers, which were gentle. Anna Acres, a cousin of Wm. Wilson, also about 12 years of age, went along with young Wilson to assist in driving the steers. These two happy children left the home of Oliver Fulton about 10 o'clock in the morning. They were warned, however, to stay in the open road and avoid the timber on account of Indians.

But when the two children were within one-half mile of the home of Hiram Wilson, father of Wm. Wilson, seven Indians dashed from the brush like wild demons, towards Wm. Wilson and Anna Acres. Wm. Wilson said:

"We took to our heels. The foremost of the Indians knocked me down with the but end of a lance. Then riding on, he reached down his hand, and motioned for me to get up behind him. I complied without very well knowing what I was doing. With me behind him, he rode back to the other six Indians, who were standing around Anna, who was crying and fighting them off with her bonnet. One of the Indians said something to the other and one of the Indians dismounted and set Anna behind one of his companions. When the same Indian spoke once more, and with their prisoners, the party whipped their horses into a run and headed for Mt. Nebo, three miles away. I expected nothing short of death, and that, perhaps, a horrible death, as soon as we could reach a place, where our capture would be safe."

When the Indians with their two captives reached the top of Mt. Nebo, they stopped and remained during the day. At times the Indian spies climbed to the tops of the tallest trees, so they could better locate horses and watch the maneuvers of the settlements in the valleys below.

Late in the evening a train of wagons was discovered by the savages about one mile away. Since they were leading about 30 horses, the Indians became excited, and began to make preparations to steal these horses if possible.

Concerning this train of wagons and horses, Wm. Wilson said:

"The movers halted within a mile of our position, and camped for the night, turning their horses out to graze. An hour or two after dark, five of our Indians strung their bow and mounting their horses rode down the mountain, leaving the other two to guard us. A short time later an owl hooted in the valley below. Our guards hastily mounting, pulled Anna and me up behind them, and rode for the valley where they joined their companions who had stampeded and stolen the horses of the movers."

Concerning the movements of the Indians, William Wilson said:

"Driving the stolen horses, the Indians started back the way we had come. We passed within a mile of my father's house. Our dogs barked familiarly and I distinctly heard our old rooster crow. We crossed the Brazos river and rode all night. At daylight we stopped at a clump of trees at the mouth of a canyon. Staking their horses out with ropes, the Indians got down and fell asleep as they dropped. One of them rolled me in a blanket so that I could not move, put the ends of the blanket under him and caught my feet in his. I was so exhausted that I was asleep before he had finished tucking me in. They did not secure Anna. She lay down at my side. Just before daylight I stirred involuntarily half asleep. I said something, I know not what, but it was enough to bring every Indian to his feet, and I felt very certain that here our captors would kill us. One of them seized me, and another Anna. They threw us on the back of an old roan mare, Anna before, and tying us there, turned our mounts loose.

Then hastily mounting they put their drove of more than 30 horses ahead of them and started at a run across Robertson's Prairie, 16 miles in width, in Erath County. We reached the breaks of Sunday Creek, on the west side of the prairie, about the middle of the day."

"Feeling safe here, the Indians loitered around all day. They killed 2 or 3 calves and ate the meat raw. They offered us bits of it, but we could not eat it, although we were famished. At sundown, they killed a cow, and one of their numbers started a fire by striking a piece of flint with the back of the blade of his knife, burned some of the meat, which he offered us. We ate some of it, but without relish."

"Our party resumed the journey, heading for the trail over the Palo Pinto Mountains, the only point at which the mountains may be crossed for some distance, in either direction. This time our captors did not tie us on a horse, though we rode the same old roan mare, who mixed with the rest of the herd. By this time we felt easier. As the Indians did not kill us when they had so much time on their hands, when they were on Sunday Creek, we concluded that they meant to adopt us. Anna suppressed her tears and we talked freely, discussing plans for escape. The Indians at no time objected to our talking, or in any way mistreated us."

"When we reached the mountains, two Indians rode in front with Anna and me next. Behind us came the loose horses with the remaining five Indians bringing up the rear. Half way up the path we came to a shelf, or level place, where stood an old horse and a done-for-mule. There was a white man's saddle on the mule with an old white hat, with turkey feathers in it, attached to it. The Indians halted, evidently puzzled. After a consultation one of them howled like a wolf several times. After an interval, another gobbled like a turkey, and then a third hooted like an owl. Getting no answer to any of these interrogations of the wilderness, they strung their bows, adjusted their arrow pouches over their backs, and resumed the ascent of the mountain. It was a serene night with the moon and stars placidly looking down. My senses and faculties were beginning to come back. Anna had apparently gone beyond the tear stage."

We will now place Wm. Wilson himself again before the microphone, and let him relate one of the most miraculous events that ever occurred on the western frontier. Mr. Willson said:

"As we neared the top of the path, a rattle of firearms all around us startled the night. At the first fire the horses of both Indians in front and our old roan fell. I found myself in the midst of our heard of plunging and falling horses. I felt sure that the attacking party were my friends headed by my father and uncle, but I could not understand why they were aiming directly at me, as was obviously the case. I could see them deliberately pointing their guns at me, but I was so busy keeping out of the way of the frantic horses that I could not shout. When most of the horses had been killed and the firing had ceased, I called to the men not to shoot any more. One of them who mistook me for a wounded Indian, shouted back, 'Just wait till I load my gun and I will be down there.' Then another voice asked if I were a prisoner. I assured him I was, and invited him to come down and see. "You come up here," he retorted, "and be sure you hold your hands up. If you are a prisoner, don't be afraid. With my hands aloft I started up the path. On the way, I saw Anna once more in tears. She crept behind a rock and I told her to put up her hands and come with me."

"As soon as she saw white men, Anna fell in a swoon. The men were not our relatives and neighbors at all, but a company of Minutemen, from Stephenville, commanded by Capt. Hughes. There were 45 of them, and as they afterwards said practically all of them emptied their rifles, shotguns and pistols at me. Judge Marvel of Stephenville told my father that with a rush he took six shoots at me with his repeating rifle and added, "I am one of the best marksmen of the frontier." So far as could be learned, all the Indians escaped, but most of the horses were killed outright, or so badly wounded that they had to be shot."

"After the battle, the men went to the Clayton ranch, two miles from the path, and rested for a time. In the meantime Capt. Hughes dispatched a man to notify my father that we were safe. The next day we proceeded to Stephenville. Anna being too weak to ride a horse, Judge Marvell took her in his buggy, and putting me on a horse,

started the following day to take us home. There were no roads and we were four days on the trip."

"We were not missed from home until the day after our capture. My uncle thought we were at my father's house, and my father thought we were at my uncle's. During the day following our disappearance, my father went over to see how my uncle was progressing with his sorghum making, and it soon developed that something had happened to us. Searching parties were sent in all directions, and the search was still under way when Capt. Hughes' message reached my father's house."

Note: Author personally interviewed Tom Ribble, Ike Roberts, W. C. McGough, Mrs. Jno. Guest, and several others who lived in Palo Pinto, Parker, Erath and Eastland counties at the time. Also interviewed and corresponded with Wm. Wilson himself. We are quite sure that this is the story incorrectly related in Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas, where it is stated that two Coldiron children were captured.

Captain Jack Wright and Men Fight With Indians Near Buffalo Gap

Capt. Jack Wright, Dick Cunningham, and Isaac Reed of Comanche County, Elic Powers and Geo. Gentry of Hamilton County, Luther Allen of Coryell County, Alexander from Camp Colorado, and about five others during 1862, followed twelve Indians until they reached a point near the present town of Buffalo Gap. Here the rangers heard a peculiar whistle, and shortly afterwards, and about nine o'clock in the morning they discovered the savages. During the fighting that followed, the Indians captured the pack mules of these gallant frontiersmen, who were stationed at Camp Colorado during the War. The copper faced criminals from the plains, after the first fight ceased, took the rangers' frying pans and beat them against the rocks. Soon the soldiers and savages again became engaged in a bitter conflict, and needless to say, this was one of the worst fighting bunch of Indians that was ever encountered. Later in the day the Indians, after the second fight had been fought, called a pow-wow on a little cedar mountain very near the present town of Cedar Gap. They again made a desperate charge against the whites, and a third fight followed, in which both white men and savages were fighting several desperate duels.

When the fighting had ended, Geo. Gentry, Elic Powers and Billy Ellison were so badly wounded, the command could not move. Capt. Jack Wright and others were also painfully injured by the deadly aim of the plains Indians. Night was now near and both the whites and savages camped within one half mile of each other, and under the shadows of darkness, slipped to the same spring for water. A courier was dispatched that night to Camp Colorado for aid.

During the succeeding day new recruits took the Indian trail and discovered that only three savages went away. The trail of these three Indians was followed for fifteen or twenty miles, and bloody cloth found disclosed that at least one of their number was wounded. That the Indians lost heavily in this engagement, was further disclosed by the finding of bodies of nine warriors nearby buried with rock and brush over their bodies.

This was one of the most desperate and stubbornly waged fights ever fought along the West Texas Frontier.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Richard P. (Dick) Cunningham, who was in the fight, and others.

Captain J. J. Callan's Men Riot Indians in Santa Anna Gap

During 1862, Lt. J. Chandler, in command of a squad of about ten men who belonged to Capt. J. J. Callan's company then camped on Clear Creek in the Brown and Coleman County section, were scouting in the vicinity of Santa Anna Gap. Two men were stationed on the mountain as spies and the remainder near a water hole which lay to the north. The spies on the mountain discovered several savages in the far distance coming from the settlements with a large caballada of stolen horses and immediately reported to the remaining part of the command, stationed at the water hole.

Lt. Chandler and his men subsequently located themselves in the Santa Anna Gap where the present town of Santa Anna now stands. When the Indians arrived, the whites made a sudden charge and the savages scattered like a covey of quail. One Indian was killed and another thought to have been wounded. After Hog Marshall emptied his six shooter and fell back to where he considered his position safe, an Indian shot an arrow high in the air and as it came down, accidentally found lodging in Hog Marshall's hip.

Note: Author personally interviewed R. Kolb, who belonged to J. J. Callan's company.

Sammy Lane

During 1862, Sammy Lane, who lived about two miles west of Comfort, in the edge of Kerr County, started to the home of John Corner, who lived near the present town of Center Point. It was also Mr. Lane's mission to see about some of his hogs in that section. Since he did not return home by the following day, his son was sent to search for him, and soon learned that his father had not reached his destination. Searching parties were then sent out and the body of Sammy Lane found the third day, near the beautiful Guadalupe River, where he had been waylaid and killed by the savages. Mr. Lane was killed during an extremely foggy day, and no doubt, rode directly upon the Indians before he knew they were near.

Note: Author personally interviewed D. M. Wharton and Steve McElroy who were living in Kerr County at the time. Also interviewed one or two others.

Massacre of Members of the Parks Family

During 1862, Mr. and Mrs. Parks, who were somewhat advanced in years, lived on the Felix Hale Ranch about twenty-five miles northeast of Junction. During the above year the Indians slipped up and scalped Mr. Parks near the cow lot, killed Mrs. Parks near the door of the house and a grandson they were raising, was massacred near the creek. Still, the savages were not satisfied. They burned the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parks to the ground. Only a very few families lived in Kimble County at that time.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Milligan, who then lived in that section.

C. C. Carter

C. C. Carter who lived about twelve miles north and west of Lampasas, in Lampasas County, while out searching for horses during 1862, about three miles west of his home, was killed by Indians. Mr. Carter was unarmed and hurried on toward the home of A. J. Ivey, who lived about one mile farther west. But before he reached Mr. Ivy's house, the savages shot him three or four times, and attempted to pull him from his horse. When Mr. Carter reached the Ivey residence, he was calling for a gun. But it was too late. For he had already received mortal wounds from the five pursuing savages.

These Indians were followed by local citizens, who crowded them closely. Several shots were fired, but the red men rushed into the timber and successfully made their escape.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Geo. Carter, a son of C. C. Carter, and others who were living in Lampasas and adjoining counties when Mr. Carter was killed.

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Benjamin F. Linn

In 1862, Benjamin F. Linn, Thomas Sloan, Ash Feazle and two or three others were out cow hunting about seven or eight miles north of San Saba when they came upon approximately ten Comanches. A running fight followed with the Indians in the lead. Benjamin F. Linn received a mortal wound and died a few hours later.

Note: Before writing this article, the author personally interviewed Newton V. Brown and his brother, Jasper Brown, and others who were living in San Saba County at the time.

Further Ref.: Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas.

Dr. John Richardson, who lived near the present town of Concan, and Frank Watkins who lived near the present village of Rio Frio, started to Uvalde for the purpose of registering in the War between the States. After reaching a point about five or six miles northeast of Uvalde, they camped for the night. During the succeeding day, Geo. Robinson, a son of Henry Robinson, who had been slain by the savages during the preceding year, came along and found the badly mutilated bodies of Dr. Richardson and Frank Watkins, where they had been massacred by the Indians. It is generally supposed the two were killed in camp early in the morning of the succeeding day. They were stripped, their bodies contained several arrows and a number of such weapons were found on the ground. Some bridle bits of the horses were still in the mouth of Dr. Richardson, and other indications seemed to show that the two had been ridden as horses prior to their death.

Note: Author personally interviewed: J. C. War; E. L. Downs; and others who lived in Uvalde County at the time. Further Ref: Texas Indian Fighters, by A. J. Sowell.

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John Henderson Halts the Indians

During 1862, while John Henderson was riding alone on Barton's Creek, south of Gordon, near the Palo Pinto-Erath County line, he was charged by a large band of Indians. After running for one or two miles his horse began to weaken, so Henderson ran into a dense thicket, tied his horse and hung up a red blanket which he had in his possession. Indians were always extremely shy of anything unusual. So this large band of savages stayed back a considerable distance during the remaining part of the day. When night came, John Henderson slipped out and after crawling almost a quarter of a mile, made his way to the nearby settlement. Later in company with others he went back to his horse which was still tied in the thicket.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Wm. Mingus, who lived near at the time.

Berry (Coon) Keith and Others Kill and Wound Indians

We are not quite sure of the date of the two incidents related at this time, but they occurred sometime during the Civil War or shortly afterward, and will be reported at this time.

On one occasion Berry (Coon) Keith, Johnny Owens and sons, Alfred and John Thomas Owens, were on the second bank of Armstrong about 11 miles from Dublin to cut meat sticks to be used in smoking the winter's supply of meat. Horses were heard running, so John Thomas Owens was instructed to climb upon the bank and ascertain what was causing the disturbance. He soon hurried back and stated that Indians were after the horses. So Berry (Coon) Keith pulled his six-shooter, ran upon the bank and shot at an Indian trying to rope his pony. This savage fell on his horse's neck and rapidly rode away. At the same time, some of his comrades came to his assistance.

On another occasion Coon Keith, Ross, James Dunn and Mr. Simpson, and about one or two others were following an Indian trail, and came upon the savages at Flat Creek, about two miles northeast of the present town of Victor in Erath County. Berry (Coon) Keith and Simpson fired at the same time, and one of the two mortally wounded a savage. Berry Keith was allowed to scalp this Indian to avenge the death of his brother, whom the Indians killed in the Ellison Spring Fight during 1864. This Indian, of course, was killed after that time, but these two incidents are reported together.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Berry Keith, her sisters and others who were living in Comanche, Erath and Eastland Counties at the time.

Mysterious Disappearance of the Christal Brothers

About 1862, John, Richard, Isom and James Christal left their home in Denton County for a buffalo hunt, at some point in the northwest. The brothers established their permanent camp on the Wichita River, near the mouth of Holiday Creek, not a great distance from the present city of Wichita Falls. At that time bisons were extremely plentiful. So John and Richard left their brothers, Isom and James, at the camp to cook supper, while they went out in search of game. Shortly afterward, a gun was heard to fire, and in a few minutes they heard the report of a second gun. When dark came, supper was prepared, but John and Richard had not returned. The two brothers in camp thought perhaps they were lost, so they gave a large number of vociferous yells, answered only by the howling wolves. Guns were also fired. The following day the two brothers had not yet returned. So Isom and James saddled their horses and took their brothers' trail. Before going a great distance they found where a buffalo had been killed, and partly skinned, and also discovered one of the brothers had gone to the creek for a drink. This was verified by his handkerchief which was hanging on the brush. About one half mile further on, they also discovered moccasin tracks, but otherwise no further evidence of their brothers' fate could be found. After searching for four days, Isom and James returned home and reported to their parents what had happened. A searching party of about fifty men then departed to where the boys disappeared. But neither could they ascertain what had happened to Richard and John, and their disappearance today still remains an unsolved mystery.

Indian Fight About Nine Miles Southwest of Bertram in 1862

After following an Indian trail for about eight miles during 1862, Capt. John Barton, Newton Murphy, Jesse Calvert, Wm. Allen and approximately four more were eating their lunch, when, to their surprise, fifteen savages began circling around them and discharging their arrows. When Newton Murphy advanced to make a charge against the Indians, he received a severe wound in one of his lower limbs. Jesse Calvert was also slightly wounded.

Capt. Barton singled out the Indian chief and when the Capt. fired his muzzle loaded shotgun, feathers were seen to fly. The other Indians came and carried the chief away. After the chieftain was shot, the savages retreated from the field. It became necessary to amputate New Murphy's wounded limb. But this did not save him, for he died about the second day after the battle.

Note: Author personally interviewed Allen Ater, J. F. Ater and others who were living in Burnet County at the time or shortly afterwards.

Hol Clark Shoots Indians

About 1862, Hol and James, sons of R. A. Clark, who lived on the Clear Fork of the Brazos in Stephens County, across the river from Miller's Valley, started one night to stake a horse about one quarter of a mile north of their residence. When they had gone about three hundred yards, James Clark saw the form of an Indian to the west, standing in the dim skylight forty steps away. Timothy Broomfield was expected over to the Clark home that night to go to a wild turkey roost a short distance up Huffstuttler's Creek. So the Clark boys thought, perhaps, the horseman was he.

Consequently, they called three times, and when no answer was returned, Hol fired, killed the horse the Indian was riding, and the report of the gun so badly scared James' horse that he ran fifty or sixty yards before he could be controlled. Hol hurried on toward the house and when James was able to turn his horse, he too started toward the Clark ranch. When James crossed where the savage's horse fell, he saw the Indian leaning against a tree. This Indian was now screaming almost every breath. No doubt, he was calling for aid from his comrades, for other savages soon came with a horse and carried him away.

Only Hol Clark had a gun, and although he was only fifteen years of age, this frontier boy exemplified a steady nerve. James was still younger.

Later on during the same night, Jasper DeGraffenreed, John Selman, Elic Clark, and Hol started back to the wounded Indian. But the citizens soon discovered other savages were now around him, so they turned back toward the Clark ranch for fear of being ambushed in the dark.

Note: Author personally interviewed James Clark himself, who was with Hol when he shot the Indians.

The Recapture of the Krawitz Children

Curing 1862, about fifteen rangers camped about ten miles from the head of the Medina River in the Bandera County territory. It was an autumn night and Taylor Thompson doing guard duty. He heard somebody remark, "Say, mister stop." When Taylor Thompson halted he heard a further remark; "Mister, you are a white man aren't you?" Then he replied in the affirmative. Two small boys firmly holding hands, emerged from a nearby thicket. It proved to be Fritz and Willie Krawitz, eleven and eight years old respectively.

A few nights before, their mother had gone to the home of a neighbor to be with a sick friend. The father and the three children, including the two boys and their six year old sister, who was still in the hands of the savages, were at home alone when charged by Indians. Mr. Krawitz was wounded and his children carried into captivity. The night the two boys came to the ranger camp, the savages were camped near the head waters of the Medina, and although the brothers hated to leave their little sister, they nevertheless slipped away under the cover of darkness, when an opportune time arrived. They then found their way to the beautiful banks of the Medina. Subsequently and with almost Providential guidance Fritz and Willie came directly to the camp of the rangers.

Although the boys were unable to pilot the minute-men back to the particular place from which they escaped; nevertheless the rangers successfully found the Comanche camp. A part of the Indians evidently were out in the darkness searching for the run-away boys, while the remainder guarded the camp and girl. The main command halted about four hundred yards from the savages. Taylor Thompson and a man named Macedonia reconnoitered the Indian camp and could hear the little girl crying. They then slipped back and the rangers left two of their number in charge of the boys, advanced toward the savages, and their presence was not discovered, until citizens were within forty yards of the Indian camp. Although Indians cannot, as a rule, withstand firing at close range, they stood their ground for about ten minutes and then scattered like a covey of quail in the nearby timber. But the poor little girl tasted the troubles of the early West Texas frontier. Fortunately for her, she was recaptured by

friends. After the fight was over six savages lay dead on the ground. One ranger lost his life and others wounded.

When the Krawitz children reached their home, about ten miles from Castroville in Medina County, the little ones were extremely pleased to find their father alive. He soon recovered from his severe wound.

Note: 248, Pioneer History of Bandera County, by Marvin Hunter. Also old timers of that section.

Indian Raid Near Old Gocian in Parker County

During 1862, H. R. Frazier, who lived south of Agnes, went to Old Gocian for his son, Don M., then attending a school being conducted by Ambers Cain. Mr. Frazier had heard that Indians were in the community. When Mr. Frazier arrived, after a consultation with Ambers Cain, the teacher, school was dismissed. The father and his son started home, about three and one half miles nearly west. Mr. Frazier rode the horse a part of the way, and let John walk, and then the latter rode the horse and the father walked. When the two were within a quarter of a mile of their home, John, walking about one hundred yards ahead of his father, discovered two Indians, one of whom was riding, and the other walking. The savages saw John but could not see his father. So the one on the horse jumped to the ground and began stringing his bow. John yelled, "Yonder is Indians," and then hurried back to his father. After placing John on the horse, the two rode rapidly home.

That night several families "Forted-up" at Uncle Steve Erwin's home, and the men took their turns in guarding horses. Just after a shower which fell about midnight, Steve Erwin and Henry Roberts started to the house for a coat. No doubt, the same two savages seen during the day, had been watching and waiting for an opportunity to steal the horses. So these Indians made an effort to drive the horses away, thinking the guards had gone and not knowing that Jack Stennett and Jack Fiddler were still hidden nearby, thought their opportune time had arrived to take the horses. The Indians went down the fence then made a stop. Mr. Stennett said to Jack Fiddler, "Now is the time to shoot. I will shoot at one Indian and you the other." They did, and Mr. Stennett's Indian fell from his horse. The other savage made a quick attempt to drive the herd away. When the lone Indian was fired upon a second time, he went away. A rope was placed around the neck of the dead savage, the other end fastened to the horn of a saddle and by this means, the warrior was dragged to the house. By ten o'clock during the succeeding day, many people from the surrounding neighborhood gathered around. The Indian was later dragged about one and a half miles and placed in a ravine, where his horse remained for a long time.

Note: The author personally interviewed John M. Frazier, mentioned above.

The frontier regiment of Texas, in 1863, was again reorganized. During the preceding year Lt. Obenchain had been killed, and the confederate States refused to muster the frontier regiment into Confederate Service, for the reason that the regiment contained only nine companies instead of ten as required by Military regulations. As a consequence, February 11, 1863, the frontier regiment was reorganized, and the same material composing the original regiment was mustered into a new regiment. James E. McCord became Colonel; R. B. (Buck) Barry, Lt. Colonel; W. I. Alexander, Major. This new organization contained the required ten companies and as before was stationed at intervals of about one day's journey from the red River to the Rio Grande, for the purpose of protecting the West Texas frontier. Th 6th of March, 1863, an Act was approved and passed recognizing the new organization and eight hundred thousand dollars appropriated to defray the regimental expenses. But not until the first of March, 1864 was this regiment, a part of the Confederacy. It belonged entirely to the State of Texas, and duly organized under her laws.

The various military troops were constantly changing their personnel. But on the 24th of December, 1862, before the new organization, Company A was under the command of Capt. James M. Hunter, and stationed at Fort Davis. Under the new organization, however, Thomas Rabb became Captain.

Company B. was under the command of John Lawson, and stationed at camp Verda. T. P. McCall was first Lieutenant and T. P. Adams and R. A. Harper second lieutenants.

Company C was commanded by J. Ward and stationed at Camp Brunson in May and June, 1863. S. G. Thompson also served as Captain of Company C, and Henry Ward as its first Lieutenant. W. P. Campbell and Charles Lindsay, second Lieutenants.

Company D was commanded by John T. Rowland as Captain, and S. J. Chapman was first lieutenant. W. D. Hoard, and James R. Giddens, second lieutenant. G. W. Campbell also served as second

lieutenant in Company D, which was stationed at Red River station in the county of Montague.

Company E was commended by M. B. Lloyd and stationed at Camp Salmon, W. R. Chase was first lieutenant of this company, and B. F. Weeks, W. B. Burley, Geo. A. O'Brien, and J. J. Stockbridge, served as second lieutenants, but not all at the same time.

Company F was commanded by Captain H. P. Edgar, and stationed at Camp Dix. W. H. Cochran was first lieutenant. A. B. Hutchinson and J. Franks, second lieutenants.

Company G was commanded by Captain Newt White and stationed at Weatherford during February, May, and June of 1863. The company was also stationed at Fort Belknap during the same year. L. P. Strong was first lieutenant and W. R. Peveler, W. W. Willett and J. R. Carpenter, second lieutenants.

Company H was commanded by Captain R. M. Whitesides, and stationed at Camp Cooper during September and October of 1863. W. W. Hickey was first lieutenant and J. M. Brooks, John P. Hamilton, and John Clark second lieutenants.

Company I was commanded by Captain J. J. Callan and stationed at Camp Colorado in November and December 1863. Then T. C. Wright was first lieutenant and I. M. Chandler, and I. H. Christman, second lieutenants.

Company K was commanded by Captain W. G. O'Brien, and stationed at Camp San Saba. J. M. Wood was first lieutenant and James McDowell and R. H. Flipping second lieutenants.

This completed the tenth company necessary to conform to the military regulations of the Confederate States of America.

These companies were constantly changing from place to place, and as a rule, each subdivided into two or more commands stationed about one day's journey from each other. In this way, no less than twenty camps extended from the Red River to the Rio Grande. Each day a patrol of about six men was sent from one camp to the next for

the purpose of ascertaining whether or not Indians had passed from the northwest and west into the settlements. And in this way the frontier was patrolled daily from the Red River to the Rio Grande. This patrol duty became commonly known as "Pataroll Duty" among the members of the frontier regiment. Many of the surviving members of this military organization today, commonly speak of "Pataroll Duty."

Ref: Information for this section was gathered directly from old files in War Department, Washington, D. C. Adjutant General's office, Austin; Texas Almanacs 1885, and from pioneers.

Indians Murder Mr. Cook

During 1863, Mr. Cook herded sheep for James Boyce at the Boyce Ranch about twelve miles northeast of Burnet. Early one moonlight night, the Indians were seen as they passed the ranch of Mr. Duke Strickland. They went about three hundred yards and killed Mr. Cook, sleeping in a shed to protect the sheep from wolves. Mr. Cook received a mortal wound about ten o'clock in the night, lived for three days and then died.

Note: The author personally interviewed Mrs. Baker, who heard the shot; also interviewed C. H. Steward and corresponded with D. R. Holland, who were living in that portion of Burnet County at the time.

J. P. Ragle and Lewis Jackson, who lived in the Strickland community about twelve miles northeast of Burnet, left home in a wagon drawn by oxen about one o'clock in the evening for Morgan's Mill, located about eight miles northwest of Burnet. The wagon was loaded with corn to be ground and the two took necessary provisions to spend the night. They had only gone about one or one and a half miles, however, from the Ragle home, when ambushed and almost instantly killed, by a large number of Indians. The warriors then cut the corn sacks and poured approximately fifteen bushels of corn upon the ground. Not being content with that they shot the oxen with arrows.

The Indians then went about one mile farther west and ran upon Lorenzo Holland, Marcus Scaggs and his brother, Benton Scaggs, age about eighteen, twelve and ten years respectively. Lorenzo Holland was killed almost instantly, and a ball from an Indian's rifle pierced his brain from temple to temple. It has been generally supposed that the shot was fired with the gun of Mr. J. P. Ragle. Marcus Scaggs was also wounded in the leg and Benton, the ten year old boy, made his escape after several times firing his six-shooter. Benton was under the impression that he wounded an Indian. He then hurried on toward the home of J. P. Ragle, and on his way saw the bodies of Mr. Ragle and Lewis Jackson. When he reached the Ragle home, he related to Mrs. Ragle the sad news concerning the death of her husband. Marcus Scaggs recovered from his wound, sustained the 20th day of February 1863.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Mrs. Johnathan P. Ragle, wife of Mr. Ragle. She afterwards married M. L. Baker. Also interviewed M. J. Bolt and corresponded with D. R. Holland, a brother of Lorenzo Holland.

James Billings and Son, John

January 31, 1863, James Billings, accompanied by his son John, was hunting hogs on the head of Willow Creek, about fifteen miles northeast of Fredericksburg, and about three miles from Mr. Billings home, when surrounded by twenty warriors. It was early in the morning, the two were horse-back and in a short time each sustained five wounds, similar in many respects. John was then ten years old. He was also struck in the head with a stone, which cut an ugly gash. Mr. Billings and his son were left for dead by the savages, who took their horses. Little John who displayed the wisdom often lacking in many grown men, continued to appear dead while the savages were present. But after the Indians had gone, in his almost unconscious condition and as badly wounded as he was, staggered to the home of Mr. Cadwell, where he was kindly received, tenderly treated, and in due time recovered from his wounds.

Little John thought he left his father dead, but when sufficient men were mustered to go bring in his body, it was discovered he had crawled a considerable distance, and was found near the creek where he had gone for water. Here he died, and when found, was both scalped and stripped of his clothing, excepting perhaps a sock on one foot. Will Walker, Wesley Cadwell, and Mr. Davis numbered among those who brought in Mr. Billings. A wife and eight children, as well as others, were left to mourn his death. Little John got well, grew to manhood, raised a large family and lived until 1918.

Note: Before writing this section, the author was furnished a written account of this terrible tragedy by Mr. Stockman, and wife Rebecca Stockman, a daughter of John Billings, and the only survivor of the Billings Family. The author also interviewed others.

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James Little

James Little lived in Kimble County on Jim Little Creek and numbered among the first settlers of that section. James Little had started alone to Mason County and after he had gone about fifteen miles, the Indians killed him on Salt Branch near the lines of Kimble and Mason County. This massacre occurred about 1863. James Little's body was found the succeeding day.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Augustus McDonald and Oscar McDonald who lived within a few miles of Mr. Little's home at the time or shortly afterwards.

Further Ref.: Hunter's Magazine, January and February 1912.

The surviving old timers interviewed by the author, were not in accord concerning the name of Fred Colley or Coler. One individual called him Cola, another Fred Coler, and others, Fred Colter, and Dutch Fred. But several others referred to the young German and called him Fred Colley. Mrs. Lizzie Chriswell, a daughter of James Walker, stated that Fred Colley worked for her father before the Civil War, and she several times asked him to state his correct name. He replied that his name was Fred Colley.

Fred Colley was a very valuable ranch hand, and generally made his home in the southern and southwestern part of the county. At one time he worked for James Walker, who then lived on Palo Pinto Creek. At another, for E. F. Springer, who lived near Springer's gap, eight or ten miles north of the present town of Gordon. But, prior to his death, for some time, he had been making his home with Wm. and Benjamin Harris and the Edward brothers who lived three or four miles north of the present city of Strawn.

It seemed that Fred Colley was destined to suffer many vicissitudes on the West Texas frontier. While working for James Walker, he made his pallet near the door, on a dirt floor. His bed was partly protected from the outside rains by a large box which stood near his head. One night when young Colley lay down to sleep, he was bitten on the head by a rattlesnake that had, also, concluded the box offered ample protection from the rain.

Mrs. H. B. Smith, a daughter of Nathan P. Dodson, stated that Fred Colley was not working for her father at the time of his death, but it seems he had been staying there a short time before. The day preceding his death, Fred Colley and John Henderson returned from Stephenville, where they had been moving cattle. They took the noon day meal with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mingus, for whom the present town of Mingus was named.

The several old timers interviewed by the author were not in accord concerning the date of young Colley's death. Some stated that it occurred before the Civil War, and others as late as 1864, but the

overwhelming majority are of the opinion that it occurred during 1863, and judging from correlated events, we are quite sure the last date is very nearly correct.

During the morning his death occurred, Fred Colley was searching for horses on the head waters of Wolf Branch, near the Big Gap, about six miles west of Palo Pinto. Colley was riding a splendid horse when suddenly charged by a large number of Indians. He started in a run toward the Dodson Ranch, which was on the head waters of Eagle, about one half mile south and west of the present home of Roy Hittson, Little's home was about five miles west of the present town of Nox - about two hundred yards south of the present Bankhead Highway. Fred Colley was successful in reaching the Dodson home, but during his dash for life an Indian with his bow and arrows, gave Colley a mortal wound. Fred Colley pulled the arrow from his body and used it to whip his horse. When he reached the fence of the Dodson Ranch, after running about two miles., young Colley fell dead. Mrs. Dodson and stepdaughters, Miss Lorenda Carolin Dodson and Mrs. Sarah Walter Watson. Some of the signs of this old ranch can still be seen and about the same distance west of the former home of Mr. and Mrs. Ann (Victoria) McGlothlin, and a negro slave named Charlie were at the Dodson Ranch at the time. Miss Lorenda Croline Dodson grabbed a gun, a man's hat and hurried out into the yard to check the Indians. The old faithful negro, Charles, was also standing out in the yard and although he stood his ground, after the savages circles and rode away, the old negro was so badly frightened, he stood speechless and silent as a statue. The bravery of this frontier girl, not only prevented the savages from scalping Fred Colley, but, perhaps, saved the lives of others. Colley was buried in the Davidson graveyard about three miles southeast of Strawn.

Note: It is but fair to state that the author made several unsuccessful attempts to gather the material for his section. Several persons were found who had always heard some one had been killed at the Dodson Ranch, but no little difficulty was experienced in obtaining the details. As a consequence, the author openly stated that he would spend two hundred dollars, if necessary, to obtain the facts for this story. The author interviewed and corresponded with Mrs. Sarah McGlothlin, Mrs. William Smith Mingus, W. C. Cochran, Mrs. Lizzie

Chriswell, A. W. Springer, Judge E. K. Taylor, J. C. (Bud) Jowell, Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, Charlie Hazlewood and others.

Further Ref: Unpublished memoirs of Wm. E. Cureton; T. P. Hazlewood's account of the early days in Texas, as published in the Trail Drivers of Texas, compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter under the direction of Geo. W. Saunders.

Benjamin Franklin Baker

During 1857, Benjamin Franklin Baker settled near the foot of Wynn Mountain, at a spring formerly known as Baker's Spring, and now generally called the Wynn Place. This place is on the Bankhead Highway, three miles east of Palo Pinto.

Only two years before the Indians were removed from Village Bend to the Lower Reservation in Young County, and for ages immemorial, an old Indian trail crossed the river near the present Dick Lemons farm, climbed the mountain about one and one half miles south of the Wynn Place, and from there the trail took a northwest direction. One of Mr. Baker's nearest neighbors was G. P. Barber, who lived on the Brazos about five miles southeast of Palo Pinto. Mr. Barber had just killed hogs and it was Saturday, February 28, 1863. B. F. Baker, left his home at Baker's Springs (Wynn Place) horse-back to obtain some fresh pork. When Mr. Baker started home and had gone only about one fourth of a mile, he found himself confronted by eight or ten Indians. Mr. Baker turned his horse and hurried back toward the home of Mr. Barber. But on the way, the savages shot two arrows into his back, one into his arm and one in his thigh. He remained on his horse, however, until he reached Mr. Barber's gate, where he fell dead. Barber ran out with his gun and prevented the Indians from scalping their victim. But the savages took Baker's horse and a horse from Mr. Barber's lot before they went away.

During the following day, Mr. Baker was buried in the Lower Cemetery at Palo Pinto, and his grave today can be seen near the northwest corner of the Slaughter inclosure.

Note: Before writing this article, the author personally interviewed and corresponded with M. F. Barber, a brother of G. P. Barber, E. K. Taylor, A. M. Lasater, J. C. Jowell, Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, Mrs. House Bevers, Mrs. M. J. Hart, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Jodie Corbin, Wylie Peters, and several others who were living in Palo Pinto County at the time.

Further Ref: An account of this killing is Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas. This account was written by J. H. Baker, a

nephew of B. F. Baker. Date of Mr. Baker's death is given on his tombstone.

The following story is from the book, *The West Texas Frontier*, by Joseph Carroll McConnell.

Will Peters came to Palo Pinto County in 1856 and located over at old Black Springs near the present town of Oran. Before the War he moved to Palo Pinto and for a time, worked for Styles, who ran one of the first stores of "Old Golconda." While here Will Peters became acquainted with and married Lizzie Bell, a daughter of Valentine Bell, also early settlers in Palo Pinto County. At the time of his death, Mr. and Mrs. Peters had one child, named Susie.

March 1st, 1863, the next morning after B. F. Baker was killed, Wm. Peters who lived on Ioni, about fifteen miles west and south of Palo Pinto, started to the latter place to transact some business. On this particular morning Wm. Peters was riding a very slow horse. Before he left home, however, his wife asked him to ride a better pony, but he replied that it would be too much trouble and require too much time to drive up and saddle another. So this pioneer started toward Palo Pinto. When Will Peters reached the eastern edge of Dodson Prairie, he was assaulted by the same band of Indians that killed B. F. Baker during the preceding day. Peters, who was armed with a pistol, hurried on to the old Geo. Hazlewood house, which stood near the present McDonald Dipping Vat, about four and a half miles west of Palo Pinto. This old deserted log cabin, built by Geo. Hazlewood about 1858, proved to be of poor protection particularly because of large cracks in the walls. Peter's pistol was carried away, but it was perhaps fired out before his death. Will Peters was evidently shot through the crack of the building. He was not only fatally wounded above the eyes, but his face was powder burned. This and other things have caused a few to conjecture that Peters was not killed by Indians but by some one of his own race. Nevertheless, he was no doubt, scalped through the cracks of the log cabin.

It is not quite certain who was the first to find Will Peters. Wiley Peters, a brother, was of the opinion that Thomas or William Cramner was the first to reach him. Frank Bell, a brother-in-law of Will Peters, thinks that Wm. or Matt Bell was the first to reach Peters' remains.

Peters was buried in the upper graveyard about one mile southwest of Palo Pinto.

The person that found Will Peters came to Palo Pinto and reported the Indians had killed Nath Darnell. But when citizens hurried to the scene, W. L. Lasater stated that it was not Nath Darnell, but William M. Peters.

It is singular to note that the old house in which Will M. Peters was killed by the Indians, was erected by Geo. Hazelwood, who was also slain by the savages, March 1, 1868, exactly five years after Peters was killed.

Another unusual thing about the death of Will Peters is the inscription on his tombstone. It is: "William M. Peters, Born August 23, 1833. Died February 29, 1863." Since 1863 was not a leap year there was no such date as February 29, 1863. But the author interviewed no less than twenty-five people who lived in Palo Pinto County when Peters was killed and practically all stated that he was killed the succeeding day after the death of B. F. Baker, mentioned in the preceding section.

Since we have conclusive evidence that B. F. Baker was murdered Feb. 28, evidently Will M. Peters was killed March 1, 1863, and the person who wrote his inscription inadvertently gave the date of his death as Feb. 29, for he knew it occurred the next day after the death of B. F. Baker.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Wiley Peters, Mrs. Susan Warren, William Bell, Mrs. Jennie McNeill; and corresponded with Frank Bell, Wiley Peters was a brother of Will M. Peters, and the others were brothers and sisters of Mrs. Will M. Peters, who later married Dr. W. W. McNeil of Stephenville. Also interviewed Mrs. Matilda Van Cleve, Mrs. Julia Scott, daughters of Wash DeRossette; Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. Jane Bevers, Mrs. M. J. Hart, E. K. Taylor, Pleasant Taylor, A. M. Lasater, James Wood, Jodie Corbin, J. C. Jowell, Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, and others who were living in Palo Pinto County at the time.

Further Ref.: Probate Records of Palo Pinto County, and the tombstone at the grave of Mr. Peters.

Henry Welty

Henry Welty, like B. F. Baker, and Wm. M. Peters, numbered among the first settlers of Palo Pinto County. Mr. Welty built his log cabin on the north side of the Brazos, near where the old Palo Pinto and Keechi road cross the river, north of the McKinney place, at the Welty or Adams' Crossing. Mr. Welty lived about four and one-half miles south of the present town of Graford, and approximately eight miles north and east of Palo Pinto. It is extremely difficult for us to picture the conditions that existed on the Upper Brazos at that time. The woods were alive with bear, turkeys, deer, antelope, panther, wild Indians, etc.; and there were few roads, fences, and bridges to be found.

Late in the evening of the 5th of April, 1863, only five weeks after B. F. Baker and William M. Peters were killed, Henry Welty, who had been having chills, told his wife he did not feel like walking, so he would saddle "Old Blaze" to go hunt the milk pen calves. During the early days when there were few fences, the cows were started off to graze in one direction and an hour or two later the calves in another. It therefore, became necessary to bring them in to prevent the cows and calves from getting together. Mrs. Welty and her children were left at home alone when Mr. Welty rode away.

No uneasiness was felt until night began to appear. But when Mr. Welty did not return, the family grew more and more uneasy. Minutes and hours rolled by and still he did not return. During the quiet hours of night Indians howled like wolves and hooted like owls on all sides of the house. Mrs. Welty with her five little children, restlessly awaited their fate or fortune. And still Mr. Welty had not returned. The next day Mrs. Welty took her baby in one arm, held a gun in another, and with several little children following started towards the home of Geo. R. Bevers, one of her nearest neighbors. Mr. Bevers lived at the Flat Rock Crossing of Big Keechi and on the old Fort Worth and Belknap road. Mrs. Welty's other little children, Mary Jane, a girl about 10, Nancy Ann, about 8, James, about 6, and John about 4, followed along beside her. Can you picture a more pathetic model for a statue to be erected in honor of pioneer mothers?

They had not gone very far, however, when this brave mother met Geo. R. Bevers and Dave McClure, who were on their way to Palo Pinto to attend the spring term of District Court. After Mrs. Welty related her story all were reasonably satisfied that Mr. Welty had been massacred by the Indians. In a short time these early citizens met M. L. Lasater, who was on his way from Palo Pinto to Keechi. A search was then made and in a short time Mr. Welty was found where he had been killed, scalped, and stripped by the savages, who took "Old Blaze."

The local signs seemed to indicate that Mr. Welty had found the calves, and was driving them down the trail. This path led by the bend of a small branch, in which several Indians had concealed themselves to give Mr. Welty a mortal blow. After being fired upon by the Indians, he left the trail and rode rapidly away in the southeast direction. Evidently, however, he had already received a mortal wound, for he only went a short distance before falling from his horse.

For fear that somebody may say that the Indians did not do this deed, we shall state that moccasin tracks were found all around, and other evidences offered conclusive proof, that Mr. Welty was killed by approximately ten Indians.

Henry Welty was buried across the river from where he lived, in the little graveyard, near the McKinney place, and near the old Palo Pinto and Keechi road. A daughter was born to Mrs. Welty, several weeks after his death.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Mrs. Mary Jane (Bevers) Taylor, a daughter of Geo. R. Bevers, mentioned above, A. M. Lasater, son of M. L. Lasater, also mentioned above, Mrs. B. C. Tarckington, Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, J. C. Jowell, E. K. Taylor, Pleasant Taylor, Mrs. Huse Bevers, a daughter-in-law of G. R. Bevers, Mrs. M. J. Hart, James Wood, J. M. Welty, (a nephew of H. Welty), who was about 10 years of age when the death of his uncle occurred. Also corresponded with Mrs. Nancy Richardson, a daughter of H. Welty. Also interviewed Jody Corbin, and several others all of whom were living in Palo Pinto and adjoining counties, when this killing occurred.

Further Ref.: The unpublished memoirs of Wm. E. Cureton.

Killing of Williamson and Escape of Hendrickson

These two gentlemen, who lived on the Cowhouse, near the present village of King, had been to the Williams ranch, perhaps in Mills County, to get three of their horses which the Indians had stolen sometime before, and had been recovered in a fight. The two stopped for the noon-day meal, in the Langford Cove near the present town of Evant. After dinner they had one of their horses shod. From Langford Cove the two citizens of the King Community rode away toward the east. One rode one horse, and the other led the two. When they reached Live Oak Gap, through which it became necessary for them to pass, and which was about seven miles from the present town of Evant, they encountered twelve Indians. Williamson, who was a middle-aged man, suggested that they dismount and fight, and in another second or two, he was on the ground. But it seems that Hendrickson became somewhat excited and suggested that they get on their horses and run. But the loop around the neck of the horse that Mr. Williamson was leading was tied to his saddle and could not be unloosened without considerable trouble. He then decided to fight it out. It seems, according to accounts, that Hendrickson rode rapidly away for further assistance. Most of the Indians remained to fight Williamson, but a few followed Hendrickson for a short distance. In a short time, Mr. Williamson was killed, and his death occurred April 12, 1863.

Note: Author interviewed B. F. Gholson and others who lived in that vicinity at the time.

Samuel Rogers

May 3, 1863, after spending the night at the home of Mr. Secrest, who had been away, Samuel Rogers was returning to the home of his son, Henry Rogers, who lived about three and a half miles west of the present town of Carlton. Mr. Rogers was riding a sorrel pony and when he had gone a short distance several savages charged him. He hurried on toward the home of his son, but unfortunately, met another division of the same band of Indians. He then turned his course but was surrounded, killed and scalped.

A crowd of men were soon on the Indian's trail, which led to Resley's Creek, then to the Leon, and subsequently, up the north side of Rush and Copperas Creeks. The whites overtook the savages late in the afternoon, and a running fight followed for several miles, with the Indians in the lead. From time to time, the Indians threw away blankets and other luggage to lighten their load. Nevertheless, several of their number were wounded and the whites also recovered most of the stolen horses.

Author personally interviewed Geo. White, Wm. Reed, and others who lived in that section.

Further Ref.: Indian Fights on the Texas Frontier, by E. L. Deaton.

Col. Buck Barry's Command Encounters Savages Northwest of the Double Mountains of Stonewall County

June 18, 1863, James Willett, who was in command, S.M. Williams, Hail Woods, who was a substitute for Isaac Sanger, (who ran a store, first at Weatherford, and later assisted in the establishment of the well-known Sanger Bros. store of Dallas, Waco, and Ft. Worth), Maliki Wood, A. M. Williams, Gordan Bedford, Geo. Dodson, Granger Dyer, "E" Gilbert, Morgan, Pete Littlefield, and approximately four others, discovered Indian signs and their trail was followed in a westerly and north-westerly direction until darkness. Early during the morning of the succeeding day the trail was followed for about four miles and the savages encountered at a point about 10 miles northwest of the Double Mountains, near the edge of one of the large brushy thickets which grow so abundantly in this section. For a short time the savages made a stand. But they soon retreated. One savage was singled out by Babe Williams. This Indian dodging in his own mysterious way, ran in between Williams and James Willett, who was in command, and who was at the time engaged with the chief. Babe Williams ran up and fired his revolver at the chieftain, who had already wounded Willett's horse. At the crack of Williams' gun the chief fell to the ground. The savages were now rapidly retreating, but during the fighting four of their number were known to have been killed and perhaps others wounded. James Willett himself, was also wounded, but soon recovered.

Note: - Author personally interviewed Babe Williams, who was in the fight and, shot the chief. The above attachment was assigned to Col. Buck Berry's command, and belonged to the Frontier Regiment.

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William and Stewart Hamilton

August 10, 1863, Parson J. J. Hamilton, a Christian minister, who lived on Patrick's creek, about nine miles south of Weatherford, sent his sons, Wm. and Stewart, to the parson's tannery, to air the hides. Just before noon, when Wm. and Stewart were returning home, the Indians surrounded and killed each of them. Wm., the older, was scalped, and the savages cut an ear off of Stewart's head.

Savages Storm the Home of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Brown

F. C. Brown and family lived about one and one-half miles east of Parson J. J. Hamilton's home, and in the same community. Mr. Brown, serving as a soldier in the Confederate army, was gone. Mrs. Harriette Brown, his wife, and their eight children remained at home. The children's names and approximate ages were: Sarah, 16; Martha Ann, 13; Jane, 11; Elizabeth, 10; Moie, 8; Joseph, 5; and twin babies, ten months old, named Tennessee and Estell.

During the preceding night Sarah dreamed the Indians killed her mother; and so strongly was she impressed with the dream, Sarah prevailed on Mrs. Brown to have their neighbor, Mr. Gattling, a gunsmith who lived about 300 yards north, to repair a broken rifle. Mrs. Brown took the gun to the Gattling home early in the morning. But since Mr. Gattling was away, the mother left the rifle at the Gattling residence.

When the Indians were killing Wm. and Stewart Hamilton, they were seen by Mrs. Brown and some of her children. But at the time only thought the Indians cowmen. Joseph Brown was a short distance from the house, on Patrick's Creek, watching Wm. Welch and family wash wool.

Shortly afterwards, the Indians came to the Brown residence and for the first time the citizens knew the horsemen were warriors instead of cowmen. Mrs. Brown sent Elizabeth down to the creek to notify Mr. Welch and family, and Joseph. But Mr. Welch had already discovered the savages, scattered his family, and made himself and two negro boys conspicuous for the purpose of decoying the red man away. The savages followed them for a short distance, and then turned back for what they considered a more valuable prey.

When Elizabeth attempted to return home, she was captured by the savages and placed on a horse behind an Indian.

As the savages approached, Sarah started toward the home of Mr. Gattling with Tennessee, one of the ten month old twins, and was followed by the Indians, who shot her with an arrow under the right

shoulder, near the spine. Sarah then quit the road and went into a nearby thicket, and in her wounded condition finally reached the Gattling home with the twin baby. Jane Brown, who is now Mrs. Newt Pickard, of Weatherford, had already preceded Sarah, with Estell, the other ten month's old twin. Martha Ann and Moie had also gone to the Gattling home. Sarah knew that Jane was ahead with the other twin. But Mrs. Brown did not, and thinking, perhaps, her infant baby, Estell was still sleeping on the bed, Mrs. Brown turned back toward their home to get the other baby. Sarah, too, could have reached the Gattling home without being injured. But she lingered behind and was repeatedly telling her mother the other twin was ahead. Mrs. Brown however, in her dilemma did not hear, but hurried back toward the Brown home. This pioneer mother was shot nine times, and killed almost instantly. The savages, however, did not scalp her, perhaps, because she had black hair. Since all Indians are black-headed, as a rule, they are much less inclined to scalp a person whose head is covered with hair the color of their own. After Mrs. Brown had been killed, and the house vacated, the savages ripped open feather and straw beds, took the ticking, bed clothes, and such other trinkets that happened to suit their fancy. While this was being done, an Indian said to Elizabeth, Good Barbeshela. Elizabeth, however, a few seconds later realized her opportune time had come, so she jumped from behind the Indian, and started in a run toward the Gattling home. One Indian exclaimed, She is gone! She is gone! So this little girl, 10 years of age, was followed by a savage, shot in the hip, but made her escape. There were approximately ten Indians in this raiding party, and they next appeared at the Gattling home. A war-widowed daughter of Mr. Welch, and Mrs. Ellis who, also, had a baby, a baby of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Welch, and Mrs. Gattling and her daughter, Sif, were already at the Gattling residence with no men to protect them, for Mr. Gattling was away. Martha Ann Brown, a girl 13 years of age, had always heard that the savages would not enter a house when the door was shut and guns drawn. And since Mr. Gattling was a gunsmith, she picked up an old gun barrel and stuck it through a port hole beside the door. She then cursed and told the Indians that if they did not leave, she would shoot their brains out. Before she made the statement, the Indians had already begun to dismount. But after the savages saw the gun barrel and heard what she said, they again mounted their horses and rode away. They next appeared at the home of Mr. Beachman, who lived a short distance below Parson J.

J. Hamilton's tanning vat. Here the warriors killed Mr. Beachman's dog, but did no further damage. Elizabeth recovered from her wound, but Sarah died about five weeks later. The frontier citizens of this settlement were greatly bewildered after this catastrophe occurred. Mrs. Welch, with a child of her own, and a child of her step-daughter, Mrs. Rebecca Ellis, came to the Gattling home before the Indians were hardly out of sight. Mrs. Ellis, also, went to the Brown home and hid with her child under the floor. But the Indians had already done their dirty work, and rapidly riding away.

Note: Before writing this section the author personally interviewed Mrs. Jane (Brown) Pickard, who carried Estell, the 10 month's old twin; James and Sam Newberry; George Hill; and several others who were living in Parker county at the time.

Lieutenant Stockbridge and Men Fight Indians in Haskell County

During 1863, a detachment of Capt. R. M. Whiteside's company, stationed at Camp Cooper and under the command of Lieutenant Stockbridge were on a scouting expedition in Haskell County. The rangers discovered an Indian camp, buffalo robes, and other articles. But the warriors were away on a raid in the settlement. The rangers, consequently hid their horses and closely watched the camp.

About 10 o'clock in the morning of the third day, the savages were seen coming, driving a large herd of horses, stolen somewhere in the settlements. According to reports, some of the men preferred to stay hidden near the camp, while others suggested the whites mount their horses and fight the savages in the open. It seems those who wanted to fight in the open, refused to fight at all, and started in a long lope towards Camp Cooper. Seymour, a very large man, emptied his six-shooter and rifle, and when he was subsequently charged by a savage, who drew a butcher knife, in a hand-to-hand encounter, Mr. Seymour struck the Indian over the head with his pistol, and apparently sent him to the Happy Hunting Ground. The Indians soon withdrew to a nearby hill, to dress their wounded. And the whites, who lost one of their own number, Lewis Collins, also treated their own men.

The chief, who led this fight, was a very brave man, and well understood the tactics of Indian warfare.

Lewis Collins was buried at Camp Cooper.

Note: Before writing this section, author personally interviewed Lewis Collin's half brother. We are also indebted to Mr. R. E. Sherrell, of Haskell, who heard Mr. Seymour himself, relate this story, and made a written memoranda of the same. This fight occurred about twelve miles east and a little south of the present city of Haskell.

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Killing of Bradweiser

About 1863, Bradweiser, who lived with White McCaleb on School Creek in Lampasas County, about ten miles northwest of Lampasas, started over to the home of James Kolb, a hatter, who lived about eleven miles south and west of the McCaleb home. Bradweiser was going after a hat, horseback, and alone. And when he reached a point about one and one-half miles southwest of Lometa on the extreme north prong of South Creek, he was killed by Indians. Bradweiser was found several days later and buried under a large live oak tree, where he fell.

Note: Author personally interviewed R. Kolb and others who were living in that section at the time.

Brazilla Payne

During 1863, Mr. and Mrs. Huffstuttler lived on Antelope Creek in Mills Co. in territory then belonging to Lampasas. Mr. Huffstuttler was away and Mrs. Huffstuttler and her son, James, who was about two years old, were done on the creek about seventy-five yards from the house washing. Mrs. Huffstuttler heard a noise and when she looked up, five savages were catching their horses. She then picked up her two-year old son, James, who was playing on the bank, and ran by the Indians towards the house. The savages often did freakish things and apparently this was one of them, for she was not molested.

The Indians took a northeast course toward the home of Brazilla Payne, who lived in Mills County, then a part of Lampasas, near the present town of Payne.

When the savages reached the ranch, Mr. Payne and his small Negro boy were driving home a herd of sheep. The ranchman was driving on one side of the sheep and the Negro boy on the other. When the Indians appeared, they dashed upon Mr. Payne. The Negro lad, who was out of sight, hurried on to the house and told Mrs. Payne, "The Injuns wuz killin' Massa Payne!" The Negro boy, however, saw neither the Indians nor Mr. Payne at the time. After Brazilla Payne was murdered, the savages next appeared near the home of Harrison Miller, who was building a stone house on the banks of Simms Creek, in the present county of Mills, about three or four miles northeast of the Payne Ranch. It was late in the evening and Mr. Miller's first warning was the appearance of Indians on each side of the house and the whistling of flying arrows. Mr. Miller, however, jumped through the back window, crossed the creek and concealed himself in a thicket, which Indians seldom dared to enter.

Note: Author personally interviewed R. Kolb, John Nichols and others who lived in that section at the time.

Parson Hoover Dismisses Church to Fight the Indians

During 1863, Parson Hoover, then conducting a Methodist camp meeting in Llano County, dismissed his congregation to fight the Indians. Inasmuch as the savages made it almost impossible for the citizens to have horses, practically every one came to the meeting in ox-wagons. As a consequence, few horses could be found.

Nevertheless, G. B. Cowen, Jr., C. A. Davis, John Burns and about six others, all of whom were largely commanded by Parson Hoover himself, rode the ten available horses. When the citizens followed the trail of the natives for eleven miles, the Indians were overtaken and a running fight followed. John Burns was wounded and G. B. Cowen, Jr., accidentally shot his own horse in the head.

Note: Author interviewed Ike B. Maxwell, who lived in that section at the time.

During 1863, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Jackson lived about four or five miles southeast of Woodson, and about fifteen miles northwest of Breckenridge. To be sure, neither of those towns were then in existence. Mr. Jackson was away. Mrs. Jackson and her children remained at home. Little Henry, their son, who had been a short distance below the cow lot, was returning toward the house. Henry had a whip in his hand. But the pioneers slightly differ concerning his mission. Some reported he had been after the calves and was driving them home. Others stated he was out playing, and simply had the whip in his hand. Nevertheless, several savages dashed out of the thick timber, back of the barn, and after making their steeds knock this innocent little fellow flat on the ground, the red men jumped from their horses, placed their feet on his neck, and hurriedly scalped this frontier boy. Perhaps, he would have been killed, but just at this moment, the savages were frightened away by Mr. Jackson and his cow-hands, then returning home.

Poor little Henry, who had been maimed of his scalp, arose from the ground, picked up his whip, and started toward the house.

He lived for almost a year. But his scalp never healed, and finally became inflamed. Henry was buried by his family and friends near the Jackson ranch.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Joe Schoolcraft and his brother; James Clark, Mrs. Pete Harris, Mrs. Lucy Lindsey, Mrs. J. C. Lynch, John Erwin, Lish Christeson, J. B. Matthews, and others who lived in Stephens and adjoining counties at the time.

Ammie and Ennie Metzger

Ammie and Ennie Metzger, daughters of Peter Metzger, who lived about three miles north of Fredericksburg, were returning to their home. Ennie, about thirteen years of age, had been staying with her uncle, John Metzger, in Fredericksburg and going to school. Ammie, about two years older, had been to town to do some work. When she returned home, Ammie encouraged Ennie to, also, go home. The girls walked. After reaching a point about one mile from Fredericksburg. Ammie and Ennie were captured by the Indians. Ammie, however, fought for her life, and because of her hostility, was soon lanced and scalped. Ennie was carried away by the savages. But several months later, she was recovered and returned to her people.

Note: Author personally interviewed Peter Metzger and John Metzger, cousins of the two Metzger girls; also interviewed Peter Crenwelge, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Striegler and others who lived in Gillespie County at the time.

Mrs. George Schwankner and Son, Albert

During 1863. Mr. and Mrs. Schwankner and son, lived near Camp Wood, not far from the Nueces, and the lines of the present counties of Real and Edwards. Mr. Schwankner was away, and Mrs. Schwankner and her son, Albert, her only child, were herding sheep, when several Indians surrounded him. Mrs. Schwankner who resisted the savages' onslaught, was brutally assaulted and slain. The warriors carried Albert away into captivity. For many months he remained among the Indians of Old Mexico. But was finally ransomed, and returned to his father. According to one account, a Mr. Burges, recovered Albert from the Indians. According to another, he was ransomed by a Mr. Stockton, who ranched on the Rio Grande, above De Rio. A Mexican girl was with Mrs. Schwankner and Albert at the time, and she too, was carried into captivity, never to return.

Note: Author personally interviewed El L. Downes, and several others who lived in that section at the time. Further Ref: Hunter's Frontier Times, March 26.

Spencer O'Neill and Geo. Tackett

It was, perhaps, during the month of August, 1863, that Spencer O'Neill and Geo. Tackett, (who belonged to Company G, then stationed at Belknap, and commanded by Capt. Newt White) were detailed to perform "Pataroll duty" from Fort Belknap to Camp Salmon, which was then stationed near Picketville, in Stephens County, and commanded by Capt. N. B. Lloyd.

Spencer O'Neill was riding a mule, and Geo. Tackett mounted on a horse, which could always run faster. When the two started on the return trip toward Belknap, after crossing a prairie, and were going down a hill into a valley about nine miles north of Picketville, near the present city of Breckenridge, five Indians were seen in the valley ahead. For some reason, to them unknown, these savages displayed unusual bravery, and came charging toward Tackett and O'Neill. There was considerable timber to the right, in a little draw, and ordinarily would have been the logical place to retreat, for elsewhere was more or less open. Spencer O'Neill suggested that a retreat be made to the timber, but Geo. Tackett replied, "We can whip five Indians, so let's fight." The savages were already charging toward the whites. When O'Neill and Tackett turned their direction toward the five Indians, the latter discovered they could not bluff the rangers, so they circled and rode around, for seldom would an Indian fight at close range, unless they had overwhelming numbers. Spencer O'Neill again suggested that he and his companion retreat to the brush, but Tackett replied that if we run, the Indians will kill us. O'Neill, who may have suspicioned the presence of other Indians, concealed nearby, stated, "They will also kill us if we remain, so I am going to the brush." The two rangers then started for the timber, and about that time, were suddenly fired upon ten or twelve times by a new band of Indians who were concealed in the timber to the right. The Texans now saw that a trap had been pre-arranged. No doubt, it was a plan of the Indians to have the five warriors make a charge, and cause the two rangers to hurriedly retreat to the timber, only to be ambushed by another band of Indians. The large band of Indians concealed in the brush, now came charging forth like wild demons. Their hideous yells, and the report of their guns, could be heard for many miles. Spencer O'Neill, riding the mule, was wounded early, and after running for two or three

hundred yards, fell from his saddle. The rangers had been separated by the savages' charge, and George Tackett was attempting to join O'Neill again. About the time the latter fell from his mule, five savages charged toward Tackett, who now realized he should run. These five Indians followed Geo. Tackett about four miles, and until he ran his horse across a deep creek and rode up on the opposite side, where he stopped in a dogwood thicket. The Indians would not run their horses across this stream. Geo. Tackett told them to come on. But the Indians turned and went back toward their main command. Spencer O'Neill was killed about nine o'clock in the morning, and Geo. Tackett safely reached Belknap about 1:00 p. m. the same day.

Soldiers at Belknap went back to the scene of the fight and buried O'Neill.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Geo. Tackett, who was with Spencer O'Neill when killed, James Wood, who belonged to Capt. Newt White's company, and stationed at Fort Belknap at the time, F. M. Peveler, and others who then lived in that section.

Savages Assault the Welch and Alexander Children, West of Springtown

About 1863, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Welch and children lived close to the Clear Fork of the Trinity about seven miles west of Springtown, and in the northern part of Parker County. One morning, Mrs. Welch sent her two sons to the home of Mrs. Sallie Alexander for vinegar. When they returned home, the Welch boys requested Mrs. Alexander to permit her little daughter, Lizzie, to accompany them a part of the way.

The request was granted, and when the three children reached a large live oak tree, about 150 yards from the Alexander house, they stopped in its shade and began to play. This tree was northwest of the Alexander home.

Several savages suddenly dashed upon them, killed the older Welch boy, lanced the younger in the neck, and were attempting to capture Lizzie, who was running and screaming toward her home; but the appearance of Mrs. Sallie Alexander with a gun, just barely prevented the Indians from catching little Lizzie by her long black hair. At first, Ms. Alexander thought the Indians were white men attempting to scare the children. In a few moments, another horseman, who appeared to be white, came riding in the direction of Mrs. Alexander and the children. The heroic frontier mother exclaimed, "If you are a white man, for God's sake come here!" Mrs. Alexander had already discovered the Welch boy, and heard his dying groans. When the man arrived, it proved to be John Choate, a neighbor, who rendered all aid possible. The older Welch boy died before he could be carried home.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tackett, who lived in that section of Parker County at the time.

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Johnnie Leaper

About 1863, Johnnie Leaper, who was about seventy years old, whose wife was about thirty-five who was the father of about four small children, and who lived about twelve miles northeast of Weatherford, was out in his field throwing corn in an ox wagon, when assaulted by several savages. He left his ox team and started afoot toward the house, firing as he ran. His faithful wife heard his screams, and came to the door just in time to see him slain.

Note: Author personally interviewed Joe Moore, and others who lived in Parker and adjoining counties at the time.

Massacre of the Porter Family

During 1863, Pendleton Porter and family lived five miles east of St. Jo, near the Montague and Cook County line. Geo. Moore also lived two miles further east, but had moved his family to St. Jo, because of the extreme hostility of the Indians.

October 10, 1863, George and Isaac Porter went to the Red River to kill a beef. Richard Porter was also on the Red River and the remaining Porter family was at home. Without warning, their home was suddenly surrounded by a large band of Indians. In a few moments the savages killed Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton Porter, Mrs. George Porter their daughter-in-law, and Mr. Pendleton Porter's grown daughter, making a total of four. Three others, two of whom were wounded, were also, at or near the house at the time. Wm. Porter, a son of Pendleton Porter, about sixteen, happened to drive up near the house with a load of rails while the Indians were making their charge. The warriors inflicted sixteen wounds in his body. But William managed to leave his wagon and crawl under a mill. After the blood-thirsty Indians did their deadly work, they ripped open the feather beds, took the ticking and such other commodities that suited their fancy, fired the house, and then went away. After they were gone, Wm. Porter, wounded as he was, came out from under the mill, and hurried to the house about one hundred yards away. When he arrived, he found his father and mother, sister, and sister-in-law apparently dead. But he was able to save the two small children of Geo. Porter. Geo. Porter's oldest child, named Missouri, was the only one unharmed. Geo. Porter's second child, a baby named Buck, was wounded through the throat, and Billy, although wounded sixteen times, took these two children to the mill, before the flames had entirely enveloped the house. The bodies of the four killed, were burned, when the building was consumed by the flames. Of the seven at, or near the house when the Indians arrived, four were killed, two seriously wounded, and only one, a little girl named Missouri, remained unharmed.

When the Indians went away they took Wm. Porter's pony, which was near the fence. After the savages were gone, William who was now suffering severely from his sixteen wounds, sent little Missouri Porter,

the three year old daughter of Geo. Porter, to the spring for water. For persons severely wounded invariably cry for a drink.

During the same morning this catastrophe occurred, Geo. Moore left St. Jo in an ox-wagon for his farm, seven miles east of St. Jo, and two miles east of the Porter home. He was leading a pony behind his wagon. When he reached the Pendleton Porter place, Geo. Moore was much surprised to see that the Porter home had been burned to the ground. After observing what had happened, he hurried to the mill and found Wm. Porter and the two children in a most distressed condition. Mr. Moore took these three members of the Porter family to St. Jo.

Wm. Porter stated a white man was with the savages when they committed these bloody crimes. Whether or not this white man was some person the savages had captured when a child, or whether or not it was some renegade ruffian of our own race, no one knows. Neither have we been able to ascertain whether or not this white man had red hair.

(Note: Before writing this section the author personally interviewed Charlie Grant, and others who lived in Montague and adjoining counties at that time; also corresponded with Mrs. G. A. Stanley, a daughter of Geo. Moore. Mrs. Stanley was living in St. Jo when this tragedy occurred.)

The Wounding of Mrs. W. T. Williams

Mrs. W. T. Williams, who sat up during the preceding night with Mrs. Austin Morris, sick with pneumonia, about daylight, started to her own residence about one half mile away. Mrs. Williams had only gone about four hundred yards, when Austin Morris heard her scream. Without waiting to ascertain the trouble, he grabbed his guns and started in his stocking feet in her direction. Mrs. Williams was being chased by the savages toward the Morris home; and was being almost weighted down with arrows. Austin Morris, however, met her on the half way ground, and drove the savages away. One arrow penetrated Mrs. Williams' back and it went in so deeply, Austin Morris extracted the weapon from Mrs. Williams' chest. Two more arrows were sticking in her shoulder and one or two more had wounded her in the arm. Mrs. Williams was then moved to the Morris home.

Dr. Thomas Bailey, who lived about twenty miles away, on Clear Creek, in Cooke County, was expected that morning to be at the bedside of Mrs. Morris. Fortunately, he arrived within a few minutes after Mrs. Williams reached the house. The doctor dressed her wound, and in due time both she and Mrs. Morris recovered. Fifteen soldiers and two citizens from Capt. Totty's company took the trail of the Indians, and followed them during the remainder of the day. When night came the soldiers camped. The citizens returned home.

The next morning the rangers were reinforced by a detachment of seven men from Capt. Main's Company, stationed at Red River Station. It was soon discovered that the twenty-five Indians and fifteen whites camped within one and one-half miles of each other during the preceding night. In a short time the soldiers encountered the savages, and a short fight followed.

Note: Author interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris, a nephew of Austin Morris; Joe Bryant, and others who were in Montague and adjoining counties at the time.

Conrad Maechel and Yoakum Hench

Conrad Maechel, a merchant of Fredericksburg and Yoakum Hench, who lived about two miles north of the above city, were returning from Bever Creek in Mason County, with some milk cows. When they reached a point about two miles northwest of Loyal Valley, both were killed by the Indians. They were found that night after dark by Ludorff Meyer, the mail carrier, carrying the mail from Fredericksburg to Mason. He then reported the circumstances at the home of Mr. Gustoff and elsewhere. The next day, Peter Crenwelge, Hen. Welge, and Christian Cody hauled them to Fredericksburg. Conrad Maechel and Yoakum Hench were killed during 1863, or shortly afterwards.

Note: Author personally interviewed Peter Crenwelge, himself, mentioned above; also interviewed F. C. Straigler and wife; and one or two others, all of whom were living in Gillespie County at the time.

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Spencer Mueller and Son, Ira

During 1863, Spencer Mueller and son, Ira, were splitting rails for Lewis Davis, in the southern part of Montague County. Approximately twenty-five Indians had been raiding in that section. And as they moved northward, killed Spencer Mueller and his oldest son. John Wainscott and others helped to bring in their bodies, which were laid to rest in the Denver Graveyard.

Slaying of Bailey and Narrow Escape of John Stump

The succeeding morning after Spencer Mueller and his son were killed, as related in the preceding section, it is presumed the same savages came upon Jno. Stump and Bailey, who had started to Gainesville in an ox-wagon with grain to be ground. Bailey and Stump lived on Clear Creek, about seven miles southwest of St. Jo, and had only gone about two miles when the Indians made their charge. At first the Indians were thought to be Mexicans. The savages made the citizens strip off their clothing, and Bailey, a one-armed man, told Stump they were going to be killed. Stump ran, and in a short time reached Bill Priest, who was clearing land, about four or five hundred yards away, and was followed by two of the savages. Priest, however, was armed, and when his weapons were seen by the Indians, they turned and rode away. Stump fell at Priest's feet, and for a time thought dead; but a doctor was summoned and in due time he recovered from wounds sustained from the savages. Bailey was killed.

As usual, the Indians ripped open the sacks of grain, emptied the wheat on the ground, and took the empty containers away.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris; Joe Bryant, Charlie Grant, and his wife, Mrs. Grant; all of whom lived in Montague County at the time.

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Lt. Van Robbins

It was about the year 1863, that Indians were discovered near the camp of Capt. Totty's and in the vicinity of the present town of Forestburg, in Montague County. Lt. Robbins and about eight soldiers took the Indian trail and in a few moments came upon approximately twenty savages, within one-half mile of the present town of Forestburg. Lt. Robbins ordered his men to dismount, and almost immediately he, himself, was on the ground; but it seems the soldiers disobeyed his orders, and remained on their steeds. After they had "Fired-out," it seems the soldiers retreated, and left Lt. Robbins on the ground. Needless to say, in a short time, the brave lieutenant was killed.

Note: Author interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris, Bob Savage, Charlie Grant, Joe Bryant, and one or two others who then lived in that section.

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Killing of Hodges, McGee, and Hill, and Narrow Escape of John Keyser and His Father

During 1863, Wm. Hodges, John McGee, Pete Hill, John Keyser and his father, all of whom lived at Red River Station, were out cow-hunting on the Ten Mile Prairie in Jack County, very near the present town of Post Oak. The five had just finished dinner and John Keyser started for the horses, which had grazed a short distance away, when suddenly charged by a large band of savages. Jno. McGee, Wm. Hodges and Pete Hill were killed in a pile, Jno. Keyser was wounded in the foot, and his father narrowly escaped. The two Keyzers became separated, but after traveling some distance, the father accidently came across his son who was hobbling along toward Victoria Peak.

Note: Before writing this section, author personally interviewed Joe Bryant, W. A. (Bud) Morris, A. M. Lasater, and perhaps one or two others who were living in Jack Montague Counties at the time.

Jack and Henry Rolland

During 1863, Mr. Rolland and his married sons "Forted up" near the Jack, Palo Pinto and Parker County line, and at a point about three miles northeast of the present town of Perrin. Wm. Burnet, a neighbor, who lived two or three miles further north, near the head of Beans Creek, went to his well about three hundred yards from the house, and discovered Indian signs. He then hurried toward the home of the Rollands, and in a short time Jack and Henry Rolland, and Wm. Burnet, were in their saddles riding back toward Burnet's residence. They had only gone about one mile, however, when the citizens were surrounded by Indians, who began to shoot. Jack Rolland was soon wounded, but dismounted his steed to shoot the nearest savage. Unfortunately his old gun refused to fire. He again mounted his horse and the Rolland boys and Burnet, started in a run toward the Rolland Ranch. It so happened that these same Indians had stolen a horse from Isaac Lynn, and the Lynn horse had been raised with the pony Henry Rolland was riding. So when the race for life began, the Lynn horse, carrying a hostile savage, ran up beside Henry Rolland's steed and the two horses ran side by side for a considerable distance. During the race, the Indian not only wounded Rolland, but repeatedly whipped him over the head with his bow, and tried to knock him from his saddle. When the savages were within one hundred yards of the Rolland Ranch house, they turned and rode away. Henry was helped off of his horse by his father, and only lived two or three days. Jack Rolland also died about three weeks later.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Mary J. Taylor, A. M. Lasater, James Wood, B. L. Ham, Joseph Fowler, and one or two others living in Palo Pinto and Jack Counties at the time.

Killing of Mr. and Mrs. Kensing

Those interviewed do not exactly agree concerning the year this killing occurred. Nevertheless, it was during or immediately following the close of the Civil War, and will be reported at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Kensing lived close to the Mason and Gillespie County line, on Beaver Creek, about eighteen miles south and east of Mason. Mr. and Mrs. Kensing left their children at home and visited the wife of Kensing's brother, who lived on Squaw Creek, about nineteen miles northwest of Fredericksburg. While returning home in a hack or spring wagon, late in the afternoon, the two were charged by about seven savages, who soon killed Mr. Kensing. Mrs. Kensing was then roped, dragged for a considerable distance, and after being brutally assaulted and handled in the most inhuman manner, was wounded, scalped and left to die a lingering death.

It so happened that the mail carrier came along shortly afterward. Although he saw neither Mr. Kensing nor his wife, he reported that a mysterious hack was observed along the road. Whereupon Peter Crenwelge, Henry Welge Conrad Mont, a man named Raymond and Christian Cody, immediately repaired to the scene and in a short time, found Mr. Kensing. Mrs. Kensing was not found until about 1 o' clock during the succeeding day. She was still alive and lived two days longer. Mr. and Mrs. Kensing were buried on Squaw Creek at the old Kensing home. This tragedy occurred about six miles from the Kensing home.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Peter Crenwelge, mentioned above, Mr. and Mrs. Streigler and one or two others who were living in Gillespie and Mason counties at the time.

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John McGill

It was, perhaps, during the year 1863 that John and Wm. McGill, sons of Wm. McGill, Sr., who lived about one mile south of Burnet, were out about five miles to the west with their brother, Sam McGill, and March Thomas, a cousin, when charged by Indians. All escaped excepting John, who received a mortal wound. When the boys reached the home of Thomas Shepherd, who lived about three and one-half miles west of Burnet and about one and one-half miles from where this episode occurred. The McGill brothers and Thomas obtained reinforcements and went back to see about the wounded brother. John was still alive, but died shortly afterwards.

Note: Author interviewed M. J. Bolt and one or two others who lived in Burnet County at the time.

Further Ref.: Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas

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Henry Arhelger

During 1863, Henry Arhelger and a companion were scouting near Fredericksburg in Gillespie County. Henry Arhelger was riding a mule, which can never run so fast, and his companion who was riding a fleet horse, when the two were attacked by a large band of Indians. The companion made his escape, but Arhelger was soon overtaken and compelled to sell his life dearly. During the fight, at least one Indian was killed and signs seemed to indicate that others were wounded.

The savages saw the citizens were so scared they pursued the whites with the utmost bravery. Two men ordinarily could whip a dozen Indians if they stood their ground. In fact, it seems that Arhelger, himself, after he left his mule, successfully fought the savages away. But in doing so, was wounded with thirteen arrows. After the Indians left, he, no doubt, wandered a considerable distance in search of water, for his body was found several hundred feet from the battlefield.

Ref.: German Pioneers in Texas, by Don H. Biggers and surviving old settlers of that section.

Mann Davis Tackett

Mann D. Tackett and family moved to Parker County in 1854 and for a few years lived about twelve miles north of Weatherford. During 1858, they moved to Jack County and settled on Boone's Creek, in the southwestern part of the county.

October 26, 1863, during the early afternoon, J. H. Tackett, a son of Mann Tackett, went out in a southwesterly direction in search of stock. Shortly afterwards, his father, who was armed with a double-barrel gun, went north for the same purpose. Mr. Tackett's gun was loaded with a ball on one side, and a buck shot on the other. He was also armed with a pistol. When he had gone only about one mile from his home, he found himself surrounded by fifteen or twenty savages. At first he made an attempt, to run home. But since his best horses had been stolen by the Indians, the savages soon overtook him. Mr. Tackett then dismounted to sell his life as dearly as possible, at a point within one-half mile of his own residence. He fought the warriors away for some time, as was shown by the circular trail some distance from the tree, behind which Mr. Tackett, perhaps, held the Indians at bay until he discharged all of his loads, for seven or eight shots were heard at the residence.

When J. T. Tackett reached home, he was informed of the firing, and had, perhaps, heard some of the shots himself. As a consequence, he and a younger brother, Caleb, went out in search of their father, and it seems that Caleb, previous to this, had made an attempt to offer his father some assistance, but realized that it was of no avail, for the savages were still on the ground. In a short time, J. H. and Caleb Tackett reached their father, who was already dead, stripped of a part of his clothing, but not scalped. His guns were gone, and many arrows were in the tree by which he stood, on the ground, and in his body. The boys hurried to the ranch for a wagon, notified the neighbors and arranged for a coffin to be made at Beale's Station where he was buried.

A posse of citizens followed the Indian trail, and after going for, perhaps, half a mile, they found a dead savage, and indications disclosed others were wounded. The dead Indian was dragged to the

Tackett ranch and stood against a tree some distance from the residence.

Many years after the death of Mr. Tackett, the metal part of his old double barrel gun was found a short distance from where the fight occurred.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. H. G. Taylor, A. M. Lasater, James Wood, Joe Fowler, B. L. Ham, Geo. and A. C. Tackett, nephews of Mann Tackett. We are also indebted to Walker K. Baylor, who furnished the author with a hand written account of this killing. Mr. Baylor wrote the manuscript after conferring and consulting with J. H. Tackett, mentioned above.

Almond Boyd

During the summer of 1863, Jno. Sellers and his nephew, Almond Boyd, a son of James Boyd, who lived about four miles south of the present town of Pancake, in Coryell County, were returning home from the Leon Valley, where they had been to search for a strayed horse. Their homes were on the hill, a considerable distance from it's crest; and as they came up out of the valley, Almond Boyd, a boy fourteen years of age, told Jno. Sellers to look out for a large panther. But about that second the panther and others like him, raised upon their hind feet, and proved to be Indians, who were concealed in the brush. Jno. Sellers was riding a gray horse, and Almond Boyd, a blind pony. So when the Indians made an attack Sellers successfully escaped, but Boyd was killed.

During the Civil War, according to information we have received, some refugees by the name of _____, who went by the name of _____, located in Coryell County. To hide their identity, they disguised as Indians. They were also strongly suspicioned of having committed two or three of the depredations in that section.

Some have advanced the theory that Almond Boyd was killed by these people. Whether or not that be true, of course, no one knows. A Part of these people, however, were finally arrested as refugees, and a youth among them, according to reports, confessed they killed two or three persons while disguised as Indians.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Isaac Young, and her husband. Mrs. Young was a sister of Jno. Sellers, and an aunt of Almond Boyd; also interviewed Mrs. L. M. Blackwell, and others, all of whom lived in Coryell County at the time.

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Mathis Pehl

During 1863, Mathis Pehl, who lived about ten miles southeast of Fredericksburg, was killed by Indians about three miles east of his home. He was on Dalchen Creek, alone, afoot and hunting stock.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Streigler, who were in Gillespie County at the time.

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Mr. Merrimond

During 1863, Mr. Merrimond, who spent the night in San Saba, started home horseback and was driving a yoke of steers. At the time, he lived on the Colorado, twenty-three miles north and west of San Saba. After going only five miles, he was slain by the savages and the branch on which he was killed is called Merrimond Branch today because of this murder. It was about one week later before his body was found. Merrimond was buried without a coffin where he lay.

W. C. McGough and Others Encounter Indians

During 1863, W. C. McGough, Henry Manning, Silas Shilley, Marlie and Harrison York, and about five others were searching for cattle, near the corners of Eastland, Callahan, Shackelford, and Stephens counties. Many miles they had ridden, but not a single cow had been seen. They rode upon a cedar mountain, perhaps, in Callahan County, and when they looked into the valley of Big Sandy, near the mouth of Pecan Creek, thousands of cattle were discovered. The cows were bawling, the bulls fighting, and the dust flying high. When W. C. McGough rode away from his comrades on the other side of the hill, he told the citizens and cowmen, that in the event they heard him blow his horn, to come at once, for the sound would mean he had discovered Indians. In a short time, Mr. McGough noticed a peculiar movement of the cattle, and stopped. Shortly afterwards, three Indians appeared, and as a consequence, he blew his horn. When the remaining cowmen arrived the savages were pursued for about one-half mile. Here these warriors joined three others. The citizens halted for fear the Indians would lead them into an ambush. The Texans recovered about sixty head of stolen horses. In a short time, true to expectation, nine additional Indians appeared.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. C. McGough, mentioned above.

A Comanche Turned Over to the Tonkawas at Capt. Mark Lloyd's Camp on Battle Creek

Those interviewed are somewhat at a variance concerning the manner this Comanche was captured. According to one reliable person, the Indian came to the Mahan Ranch on Deep Creek, near the present city of Moran. Mrs. Mahan, who was walking on the banks of the above stream, was scared almost lifeless by his sudden appearance. The savage was then taken to the Tonkawas, camped near Capt. Mark Lloyd's Company on Battle Creek, near old Mugginsville, and near the Mahan Ranch. It seems that Bill Cain had charge of the savage before he was turned over to the Tonkawas.

According to other reports, which we are unable to reconcile, this Indian was captured by Bill Cain himself while riding the cattle ranges. Nevertheless, the Comanche came to the Deep Creek country and voluntarily surrendered. He stated to the whites that he was a "Tonk", and perhaps this Comanche did not know that the Tonkawa village at that time was close at hand. He was then taken to the Tonkawas, and asked if he belonged to their tribe. They replied, "Comanch! Comanch!"

The Comanche was then placed at their disposal, and nothing could have pleased them more. To start the excitement this Comanche grabbed an arrow and was in the act of throwing the missile through some Tonk's body, when Alexander Campbell, a member of Capt. Mark Lloyd's Company, shot the Comanche down. For twenty-four hours following, the Tonkawas had a tribal war dance, almost unequalled in all their history.

Note: Author personally interviewed M. P. Gillintine, who was present when the Indian was killed; also interviewed Wm. Harrell, and several others who were living in Stephens and adjoining counties at the time.

Henry Maxwell and family, settled in the southwestern portion of Parker County, on the Stephenville and Weatherford roads, about fifteen miles from Weatherford. Mr. Maxwell's home was on the south side of the river, and near the crossing.

Jack Joyce, a son-in-law of Henry Maxwell, was home from the war on a furlough. While he and his father-in-law were on Onion Branch, after a heavy rain, in search of a deer, they suddenly came upon one pony and three moccasin tracks, which plainly indicated that four Indians had passed along only a short time before. Since the tracks were exceedingly fresh, Mr. Maxwell remarked, "Jack, we must get these fellows, for their tracks are fresh." The trail was only followed about one-half mile, when the two citizens and four savages faced each other. One Indian jumped on the pony behind its rider and the two remaining savages on the ground held to the horses' tail. The Indians then made an attempt to run away. But when closely crowded they stopped for a fight, and two of their number charged toward Maxwell, and Joyce, who were armed respectively with a double-barrel gun and rifle. When an Indian was near, Mr. Maxwell fired, and his horse whirled and started back. As he turned this Indian drove an arrow through Henry Maxwell's body from the rear. The two Indians on the ground made the charge and were dodging from one tree to another. Mr. Maxwell, after being wounded, said to his son-in-law, "Jack, I am killed, so let's get away." They then made a retreat, and after going about one-half mile, Mr. Maxwell became so sick, he could ride no farther. For a time, the two were pursued by at least one Indian, and Jack was exceedingly anxious to shoot him, but was prevented by his father-in-law, who requested that Jack save his life. Joyce, however, refused to leave his father-in-law, until he realized it was best to hurry to the house for aid. In a short time, he returned with Lee Maxwell, a faithful old Negro slave that was afoot and since Henry Maxwell only weighed about 130 pounds, the old Negro carried his master home in his arms. Mr. Maxwell died about midnight of the same day.

Note: Author personally interviewed Geo. W. Hill, a son-in-law of Maxwell, Sam Newberry, and others who lived in the western and southwestern part of Parker County at the time.

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Killing of Joe Curtis' Slave

Jno. Curtis, a Negro slave of Joe Curtis, was returning from Picketville, and was mortally wounded by several Indians, at a point a few miles north of the present city of Breckenridge. The Negro's leg was amputated, but this did not save him, for he died in a short time. Joe Curtis then lived in Miller's Valley, on the Clear Fork.

Note: Author personally interviewed Jno. Irwin, James Clark, and others who were living in Stephens and adjoining counties at the time.

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George McQuerry

About 1863, Geo. McQuerry, who lived with Jno. Wood in the Salt Hill Community, about ten miles north of the present town of Graford, started to Jacksboro. He was informed that if he would wait until the next day somebody would take him. But he was determined to go. When he reached a point about seven miles south and a little west of Jacksboro, the Indians murdered him, and his clothes were burnt from his body. He was also scalped.

Note: Author personally interviewed James Wood, a son of John Wood, mentioned above; A. M. Lasater, B. L. Ham, Joe Fowler, M. V. (Tobe) Parmer, and others who lived in Jack and adjoining counties at the time.

About 1863, James Franklin, son of Hiram Franklin, who lived about four or five miles west of Weatherford, had been out in search of the cows, and suddenly came upon approximately nine savages. They lodged an arrow so deeply into his back the point reached the pit of his stomach. James Franklin then hurried toward the home of Zebedie P. Shirley, who lived only a short distance away. When James reached Mr. Shirley's home, the latter met him a short way from his house, and drove the pursuing Indian away. The spike remained in the boy's body for several weeks, and finally came out.

Walker K. Baylor, son of Jno. R. Baylor was hunting turkeys only a mile or two away, when young Franklin was wounded. A lady who saw Walker K. Baylor motioned for him, and said, "What are you doing out there, boy? Don't you know the country is full of Indians? Don't you know they have just killed a boy, and that he is down at Mr. Shirley's?" W. K. Baylor told the good lady that he had neither seen or heard the Indians, nor did he know that a boy had been wounded.

Ezra Mulkins, Jno. and W. R. Curtis, Matt Gibson, W. K. Baylor, mentioned above, and then only about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and one or two others followed the Indians to the wild and rough parts of Palo Pinto County, but were never able to overtake them.

Note: Author personally interviewed Sam Newberry, W. K. Baylor, and others who lived in Parker County at the time.

During July of 1863, J. Green, Wylie Price, Woodson and A. Bell, were riding the ranges in the western part of Hood County between the Paluxy and Squaw Creeks. After going for several miles in the hot summer sun, the citizens went to the creek for water. They then rode upon a hill, to let their horses graze. Before the Texans dismounted, however, sixteen savages were discovered a short distance away, and apparently waiting to see what move the whites were to make. The five whites had but two guns, and were divided in opinions as to whether or not they should make a hasty retreat, or stand their ground. One of the whites, it seems, became somewhat excited and fled, and in a few moments, he was followed by two others, who were riding splendid horses. The two remaining whites were riding inferior animals. Woodson Bell was riding a mule. So the two were soon outdistanced by their companions. When Woodson Bell, who was armed, was closely pressed by the savages, he dismounted and successfully escaped in a thick cedar break. Green, however, also unarmed and riding a slow horse, was soon overtaken, and received a mortal wound. The citizens who escaped, reported to the nearby settlement, and in a short time reinforcements arrived. But it was too late. They soon discovered the bloody trail of Jeremiah Green, who had escaped in the dense cedar breaks, after he received a mortal wound.

Ref.: History of Hood County by T. T. Ewell, and Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas. Also interviewed James Newberry and others that then lived in that section.

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Killing of Long and Wounding of Others

In Wise County during the summer of 1863, approximately twenty-five Indians killed a lone man named Long, on the road, near the present town of Paradise. After scalping their victim, the savages passed the Vernon place, where they charged three little children playing about the premises, and began to shower the little ones with poisonous arrows. Each of them were wounded and according to reports one of their number later died.

During the same day, the same Indians or a different band shot two arrows into Buck Reynold's back, near the Jesse Kincannon farm. Wm. Kincannon heard the noise, and came out in time to frighten the Indians away.

Ref: Pioneer History of Wise County by Cliff D. Cates, and old settlers of that section

James B. Dozier, Esibell and Others, Indian Fight in Lost Valley

During the fall of 1863, Company G of the Frontier Regiment, commanded by Capt. Newt White, was divided, and a part of the command stationed at Fort Belknap and the others located in Lost Valley. J. B. Dozier, Esibell and about four others, were on "Pataroll Duty" between the two camps. Dozier was armed with a rifle, and his companions six-shooters. At some point along their way, near the northeastern part of Young County, they suddenly encountered four savages. When Jim Dozier fired his gun, he shot one of the Indians from his horse. Others were firing with their six-shooters. When Dozier again re-loaded his gun, he fired a second time, and another savage fell from his horse. The two remaining Indians fled, and were pursued by the rangers. They succeeded in killing a third Indian, and only one escaped to relate to the savages the misfortune of his companions.

For a long time, the bodies of these Indians lay where they were killed, and were seen each day by the soldiers, who were doing "Pataroll Duty." Finally, the Indian skulls were hung in a tree and shortly afterwards the skull of a negro placed beside them. There they remained for many days in a conspicuous place, plainly discernible to the rangers who passed each day, patrolling the territory between the two camps of Capt. Newt White's Company.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed Babe Williams, James Wood, B. L. Ham, F. M. Peveler, A. M. Lasater, J. Fowler, Mrs. Ed. Wohlforth, all of whom were living in Young and adjoining counties when this fight occurred.

Further Ref: Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas.

Indians Wound D. R. Thornton

We are not certain just when this occurred, but it happened some time during the 60s and will be reported at this time. D. R. Thornton and Ben Wylie were hunting stock about eight miles south and a little east of the present city of Thurber. Five Indians suddenly darted out before them, and appeared to be attempting to turn them from their course. Contrary to the expectations of the Indians, instead of running toward the timber, D. R. Thornton and Ben Wylie charged the warriors. In a short time other Indians appeared and the Whites were forced to flee. Wylie was riding a mule, but the two were well armed, and were able to protect their retreat. At least one of the Indians was wounded and D. R. Thornton himself, sustained a slight wound in the arm.

Note: Author personally interviewed Ike Roberts, Dan Thornton, and his brother, sons of D. R. Thornton.

Further Ref.: Biography of D. R. Thornton, in the History of Texas, supplemented with biographical sketches of prominent families of Central Texas, published in 1896 by the Lews Publishing Company.

Waford Johnson, Wife and Children

One of the reliable surviving old-timers, with whom the author corresponded was of the opinion that Mr. Johnson's name was Enic, instead of Waford. All others were of the opinion that Mr. Johnson was generally known by the latter name. It is, of course, possible that he could have been nicknamed Enic. He could have also had two or more given names.

Nevertheless, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and children lived near the line of Burnet and Williamson Counties, and near Dog Branch, a tributary of the Gabriel. They had been visiting a neighbor and were returning home when ambushed by Indians. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and an eight year old daughter were killed, the baby thrown in the brush, where it was found the next day because of its crying, and a five year old daughter jumped from the horse which she was riding, and ran down the bank. She alone escaped to relate the story. This five year old daughter successfully reached the home of her aunt, but was so exhausted she could hardly relate her story.

Note: Author personally interviewed M. J. Bolt, G. R. Holland, Joe Smith and others who lived in Burnet County at the time.

Further Ref.: Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas.

The Big Raid into Montague and Cooke Counties, During December 1863

Approximately two hundred and fifty Indians crossed Red River about two p.m. on the 22nd of December, 1863, at a place northward of the present town of Montague. The Indians then turned down the river, and in a short time were killing, stealing, destroying, and burning almost every living thing and object found along their bloody trail.

Frontier Regiment, which was stationed at Red River Station, a few miles west of where the Indians crossed the river, soon heard of their bloody raid and hastily dispatched about twenty-five men to pursue them. When the Indians reached the Illinois bend, several citizens had "forted-up" there at a place known as Fort Illinois Bend. Here they first appeared at the home of Joe Anderson. He and son, William, belonged to Capt. J. T. Guinn's Company, then stationed on Parmer's Creek, about ten or fifteen miles away, and were away at the time, and Mrs. Anderson was home. Mrs. Anderson, herself, was the first to be killed. They next appeared at the home of John Willet. Here they murdered his sick mother. John, at the time, was away for he had gone for a doctor. Two children at Fort Illinois Bend were, also, seriously wounded, and thrown in the yard for dead. Here they, also, maimed Rufus Anderson. The Indians then appeared at the home of G. L. Hatfield, but he, and his family successfully made their escape. Before they were out of sight of their house, however, it was in flames and almost all of their worldly possessions burned.

This gigantic raid necessarily moved somewhat slowly. Nevertheless, the Indians were making good time, and everywhere blazing their trail with the blood of frontier citizens, and with the smoke of burning homes. Needless to say, there were no telephones in existence at that time, so runners were soon dispatched to other settlements further down the river.

The remaining portion of their raid is vividly described in the following quotation which is taken from the Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas, by John Henry Brown. Mr. Brown said:

"Settlements at this time along the Red River border were quite spare and what was then known as the Wallace settlement, in Sadler's Bend in Cooke County, was the next settlement below Hatfield's and was some twelve or fifteen miles distant. The Indians started in the direction of this settlement when they left the Hatfield place, but they were closely pursued by Capt. Rowland with about twenty-five men. The Indians were (now) between two and three hundred strong. Before reaching the Wallace settlement the savages re-crossed Red River and this led Capt. Rowland to believe that they had abandoned the raid, as it was their custom to make these sudden inroads upon the settlements and then make their escape under cover of night. Capt. Rowland and his men had ridden very rapidly-the Indians had so much of the start of them, that their horses were completely wearied out, so he thought it was best to turn into Capt. Wallace's and rest his men and horses for the night, and renew the pursuit early next morning. The news of the raid and the massacre of the Willett family with the usual exaggerations, had already been carried to the Wallace settlement, by some terrified settler, and when Capt. Rowland reached Wallace's he found that the whole settlements had fortified there as a means of protection. The news had also been conveyed to what was known as the Elmore settlement, on the head of Fish Creek, about six miles east of Wallace's; also to what was known as the Potter settlement, some four miles southeast from Elmore's, and a fleet courier had also carried the news to Gainesville. During the night of the 22nd, the few families that composed the settlement around Capt. C. Potter's were also gathered in there before daylight of the morning of the 23rd. Many of these families were simply women and children, the husbands and fathers being in the Confederate Army, and the few men in the county were armed with the poorest class of firearms, all the best guns having been given to those who joined the Confederate Army.

"When Capt. Twitty heard the news of the raid, which reached him at Gainesville, in the early part of the night of the 22nd, of December, he immediately dispatched about twenty-five men from Capt. S. P. C. Patton's Company, to the scene of the raid. These men, after a hard ride, reached Capt. Wallace's a short time before daylight on the morning of the 23rd. Capt. Rowland who was not expecting reinforcements, and taking these men for the enemy, came near firing upon them before the mistake was discovered. But the Indians,

confident in their superior numbers, determined to do more devilment before leaving early next morning, recrossed Red River and went in below Capt. Wallace's. At sunrise they were scampering over the prairies stealing horses, shooting cattle, and burning houses. They soon came to the Elmore place and their number was so unprecedentedly large, that they struck terror to the hearts of the men and women crowded in the house, and they at once fled to the woods, scattering in every direction. Some were killed, others were chased for miles-but most of them made their escape, though they lay in the woods all that day and the following night. Many thrilling incidents could be related of this fight. Among others, a Mr. Dawson, when the stampede began from the house, seized a babe about six months old, but not his own. When he reached a spot where he thought he could safely hide, the child began to cry and would not be comforted. Dawson could see the Indians coming in his direction and knew that they must soon hear the screams of the child, if they had not already done so. So he ran deeper into the woods, seeking the most inaccessible places. The Indians continued to follow and the child to cry, as poor Dawson thought louder than ever. In utter despair of ever making his escape with the babe, he laid it down in a deep dry branch and covered it with leaves. The little thing went to sleep in a moment. Dawson thus made his escape and when the Indians left he went back, got the babe and carried it to its almost frenzied mother. After the people left Elmore's house the Indians plundered it, took what they wanted, and set fire to it. The people, "forted up" at Capt. Potter's soon saw the flames at Elmore's house and knew that the Indians were coming on in their direction. About a mile and a half south of Capt. Potter lived the families of Ephraim Clark and Harrison Lander. These families, contrary to their usual custom failed to go to Capt. Potter's, as their neighbors had done when they received the report of the raid. When the people at Potter's saw Elmore's house burning they knew that it was too late to get Clark's and Lander's families to Potter's. Hence they concluded that it was best to go to Clark's or Lander's, as they lived very near together. About the time they left Potter's house, James McNabb, who had left Potter's early that morning to go to his home a mile away to look after his stock, came flying back, hotly pursued by a squad of Indians who were in advance of the main body. McNabb made a narrow escape. Before his dismounted, the Indians surrounded the house and tried to cut him off from his horse, but he made his escape

by making his horse jump the fence. The people forted at Capt. Potter's, as well as his own family, made a hasty retreat to Lander's house going by Clark's and getting his family. Many of the children were taken from bed and without being dressed, were hurried into a wagon and driven rapidly away. They had not reached Lander's house before they saw the flames bursting from the roof of Capt. Potter's house. Mr. Lander's house was situated on a prairie knoll near a very high and precipitous bluff. Here the frightened women and children were gathered in the house, while four men and three boys, with poor and uncertain guns in their hands, stood in the yard and about the outhouses ready to protect, as best they could, all that was dear to them. Soon the Indians came in sight and a sight it was. They came not in a body, but in squads and strings. They had bedecked their horses with the bed clothing, sheets, quilts, counterpanes, tablecloths, ladies wearing apparel, etc.

"The women gathered in the house were frantic. It was supposed that all had been killed at Elmore's as the house had been seen to burn. It was known that they had as much or more fighting force at Elmore's than they had at Lander's and when the overwhelming force of Indians came in sight strung out for a considerable distance, with their yells and queer decorations, all hope sank. Some women prayed, others screamed and cried, while others held their children to their bosoms in mute despair. Soon the Indians were around the place and had driven off the loose horses that had been driven along by the fleeing people with the hope of saving them. The horses that had been ridden and driven, were brought inside the yard fence and tied. It was some time before all the Indians congregated and, as they would come up, they would stop near the house, shoot arrows at the men in the yard, occasionally fire a gun or pistol, and at times some daring fellow would come within gunshot, but the citizens were too experienced in Indian warfare to fire until it had to be done to save the dear ones in the house. The Indians were so slow about making an attack upon the house that it was thought that the women and children might be hurried over to the steep bluff that was just north of the house and down this the Indians could not follow them on their horses and if the bluff could be reached escape was certain to most of the party. A plan was soon arranged; the Indians were south of the house and the main body of them was three hundred yards away. The bluff was north of the house and one hundred and fifty

yards away. The men and boys with guns were to mount their horses and form a line for the protection of the women and children, who were to make a break for the bluff. The men were soon on their horses and the women and children started, but as they poured out of the house and out of the yard, the Indians set up an unearthly yell, and all the women and children ran back into the house. After some further delay, another effort was made to carry out this scheme. It might not have been successful, but about the time the women and children got out of the yard, the soldiers came in sight upon the brow of a high hill a mile away to the north, and this gave the Indians something else to do. They at once took to their heels and ran for two miles to the highest point of the divide between Fish and Dry Elm Creek and then halted.

"The soldiers seen were Capt. Rowland's with that part of his company that was with him the day before, and that part of Capt. Patton's Company that had joined them the night before at Wallace's as already related. They had learned early on the morning of that day that the Indians had again crossed Red River and were continuing their depredations. Capt. Rowland immediately ordered a pursuit and he found it no trouble now to trail the Indians as he could follow them by the burning houses. But they had so much of the start and traveled so rapidly that long before Capt. Rowland came in sight of them the horses of many of his men were completely worn out and they could go no farther. By the time the soldiers reached Lander's, Capt. Rowland's own horse had given out, but he was furnished another by Clark. Some of his men also obtained fresh horses from the citizens who were only too glad to show favors to those who had just saved them and their families from death. Some of the citizens joined the soldiers in pursuit of the Indians. The Indians were overtaken near the high point where they had first stopped. Indeed they showed no disposition to get away when they ascertained the small number of whites. Capt. Rowland led his men through Capt. Potter's prairie farm, and, in going out on the south side, the rail fence was thrown down and left down, in several places. This fact proved most fortunate to the whites, as will hereafter appear. After going some three hundred yards south of the fence. Capt. Rowland halted his command, but it was with great difficulty that he got them into a tolerable line. The Indians soon seemed to divide into two wings, one starting east and the other west around the soldiers, to surround

them. The troops, without waiting for command, commenced firing, but at such long range as to do little damage. As the Indians got closer and began to fire upon the line, many of the soldiers thinking the odds too great, broke line and started to run. Capt. Rowland did all in his power to stop this and to rally the men, but the panic soon became general and the whole command fled. The object seemed to be to go through the gaps left in the fence and turn and fight the Indians from behind the fence. The Indians at once began a hot pursuit of the flying men, and with their guns, and pistols, bows, arrows and spears, they did fatal work on the men whose tired horse could not carry them out of reach of the Indians. Before the fence was reached three men were killed and several others were wounded. Mr. Green, of Capt. Pollard's Company, also another man, whose name is not remembered, were killed. Mr. Pollard, an officer in Rowland's Company, was severely wounded, having four arrows shot into his back, which were pulled out by Capt. Rowland after the men had reached the inside of the field, but the spikes from some of the arrows were left in his body. S. B. Potter, a son of Capt. Potter, was also wounded in the head by an arrow that struck the skull and then turned to one side. There was quite a rush among the men to get through the gaps in the fence to a place of security behind it, as the Indians were pressing them hard. Men rode at full speed against the fence, endeavoring to get through the gaps. Capt. Rowland was about the last man to pass through the gaps. He had purposely kept near the rear, and did what he could to protect the hindmost of the men, reserving his fire until a shot was absolutely demanded. Just before riding into the field, he fired his double barrel shotgun at an Indian not more than thirty yards from him, and at the fire the Indian dropped his shield and gave other signs of being badly hurt. It was afterwards learned that his shot killed him and that he was the chief. When the Indians saw the men forming behind the fence they precipitately fled. Capt. Rowland attempted to encourage his men to again attack them, but they were too much demoralized to renew the fight against such odds. Capt. Rowland, finding that he could not hope to again fight the Indians with the force he then had, dispatched couriers to different points to give the alarm and with a few men he went to the head of Elm in Montague County where there were a few families without protection. The Indians soon continued their raid, going south and east, and soon reached the Jones' settlement on Dry Elm. Here they came upon the mortally wounded Mr. White and

dangerously wounded his step-son, young Parker. Mr. Jones, their companion, escaped. Parker belonged to Wood's Company of Fitzhugh's Regiment. He had been severely wounded in the battle of Millican's Bend, June 7, 1863, and was home on a sick furlough.

"The Indians beat a hasty retreat that night and cross Red River with a large number of stolen horses before daylight next morning. Small squads of Indians would scatter off from the main body and commit all sorts of depredations. One of their parties came upon Miss Gouna, who was carrying water from a spring some distance from the house. They thrust their spears into her body in several places and cut off her hair, but she escaped and finally recovered from her wounds.

"Young Parker, above alluded to, saw the Indians and heard the shooting in their fight with Capt. Rowland, but did not believe it was Indians and kept riding towards them, against the protests, too, of his companion, Mr. Miles Jones. He did not discover that it was Indians until a squad of them dashed upon and mortally wounded him. He died in ten days.

"The following additional facts are taken from a letter written by me at the time to the 'Houston Telegraph.'":

"At every house burned, the savages derisively left hanging a blanket, marked "U.S. ". During the night of the twenty-third, they made a hasty retreat, left about fifty Indians saddles, numerous blankets, and buffalo robes, and considerable amount of the booty they had taken from houses.

"In the meantime nearly a thousand men had reached Gainesville and made pursuit the next day as soon as the trail could be found; but a start of twenty-four hours by fleeing savages cannot be overcome in the short and cold days of winter, when they could travel at night and only be followed in daylight. The pursuit though energetic under Maj. Diamond and aided by Chickasaws, was fruitless.

"As soon as the news reached Col. Bourland, at Bonham, that old veteran spared neither himself nor horse till he was on the ground doing his duty. "

Note: Author personally interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris, Joe Bryant, Charlie Grant, and others who lived in Montague and Cooke Counties when this raid occurred.

Reorganization of Frontier Forces and Extension of Frontier Protection

December 15, 1863, an act was approved providing for additional frontier protection, and the transfer of frontier regiments to Confederate service. Sections I and II of said act were as follows:

“Section I. Be it enacted by the State Legislature of the State of Texas, that all persons liable to due military duty, who are at the passage of this act bonafide citizens of the following line of counties, and all counties lying north and west of said line, to wit; Wise, Parker, Cooke, that part of Johnson west of the Belknap and Fort Graham road, Bosque Coryell, Lampasas, Burnet, Blanco, Bandera, Medina, Kendall, Atascosa, Live Oak, McMullen, La Salle, Dimmit, and Maverick, shall be enrolled and organized into companies not less than twenty-five, nor more than sixty-five men rank, and file.

“Section II. That it shall be the duty of the governor, immediately after the passage of this act, to cause the counties designated in the preceding section to be divided into three districts, as equally in territory and population as may be; in each of which district he shall appoint a suitable person, with the rank and role of major of cavalry, who shall be the ranking officer of the district to which he is appointed, and which he is appointed, and which officer shall be charged with the organization of the men subject to duty in this section.”

January 6, 1864, the governor divided the territory into three district divisions, and in record time, the districts were organized, commanded and policed as follows, to wit:

FIRST DISTRICT

Commanded by Brig. Gen. J. W. Throckmorton and Maj. Wm. Quayle
2nd in command

Wise County. Capt. B. B. Haney's company, 70 men; J. M. Hanks' 66; J. B. Earhart's 58; W. B. Shoemake's 66; G. B. Pickett's 50; Total 310

Parker County. Capt. P. Witt's Company, 61; J. Caldwell's 59; Joseph Ward's 68; M. Upton's 58; Dav. Yary's 60. Total 306.

Cooke County. Capt. J. O. Hill's Company 62; T. F. Whally's 56; Jas. Graham's 54; C. Potter's 51. Total 223.

Montague County. Capt. J. P. Guinn's Company 50; S. Shannon's 49. Total 99.

Jaik County. Capt. T. F. Robert's Company, 54; E. E. Orrick's 49. Total 103.

Palo Pinto County. Capt. J. H. Dillahunty's Company, 55; Wm. C. Clayton's 58; Lt. . J. C. Lowey's, 41. Total 154.

Young County. Capt. Wm. R. Peveler's Company 52; Lt. Chas. Newhous, 31; Capt. Casteel's, 45. Total 128.

Stephens County. Capt. J. J. Cureton's Company. 56; J. W. Curtis, 57. Total 113

Total force of District 1436.

SECOND DISTRICT

Johnson County, Capt. J. M. McReynold's Company, 52; W. A. Gathey's, 60. total 112

Lampasas County. Capt. M. J. Scott's Company, 51; W. B. Pace's 65, Total 116.

Comanche County. Capt. Jas. Cunningham's Company, 65; Lt. Wm. F. Robinson's 49. Total 114

Bosque County. Capt. Wm. R. Barne's Company, 55; S. S. Totten's, 65. Total 120.0

Erath County. Capt. J. B. Martin's Company, Wm. H. Culver's 67; N. M. Gillentin's 64; E. B. Pugh's 64; Lt. A. S. McCammant's 27. Total 279.

Brown County. Capt. D. H. Mosley's Company, 65; D. Skaggs', 57; N. C. Duncan's, 66. total 188.

Coryell County. Capt. J. K. Shipman's Company, 65; G. Graham's, 67; Lt. G. F. Adams' 25. Total 157.

San Sabe County. Capt. J. H. Brown's Company, 51; W. R. Woods', 64. Total 116.

Coleman County. Capt. J. Mullen's Company, 65.

Hamilton County. Capt. J. M. Rice's Company, 64.

McCulloch County. Capt. D. Barton's Company, 40.

Mason County. Capt. A. Hunter's Company, 65; H. Biberstien's, 52. total 117.

Eastland County. Lt. Singleton Gilbert's Company, 41.

THIRD DISTRICT

Commanded by Brig. Gen. J. D. McAdoo; Maj. James M. Hunter, 2nd in Com.

Burnet County. Capt. Chris. Dorbandt's Company, 56; Jno. Barton's 65; Jas. P. Magill's, 65; G. C. Bittick's, 65. Total 251.

Kerr County. Lt. D. H. Farr's Company, 28

Llano County. Capt. J. S. Bourland's Company, 65; Lt. F. Breazeall's, 41. Total 150.

Gillespie County. Capt. E. Krauskoff's Company 63; Wm. S. Wahrman's 62; Lt. P. Waldrup's, 25. Total 106.

Blanco County. Lt. Hudson's Company, 39.

Bandera County. Capt. B. Mitchell's Company, 53.

Medina County. Capt. Geo. Robbin's Company, 56; Lt. A. Weber's,

22. Total 78

Kendall County. Capt. Wm. E. Jones' Company, 65.

Karnes County. Lt. J. King's company, 45.

Uvalde County. Lt. J. Watkin's Company, 44.

Bee County. Lt. J. Hyne's, 36

Frio County. Capt. William's Company, 71.

Live Oak County. Capt. N. Gussett's Company, 71.

Atascosa County. Capt. J. Tom's Company, 65; Lt. J. A. Durand's,
28. Total 98

Other Counties: Capt. Walhersdoff's command, 100.

Total Force of District, 1211

D. B. Culbetson, Col. of Cavalry and Adjutant and Inspector General, State Military strength of the three districts, October 1, 1864, was 4176 men. These troops were in addition to the Frontier Regiment, commanded by Col. James E. McCord. After their organization, there was a decrease in Indian Depredations. But it was late in 1864, before the full strength of these forces became effective on the frontier. As a consequence of this heavy frontier organization, the depredations during 1865 were only about 60% of the usual average for the several preceding years.

Aaron Hart and Wm. Blair, fathers of James Hart and James Blair, moved their families to Palo Pinto County, several years before the outbreak of the Civil War. Aaron Hart settled about seven miles southeast of Golconda. In the first part of 1858, Mr. Blair settled near the Brazos, almost the same distance north of Palo Pinto. But during the early 60s, an exodus of citizens of Palo Pinto County moved to Stephens, Shackelford, Coleman, and other counties farther west. Aaron Hart and Wm. Blair numbered among this group, and located near the headwaters of Deep Creek, in Callahan County.

During 1864 the purchasing of provisions was one of the big problems of that section. So Wm. Blair and, perhaps, others had sent to Old Mexico for coffee and other commodities, which had arrived at Camp Colorado. James Blair and James Hart went horseback to this post about 20 miles away for these supplies.

James Blair, at the time, was a boy nine years of age; and born February 28, 1855. As a coincidence, it so happened they returned home from Camp Colorado, February 28, 1864. James Hart was several years older.

It had snowed and the weather was extremely cold. The boys wanted to build a fire, but afraid it would attract the attention of Indians. When they reached the "Hill Country," about halfway between Camp Colorado and their father's ranch quarters, the two boys discovered they were confronted by nine Indians. James Blair and James Hart turned their horses and started to make a dash back toward Camp Colorado, but James Blair's horse was anxious to go on toward home, and simply refused to go in the other direction. Before the boys could hardly get their breath, the Indians were upon them. James Blair shot one of the savages with his revolver. This Indian fell from his horse to the ground, and began a howling cry. The other Indians wrenched the six-shooter from young Blair's hand, and jerked him from his horse. As Hart fled away, an Indian shot an arrow under his shoulder blade, and the spike of this weapon stuck out on the other side of his body. When Hart reached the cedar-breaks, he left his steed and hid in a prolific cluster of prickly pears.

James Hart's successful escape was very largely due to the Indians struggle with the brave little James Blair, who was now in the hands of the savages. Young Blair asked the Indians if they were going to kill him, and they replied, "No, no, mucha brave! Mucha brave!" The Indians then tied his hands and feet, and wrapped him in a buffalo robe, so they could search for James Hart, hidden a short distance away in a thick bunch of prickly pears. But before they left, the Indians, who treasured their captive very highly, decide they had better give him something to eat. So they offered him spoiled meat, full of worms. The Indians were hardly out of sight before James Blair had one hand untied, was completely unhobbled, and successfully made his escape. When the Indians left him, they held up two fingers, and, no doubt, intended to signify they would be back within two hours. When they returned, however, for their valuable treasure, he was gone.

Hart, who lay wounded in the thick cluster of prickly pears with an arrow sticking through his body and nearly through his heart, afterwards stated the Indians almost walked over him, and looked everywhere, excepting in the prickly pears. According to one account, the savages even turned over rocks, fully as large as a wagon-bed, in an attempt to locate the other paleface boy who had disappeared.

The two boys were now, of course, separated and each unaware of the fate of the other. Hart knew Blair had been captured and thought the Indians had carried him into captivity. James Hart also thought he was going to die, but stated that he was determined to live until he could reach home, so he could report what had happened to James Blair, whom he thought was being carried away by the Indians. To die far out on the frontier, many miles from home, was unthinkable, for young Blair's father and mother would never know what had happened to their son.

So with an arrow in his body, the ends of which were sticking out on each side, the heroic James Hart started towards his home. As he pushed forward, night was rapidly approaching. His blood was flowing profusely from the wounds in his body, and falling about his boyish feet, leaving a crimson streak in the frozen snow. At times James Hart crawled and at other times, he walked. But finally reached his

home, 10 miles away. Can we really conceive of the suffering this frontier boy endured, as he then thought, only to relate the fate of his companion. James Hart's fresh blood attracted a large panther, which followed him for several miles.

Guided only by the wintry stars, somewhere in the western wilds, young James Blair was still wandering across the frozen waste, toward his father's frontier home. Since the two boys were now long since overdue, their parents were spending a sleepless night.

About one o'clock during the succeeding day, James Hart, wounded as he was, with an arrow sticking through his body, miraculously reached his father and mother's home. The arrow was then pulled out of his body from the front side, and young Hart not only lived to relate the story of his companion, but completely recovered from his wound. According to reports, he reached home before James Blair.

Wm. Blair and Jno. Hart, a brother of James Hart, then went out to search for Mr. Blair's beloved son. When the father was about five miles from his home, someone was seen in the distance, but Mr. Blair, himself, thought it were an Indian.

Jno. Hart said, "Blair, that's Jim." The father replied, "No."

Jno. Hart again said, "Yes, that's Jim." And shortly afterwards, the father was pressing the lost son to his bosom. Little James Blair was so overjoyed, he could not speak. Later, however, he related about his being an Indian captive for some time, and their attempting to make him eat spoiled meat full of worms and wrapped in an old filthy sock. When they reached home, Mrs. Blair, the mother, was so overjoyed she shouted all over their premises, and thus ended one of the most dramatic acts of the great western drama.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed: Mrs. Josephine (Blair) Watkins, a sister of James Blair; Jesse Hart, a brother of James Hart; A. M. Lasater; Mrs. Huse Bevers; Mrs. M. J. Hart; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; E. K. Taylor; Jodie Corbin; Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, Jas. C. Jowell; and others, who were living on the frontier at the time.

Samuel Graham

Accounts slightly differ concerning this episode, but it occurred sometime during 1864, or early in 1865, and will be reported at this time.

Samuel Graham was a younger son of Gideon Graham, who lived on Brown's Creek, about 12 miles south of Gatesville, near the present Gatesville and Killeen road, and not far distant from the Sugar Loaf Mountain. Early one morning, young Sam Graham, who was about twelve years of age, was sent to search for stock. He was about two miles from his home. As he rode leisurely along on his pony, several Indians dashed upon him, and made little Sam their captive, took his pony, placed him on a horse behind an Indian, and started toward the western wilds.

They had not gone a great distance, however, when some of the crimes of these unscrupulous criminals of the plains, became known to the local pioneers, who were soon in pursuit. The Indians were encountered, perhaps somewhere in the present Lampasas County. During the running fight, with the savages in the lead, young Sam attempted to jump from behind the Indian, but was caught by the arm. A few moments later, however, when the red men were being closely crowded by the citizens, one brutal barbarian thrust a lance in little Sam's body and threw him in a nearby thicket of brush.

Although rescued, he only lived about two days, but before his death, related some of his experiences while an Indian captive. He stated that although the savages had an abundance of venison and buffalo meat, they only offered him horse flesh for food, and attempted to force him to drink water from a horse's stomach, which had been killed only a short time before. But this dastardly need cost the life of at least one savage.

Note: The author interviewed Geo. Crawford and others who were living in Coryell and adjoining counties at the time.

Further Ref.: 70 years in Texas, by J. M. Franks; and Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas.

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Beardy Hall

Early during 1864, Beardy Hall, who lived about two and one-half miles east and a little north of the present town of Richland Springs in San Saba County, started alone to San Saba. Mr. Hall was only armed with a six-shooter and when he had gone about five miles, killed by Indians, who broke a spear in his body. At the time, Mr. Hall and his son live don Richland Creek.

These same Indians went on into Burnet County on a horse stealing raid. When they returned, Capt. Woods, Henry Woods, Jeff Pope, Alex Hall, Truebridge and several others followed the Indians to a point about six or seven miles east of the present city of Brady in McCulloch County. A running fight followed and one Indian killed. Truebridge was wounded. Alex Hall recovered his father's horse, wallet and hat, and he was also given the Indian's scalp which was hung on a post near his gate where it remained for a long time.

Note: Author personally interviewed Newt Z. Brown, Jasper Brown, Jno. Robbins and others who lived in San Saba and adjoining counties at the time.

While preparing and gathering the data for the present work, the author exerted every atom of energy to present each story as accurately as possible. In doing so, he used a checking system for the purpose of eliminating some differences, that necessarily arise from those interviewed, and did so in this case.

For it is sometimes surprising to see and hear the number of surviving old settlers who seem to think their own versions of the early history of the frontier are correct, and others wrong.

Alf Lane had been a member of Company G of the Frontier Regiment. This company was stationed at Fort Belknap, and was commanded by Capt. Newt. White. Some of his comrades in the above company, who still alive, are and were under the impression that Alf was going home from Fort Belknap on a furlough, at the time he was assaulted by Indians. But Martin Lane, a son, and several other early frontiersmen, contended he was not going home from Belknap, on a furlough, but had been helping Charles Goodnight, his brother-in-law, move a herd of cattle to Elm Creek, near the line of Young and Throckmorton Counties. Alf Lane, however, only went as far as old Fort Belknap. After hearing the evidence of both sides, the author became thoroughly satisfied that Martin Lane, and those who held his view, were correct. We did not stop there. The matter was presented to Chas. Goodnight himself, a brother-in-law of Alf Lane, and we have his written statement, corroborating the contentions of Martin Lane and others.

Alf Lane, a brother of James Lane who was mortally wounded in the Wolf Creek Fight, moved to Palo Pinto County in 1855. He settled near Keechi, about two miles southwest of Black Springs, and numbered among the very early settlers of that section. He later moved to the Salt Hill community, in Jack County. During the War, cowhands were exceedingly hard to get, so Alf Lane voluntarily assisted Chas. Goodnight, his brother-in-law, to move cattle being moved to the territory bordering on Elm Creek, near the Young and Throckmorton County line. Concerning the movement of these cattle, Col. Chas. Goodnight said:

"The War had hemmed our cattle in, until our herds on the Keechi, in Palo Alto and Jack County were suffering for grass. I was moving my third herd, about 100 head, to the Upper Elm. Being war time, help was almost impossible to get. Mr. Lane, knowing this, and that I was scarce-handed, overtook me just before we got to Rock Creek, going west, saying he would help me through. When we got to Fort Belknap, we camped for the night, just west of the town. Alf Lane went to stay all night with old friends, the Mills, who used to live in the Keechi Valley, in Palo Pinto County. That night the Indians came in and stole all of the horses, excepting those that we had on guard. When daylight came, and we discovered that our horses were gone, I went over to Mill's home, and told my brother-in-law to wait a day until I got the herd to the ranch, and I would go home with him. He said it was not necessary and he would go back that day."

Alf Lane took breakfast that morning with Uncle Dinney Murphey, at Old Murphey Station. After breakfast, he started on toward his home, and went down the old Fort Belknap and Ft. Worth military road. Mr. Lane, no doubt, felt secure, for he was riding an exceptionally good horse. This was the morning of July 15, 1864.

During the preceding night, Alf Lane had dreamed the Indians massacred some of his own people, so he drove rapidly on his fleet horse named "Driver." It was, no doubt, due to this dream that this frontiersman turned back at Belknap. If so, it ensnared him into his own grave. For when he reached the Cement Mountain, about eleven miles east of old Fort Belknap. Alf Lane was ambushed and killed by Indians. He wrapped his bridle reins around the horn of his saddle, ran five or six hundred yards, and fell from his horse, which was later found by the mail carrier. W. J. Wilson delivered this horse, and the sad news to Mrs. Lane and her children. A searching party soon found Mr. Lane where he fell, and where he was temporarily buried. But Alf Lane was later removed to the Thurman Graveyard about two miles west of old Black Springs.

Note: Author personally interviewed Martin Lane, son of Alf Lane; A. M. Lasater; James Wood; B. L. Ham; F. M. Peveler; A. C., Geo. and L. L. Tackett; W. A. Ribble; Mann Johnson; Henry Williams; Babe Williams; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; Mrs. Jerry Hart; Mrs. Huse Bevers; Mrs.

Ed. Wholforth; and others who were living in Palo Pinto, Jack, Young, and adjoining counties at the time. Also corresponded with Charles Goodnight.

Indians Attack the Rolland Boys and Davy Crockett

After Jack and Henry Rolland were killed by Indians, their father moved his family about three miles south, to the Joe Manley place, where several families "Forted-up." They had only lived here a short time, however, when Jno. Rolland, and David Crockett, accompanied by the two little Rolland boys, the sons of Jack and Henry Rolland, went in an ox-wagon to Mudsprings, which was about one mile west of the Joe Manley place. After they reached the spring where they went for water, several Indians charged upon them. Davy Crockett was killed almost instantly. When relief reached the boys, Jno. Rolland had five arrows sticking in his back, and little Thomas Rolland the only one, who successfully reached home, was cut across the chin with an arrow when he fled away. The other little Rolland boy, climbed an Elm tree near the spring. But the savages came up and captured him. When the other Rolland boy, who was cut across the chin, reached the house, he told his grandfather and others that the "Niggers" were killing the boys. Old man Rolland and others rushed to the scene, but the Indians were already gone. David Crockett, the orphan boy, lay dead on the ground, badly wounded, and Jno. Rolland only lived about twenty-four hours; but was conscious almost up until the time of his death. Little Thomas Rolland had been captured and carried away by the savages.

Since it was during the Civil War, both men and horses were scarce on the frontier. But W. L. Lasater, Milton Lynn, Isom Lynn, and, perhaps, one or two others, took the Indian trail, which led south toward the mouth of Big Keechi, in Palo Pinto County. Here the Indians crossed and then took a northwest course, toward the headwaters of Dark Valley, and from there, they went on the northwest. Little Thomas Rolland remained an Indian captive until he was recovered several months later, by David White and Negro Brit Johnson. They brought the little fellow home, and placed him in the hands of his grieved mother.

Few people there were on the frontier, who suffered so severely, as the Rolland family. Three Rolland brothers and David Crockett, an orphan boy, were killed. Little Thomas Rolland was carried into captivity.

Note: Before writing this section, author personally interviewed A. M. Lasater, James Wood; B. L. Ham; J. Fowler; Lafayette Wilson; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Jack Counties at the time.

During July of 1864, Col. W. W. Cockran, twelve year old son, Walker C. Cockran, Jimmy Daniels, Wm. Cureton, the father of C. M. Cureton, the present Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas, and H. J. Cureton, an attorney at Meridian, Mack Beshears, Boyken Bradley, Banj. Harris and James Reed, met at the ranch of Capt. Ellis, which was on White Flat, in Stephens County for the purpose of making a round-up on Big and Little Cedar Creeks.

Since no Indian signs had been seen for a considerable time, the cowboys decided to leave their rifles at the ranch. By noon, many cattle had been thrown together. The weather being extremely warm, the cowboys rested at noon, and let their ponies graze until about two o'clock in the afternoon. They then resumed their work, and Capt. Ellis requested Col. Cockran, his son, and Ben Harris, to go down the creek and hold the cattle, which were wild in those days, because the country was unfenced and stock were seldom handled. Before they reached their destination, however, Col. Cockran discovered Indians, and began calling loudly to his son, who was riding an unusually good horse. The son thought his father was only talking aloud to control the cattle. So he rode ahead and in a short time, ran through the Indians catching the horses on the other side of the creek. Mr. Cockran's son then ran back through the Indians, recrossed the creek, to his father, and by this time, the savages were on their steeds attempting to catch him. Since Walter Cockran was riding a much better horse than his father and Ben Harris, in a short time the boy was, perhaps, one-half mile ahead, and wanted to run completely away from the savages, but each time, would be headed off by an Indian chief, who also rode a splendid horse, and who made several attempts to catch young Cockran's bridle rein. The Indians seldom killed small boys, but rather preferred carrying them into captivity, so they could demand a ransom for their return. After the fight had lasted for several minutes, and the citizens ran about one mile, they retreated into an oak thicket; and the Indians then rode back toward their stolen horses.

The shooting and noise made by the Indians, Mr. Cockran, his son, and Ben Harris, had by this time alarmed the remaining cowboys,

who were a considerable distance away. When the cowmen came to their companions' rescue, they met the Indians. Although the cowmen were only armed with pistols, the fighting began in earnest, and the three who had retreated into the live oak thicket, now joined the other seven. Again a running fight lasted for about a mile, and during the fighting, James Reed and at least one Indian were killed.

A short time before, the Indians had stolen some of James Reed's horses, in Palo Pinto County, near the present city of Strawn. The cowboys were surprised to see one of the savages riding the identical black animal, which belonged to James Reed, and which the Indians had carried away a few nights before. During the fighting James Reed said to Capt. Ellis, "If that Indian riding my black horse makes another dash at me, I know I am riding the best horse. I am going to run over and kill him." This Indian, in a short time, made another play, but unfortunately Reed's pistol failed to fire. This cost him his life.

During the thickest of fighting, Jimmy Daniels' pony, a bronco, was shot in the neck with an arrow, and began to pitch. Daniels after being thrown from his horse, hid in a gulley until the savages were gone.

The body of James Reed was carried to the home of Capt. Ellis, the following night. The next day the cowmen started with him toward his home. Concerning this journey, Walker Cockran, himself, said:

"The next day we tied Reed on his horse, and took him home to his wife and six children. That was a sight, when we rode up to the house, with Reed tied to his horse, that I never want to see again."

James Reed was buried in the Davidson Cemetery between the present cities of Strawn and Thurber.

Note: Author interviewed and corresponded with Walter C. Cockran; W. C. McGough; and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Stephens County at the time. Also consulted the unpublished memoirs of Wm. E. Cureton, who was in the fight.

Wynn Hill Fight

It was about 1864 that Milton (Dock) Wynn, Buck Sanders, B. L. Henry, Thompson, Frank Lane, Luke Choate, and one or two others who were out cow-hunting near Wynn-Hill, west of Jacksboro, had a bitter engagement with the Indians. Some of these citizens were up in a cove, in search of cattle, when charged by savages. They rushed back to the flat and joined their companions and it was here the fight occurred. The whites protected themselves behind scattered timber, and in a draw, as much as circumstances would afford. Most of the Indians, as usual, remained on their horses while most of the whites dismounted. Milton Wynn had a double-barrel shotgun, and all the rest were armed with a rifle; and from behind a stump with this weapon, he did deadly work. Milton Wynn, who remained on his horse, soon received a mortal wound, and said, "Boys, I am shot."

His companions lifted him from his horse. He died shortly afterwards. When the Indians realized the whites could not be bluffed, they withdrew from the field, and went away. B. L. Ham was painfully wounded in the leg, and Buck Sanders received a severe wound in his elbow, causing his arm to be stiff for the rest of his life. One other man was, also, slightly wounded.

This fight occurred about noon, and Milton Wynn, shortly afterwards was moved to the home of Tom Roberts, his brother-in-law.

Note: Author interviewed B. L. Ham, mentioned above; Mrs. Ed Wholfforth, a sister of Buck Sanders; James Wood, A. M. Lasater, Joe Fowler, and Newt. Wood.

Elonzo White and Sarah Kemp

During July of 1864, David White and family, Earl E. Kemp and family, were living on the old Jack Bailey place, on Big Keechi, about ten miles southwest of Jacksboro. Mr. White was one of the early settlers of Palo Pinto County, and had moved to Jack only a short time before. During the day, Mrs. White and Mrs. Kemp, had washed on the banks of Big Keechi, and hung out their clothes on the bushes to dry. Late in the evening, Sarah Kemp, a girl about sixteen years of age, and Elonzo White, aged about 10, were down on the creek after the clothes, which were about 100 yards away, when several Indians suddenly dashed upon them. Sarah started in a run toward the house, but Elonzo was captured. The Indians were, also, on the very verge of catching Sarah, but about this time, had a new problem to solve, for a large vicious dog, belonging to the two families, drove his teeth into the Indian's flesh. This permitted Miss Kemp to make her escape. When the wild men saw, however, that she was going to get away, an Indian shot an arrow into her breast. Other children were also playing out of doors at the time, and their screams soon frightened Mrs. White and Mrs. Kemp, whose husbands were away. Fortunately the Indians retreated back in the timber.

Poor little Elonzo, however, was carried away, and remained an Indian captive, far from home on the headwaters of the Canadian and Arkansas Rivers for many months. He was finally recovered by his father, and Negro Brit Johnson. Sarah Kemp recovered from her wound, and after the capture of Mr. White's son, Uncle Davy White, moved back to Palo Pinto County, and settled on Palo Pinto Creek, about two miles north of the present town of Santo.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. W. J. Langley, an aunt of Elonzo White; L. V. Arnold, Elonzo White's brother-in-law, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. Huse Bevers, Mrs. Jerry Hart, A. M. Lasater, James Wood, B. L. Ham, Joe Fowler, and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Jack Counties at the time.

Turkey Creek Fight of 1864

During August of 1864, Wm. Wilson, A. M. Lasater, Charles Goodnight, Sam Ham, Ruff Evans, James Williams, Wess Sheek, Wm. Keith, Evans, Geo. Lasater, and possibly one or two others, who lived in the Keechi-Black Springs community, agreed to meet Wm. Wilson's father about two and a half miles south of Black Springs, and then make a round in Lovings Valley. Since every one was late, Wm. Wilson's father failed to meet the cowboys at the above place. So he rode ahead. When the others were in that vicinity, and on Turkey Creek, about ten miles northwest of the present city of Mineral Wells, they came upon several horses belonging to a ranchman named Kale, who lived in Johnson County. Shortly before, they also saw Mr. Wilson riding alone, about one-half mile away. The horses ran into the timber on Turkey Creek. Wess Sheeks, a half brother of Chas. Goodnight, suggested that the crowd stop and eat lunch. After eating the noon-day meal, the cowboys mounted their horses and again started in search of cattle. About this time, the same horses that were seen a short time before, came running out of the timber, and one animal had an arrow sticking in his side. Wm. Wilson called for a volunteer to go with him to protect his father, A. M. Lasater agreed to go. Mr. Wilson and A. M. Lasater, then started off in a southwesterly direction, and Chas. Goodnight, Sam Ham, and Ruff Evans, came trailing along about 150 yards behind. After riding in this manner about a mile, Wilson and Lasater rode upon a ridge. They saw two Indian ponies with blankets on their backs, in a branch a short distance away. In the next second, they discovered two Indians down by the water, getting a drink. Wm. Wilson and A. M. Lasater, then a boy of 15 years of age, evidently were not seen by the savages. So they dropped back behind the ridge, and reported to Chas. Goodnight, Sam Ham and Ruff Evans. The five cowmen then moved forward as rapidly as possible. The citizens were within seventy-five yards of the Indians when first seen. The savages by this time had mounted their steeds, strung their bows and started across the bank. Wm. Wilson was riding the best horse, so he ran ahead. He placed his bridle reins in his mouth, and reached for his pistol with his only hand. But his six-shooter jumped out of his scabbard and fell to the ground. Wm. Wilson, a one-armed man, then requested A. M. Lasater to permit him to shot Lasater's gun. By this time, Sam Ham

rode forward and intended to catch one of the fleeing savages by the long hair on his head, but when the Indian threatened to shoot, Ham was forced to fall back. The red men were reaching a rock cliff. So Wm. Wilson, the one-armed man, rushed forward, shot an Indian and as the enemy went over the horse's head, he dropped his quiver of arrows. The arrows being missed, the Indians reached around to pick them up. When he arose from the ground, Wm. Wilson, who was on his horse, on a cliff, about twenty-five feet away, shot the Indian in the left breast. The savage then started to run, but was again fired upon by the whites. This Indian only went about fifteen steps before he fell. Chas. Goodnight then rushed forward and shot the Indian in the head. It is reasonably certain that Wm. Wilson had already given the savage a mortal wound. The other Indian successfully made his escape. The cowmen, also, recovered about nine head of stolen horses, and everything seemed to indicate that other Indians had retreated into the timber.

Note: Author personally interviewed: A. M. Lasater, mentioned above, Lafayette Wilson, a brother of Wm. Wilson; B. L. Ham, a brother of Sam Ham; James Wood, and others who were living in Palo Pinto and Jack counties at the time.

The Indian Experience of Mrs. Sarah Jane Keith

We are not certain when this episode occurred. But since it happened near the close of the Civil War, it will be reported at this time.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Keith, wife of Berry (Coon) Keith, and her two children, Halbert, and Lou Quincy, during the lonesome hours of night, were alone in their little log cabin home, which stood near the present town of Desdemonia. She heard Indians around the house, and for fear her two little children would cry, or make a noise, Mrs. Keith sat them down on the dirt floor of their frontier dwelling, softly and quietly, patted the little ones on the head, and this caused them to seem to understand they must be exceedingly still, for they never made a noise. When (Coon) Keith, husband of Mrs. Sarah Jane Keith, arrived home, his wife related what had happened. When he made an investigation, Indian signs were discovered on all sides of the house. On this occasion to be sure, no blood was shed, but this story is related to indicate what many young frontier mothers experienced along the early western frontier.

Note: Author interviewed: Mrs. Sarah Jane Keith, herself.

Ellison Spring Fight

During the Civil War, the citizens of Eastland, Callahan, and perhaps other western counties, formed a company, and Lt. Singleton Gilbert was placed in charge. The company's headquarters were at Nash Springs, about three miles northwest of Gorman. Since about one fourth of the company was always required to be out on a scout, August 8, 1864, Corporal J. L. Head left camp with about eight men, for a ten-day scout, and camped the first night at McGough Springs, about five miles south and east of the present town of Eastland. The next morning, this scout struck an Indian trail about two miles southwest of Eastland. It led up the Leon River to the end of Mangum Mountain, where a burning fire and signs seemed to indicate that about thirty-five Indians had camped for the night. From here the trail went through the shinnery brush, then found so abundantly in that section. The savages were overtaken less than two miles north of the Jowell Ranch, and about three miles west of Gorman, on the headwaters of Savannah Creek. Harrison York's horse had given out, and he had returned to headquarters. So there were now only seven poorly armed men to fight approximately thirty-five savages. These brave frontiersmen, nevertheless, made a charge as the savages crossed through a glade in the timber. But realizing they were unable to cross swords with so large a number of Indians, some of whom were walking, and others riding, the rangers repaired to the Gilbert Ranch for reinforcements. At this ranch the scouts were reinforced by Lt. Singleton Gilbert, Ben Gilbert, Tom Keith and about two others. The command now consisted of the following: Lt. Singleton Gilbert, Burton Keith, James Ellison, Tom Caddenhead, Tom Gilbert, J. L. Head, W. C. McGough, Ben Gilbert, Harrison York, Maridy York, James Temple, James Stubblefield, Jasper Gilbert, James Temple and perhaps, one or two others. These rangers went back to the place where the preceding fight had occurred, and picked up the Indian trail. The savages were again overtaken near Ellison Springs, about two miles east of Gorman. A bitter engagement followed and Burton Keith was killed during the early part of the fighting. W. C. McGough attempted to place Keith on McGough's horse, but before this could be done, Keith was dead, and fell to the ground. By this time an Indian appeared to be reaching for McGough's bridle rein, so this savage was shot with the only load in McGough's pistol. The

fighting was so intense, the Texans were forced to fall back, and hastily retreated to the Ellison ranch house, a short distance away.

Singleton Gilbert received a mortal wound in his jugular vein, and bled to death about two hours later. James Ellison, Tom Gilbert, and Tom Caddenhead were also wounded. Two coffins were made out of wagon beds, and runners sent to Stephenville and adjoining ranches, to convey the news and report the presence of Indians. Singleton and Gilbert and Burton Keith's frontier funeral march started that night for Stephenville, where they were buried, and where guards were out to watch for Indians. About the time they arrived the Indians were discovered a short distance from town, and a running fight followed with the savages in the lead. This time the Indians made no stand, but hastily retreated from the field. The whites recovered eighteen stolen horses and other property. The property recovered included: the captured rifle of Burton Keith, shotgun of Tom Gilbert, and common rifle of Tom Keith, which fell into the hands of the savages during the Ellison Spring Fight.

These Indians next appeared at the old Rubarth Salt Works on Sunday Creek, about five miles west and south of Santo. This salt mine was established by Joseph Rubarth in 1861 or 62. He sent to Louisiana for twelve large kettles, which were shipped from across the water, and which were freighted overland to Palo Pinto County in ox-wagons. When the Indians appeared here, they destroyed some of the large kettles, stole horses, and then made their retreat to the northwest from which they came.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. C. McGough, who was in the fight; Mrs. Sarah Jane Keith, sister-in-law of Burton Keith; W. J. Langley; D. R. Bradford; Dave and Bud Littlefield, close relatives of Sing. Gilbert; and others who lived in Palo Pinto, Eastland and Erath counties at the time.

Further Ref.: Pioneer Days in the Southwest, History of Eastland County by Mrs. Geo. Langston, Indian Fights on the Texas Frontier, by E. L. Deaton.

Capt. Will R. Peveler, State Cox, and Others Fight Near Cox Mountain

During 1863 Will R. Peveler was 2nd Lieutenant in Capt. Newt. White's Company G, of the Frontier Regiment, which was stationed at Ft. Belknap. But after the reorganization of 1864, Will R. Peveler was placed in command of a company in Young County, which in a measure, had been his home since 1852, when he first arrived as a meat contractor of old Fort Belknap. State Cox, during 1864, was sheriff of Young County, and Geo. Hunter, Perry Harmison and Cole Dunken, were well known on the western frontier. These gentlemen were returning from a "Round up" in Jack County, and were slowly driving about fifty head of cattle through the mesquite flats, about one-half mile west of Cox Mountain in Young County, when fifty savages suddenly dashed upon the citizens from the rear, and began saying, "How de do, how de do." The five Texans had not anticipated danger, were poorly armed, and some of them were poorly mounted. So they decided to dismount, tie their horses to mesquite trees, and sell their lives as dearly as possible, or fight it out with the Indians.

When the Texans realized they were surrounded by such overwhelming numbers, Parry Harmison said, "Boy's, let's get away if we can."

Hunter replied, "Yes I am wounded, and I am shot in the arm."

Cox said, "I am killed, I am shot through the body." According to one report State Cox further said, "Go and leave me boys, I am killed."

But F. M. Peveler, brother of Will R. Peveler thinks State Cox said, "Don't leave me boys." Perry Harmison and Geo. Hunter, riding good horses, were the first to mount their steeds, and dash away. Will R. Peveler, also riding a young horse, had some difficulty in getting in his saddle as quickly as others. So Cole Dunken assisted Capt. Peveler. These two then dashed away, and Dunken was in the lead to encourage Peveler's young horse to run as fast as possible. Will Peveler's pony soon became gaited, and although Cole Dunken made his escape, the savages, which pursued the two, soon separated Peveler from Dunken. A majority of the Indians were on

ahead, after Perry Harmison and Geo. Hunter. When Will R. Peveler reached a ravine, where the trail crossed, he had been wounded several times, and it seems the Indians had ceased their shooting, and one savage thinking their victim was nearly dead, reached forward and caught Peveler by the shoulder. Peveler then shot and broke the neck of the savage, who fell in the ravine, and prevent others from crossing. This enabled Capt. Peveler to reach the timber one or two hundred yards away. As he was traveling the same trail, followed by the Indians in pursuit of Harmison and Hunter, Will Peveler turned abruptly to the right, crossed Flint Creek, and started down the opposite side of this stream to avoid the return of the other savages. In this way he made his escape to Flag Springs, about six miles away. When this point was reached, Peveler, who had been wounded seventeen times, had to be lifted from his horse.

A courier was dispatched to Palo Pinto for Dr. Brock. When he arrived, he had no instruments sufficiently strong to extract an arrow point lodged under Capt. Peveler's ear. It became necessary to make an instrument in the shop for this purpose. The arrow point was then successfully removed. Capt. Peveler lived twenty-one days before he died.

During the excitement, it is supposed that State Cox mounted his horse, and forgot to untie him, for his animal had broken it's neck. When Cox was last seen by his comrades, he had apparently, "Fired out," and was fighting the savages with a butcher knife. Perry Harmison and Geo. Hunter reached the ranger camp on Whiskey creek, near the present town of Newcastle, about sundown. The rangers went to the scene of the battle, and found State Cox, but Will Peveler, contrary to expectations, was not there. Hunter and Harmison reported that Will had been killed, but a runner the next morning reported to the ranger camp that Peveler was alive, and at Flag Springs. State Cox was hauled in a wagon to old Fort Belknap and buried there in the citizens graveyard, on the east side of town. Will R. Peveler was buried at Greenup Peveler's home, on the clear fork about three miles east of Eliasville.

Note: Author interviewed: F. M. Peveler, a brother of W. R. Peveler; Babe Williams; Jno. Marlin; W. A. (Bill) Ribble, Henry Williams, Mann

Johnson, A. M. Lasater, James Wood, B. L. Ham, and others who lived in Palo Pinto, Jack and Young counties at the time.

Rigman Bryant and Negro

It was about 1864 that the Indians attacked Rigman Bryant, who lived on Squaw Creek. He was out fox hunting with his dogs. Mr. Bryant's son had ridden the favorite horse to the home of a neighbor. So this necessitated the former's riding an inferior animal. Mr. Bryant was unarmed. When he had only gone a short distance from his home, approximately fifteen Indians suddenly dashed upon him, and stuck a spear through his body, killing him almost instantly. He was then scalped and stripped of his clothes. One of his dogs was also wounded. Late in the same day W. C. Walters, Silar Scarborough, and a Negro, who were returning from Goather's Mill to their home on Squaw Creek, discovered a caballada of stolen horses and suspected that Indians were near. They only went a short distance farther when two or three savages were seen. So the three, realizing the Indians had set a trap, made a dash toward the nearby cedar breaks and were followed by a large number of savages. The white men made their escape, but the Negro who was riding a mule, was caught and killed. The old darkie, however, lived for about two weeks after he was wounded, and stated that the Indians tried to persuade him to join them, but when he refused they thrust a spear through his body.

These Indians were soon pursued by citizens from the Robinson and Paluxy settlement. The body of Mr. Bryant was found during the same day he was killed. A messenger was then dispatched to the Squaw Creek community so the citizens could continue to follow the Indians. During the morning of the following day, O. P. Hutchison, Larkin Prestidge, and others, brought in Mr. Bryant's body. It was still being guarded by his faithful wounded dog, who refused to relinquish the possession of his master. The daring exploits of the savages were soon discovered by others, and it was not long until a second party was on their trail, and encountered the savages near Mesquite Flats, between the Paluxy and Squaw Creeks, about two miles above the present city of Glen Rose. A short fight followed and Daniel McBride received an arrow wound above his eye. After the Indians were chased about six miles and some stolen horses recovered, the fight ended.

Ref.: History of Hood County, by Thomas T. Ewell.

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Bill Nix in the Watermelon Patch

It is difficult to determine whether Warren Hudson, whom the Indians treed in the pecan tree, or Bill Nix, had the most exciting Indian experience.

About 1864 there was a watermelon patch near Goshan and about five miles west of Springtown. An unusual noise was heard in the watermelon patch. So Bill Nix and three others, went out to investigate. When Nix stepped over a low fence, he stumbled and as he fell and put his hand on an Indian's head. The Indian made a horrible noise, ran one way, and needless to say, Bill Nix ran the other. The Indian was stealing melons.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mr. Kirby of Springtown and Dole Miller of Weatherford, who lived in that section at the time.

Indians Murder Andrew Berry and Boy and Leave Another for Dead

During 1864 Andrew Berry had driven two yoke of oxen from his home about five miles away to the frontier log cabin of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee Hamilton, who lived in the brakes along the Brazos, about fifteen miles southwest of Weatherford. He had with him two small red-headed boys, about ten and five years of age. It was nearly noon. Mrs. Hamilton informed Mr. Berry the Indians were "In" and insisted that they remain for dinner. But Berry and the two little boys declined to stay, and started homeward with their ox-wagon loaded with pumpkins and corn.

These frontier citizen had not whipped their oxen very far, however, when several Indians came charging toward them. Berry and the five year old boy were almost instantly killed and scalped. The ten year old lad was, also scalped, and left for dead, and, perhaps, would have been killed. But a detachment of Capt. Newt White's Company G, was after the Indians and only a few minutes behind. This the Indians, no doubt, knew and did not take the time to remain and see that all three died.

After the Indians had gone, the older boy crawled to a haystack where he hid in the straw. But was soon found and later recovered from his wounds.

Usually the Indians made small children captives. But in the present case the savages were being hotly pursued and had no time to handle captives. Too, the natives had black hair and were always less-inclined to scalp a black-headed person, thinking, perhaps, black hair indicated Indian blood. They always treasured very highly a red-headed scalp, for no Indian ever had red hair. So these two little red-headed freckled faced boys might have been spared, had they not had red hair.

The Indians scattered the pumpkins, and bursted several over Berry and the boys' heads.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Thomas Lee Hamilton mentioned above, James and Samuel Newberry, A. M. Lasater, and others, who lived in Parker and Palo Pinto County at the time.

Further Ref.: Smythe's Historical Sketches of Parker County (1877)

The Big Raid in Young County, During October of 1864

To describe a gigantic Indian raid, when a large number of blood-thirsty warriors break into smaller bands and each division simultaneously depredated upon a frontier community, in many respects, is not unlike attempting to describe a huge circus having five or six rings showing at the same time. Too, another complication arises from the fact that each individual naturally views an occurrence of this kind directly from his or her own angle. But we shall attempt to give a logical presentation of this raid, which shook the entire frontier, and one of the largest ever made in West Texas.

During the latter days of 1864 the people were suffering from the effects of a long and bitter war. Furthermore the year brought one of the most devastating draughts ever witnessed in West Texas. And Indian depredations had made life miserable. So the despondent citizens were already living in despair.

Following these prevailing conditions, October 13th, 1864, the wild hordes of the plains made one of the worst onslaughts that ever occurred along the West Texas frontier.

The savages made one of their first appearances when they assaulted Peter Harmison and son, Perry, who only about three weeks previously narrowly escaped death when Will R. Peveler and State Cox received their mortal wounds. Harmison and his son hastily retreated into the thick timber. But a surprising large number of savages soon had them surrounded.

After these pioneer citizens made a stand, Perry crawled to the edge of the brush, and with his six-shooting rifle, took particular aim at the brass buttons on the army shirt of a certain Indian, who assumed the role of leader or chief. When Harmison fired this Indian fell dead from his steed. The proof of Perry's good marksmanship was discovered three days later when the place of burial of this particular Indian was found. After this chieftain fell, the other savages withdrew. But took Peter Harmison's horse, six-shooter, which was buckled to his saddle, and a new jeans coat, Mrs. Harmison had recently made. The horse had been wounded before the Judge and his son reached the

timber. Consequently, when Mr. Harmison stepped from his saddle, his steed ran away with his coat and pistol. Judge Harmison, however held to his double-barrel gun.

During this episode, an Indian about sixty yards away fired at Peter Harmison, who was the first Chief Justice, or County Judge, of Young County. The ball struck the barrel of his gun, and then passed through his hand. It was this Indian that afforded the splendid target for Perry Harmison. After the Indians were gone, Peter Harmison and his son, Perry, mounted the latter's horse, and hurried to Fort Murray.

By this time it was discovered, not only at Fort Murray, but elsewhere that a large number of Indians, variously estimated from 300 to 1000 in number, were storming and destroying the Young County settlement, particularly along Elm creek. The citizens dispatched runners to the various ranches, and in a short time, the settlements of the western part of Young County were ablaze with excitement. The large number of hostile Indians, in many instances, caused the hysterical pioneers to leave their homes and seek shelter among the cliffs and in the timber. It was not a question of whipping the Indians or driving them away, but a struggle for existence.

Either the same Indians or a different division from those that assaulted Peter Harmison and his son, appeared at the Fitzpatrick Ranch, which was about nine miles west of the present town of Newcastle. At the time, Mrs. Elizabeth (Carter) Fitzpatrick; her son, Joe Carter; her widowed daughter, Mrs. Susan Durgan, and her two little girls, Lottie and Milie Durgan, four and six years old respectively; and Negro Britt's Johnson's wife, Mary Johnson, and their two small boys and girl, were at the Fitzpatrick ranch.

Here, again the mysterious, red-headed man made his appearance. When Mrs. Susan Durgan picked up a gun, this red-headed man told her to put it down, or she would be shot. She refused and was killed. Two Indians caught one of Negro Britt's boys named Jim, and each seemed to want him. But when neither Indian relinquished the boy to the other, he was knocked in the head and killed. So Mrs. Susan Durgan and Negro Britt's boy now lay dead on the ground. Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzpatrick and her son, Joe Carter, her two surviving children were made Indian Captives. But Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzpatrick refused to go with the Indians. When she did, the mysterious red-

headed man informed her that she must go or be killed. She then consented to go with the Indians.

About the time, or shortly after the Indians left the Fitzpatrick Ranch, these same savages, or a different band, went east a short distance, here from a high ridge, they could see Joel Myers, hunting a yoke of steers. In a short time he was surrounded by the savages, killed, scalped and stripped. His death occurred not far from the mouth of Elm creek.

The Indians then returned to the Fitzpatrick ranch, and after stealing everything that apparently suited their fancy, made a dash for other frontier homes.

With their plunder and white captives, the Indians went to the Hamby Ranch, where Tom Hamby and his son, P. K. Hamby, and T. J. Wilson, together with their families, made their home. But these frontier citizens were already aware of the approaching savages. So when the Indians arrived at their home it was deserted.

Tom Hamby, and son, P. K. Hamby, and T. J. (Dock) Wilson, hid their families about 250 yards southwest of the houses, in a rock cave. These heroic frontiersmen then mounted their steeds, and hurried to the home of Wm. Bragg and warned the families there to leave their home and hide in the rocks, as their families had been hidden. From Wm. Bragg's home, they swiftly rode to the ranch of H. G. Williams, and then hurried to the home of Geo. Bragg to warn them the Comanches were coming, and crushing everything in their path. And here at the George Bragg Ranch, where three or four families had "Forted up," occurred the hardest fighting.

When Tom and P. K. Hamby, and T. J. (Dock) Wilson, reached the Bragg ranch, the members of the various families were thrown in the same house. The following people were then present: Tom Hamby and son, P. K. Hamby, T. J. (Dock) Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bragg, Mrs. Mason Bragg, Mrs. Mart Bragg, Billy, Margaret and Sabil Bragg, who were small children; also Eliza and -- Bragg (Colored), and a negro woman named Frank.

In a short time, many Indians surrounded the house, which was

constructed in accordance with frontier fashion, out of pickets, in the ground. Here was fought one of the most desperate fights ever fought on the West Texas frontier. The women and children were ordered under the bed. The very few male frontiersmen defended as best they could, the little picket pioneer cabin, which was stormed by approximately two hundred savages, hideously decorated for war. T. J. Wilson received a mortal wound early in the fight, and said, "Bragg, I am a dead man."

Before they could place him on the bed, life had left him, and he numbered among the immortals.

Shortly afterwards, Geo. Bragg received an arrow wound in the chest, and Tom Hamby, two wounds in the shoulder, so close together they could have been covered with a silver dollar. Then with one man killed, and two severely wounded, Thornton Hamby was the only one left to do the fighting. It now began to appear the occupants of this little frontier home were doomed to die.

About this time, a very huge Indian seized a mattock, lying in the yard, and began to dig up the pickets of the little frontier cabin, just at the point where the women and children were concealed under the bed. P. K. Hamby's attention was called to the maneuvers of this hideously painted savage. So Hamby lay on the bed, pushed the point of his pistol through the opening between two pickets, at a point only a few feet from the Indian's head, and when he fired, the huge Indian was instantly killed. This caused his companions to be more cautious.

In cases of extreme emergency, it so often happens that the occurrence of some miraculous thing turns the tide and saves the day. It so happened, while this fight was furiously raging. Lt. N. Carson, and fourteen men, were having a very desperate battle with another division of the Indians, some distance away, and the report of their guns together with the exciting noise of the screaming savages, decoyed most of the barbarians from the Bragg ranch. Nevertheless, according to reports, several savages remained, and the Geo. Bragg Ranch was stormed until late in the evening.

The action of Lt. N. Carson and his men is vividly disclosed by the

following reports which the author found among old Confederate records, and so far as we know, have never before been published.

“Headquarters Border Regiment,
Gainesville, Tex., Oct. 20, 1864.

Colonel: Inclosed please find a letter from Lieutenant Carson, reporting the late Indian raid on the Brazos, sixteen miles above Fort Belknap. I learn from one of the men who was in the fight that the Indians struck the settlement six miles below their camps and killed several families. The Indians attacked five men in a house, but left when they heard the firing of the guns of Lt. Carson’s men, who were then attacking the main body. He also stated they discovered a white man in their front. The Indians left in a northwest direction. The courier states that about 200 or 300 men followed their trail, though the Indians were one day ahead of the foremost party and I am fearful they are too far behind to overtake them as the Indians are well mounted. They will, no doubt, strike at some other point.

I am, Colonel, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES BOURLAND,

Colonel, Commanding Border Regiment.”

“Fort Belknap, October 16th, 1864.

Colonel: The Indians came into the settlements on Elm on the 13th. I was camped thirteen miles west of Belknap. Fields and J. Jones charged two Indians and cut them off from their horses, and judging from their maneuvers there were more Indians near. J. Jones came two miles to camp to get assistance. I took fourteen men and started in pursuit, leaving six men in camp. When I reached a high point I discovered the two, and ran them one mile and a half into Elm Flats, where I discovered a large body of some 300, formed in a semi-circle and almost concealed within fifty yards of me.

While I was forming my men in line the Indians were advancing and firing on me. I ordered my men to fall back some 100 yards to gain a better position, in slow order, to save the men that were on weak horses, fighting them from one position to another until five of my brave men were killed. I received two flesh wounds. We killed some seven or eight Indians, and saw a number fall. The retreat was continued some one-quarter of a mile to McCoy’s house, where two women were taken behind the men, and I gathered my men and horses that were at camp and crossed over to Ft. Murray, one mile

and a half. The Indians followed in hot pursuit, came up to McCoy's house, destroyed and carried off everything that was in it, then advanced on the camp, which was a half mile from the house. They took all the tents, blankets, and clothing that were left in camp, breaking up and destroying all the vessels belonging to the company, the boys saving but little of their clothing, and the most of them are now entirely destitute, having nothing left them, except what is on their backs. The names of the men killed are: J. Jones, Private Henry Snodgrass, Robert Neathrey, J. G. Walker, and Erastus Blue. These men fell fighting bravely, disputing, inch by inch, until shot from their horses, and yielded only with their lives. Samuel Brison's horse was shot from under him and lost. Henry McGuire's horse was wounded. J. Wallis', George Wimberly's and my horse were slightly wounded. J. Buckingham was thrown from his horse, but made his escape to Fort Murray. Fields was shot through his pantaloons with an arrow across the thigh, grazing the skin. My men were cool, and acted with unexampled bravery. As far as I have been able to gain information, there has been eleven citizens killed, seven women and children carried off, eleven houses robbed. It is estimated that there were 350 or 450 on the raid. Mr. Peveler, a citizen of Fort Murray, got on the top of his house with his spy-glass, counted 250 passing over the flats and by our horses. The Indians captured two of my mules. They were some one-half mile from camp and had no time to get them.

"Yours respectfully,

N. CARSON

Second Lieut., Commanding Company D, Border Regiment."

When the Indians had only been raiding a short time on Elm, one large division of the savages came in contact with Henry Wooten, whom they successfully cut away from Lt. Carson and his men, shortly before they were surrounded. Accounts differ concerning the given name of Mr. Wooten. In one instance he was called William, in another George, and in a third instance, he was referred to as Henry Wooten, and we are inclined to believe that the last name was correct. Nevertheless, Mr. Wooten started out to Belknap alone, and was pursued by a large number of savages who succeeded in killing his horse. When the Indians were dangerously close, Wooten, would draw his gun, and this, in each instance, caused the savages to fall back; when they did, Wooten advanced farther. During the exciting chase he lost his hat, so the savages scalped his horse, which had

been killed and took the pony's ears, and Wooten's hat, and put each on the point of a spear, which they defiantly displayed in the presence of Hen. Wooten, who continued to make his retreat as rapidly as possible. Finally he was followed by only two savages. When this citizen waded through the water, about waist deep, in Elm creek, the two remaining Indians declined to cross, and they, too, turned back and joined the main division. Although he was then no longer pursued, Mr. Wooten hurried to the home of Rolland Johnson, and told them of the wild raid being made by the raging red men. Finally he reached old Fort Belknap and conveyed the news to the post. But some were inclined to discredit his statement. Nevertheless, Mr. Wooten was almost exhausted, his flesh torn by brush and brier, and his retreating trail almost blazed with bits of his clothing.

After Lt. Carson and his men reached Fort Murray, the citizens began immediately to be prepared as well as possible, for they expected the Indians to storm the citizens' fort sometime during the day.

France Peveler, Lewis Peveler, Champ Farris, Cole Dunken, Will Farris, and possibly one or two others left the plaza and hurried about one-half mile north for the purpose of bringing home some horses, but they were too late. A squad of savages were seen about three-fourths of a mile away, driving approximately forty head of stolen horses.

F. M. Peveler and Perry Harmison climbed on top of one of the cabins at Fort Murray and from here, they watched the maneuvers of the Indians through a telescope, during most of the evening. They counted 372 Indians in the distance, and no doubt there were many others that could not be seen.

An attack was expected at any moment, and the older men ordered that each and every vessel be filled with water, as many bullets moulded as possible, and other necessary precautions taken, so that the citizens would be prepared in event they were besieged by the enemy. Consequently, everybody, young and old, went to work, and every precaution was taken to prevent a repetition of another massacre similar to that of Parker's fort in Limestone County, during 1836.

Mrs. McCoy had already been brought to the fort by Lt. Carson and his men. But while watching the Indians through a telescope, F. M. Peveler said to Perry Harmison that he could see the Indians killing James McCoy and his son, Miles. Considerable anxiety had been felt about them for some time. They agreed not to mention the fact to Mrs. McCoy, who was already in the fort. James McCoy and his son, who were massacred where Lt. Carson and his men were assaulted, were after rails to build a corral.

Several houses, vacated by the citizens, were robbed and wrecked by the thieving hordes of the plains, who loaded their plunder on pack horses. As the Indians moved across the western prairie, they presented a dreadful, yet spectacular scene.

At Fort Murray it was suggested that runners be sent to Fort Belknap for reinforcements. F. M. Peveler, who lived at the citizens fort, volunteered to go, and asked that he be furnished a companion. As a consequence, Fields one of the rangers, stated that he would go. It was now late in the evening. The spies reported several fires burning in the distance, and an attack on the post was expected at daybreak of the following morning. There were only thirty-two able-bodied men at Fort Murray to fight such overwhelming numbers of savages. So F. M. Peveler and his companion hurried on to Fort Belknap for reinforcements. Every precaution was made to avoid the savages, nevertheless, they passed close to where Lt. Carson and his command came near being wiped out of existence. During their night ride, when their horses shied, they saw the form of some individual, which no doubt, was slain by the savages, for he was dead and stripped of clothing. When they reached Ft. Belknap, it was reported that Joel Myers was missing, and it was later disclosed the individual they passed proved to be Mr. Myers.

When Ft. Belknap was reached, similar precautions had been taken by the citizens there, to withstand an expected attack of the savages. But Ft. Belknap was considerably more isolated from the camp of the Comanches and their allied tribes. Nevertheless a high state of excitement prevailed at the post, for Mr. Wooten and one or two others had already reported the presence of the Indians. Most of the rangers were away, so there were only twenty-five men at Ft. Belknap and as a consequence, reinforcements for Ft. Murray were

not available. A. C. (Chess) Tackett was then dispatched to Veale's Station in Parker County. Veale's Station was reached in record time. But young Tackett rode down six horses before he reached his destination. Again no reinforcements were found, so the news was conveyed to Major Quale and his command, who were stationed at Decatur.

Major Quale, in record time, dispatched 280 men to the rescue of the citizens in the western part of Young County. But when these troops were within fifteen miles of their destination, they learned the Indians had already gone.

During the memorable day of October 13, a runner was also sent from the Geo. Bragg ranch to Ft. Belknap for Dr. W. H. Robinson, the surgeon at the post. Dr. Robinson, however, felt it unsafe to venture out until the succeeding day. But when he reached the Bragg ranch, the arrow-point imbedded in Geo. Bragg's back was quickly removed and the patient recovered.

The many fires discovered late in the evening of October 13, were later found about six miles from Ft. Murray, and from authentic sources, we are told that approximately 700 bon-fires were built by the savages. Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who was carried away into captivity, and present when these fires were built, later said it was done by the savages as a strategic move to cause the citizens to think they were still near.

And according to the further statement of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, for three days and nights the Indians rode without stopping, towards the northwestern wilds, and toward their homes somewhere on the headwaters of the Canadian, Cimarron and Arkansas Rivers. During this gigantic raid, eighteen people were killed and captured, and several others wounded; five rangers; Mrs. Susan Durgan, Joel Myers, Dock Wilson, James McCoy and son, Miles, and Negro Britt's boy, were known to have been killed. Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, and son, Joe Carter; Mary Johnson, wife of Negro Britt Johnson, and her two children; Lottie and Millie Durgan, daughters of Mrs. Susan Durgan; were carried into captivity. After traveling many miles, little Joe Carter became sick while the savages were running from their shadows; and to avoid any delay, the poor little fellow was killed, and

his body thrown away.

The news of this raid rapidly spread from ranch to ranch, village to village, and in a short time, it was known all over the northern frontier. Drouthy conditions prevailed in Texas at that time, and since this raid occurred during the dark days of the Civil War, its shocking effect was felt for many miles. As a consequence, many of the early frontiersmen bagged their few belongings, and started toward the east. This and other raids had a dynamic effect in decreasing the early population. The Census of western counties, readily discloses that in many instances, the population, during 1860, was considerably greater than in 1870.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, her two granddaughters, Lottie and Millie Durgan, Mary Johnson, wife of Negro Britt Johnson, and their two children, were taken by the Indians somewhere on the headwaters of the Canadian, Cimarron, Arkansas and Red Rivers. Due to the heroic efforts of David White and Negro Britt Johnson, these people were finally returned to the frontier, but the details of their adventure will not be given at this time, for the story is related elsewhere. But let us remember, and picture the heroic deeds of T. J. Wilson, Tom Hamby, P. K. Hamby, those patriotic and unselfish pioneers, who head their families about 250 yards from their home, then dashed away to notify the various families the Indians were coming, and assisted them to hide in the cliffs, crags and thick timber. Had it not been for the thoughtfulness of these heroic men, no doubt, it would be necessary to relate an entirely different story. For many more women and children would have been murdered, and carried into captivity. No doubt, too, several men, whose lives were saved, would have been killed; and too, the Indians may have extended their foray further into the settlements. But this daring ride, not only necessitated these heroic frontiersmen abandoning their families during such critical hours, but also cost the life of T. J. (Dock) Wilson, and caused Tom Hamby to be seriously wounded. To them and others, today, a monument should be erected in Young County, and the author's pro rata part of the necessary fund is waiting.

Can we imagine the breathless anxiety of the mothers and children of Wm. Bragg's family, H. D. Williams family, Rolland Johnson's family, and others, as they lay concealed in the cliffs and thick timber during

these trying hours, when hundreds of blood thirsty warriors were marching nearby. In some instances they were afraid a baby would cry or a dog bark, and disclose to the Indians their place of concealment.

Another thing of interest. H. D. Williams of Newcastle, today has a peace medal, approximately three inches in diameter, which his brother found after the Bragg ranch fight, and which was no doubt, dropped from the neck of a savage. On one side, this medal presents the picture of President James Monroe. On the reverse side. This token of peace presents a friendly handshake, and a cross of a tomahawk and peace-pipe. The complete history of this peace medal, of course, no one knows, but it is similar to others issued about that time. This particular medal bears the date of 1817. It reads, "James Monroe, President of the U. S. A., A. D. 1817." On the reverse side we find the words "Peace" and "Friendship." But it apparently does not disclose any information about any peace treaty made with the Indians during that year. The government records and reports disclose, however, that during 1817 the U. S. made treaties of peace with the Cherokee, Wyandot, Seneca, Shawnee, Delaware, Ottawa and Chippewas and other tribes.

Note: - Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed: M. M. (France) Peveler mentioned in this section, Henry Williams and Mann Johnson, then boys about eight years of age, and who with their mothers, hid in thick timber and cliffs, near their home. Also interviewed Walter F. Robinson, mentioned above. Walter Robinson was at Ft. Belknap when this raid was made, and about nine years old at the time. Interviewed A. C. (Chess) Tackett mentioned above, W. F. Guthrie, who was one of the 15 or 16 men with Lt. Carson when surrounded by Indians, as mentioned above; F. M. (Babe) Williams; Jno. Marlin, and many others who lived in young Young and adjoining counties at the time.

Further Ref: - 209 Hunter's Frontier Magazine, November 1916. Also corresponded with H. G. Neathery, whose father, R. M. Neathery, numbered among Lt. Carson's rangers that were killed.

Levi Current and Green Cox Shoot Indians West of Breckenridge

Levi Current had moved from Picketville to old Mugginsville, and had returned for his chickens, etc. Early one morning during 1864, Levi Current left Picketville with an ox-wagon full of chickens and other things and was followed by Green Cox in another wagon. When the two were about one and a half miles west of the present city of Breckenridge, they were surrounded by about ten or twelve Indians, who in truly Indian fashion, rode around the citizens in a circle, and continued their firing. Green Cox was somewhat excited, but Levi Current told him to be calm, take deadly aim and shoot an Indian. Cox complied with the request and when he fired, an Indian fell. Levi Current also wounded a savage. The Indians saw they could not frighten the citizens, had a real fight on hand, and rode away with their wounded. About four days after this fight, G. E. Christesson found where an Indian had been buried about three miles from where the fight occurred.

Note: Author interviewed: Lish Christesson; and J. H. Schoolcraft, who lived nearby at the time.

W. C. McGough and Others Fights

During 1864 Jno. W. Middleton, from Stephenville, was preparing to go to his home on the Kickapoo, about fifteen miles northeast. He met Mark Stone and a young boy, going the same day in a wagon. So the two men and the boy rode along, reasonably close together for mutual protection. When they had gone about five miles, Middleton, Stone and the boy came upon several Indians. Mr. Middleton, who was riding a young pony, rode back toward Stephenville. The boy was wounded, and Stone made his escape unharmed, for just at the critical moment, W. C. McGough, Wm. Blair, Geo. Ground, Narbo, and others, who had been trailing the Indians since the preceding day, arrived on the scene. When they did, the savages fled. The pursuing citizens continued the chase. The citizens caught the Indians when they reached the headwaters of Barton's Creek, about sixteen miles northwest of Stephenville. Here a short fight followed, and the citizens recovered about fifteen head of stolen horses, and some Indian blankets.

During this exciting chase the whites ran on the Indians in the act of burying one of their dead, which had been killed by Mark Stone prior to the arrival of the rangers.

Note: Author interviewed: W. C. McGough, who was in the fight; Ike Roberts, and others who were living in Erath and adjoining counties at the time.

Further Ref.: History of the Regulators and Moderators, by Jno. W. Middleton.

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Andy Chapman

It was about 1864 that a Mr. Kellis and a boy named Andy Chapman, were charged by Indians about four miles east of the present town of Whitt, in Parker County. Andy Chapman was riding a pony that had been taught to pitch when touched behind the saddle. During these critical moments, the Chapman boy accidentally placed his hand on the pony's hip, and was thrown to the ground. Before young Chapman could again mount his steed the Indians were upon him, and in short time he was killed. Mr. Kellis successfully escaped. Andy Chapman was a stepson of Joe Braddy.

Note: Author interviewed: A. M. Lasater; James Wood, and one or two others who were living in that section at the time.

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A Detachment of Capt. Dillahunty's Company Encounters a Band of Wild Indians Near Old Black Springs

Near the close of the Civil War, and about 1864, F. C. Ham, Dick Evans, Bill Low, Ryan Herrington, Bryant Herrington, Spruell and three or four others, belonging to Capt. J. H. Dillahunty's company, and commanded by J. W. Sheek, were returning from a scouting expedition, and had stopped to warm near a fire, about three miles northeast of old Black Springs in Palo Pinto County. The two Herrington brothers, Spruell, and Bill Low, left the crowd and started home. But they had only gone about 600 yards when several Indians charged upon them. The rangers retreated back to the fire where their comrades were still warming. Here the savages whirled their horses and went about one mile south, where they were overtaken. A running fight followed and the citizens rescued a number of stolen horses.

School was in session at Old Black Springs, and the pupils could plainly hear the firing.

Note: Author interviewed Martin Lane, and A. M. Lasater, who heard the firing and who were attending school at Black Springs at the time.

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Buddy Williams

During 1864, Buddy Williams, who lived on the Wm. Auterburn place, went over to the home of Frank Hill to visit his chum, and close friend, Geo. W. Hill, who happened to be away. It was Sunday morning. Young Williams failed to find Geo. W. Hill at home, so he rode away. When Buddy, a boy about seventeen, failed to return home, Bidge Gilbert, Frank Hill, and others went to search for him. They found him killed, about one mile west of the Frank Hill place, near the Palo Pinto-Parker county line, and not a great distance from the northern part of Hood county. Signs seem to indicate that young Williams had run about one-fourth of a mile before he was murdered, no doubt by the Indians, for their signs were seen in the neighborhood. Bud Williams Hollow derived its name from this massacre. He was buried in the Soda Springs Graveyard, in the Littlefield Bend of the Brazos.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Geo. W. Hill, chum of Bud Williams; Dave and Bud Littlefield, and one or two others living in the vicinity at the time.

An Arrow in the Water Bucket

About 1864, Houston Bevers, Allen, Jack and Ben Caruthers, and, perhaps, one or two additional cowboys were batching on Keechi, about three miles northeast of the present town of Graford, and about two hundred yards northeast of the Huse Bevers ranch-house, which still stands. During the dark hours of night, a barking dog seemed to be considerably alarmed. So Allen Caruthers, who was awakened by the noise, stepped out on the porch to ascertain, if possible, what was causing the disturbance. Nothing could be seen, so Allen rubbed his sleepy eyes and returned to bed. But next morning when daylight came, some of the boys discovered an arrow sticking in the wooden water bucket, which sat on a shelf very near the door. An abundance of Indian signs were also discovered. No doubt, when Allen Caruthers started back through the door, an Indian missed his mark only by a narrow margin.

These ranch quarters belonged to Geo. Bevers at the time. But the premises were deeded to Houston Bevers, his son, who erected the Stone ranch-house that still stands near the Bever's Graveyard.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. H. G. Taylor, sister of Houston Bevers, and Mrs. Huse Bevers, both of whom were living in Palo Pinto County at the time, and often heard their brother and husband and the Caruthers boys relate the story.

Bloody Battle at Wm. Reasoner's Residence

About 1864, Wm. Reasoner, and wife, Mary Reasoner, their sons, Jack and Houston, James Vaughn, and Peter Gibson, about two o'clock in the evening, were making molasses on Barton's Creek, near the present city of Gordon, and near the Palo Pinto-Erath county line. A family horse, which was Indian shy, had been staked nearby. When this animal began to snort and raise considerable disturbance, the citizens became alarmed. About this time several Indians appeared and began to shoot from the bank of the creek and elsewhere. Mrs. Mary (Granny) Reasoner, stepped to the door, and an Indian hidden near the house, drove an arrow under her arm. James Vaughn was also wounded in the shoulder. But the savages soon disappeared. Mrs. Mary (Granny) Reasoner and James Vaughn recovered.

Note: Author interviewed Aunt Huldy Reasoner, Jno. Allen Hestelow, Jno. Wealty; Woodbury Daves, Hen. Blue, Mrs. Azeja Wolf; and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Erath counties at the time.

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Isaac F. Knight

We are not certain when this massacre occurred. But since it happened sometime during the sixties, it will be reported at this time. Isaac F. Knight, according to reports, was guarding horses on the J. B. Earhart ranch, near the eastern line of Jack County. He was alone at the time, and whether or not he went to sleep, no one knows. Nevertheless, Indians slipped up and shot two arrows into his chest, killing him almost instantly. When he was found, he still had his six-shooter in his hand. Isaac F. Knight was survived by his wife and one son, Savil Knight. Mrs. Knight later married Jno. Brown and moved to California.

Capt. F. M. Totty's Men Kill Three Indians

Capt. F. M. Totty moved his compay from Camp Totty, where the present town of Forestberg now stands, to Victoria Peak, now called Queen's Peak, in Montague County. Indians were discovered early in the morning, and in a short time fifteen or twenty rangers were on their trail, and overtook the savages killing a beef, in a little brushy hollow leading to Denton Creek, about eight miles south of Montague. When the rangers made a surprise attack, the Indians scatered like quail. One Indian was cut off from his crown, and continually blew his whistle for help. But he was soon killed. Two other Indians were also killed, and horses and much of the Indians equipment recovered.

Note: Author interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris and Joe Bryant, living in Montague County at the time.

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Mack Boren

It was about 1864 that the Indians attacked Mack Boren, who rode a good pony, and was out one evening south of Red River Station hunting horses. Boren ran his horse about one-fourth mile to Salt Creek. Here he jumped his pony down a ten foot bank. His cap, with an arrow sticking through the top, was found at this place. Mack Boren ran about one mile farther, but was finally caught, killed, stripped and scalped by the Indians, about three or four miles south of Red River Station, where he lived.

Note: Author interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris and Joe Bryant, living in Montague County at the time.

Experience of John Henson and Mr. Lewis

One morning during 1864, Jno. Henson and Mr. Lewis, who lived on Savannah Creek, about twelve miles north of Comanche, in Comanche County, started out afoot and unarmed to the Rush Creek Settlement, about three miles south. When they had gone about one mile, and were crossing the divide between the two creeks, the two were assaulted by twelve or fifteen Indians, who were riding burros. Jno. Henson's eye was shot out with an arrow, and a similar weapon was wedged into the neck of Mr. Lewis, who said, "We are not trying to hurt you, so you go on and let us alone." They did, and it has always been a mystery as to whether or not these men were really Indians or unworthy renegades of our own race. One of the strange features of this raid, was that the supposed-to-be red men were riding burros. An Indian almost invariably rode the best of horses.

Note: Author interviewed: Joel Nabors, and others who lived in Comanche and adjoining counties at the time.

Indian Fight in 1864, When Don Cox Was Severely Wounded

During the winter of 1864, Don Cox, Walla Cox, Baz Cox and Tom Corn were on the range in Comanche County searching for hogs when they struck an Indian trail near the head of Salt Creek. The Cox brothers had a pack of dogs, which followed the Indian trail as readily as if they were wild animals. When the Indians had been chased for several miles, it seems they discovered the dogs were on their trail, so the savages secreted themselves in the thick timber, where they awaited the arrival of their assailants. In a short time, the dogs had the savages bayed. When the Cox brothers and Tom Corn arrived, they were showered with many arrows. One of these instruments pinned one of the lower limbs of Don Cox to his saddle. This necessitated the citizens to retreat for the purpose of removing the arrow, which had begun to make Don Cox sick, and paining him beyond endurance.

Most of these Indians were afoot and on their way toward the settlements to depredate and steal a large number of horses.

Note: Author interviewed one or two of the early citizens of that section, whose name we fail to add to our notes.

Further Ref.: Indians Fights on the Texas Frontier, by E. L. Deaton.

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Mr. Black Ambushed by Indians

One morning Mr. Black, who lived in Mills County on Elliott' s creek, about ten miles west of Lometa, was in search of his oxen. He crossed his field and was going in the direction of his ox-bell. This was during 1864. When Mr. Black reached the timber several Indians ambushed and killed him.

Note: Author personally interviewed: R. Kolb, and Jno. Nichols, who were living in that section at the time.

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Indians Kill Mr. Arnold's Negro Boy

During 1864 a negro boy, about 15, herding sheep for Mr. Arnold, who had a temporary ranch about two miles west of Lampasas, was killed by several Indians.

Geo. Weldy, Mark Beene, W. C. Pogue and about eight others followed the Indians' trail and overtook the savages about four miles southwest of Lampasas, near the edge of the timber. As usual the Indians scattered and a running fight followed, with the Indians in the lead. One Indian was killed, and contrary to their almost universal custom, one of the savages surrendered when he found himself in close quarters. This captured Indian was turned over to the Frontier Regiment at old Camp Colorado in Coleman County.

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Indian Fight at San Saba Peak

During 1864, Jonathan Kolb, Bill Beene, and about five others struck an Indian trail in Lampasas county, and followed the Indians until they were overtaken near San Saba Peak, in the present county of Mills. Here a bitter fight was fought, and the Indians stood their ground until they had shot away their quiver of arrows. They then scattered and fled with the citizens in pursuit. Bill Beene took after one savage and in a short time overtook him. No doubt, some of the other Indians were also wounded.

Note: Author interviewed R. (Dick) Kolb.

Savages Attack Sampson and Billy Cole

During 1864, Sampson and Billy Cole were returning from the Swenson and Swisher salt works, which were about eight miles west of Lometa in Lampasas County. They lived ten miles southeast of San Saba. Each of the boys was riding a pony and leading a pack horse loaded with salt. After they crossed the Colorado River and had gone about four miles, the two were attacked by five Indians and a bitter fight followed. Sampson Cole was wounded. They reported one Indian killed. Billy Cole took his brother into the thick brush, but the savages captured their horses. The Indians emptied the salt on the ground and carried the sacks away. Uncle Dick Kolb stated that the cattle licked the salt at this place so long, two sink holes were started that can still be seen.

Billy Cole went after a wagon and hauled his brother home. Many years after this fight an Indian grave was found about one mile from the battlefield, directly on the trail the Indians followed when they went away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: R. Kolb, who was living in that section at the time.

Col. W. J. Wilkinson's Indian Experience

During 1864, W. J. Wilkinson, Press Beavers, a Mr. Key and Willis Holloway, operated ranches on the headwaters of the Pecan Bayou. One day while Mr. Wilkinson was riding along the banks of Burnt Branch, about five miles below his ranch, at a point about one-half miles from Caddo water. This Indian offered no resistance and threw his bow and arrows out on the bank. He also made signs of distress. To kill him under such circumstances would have been preposterous, but instead Col. Wilkinson promised to return in a short time with necessary provisions, for this wild man of the plains was perishing from hunger. This was late in the evening, and early next morning Mr. Wilkinson requested Mrs. Willis Holloway, wife of the man with whom he was ranching, to prepare certain delicacies of food. Finally Col. Wilkinson took them into his confidence, and related the story of the wounded Indian. They hastily prepared bandages, food and others provisions and Col. Wilkinson and Mr. Holloway hurried to the relief of the red man. Mr. Wilkinson said, "We have food and water, bound and splinted his broken thigh the best we could, and received in return every token of gratitude that the Indian sign language could convey. We visited our patient and administered to his wants several times after this, but one morning when we came to his hiding place in the thicket, he was gone."

When this discovery was made Mr. Holloway recalled the fact that on the evening before, he had seen a large smoke signal rising from the summit of Caddo Peak. He also noticed a smaller smoke rise from a point in the valley below. But being at a great distance could not tell the exact locality from which the smoke originated, and besides these smoke signals by day, and fire signals at night, were so common, they attracted only passing notice.

Mr. Wilkinson said, "We never saw or heard of our Indian any more." Col. Wilkinson further related, "Eight months after this occurrence, while horse hunting near this same place where I found the wounded savage, I saw a horse in the edge of the thicket on the banks of the branch. Not suspecting a decoy, I rode down to this thicket under the impression that probably my stock was there. As I approached the horse I had noticed it disappeared, and when I rode into the brush

where I had last seen him, five Indians suddenly rode up within a few feet of me with drawn bows, and were in the act of shooting when one who seemed to be the leader called out something in their language, and instantly every bow was lowered. I found myself a prisoner in the hands of the Comanches. I was well armed. I carried two heavy Colt pistols and a good gun, but the attempt to use either of these, I knew meant certain death. They seized my horse's bridle and ordered me by signs to dismount. They then removed my saddle, placed it on the ground, and ordered me to stay by my saddle while they staked my horse in a glade nearby. This leader engaged in earnest conversation with the others before unsaddling my horse, and by his looks and gestures, I could plainly see that I was the subject of their remarks. My capture was effected in the afternoon and shortly afterwards I saw their signal smoke going up from Caddo Peak, one-half mile away, and I knew that others Indians were in the neighborhood.

"My captors treated with unexpected difference and respect. They offered no indignity; they did not disarm me, nor did they appropriate any of my belongings. I thought that my time had come, however, and made up my mind to abide by the result. I would be good until I saw that they were going to finish me, and as I still had my arms, I would shoot some of them before they lifted my scalp. At intervals all during the evenings, the smoke went up from Caddo Peak, and after nightfall, the signal fires took the place of the smoke, and there were runners to and fro between those on the Peak and the squad that held me several hours and until after midnight. Shortly after dark I spread my saddle blanket, and lay down, but not to sleep. It was a novel situation. I was a prisoner in the hands of the most inveterate, and most merciless foe, who were always known to deal out instant death to captured men, but in my case they had shown humane treatment. They had allowed me to retain my arms, they had their homely rations of horse meat with me at supper, had brought me water, had smoked by scanty supply of tobacco (by my permission) and so far, they had treated me like a white man, but what would the morning dawn bring to pass? These and a thousand other reflections occupied my thoughts until along toward day when tired nature yielded and I fell asleep. I slept, I suppose, two hours or longer, and awoke startled and bewildered. I sprang up and it seemed a minute or more before I could realize my surroundings. I was entirely alone,

the sun was just rising, and there was my horse quietly grazing where they had staked him the night before. Not a thing belonging to me had been taken."

In a short time a large number of rangers guided by James Mulkey, came along following the Indians trail. From the rangers, Col. Wilkinson learned the Indians had raided in the lower country, and were passing out with several head of stolen horses. The rangers were in close pursuit but never overtook the savages.

Concerning Col. Wilkinson's unique experience he further said:

"My old friend and pioneer comrade, Capt. J. J. Callan offered a most reliable explanation of my treatment at the hands of the Indians and my miraculous escape. He said the wounded Indian was rescued by his comrades, to whom he related the kind of treatment he had received at the hands of two white men, whose appearance he minutely described, and also the locality, and when I was captured, the leader recognized from the description given, and spared me out of gratitude, and detained me overnight as a matter of policy, as they, my captors, were probably spies left behind to watch the rangers pursuit, and to signal their approach from the mountain peaks. To have released me at once, would have been unwise, as I would have spread the alarm."

Col. W. J. Wilkinson was always a highly esteemed citizen and afterwards lived in Menard County, and we feel sure this story occurred just as he related, but his unusual experience presents an unusual story that reads like fiction.

Ref.: 20, Hunter's Frontier Magazine, May 1916.

Bob Sampson and Joe Allen Encounter Indians

During 1864 Bob Sampson and Joe Allen were going from Morman's Mill to Burnet, about ten miles away. They had gone four miles and near Sand Springs when attacked by several Indians, who shot Bob Sampson in the head but the spike refused to penetrate the skull. The Negroes were unarmed but they had a hand-to-hand encounter with the savages. Finally, Joe Allen succeeded in knocking an Indian off of his horse and then the two Negroes fled. In a short time they came upon Sam Holland. The three soon reached the home of Mr. Coon, who lived about three miles southeast of Burnet. This episode occurred about 1864 or 1865.

Note: Author personally interviewed M. J. Bolt and others who lived in that section at the time.

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Killing of Burns

Sometime near the close of the Civil War and about 1864, Burns, who lived on the head waters of Crabapple Creek , about thirteen miles northeast of Fredericksburg, was traveling alone, afoot and on his way to his uncle, Conrad Ahrens, who lived at Cherry Springs about eighteen miles northeast of Fredericksburg,. He was killed by Indians after going about four miles from home and buried on the head waters of Crabapple Creek.

Note: Author personally interviewed Peter Crenwelge, who lived in that section at the time.

Mrs. Wylie Joy and Mrs. Lafe McDonald

Mrs. Lafe McDonald, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wylie Joy, who lived on James Peak, he came upon a wounded Indian, lying near the edge of the river about fifteen miles west of Harper in Kimble County, was staying with her parents while her husband was away in Old Mexico during the Civil War. Someone had recently returned and brought some letters from Lafe McDonald to his wife and these letters were left at the home of Tom McDonald, who lived on Spring Creek about eight miles east of Harper. Mrs. McDonald was exceedingly anxious to hear from her husband, so she insisted that someone go horseback with her to Tom McDonald's home. They made the trip horseback, and started home early next morning. Mrs. Wylie Joy and her daughter, Mrs. Lafe McDonald were both killed about one mile east of Harper. Many have surmised that this deed was not done by Indians. Nevertheless, moccasin tracks and other savage signs were discovered shortly afterwards.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. Augustus McDonald, a sister-in-law, W. J. Nixon, and one or two others who were living in Gillespie and adjoining counties at the time.

Further Ref.: 12. Hunter's Magazine, February 1912, and 1. Frontier Times, June 1927.

The Dove Creek Fight

The United States made treaties of peace with the Kickapoos as far back as 1805. At that time, these Indians were closely associated with the Delawares, and were joined in the same treaty. From that date up until June 28, 1862, twenty treaties were made with the Kickapoos.

Colonel R. B. Marcy found 100 Kickapoo warriors and their families on the Clear Fork of the Brazos in 1849. During 1852 a large band of Kickapoos, together with some Potawatomes, passed through western Texas and moved into Old Mexico, where they became known as the Mexican Kickapoos.

During the Civil War the Kickapoos of Kansas and elsewhere aided both the North and South. In 1864, however, a large band of Kickapoos, together with some Potawatomes, decided they had seen all the Civil War they cared to see, and as a consequence, about 400 warriors took their families and earthly possessions and started out to join the Kickapoos in Old Mexico. We are reliably informed that at least a part of these Indians had some kind of a passport. Nevertheless their presence on Texas soil was soon discovered, after they crossed Red River somewhere near the mouth of the Wichita.

Several times before the outbreak of the Civil War, Indian depredations along the West Texas frontier were traced to the door of the Kickapoos, although they usually professed to be friendly. So when these savages crossed Red River, Brig. Gen. H. E. McCulloch, who was commanding Confederate forces on the northern sub-district of Texas, and Brig. Gen. Throckmorton, then in command of the first frontier district, and stationed at Decatur, as well as others anticipated that these Indians would locate somewhere either in West Texas, or across the Rio Grande in Old Mexico, and like the Comanches continually depredate upon the frontier settlements.

Capt. Gilentine and his command discovered where the Kickapoos had passed near the ruins of Fort Phantom Hill, and had camped very near where R. B. Marcy found them in 1849. Their trail was followed for a considerable distance, and several of their camp sites found.

Other indications disclosed that there were, no doubt, several hundred warriors in the band. Broken dishes, instances where they had been digging with pick and shovels, etc., also disclosed that these Indians were evidently considerably more civilized than the wild tribes of the plains. Feeling that his few men were unable to cope with such a large number of savages, Capt. Gillentine reported to his superior officer, Maj. Geo. B. Erath, and as men were scarce on the West Texas frontier, runners were, also, sent to Maj. R. B. (Buck) Barry, then stationed near Ft. Belknap, and to Brig. Gen. Throckmorton at Decatur, advising them that a trail of many hundreds of Indians had been discovered near old Fort Phantom Hill, and that the trail lead in a southwesterly direction. Col. R. B. (Buck) Berry dispatched Capt. Henry Fossett with 110 men belonging to the Frontier Regiment to take the trail as soon as possible and watch the maneuvers of the Indians, until reinforcements could arrive. Capt. Totten, of Bosque County, being the senior captain of the militia, or state troops, hurried to the relief of Capt. Henry Fossett, with about 325 men. Under the command of the two captains, Capt. Henry Fossett and Capt. Totten, there were about 450 men, whose homes were in Montague, Wise, Parker, Jack, Young, Stephens, Palo Pinto, Erath, Johnson, Bosque, Coryell, Hamilton, Comanche, Brown, Coleman, and elsewhere. Most of Capt. Totten's men rendezvoused at camp Salmon, in Stephens. Capt. Fossett's men started on the trail first, and consequently, was several miles in the lead. The troops were approximately ten days on the road and took the trail near the old fort Phantom Hill on the clear fork of the Brazos, about the 30th of December 1864. In a report of Brig. Gen. J. D. McAdoo, commanding the state militia, made Feb. 20 1865, and giving the details of the Dove Creek fight he said:

“The Indian trail was a large one, and separated into two trails. Capt. Totten took the one running nearest to the settlements. It continued in a southwesterly direction, diverging from the settlements. It continued in a southwesterly direction, diverging from the settlements and pointing to the headwaters of the Concho. The other trail (said to be larger) bore in a more westerly direction, still further from the settlements. The trail followed judging from the general appearance of the location of the wigwams, and the number of camping places, etc., indicated several hundred. The evidences seemed abundant to all with whom I have conversed, that they were civilized Indians, and

there was nothing discovered but that led to the belief that they were unfriendly, further than the simple fact that they were Indians traveling upon the soil of Texas, without any notice being given to the civil or military authorities of the country, of their presence in the country of their intentions. The distances from their respective camps, showed moderate travel, and at some of the camps they had remained several days. Here they left signs of dressing great numbers of buffalo and deerskins and pieces of broken tableware, cups, and saucers, plates, etc., scraps of calico and other goods were found about the camp. At one place, a newly made grave was found. The body was exhumed. It was that of a child two or three years old, well and tastefully dressed. The grave was dug with a spade and a vault made similar to graves prepared by the whites, with a board at the head.”

On the Clear Fork of the Brazos somewhere in Jones County, this Indian trail perhaps, passed on into Nolan County, or Taylor, Coke, or Runnels, and the Indians were encamped and encountered on Dove Creek, in Tom Green County. For a time the Indians followed Bitter Creek, then crossed to Plum Creek, then to Oak Creek, on which Fort Chadbourne was located. From Oak Creek, they crossed to the Colorado, and then to the north Concho, and from here they moved to Dove Creek, where the famous Dove Creek Fight was fought. Capt. Fossett and his men located the Indians, and established temporary quarters about three miles from the Kickapoo and Potawatomies’ encampment. Capt. Totten with reinforcements which had never joined Capt. Fossett’s command, the night of Jan. 7 about 9 o’clock p.m., camped about 35 miles behind Capt. Fossett, who sent a runner to Capt. Totten notifying him of the location of the Indians, and that it was necessary to move at once in order to strike the Indians before they moved away. Consequently, Capt. Totten moved his men immediately and although both men and animals were already tired and fatigued, they marched all night and did not reach Capt. Fossett’s camp until about 8 o’clock Jan. 8, 1865. It was now too late to strike the Indian encampment just at the break of day, so the two leading captains conferred with other captains and with each other, and it was decided to charge the Kickapoos’ encampment at once. So without perfecting a better organization and understanding, the soldiers and militia rushed forward toward the camp of the Kickapoos and Potawatmomes. In addition to Capt. Fosset and Capt.

Totten, the following captains were in the two commands: Capt. Totten, of Bosque County; Capt. Sam Burns of Bosque County; Capt. James Cunningham of Comanche County; Capt. Nick Gillentine, of Erath County; Capt. J. J. Cureton, formally of Palo Pinto and Stephens County; Capt. Culver, of Erath County, and others. James Murkey and – Lee, were the able scouts and guides. Joe Byers and, perhaps, others, were also scouts for the command.

It was agreed that Capt. Fossett and his men attack the upper, and Capt. Totten and his command, the lower portion of the Indian encampment. Since it was generally supposed the Kickapoos would stampede and start west, it was the plan of the two commands for Capt. Totten to head the retreating Indians, and capture their several hundred head of horses. Orders were given and the charge was made. But when the Texas troops came in sight of the Indian encampment, the Kickapoos and Potawatomes, who had about 500 warriors, were already concealed in the nearby timber, and in an advantageous position, waiting for the Texans to advance. But a conflict, the Kickapoos, no doubt, intended to avoid if possible.

Conditions suddenly changed, the Texas troops, no doubt, made a mistake, for they did not have sufficient evidence to justify an attack upon these Indians. But the commands of Capt. Fossett and Capt. Totten had marched too many miles across the frontier to be cheated out of a fight, and in behalf of the Texas soldiers, we must say that some considered these Indians to be Siouxs or members of some other hostile tribes from the north, and were moving further south, where they would only add to the then critical conditions existing along the frontier. In commenting on the justification of the attack on the Kickapoos and Potawatomes, Brig. Gen. J. D. McAdoo in the reports mentioned above said:

“Lt. Murkey is an old Indian guide of Indian descent, was born and raised in the Cherokee nation, and is well acquainted with Indian character and habits. He believed the Indians to be chiefly kickapoos with some remnants of other tribes. From their general outfit and movement he does not believe they were unfriendly, and he informs me that he so told Capt. Fossett, suggesting to him that they ought to be communicated with before being attacked. Capt. Fossett declined to communicate with them, saying that he recognized no friendly

Indian on the Texas frontier. I met with many rumors before my arrival here that pledges of truth made by the Indians, had been disregarded, and their bearers shot down in cold blood. I have met no one who saw any flags of truce, but it is currently reported, and on good authority, that an Indian went out from the encampment with two children to Capt. Fossett, where he and his command had taken some of the Indians' horses, and unarmed, with his hands raised, told Capt. Fossett that they were friendly Indians and that if he would see their principal chief, all things would be made satisfactory. Capt. Fossett told the Indian he recognized no friendly Indians in Texas. The Indian then told him he was a prisoner. According to reports, Fossett's reply was, 'We take no prisoners here,' and whereupon ordered him shot, which was done. He also, it is said, ordered the children shot, but the men interposed and they were taken as prisoners, though they subsequently made their escape in the retreat. The Indian who was shot by Fossett's order is said to have been Patowatomie, and to have had a pass signed, W. M. Ross, agent of the Patwatomies, authorizing the bearer to hunt until Feb. 4, 1865. He showed his pass to Fossett before he was shot."

This report, which was made a few days after the fight, has, in substance, been collaborated by living witnesses, who were in this battle, and who were interviewed by the author.

To Capt. Totten's command, which charged the Indian encampment from the north, the Kickapoos or their allied tribe, sent an Indian squaw as a peace messenger to avert the fight. But the Texans on so many occasions had been trapped by Indian intrigues, to them, an Indian was always an Indian, as much so as a rattlesnake was always a rattlesnake, and because of the many depredations, were hated about as badly along the West Texas frontier. So Capt. Totten, like Capt. Fossett, disregarded the commissioner and ordered her shot down. According to reports we have received, Isaac Young and Capt. Totten were the first men to fire. The reports further state Capt. Totten killed a squaw, and Isaac Young an Indian warrior.

A general fight then followed. But the morale of the Texans was far below normal, because many of the men sincerely thought that no charge should be made. Capt. J. H. Dillahunty and Capt. Joe Curtis, of Palo Pinto and Stephens counties respectively, no doubt,

entertained this view, because they turned back and went home several days before the Indians were encountered. But the Texans fought bravely and contrary to their expectations, instead of the Indians stampeding as had been previously supposed, they showed remarkable dexterity, and marksmanship and the fighting in the war had trained them well in military tactics. The Texans were also surprised to find the Indians had better guns and better powder. Since the Indians were already entrenched and the Texans were forced to fight in the open, by far the Kickapoos had the better advantage. In a short time, the results were in their favor. The Texans retreated, and then made counter charges. But each time the Indians held their ground. Capt. Fossett and his men captured about 600 head of horses, which were placed in charge of a detachment of his command. But the fighting became so fierce, most of these horses were finally released, excepting approximately 75 head, which were driven completely away by four faithful Tonkawas. It is not unlikely that Capt. Totten would have lost more heavily than he did, had it not been for the firing of Capt. Fossett and his men, which attracted the attention of the Kickapoos in that direction. The converse of this is of course, also true.

According to one account, a Dr. Bateman sat on a little hill, where he could see the fight, and timed the engagement, which lasted five hours and thirty minutes. According to the account of another who took part in this battle, Dr. Robinson sat on a hill and timed the engagement which, according to this report, lasted six hours and forty minutes. We have been unable to reconcile these two conflicting statements. But the main fighting lasted up until the middle of the evening, when a retreat was ordered. The Texans were pursued about one mile. When a stand was made in a live oak thicket, however, the Kickapoos ceased their fighting and returned to camp.

E. L. Deaton, who was in this fight, said, "Capt. Fossett fought in self-defense nearly all day. He was cut off from Totten's command early in the engagement, and never saw any chance to join us during the day. I heard the last gun fire about sundown. Fossett came to our camp between sundown and dark, with his men terribly cut up. They had fought like demons all day. After we were all in camp, an examination showed that we had lost and left 25 killed on the battleground, and about 60 wounded, of whom several died afterwards."

The Texans also lost approximately 65 horses, killed and disabled in the engagement.

E. L. Deaton further said, "Just after dark it began to snow, and it snowed all night, following the day of fighting. The following morning the ground was covered to a depth of three feet with a fleecy covering. Our pack mules were completely cut-off from us by the storm. We were out of provisions, and started to travel, but the snow was so deep that we could not travel, so we had to return to our camp-fires and await the melting of the snow. We had nothing to subsist on but horsemeat. Our packs had some provisions, but they were completely hemmed in by the storm, and thirty miles distant. After the snow had melted a little, we moved down the Concho as best we could, carrying our wounded on litters, made of two poles strapped to the mules. About the third day, we intercepted our pack mules. They had enough grub to give us a fine supper. While we were in the Colorado Country, it was thought best to have some beeves, so a detachment was sent to the nearest cattle to drive a few fat head toward the command."

When the Texans reached the mouth of the Concho, a detachment was detailed to return and bury the dead. The following March, Jack Wright organized a party of men with ox-teams and proceeded to the battleground, where they exhumed the bodies of Capt. Culver, Don Cox, and Tom Parker. Capt. Culver was re-buried in the family graveyard in Erath County. Don Cox in Comanche County, and Tom Parker, in the family graveyard on Homsley's Creek.

While interviewing the surviving old-timers from the Red River to the Rio Grande, we made a special list of those killed in the Dove Creek Fight, and believe it to be the most complete, ever offered. According to the list, the following were killed: Jake Dyer, brother-in-law of Chas. Goodnight; Lt. James T. Gideon, Montague County, and member of John T. Rowland's company; Don Cox and Tom Parker, residents of Comanche County, and members of Capt. James Cunningham's company; Joe Byers, of Coleman County; James Gibson, Nelson Maroney, Lt. Latham, Wm. Persons, Noah Bible, Sergeant Land, and Private Harris, of Coryell County; Capt. Culver, Capt. Nick Gillentine, and son, John Gillentine, of Erath County; Capt. Sam Barnes, and

James Mabry of Bosque County; Albert Everett, Noah Gibbs, John Stein and Wm. Etts, whose residences were unknown. If twenty-six were killed, as reported by E. L. Deaton, who was in the fight, this list lacks only five names of being complete. Wm. Gillentine, a son of Capt Nick Gillentine, was also severely wounded in this fight, and died two or three years later. His early death was attributed to injuries received in the Dove Creek Fight. Others wounded, no doubt, also later died from the effects of their wounds.

The Kickapoos, who evidently expected a counter attack, fled from the battlefield as rapidly as possible, into Old Mexico.

We have been unable to ascertain the exact number of Indians killed, except as related in the following report, which was made by Brig. Gen. J. B. McAdoo from Burnet, Feb. 28, 1865. Gen McAdoo, who was in command of the state militia, reported as follows:

“On my arrival here this afternoon I received a letter from Maj. John Henry Brown, commanding the Third Frontier District, dated Fredericksburg, Feb. 21, in which he says, ‘Young Hester of Mason, who was vouched for as trustworthy, has arrived here from Eagle Pass. He states that he saw and conversed with those Concho Kickapoos, in Piegras Negras. The Indians repeated their friendly intentions; said that when our men appeared, they sent a woman and a child out with a white flag; that our men killed the woman and compelled them to fight; that their total lost was eleven killed and seven wounded.’ The Kickapoos proceeded on into the interior of Old Mexico and located in the northern part, near the Santa Rosa Mountains, from where they often depredated back into Texas and extended their forays along the west Texas frontier.”

March 31, 1873, H. M. Adkinson and T. G. Williams were appointed special commissioners by the U. S. Government to visit the Kickapoos in Old Mexico for the purpose of inducing them to return to the United States and locate on the Kickapoo reservation in Indian Territory. The 30th of April following, these commissioners reached Ft. Duncan on the Rio Grande. From there they had a long and perilous journey to the Kickapoos who promised their return, provided they were supplied with necessary provisions to make the journey and offered ample protection across the Texas frontier. Approximately

400 Kickapoos and Potawatomes started back for the United States on the 28th of August, 1873, and were located on the north fork of the Canadian, in Oklahoma.

Concerning the Mexican Kickapoos and their removal to Okla., the commissioner of Indian affairs in his report of 1874, among other things said, "These Indians have for many years, been a great annoyance to Western Texas and bring with them a bad record." Whether or not these depredations were largely due to the attack on the Kickapoos at Dove Creek, of course, no one knows. But judging from their previous records it would have been reasonable to suppose that if the Dove Creek Fight had never been fought the Kickapoos would, no doubt, have had a tendency to depredate. Nevertheless, we believe we voice the consensus of opinions of not only a majority of those, who engaged in this fight, but the entire citizenship along the frontier, by saying the officers in command failed to exercise their best judgment when they charged the Kickapoos and Potawatomes on Dove Creek in Tom Green County, January 8, 1865.

Note: Before writing this section the author personally interviewed: Isaac Young, mentioned above, who was the second man to open fire on the Indians; Dave and Dick Cunningham, George Jones, and corresponded with John Cureton, all of whom were in this particular fight. Also interviewed many pioneers who were living on the frontier at the time, and who were familiar with the facts. Further Reference: Reminiscences of Col. R. B. (Buck) Barry, as printed in Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas; Texas Indian Fighters, by A. J. Sowell; Indian Fights on the Texas Frontier, by E. L. Deaton; Early Days in Central Texas, by F. M. Cross; Early History of Bosque County, by H. J. and C. M. Cureton; 70 years in Texas, by J. M. Franks; and the following government books and bulletins: Handbook of American Indians, North of Mexico, by F. W. Hodge; Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, for 1873 and 1874, and the Reports of Brig. Gen. A. D. McAdoo, as found on pages 26-30 of series I, volume 48, Part I of the Official Records of the United and Confederate Armies.

August Rothe and Others, Encounter Indians on the Hondo

In the spring of 1865, August Rothe, Geo. Miller, Herbert Weynand, and Jacob Sauter, who lived on the Seco near old Fort Lincoln, while out in search of oxen, camped on the Hondo near a place called the Sink of Waters. Weynand, the youngest, was about twelve years of age, and the other boys were slightly older. Sauter soon found his oxen and returned home.

While August Rothe was searching for this steers in the mountains, about 2 o'clock in the evening, he found Ludwig Mummie, who had been lost for two days and nights without food and provisions, and was found in a delirious condition. Mr. Mummie, while attempting to pass over the mountains from Bandera to D'Hanis lost his way. After the boys nursed the elderly gentleman back to his normal condition, they insisted on his remaining and returning with them to the settlements. But he refused, and proceeded on his journey.

Rothe went to see about his horses and was suddenly alarmed by firing in the camp. He later learned, however, that Geo. Miller emptied nearly the loads in Rothe's pistol at a tree. When August Rothe returned to the camp, he said, "George, you should not have done that. I have no more loads, and now suppose the Indians should come upon us." Weynand happened to have a little powder and two buckshot, and with these, two additional chambers were loaded, making three in all.

Next morning after breakfast, Rothe and Weynand went out in search of the horses which had strayed a mile or more from the camp. When the horses were found they suddenly met George Miller coming in a run. Miller said that several Indians were watering their horses only a short distance away. Unfortunately, the savages saw Miller when he made a hasty retreat. Before he hardly told his story, eight warriors rushed upon the three boys. Geo. Miller said, "We must run for the mountains."

Weynand was instructed to run to McCay's Ranch, several miles distant. Rothe and Miller then started toward the mountains with five Indians after them, and Weynand, down the road pursued by the

three remaining savages. When the Indians advanced, Rothe would draw his gun and caused them to retreat. Rothe and Miller then advanced further toward the mountains. Finally, Geo. Miller, who was unarmed, became almost exhausted and was overtaken by the Indians, who hit him over the head with a spear, causing him to stagger. About that time, August Rothe heard Weynand hollow, and shortly afterward could see an Indian holding him by the hair of his head. Up until this time, Rothe thought that Weynand had escaped, for they became separated and were some distance apart. Two of the five Indians that followed Rothe and Miller, carried the latter back to camp. The three remaining savages trotted on after Rothe, and one of these Indians appeared to be a Mexican. Again and again Rothe was closely crowded by his assailant, but finally succeeded in reaching the summit of the mountains, and by the time he did, the Indians had abandoned their pursuit. He then crossed over the divide, hid in the thick timber on the other side, and when able, wound his way on to the McCay Ranch.

A searching party then returned and found George Miller's shoes sitting side by side in the camp. A little later, Geo. Miller's body was found under a bluff near the water, where the Indians were first discovered. He was stripped, but one sock, according to Indians custom, was left on his foot, and his hands were tied with a pair of hobbles, drawn so tightly, the flesh was cut to the bone. He was lanced in the left side and his jugular vein had been opened, but was not scalped.

Capt. Joe Hey, of D'Hanis, and others, followed the Indians, and when the savages were overtaken, they scattered live a covey of quail in the mountains. But several stolens horses, saddles, bridles, etc., were recovered. According to reports, the fate of Herbert Weynand has always remained a mystery.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Joe Ney, a son of Mr. Ney, mentioned above; Monroe Fendley. Further Reference: Texas Indian Fighters, by A. J. Fowell.

Indians Wound E. B. Dennis

E. B. (Dick) Dennis was at his home in Hood County on a furlough and preparing to return to the army. But before he left, he and his wife rode out on the range in search of stock. Mr. Dennis was riding a slow pony, but Mrs. Dennis was mounted on a splendid steed. It was April 12, 1865, and as they rode leisurely along, enjoying the spring atmosphere, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis discovered several horsemen riding in the distance. Inasmuch as they displayed no excitement, Mr. Dennis and his wife thought they were cowmen, and gave them only passing consideration. The Indians waited until E. B. (Dick) Dennis and his wife were out of sight, then the warriors of the plains came dashing toward Mr. Dennis and his wife. Mr. Dennis was unable to escape on his slow traveling pony, but Mrs. Dennis, who was mounted on a faster steed, could have soon outdistanced the savages. But her courage and fortitude did not fail her, and this frontier mother heroically stayed beside her husband, who soon received a paralyzing wound in his spine, causing him to fall from his horse. Before he fell, an Indian thrust him through the right side with a lance. Concerning Mr. Dennis' feelings, emotions, and thoughts just at this time, he said, "Unless a person has passed through the same experience, it is difficult to describe the feeling of a person situated as I was. I felt that I was killed and that my wife would be, in a few minutes, and both of us scalped. I resolved, however, to sell our lives for as many Indians live as possible. They had knocked my wife from her horse, then both our horses ran off. Any one looking at the picture from a distance would have said, "They will both be killed." But just watch the scene shift. I made a desperate effort and got my pistol out of my scabbard and just as two Indians were approaching my wife, I fired pointblank on the one in the lead. You cannot imagine the joy I felt when I heard the Indians give a yell, wheel and mount their horses, and make a run for ours, which they got and made off with."

Mrs. Dennis, who was unharmed, successfully carried her husband to an old deserted cabin nearby. Since people who are seriously wounded invariably call for water, the first request Mr. Dennis made was for a drink. But no drinking utensils were available. So Mrs. Dennis brought him water in her shoe. Mr. Dennis said, "Now that was a dipper that I was not accustomed to drinking out of, but that

was the best water I ever tasted before in all my life." Then as speedily as possible the devoted frontier wife started for aid. Mr. Dennis said, "In a short time one of my brothers, who had just been chased by the Indians, heard what had happened and came to me. The Indians certainly had it in for the Dennis boys from that day. I was finally carried home and a neighborhood doctor sent for, who in due time arrived with his case of surgical instruments consisting of a dull pocket knife and a pair of bullet moulds."

The doctor succeeded in dislodging the arrow spike in the spine of Mr. Dennis, and in due time, he recovered.

Ref.: Written account of this conflict furnished the author by W. K. Baylor, who personally interviewed Mrs. E. B. (Dick) Dennis, and then wrote the story. Author called to personally see Mrs. Dennis, but she had moved a short time before, to another part of the state.

The different authorities are not in accord concerning the date of this circumstance. But it probably occurred near the close of the Civil War, and will be reported at this time. Blackwell and Harve Sullivan were out in a watermelon patch on Rock Creek in Parker County, about two miles east of the present town of Whitt. When Indians charged upon them, Ben Blackwell was captured, and Harve Sullivan, two or three years older, and about twelve years of age, successfully made his escape. One Indian, however, caught him by his home-knitted yarn suspenders. But Harve seemed to be in a hurry. So he broke his suspenders, outran the savage, and was home in a short time. Dole Miller reported that David White and Negro Brit Johnson were instrumental in recovering Ben Blackwell from the Indians, and returned him to his people.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Dole Miller, A. M. Lasater, and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Parker counties at the time.

Uncle Johnny Eubanks first settled in Parker County in 1854. Two years later, he moved to Palo Pinto County, and during the Civil War, settled on Hubbard's Creek, about ten miles south of the present city of Albany, and just west of the George Greer Ranch.

It is, indeed, difficult for us to realize the conditions as they then existed on the frontier. People thought differently, acted differently, and things seemed differently, to what they do today. The country was wild, open, and unsettled, and an abundance of buffalo, bear, deer, antelope, turkeys, and other game, were well-distributed through the western counties. Opportunities, too, were unexcelled. Ranch-life everywhere was as real and picturesque as ever painted by the most sublime poetry or prose.

Cattlemen, during those days, worked together for mutual protection, and there was going to be a general roundup on Jim Ned and the head waters of Pecan Bayou. Uncle Johnny Eubanks was unable to attend. So in his stead, he sent Tom, his son, who was seventeen years of age, only a few days before. When the roundup was over, nine days later, the cattle were penned and herded at the old Narbo Ranch, in Callahan County. Uncle Johnny Eubanks, for the first time, learned his son, Tom, had never reached the ranchmen in their roundup. Tom's father, brothers, and friends, feeling assured that he had fallen into the hands of the savages, began to search. They followed the trail he probably followed. Somebody reported they heard shots in the territory south of the present city of Moran. Two dead horses were soon found in this territory, near where the counties of Shackelford, Stephens, Eastland, and Callahan come together, and about one-fourth mile east of Eubanks Mountain, which was named for Tom Eubanks, who had disappeared. When these horses were found, more than ever, the early frontiersmen thought they had just cause to believe that Tom had fallen into the hands of Indians. Soon a dead Indian was also found, and with this Indian were buried two shields, silver plates, an extra pair of moccasins, etc. His regalia seemed to indicate this Indian was a war-chief. But Tom was nowhere to be found. For days and days they searched without even finding a trace of his whereabouts. So Uncle Johnny Eubanks

supposed that, perhaps, he had been captured by the savages, and carried into captivity. He then went to the Indian Territory somewhere in the vicinity of old Fort Cobb, in search of his beloved son. There was no doubt that Tom had come in contact with the Indians for the chief who was found buried on Eubank's Mountain was wearing Tom's powder horn and belt. The powder horn was identified beyond question for it was made by a negro named Dan, whose name was cut on the horn.

When Uncle Johnny reached the reservation, several white boys were then brought before him, but his beloved son could not be found. Mr. Eubanks then left the Indian territory in despair and found his way over the frontier, back to his ranch in the west. Feeling despondent over the loss of his favorite son, he moved back to Palo Pinto County. And the question that was then paramount in the minds of the early pioneers was, "What became of Tom?"

About three years after his disappearance, some cowboys accidentally found a person's skull in a little branch, not a great distance from where the two dead horses were found, to the east of Eubanks Mountain, and two or three miles south of Moran. They then found most of the remaining bones, a home-made shoe, and stirrup, on the bank of this little branch, and in a dense thicket of live oak timber. This was unquestionably Tom's remains, and his people later identified the shoe and stirrup.

For many years, Mr. Eubanks kept the bones of his beloved boy in a sack, and Uncle Johnny often requested they be buried in the Lower Graveyard of Palo Pinto, and W. J. Hale stated he assisted in placing the bones beside Uncle Johnny's body at the time of his burial.

Note: Author personally interviewed: J. C. Eubanks, brother of Tom, and son of Uncle Johnny; A. M. Lasater, whose brother married J. C. Eubank's sister; W. C. McGough, Joe Schoolcraft, Mrs. Bill Cain, James Eubanks, a cousin of Tom, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. Huse Bevers, Mrs. M. J. Hart, Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, J. C. Jowell, E. K. Taylor, and several others who lived in Palo Pinto, Stephens, Schackelford, Callahan, and Eastland counties at the time. J. C. Eubanks says that his brother was killed during June or July of 1865.

First Fight at J. B. Earhart Ranch

Gus and Silas Morrow, sons of James Morrow, who lived on the west fork of the Trinity, about thirteen miles east of Jacksboro were clearing timber about one-half mile south of their home. When they went to their work early in the morning, the boys noticed an unusually large pie-melon as they passed through the field. When they returned home for dinner this melon was gone, and moccasin tracks were seen nearby. As a consequence, James Morrow sent his sons to the ranch of J. B. Earhart, who lived about five miles further north to notify them to be on the lookout for Indians.

When Gus Morrow brought the news to Mr. Earhart, the latter staked two horses in a little wheat field near the house as a trap. After dark J. B. Earhart, Joe L. Harden, and Jess Earhart, a Negro, concealed themselves inside of the field's fence between the two horses. According to reports two Indians, after dark, appeared as decoys for the white men, to attract their attention in one direction, while two other savages in another direction were after the horses. But regardless of whether or not these Indians were separated for that or another purpose, both factions were discovered by the citizens and the Negro secreted in a corner of the fence. When J. B. Earhart fired his shotgun loaded with nine pistol balls seven of them struck an Indian in his chest, and an eighth ball supposed to have hit the other warrior, for his belt was knocked from his body. The second Indian, however, was able to run away. The citizens were unable to shoot any more on account of a favorite horse, causing considerable disturbance. When the citizens reached the dead Indian he had been slain so instantly, the warrior held three arrows in his hand.

Note: Author personally interviewed: E. P. (Lif) Earhart, son of J. B. Earhart and others who lived in Jack County at the time.

502 The Adventures of David White and Negro Britt Johnson

After the capture of Lon White during the summer of 1864, and Negro Britt Johnson's family, during the following fall, David White, and Negro Britt, began to focus all of their activities towards the recovery of members of their families, in the hands of Indians many miles away.

Negro Britt Johnson was virtually a free negro during the dark days of the civil War. After the capture of his family, he began to make preparations to start to the Indian wilds, in quest of his wife and children.

Those interviewed, differ concerning the details of Britt's experience. But according to reports of the best of authority, he buckled two six-shooters to his belt, packed his pony, strapped a new rifle to his saddle, and started for parts unknown.

According to one line of authority, when Negro Britt reached the little Wichita, he spied about six horses in the distance. When these horses were reached, they were being guarded by a lone Indian. After Britt made overtures of peace, this Indian, who could speak Spanish, engaged in a conversation with Britt, and told him the savages would take him to his family if he would wait until five other Indians arrived. These Indians were out on a horse stealing expedition in the settlements. In due time the other Indians did arrive and they had thirteen horses, belonging to the Pevellers and several others, belonging to Allen Johnson, Geo. Bragg, Pinkey Powell and others. Negro Britt knew every horse the Indians had stolen but made no pretense that he recognized any of them.

When the other Indians arrived they held a pow-wow, but finally decided to let Britt proceed to his family. When the Indians reached the Canadian, they held another pow-wow, danced around Britt and handled him roughly, but he was sufficiently wise to show no signs of hostility, and only laughed at their maneuvers. The Indians then escorted Britt to their village where he met the chief.

According to another line of authority, Negro Britt discovered some Indian buffalo hunters, who were returning to their village, and as a

Mexican captive was riding along in the rear, Britt cut him off and asked him if he knew a negro woman named Mary. The Mexican said he did, and promised to tell her that Britt Johnson, her husband, was attempting to have her released. When the Mexican stated he was afraid she would not believe him, Negro Britt gave the captive a sample of Mary's dress, which had been bought from Ed Terrell, in Fort Worth, as partial proof Britt was really in search of her.

This Mexican, also, related to Negro Britt, the best way for him to become engaged in conversation with the chief, would be to appear at the village early in the morning, and rush into camp before the Indians realized he was around.

Nevertheless, whether the arrangement was made through the Mexican or Indians, Negro Britt finally succeeded in arranging for a 'talk' with the chief. The chief, at first refused to release Britt's family, who were in the hands of the Kiowas. But since Britt had lived many years upon the frontier, he was well-versed in the ways and entreaties of the wild tribes; so he continued his negotiations, and finally the chief agreed to release his family for an exorbitant price, which the Indians evidently believed the negro would be able to raise.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, Lottie and Millie Durgan, were in the hands of the Comanches, and Britt succeeded in getting in touch with Mr. Fitzpatrick, who instructed him to buy her at any price.

During February of 1865, when Negro Britt was again returning to the Indian territory to recover the captives of the Big Young Country Raid, he became associated with David White, who was on his way to the same territory to secure the release of his son, Alonza White.

David White and Negro Britt, proceeded to the Smith-Paul Valley Agency. Here they waited for Gen. J. W. Throckmorton, who was on his way to an Indian council, to be held on the Canadian. When Gen. Throckmorton and his ambulance arrived, Dav. White and Negro Britt accompanied him and them, to the council, which was attended by about 500 Confederate soldiers, and 1000 Indians. David White and Negro Britt, remained at the council for about one week, and not only ascertained the whereabouts of those they were seeking, but also arranged to recover several other captives. Gen Throckmorton

reached a satisfactory agreement with chief Essahaba, to escort Mr. White and Britt, to the Indian villages, where the captives were being detained. And upon the payment of the respective prices agreed upon, the Indians also agreed to escort the two to the Smith-Paul Valley agency, on the Washita. David White and Britt Johnson brought the children they had already recovered, back to the agency, where they were left until the citizens could secure \$40.00 in silver, a Mexican blanket, and such other trinkets that were necessary to purchase the remaining captives. Dave White and Britt then went to Gainesville, and here Col. Bourland advanced the \$20.00 necessary to purchase Mr. Rolland's little boy, who was captured in Jack County, during 1874. The necessary blankets could not be found in Gainesville. So Mr. White and Negro Britt returned to the agency on the Washita. Here they were informed that such blankets could be found in Bonham, and the Indian agent gave Mr. White a letter of introduction to Gen. McCulloch, who was stationed at Bonham, and who successfully found Mr. White, the necessary number of blankets. Dave White was accompanied to Bonham by Essahaba. They then returned to the Smith-Paul Valley Agency. In a few days Dave White, Negro Britt Johnson, and Chief Essahaba and his escort, started in a northwesterly direction to the other Indians captives. For days and days they traveled, and from Indian village to village, they journeyed. Finally the two reached the home of the Kiowas, where at least a part of the captives were being detained. Alonzo White, at the time, was out herding horses, and when brought in, he ran up and fell in his father's arms, and asked in broken English, "Did the Indians kill Mama and the children?" After the captives had been recovered, Chief Essahaba, and his escort, accompanied Dave White and Negro Britt back to the Smith-Paul Valley Agency.

When the two reached Red River, it was on a rise. So Mr. White and Britt, made a raft of cotton-wood logs, and ferried the captives across the swollen stream. After they reached Decatur, Negro Britt, accompanied by his family, Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, and her granddaughter Lottie Durgan, turned west toward Belknap. David White accompanied by his son, the little Rolland Boy, an orphan boy being raised by Geo. Light, and possibly one or two others, went to Weatherford where they were hospitably received by the local citizens. The little Rolland boy, whose father was killed during 1863, and who was captured during the following year, had almost forgotten

his own home, and become so attached to David White, that when he was sent to his mother, he cried and clung to Mr. White, as if he were a departing father.

The unusual adventures of these two early frontiersmen cannot be over-estimated, and each of them are deserving of the highest praise for their fortitude, courage, and heroic achievements. Mr. White has long been highly esteemed for his daring achievements, and Negro Britt Johnson, in the community where he lived and elsewhere, at this late hour is highly praised by the remaining pioneer citizens.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed: Mrs. W. J. Langley a sister of Mrs. David White; L. V. Arnold, a son-in-law of Mr. White; J. B. Terrell, F. M. Peveler, Mann Johnson, Henry Williams, and several others who lived in Young, Palo Pinto, Jack and adjoining counties. Further Ref.: An account and rescue of Lon White, by J. C. Cox, who personally interviewed David White, before he wrote the story, which was published in the Dallas News several years ago, and re-published in the Frontier Times, November 1928.

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Millie Durgan

When David White and Negro Britt ransomed the four members of the Britt's family and Mrs. Fritzpatrick, they were told by the Indians Little Millie Durgan was dead. But Britt's wife, Mary, and children stated that Millie was alive.

Government agents and others for years, made an exhaustive attempt to find her. But all efforts failed.

Because of their fondness for little Millie, the Indians invariably kept this infant frontier child in concealment.

When captured, she was only eighteen month of age. She grew to womanhood out among the wild tribes of the plains, and became an Indian in every respect excepting, of course, this devoted mother of the prairies retained the flesh and blood of her ancestors.

Years passed. The Indian wars of the West vanished like a storm. Hostile tribes ceased their restlessness and became quiet and calm. Covered wagons moved westward, and moving herds of black and wooly bison relinquished the broad open ranges to bald faced cattle and the farmers plow. And Little Millie Durgan passed into oblivion and became lost to civilization.

Sixty six years after the Big Young County Raid an Indian woman, half white, made her appearance on the grounds of the post Oak Mission near Lawton, Oklahoma at a celebration honoring Quanah Parker.

She stated that her mother, like Cynthia Ann Parker was also white and had been captured by Indians when only a very small child. This Indian lady appealed to the citizens to assist in locating her mother's long lost people. After the details of her mother's capture, had been related as best she could, Mr. Ratcliff stated that the white lady was evidently Millie Durgan, who had been gone sixty six years. Jack Wood advised that Mr. Henry Williams Sr., who was in the big Young County Raid could further substantiate her identity and furnish the details of the raid.

Mr. Henry Williams was contacted at his home in Newcastle, and played a noble part in helping to prove this white mother, who had been with the Indians sixty six years, was, in fact, the long lost Millie Durgan. Her identity was further substantiated by signs and records kept by the Indians since 1832.

Millie Durgan was adopted by Aparian Crow, an Indian chief. She was married three times to Indian husbands.

It was the author's pleasure to personally meet Millie Durgan on such occasions and to also meet George Hunt her Indian Son-in-law, and his wife and daughters, who were, of course, the daughter and grand daughters of Millie Durgan.

Eight or nine children and a large number of grand children survive her.

Little Millie Durgan, lost among the Plains Indians for sixty six years now peacefully sleeps in the land she loved and long lived. And Wild birds and the balmy western breeze, sings songs of peace and harmony over her lovely grave.

Note: Before writing this section, the author several times personally interviewed Millie Durgan; her son-in-law, George Hunt, who acted as interpretor, and his wife and daughters, and Henry Williams mentioned above.

Captain Culver's Men Encounter Indians in Palo Pinto Co.

During 1864 a detachment of Capt. Wm. H. Culver's company followed an Indian trail from Erath, into Palo Pinto county. This trail passed the old salt works on Sunday Creek, about five miles west of Santo. James Daves, father of Woodbury, lived on Palo Pinto Creek at the time. He told the rangers that an Indian camp, buffalo lariats, and, perhaps, other things, had been found on a little hill about five miles north of the present town of Gordon. So the rangers decided to repair to this Indian camp ground and await the return of the savages from the lower country with the caballada of stolen horses. The next day about noon the soldiers ran out of water. So Capt. Culver's men divided into two squads, one remained at the camp, while the other went for water. After the water crew had gone for a considerable length of time, horses were seen to be approaching in the distance, and at first it was thought the rangers were returning. But it proved to be three Indians. These Indians, no doubt, thought the citizens were some of their own number, for as a rule, different squads of savages went into different territories for stolen horses, and usually met in such camping places as this. So the Indians came driving their stolen horses until they were within a short distance of the rangers before they discovered their mistake. Shortly afterwards, a bitter fight followed, in which two Indians were killed and one ranger wounded with an arrow in the hip. The third Indian, who was also wounded, succeeded in mounting Capt. Culver's horse and rode away. The Indians trail was then followed for a considerable distance, and this warrior was so badly wounded, he dismounted Capt. Culver's steed and finally tied him to a tree. It appeared, the Indian held his hand over his wound to avoid leaving a trail of blood. Finally when his wound became so flooded, he would dig a hole, empty the blood, and then cover it with his hands. Dark came on before the Indian was found. The next morning the trail was again followed, and the Indian was finally located near the cliff on the mountain, about one-half mile southeast of where the battle occurred. Here he had barricaded himself among the rocks, and instead of surrendering, true to Indian tradition, fought until his life was ended.

The wounded ranger remained at the home of Jim Daves, on Palo Pinto creek for about four weeks, before he was able to return to his home.

Note: Author interviewed: Woodbury Daves, son of Jim Daves, Jno. Allen Hestalow and others who lived in this section of Palo Pinto County at the time.

Further Ref.: History of the Regulators and Moderators, by Jno. W. Middleton.

Second Indian Fight at J. B. Earhart's Ranch

The Indians near the close of the war became so troublesome, J. B. Earhart moved his family from the edge of Jack Co. over into Wise, and located on the J. H. Martin Ranch, about fifteen miles west of Decatur. The Martin and Earhart families "forted up" at this place for mutual protection, and their homes were about one mile north of the west fork of the Trinity.

About one o'clock in the afternoon during August of 1865, Neeley Butler and orphan boy, discovered Indians running horses about seventy-five yards eastward of the Earhart Ranch. Two of the horses the savages were attempting to steal were the same two staked in the field mentioned in a preceding section. When young Neely Butler reported to Mr. Earhart, who was behind the house, somewhere in the backyard, the latter ran through his residence and picked up a Kerr rifle, a longrange gun, that James Harden brought back from the Civil War. He attempted to overtake the Indians, one of whom was leading a pony and the other two driving hobble horses. When Mr. Earhart shot, the Indian leading the pony, fell over on his horses neck, and the other two rushed to his aid. During the succeeding day, when reinforcements arrived, the citizens followed the Indian trail, and a short distance away found bloody rags, which the two remaining Indians had used to attempt to stop the flow of blood of their companion.

Note: Author personally interviewed: E. P. (Lif) Earhart, son of J. B. Earhart, and others who lived in Jack County at the time.

Third Indian Fight at J. B. Earhart's Ranch

A short time after the two fights mentioned above in the preceding sections, Neeley Butler, during the middle of the afternoon, discovered a trail of horses moving through the edge of the timber, and near the home of J. B. Earhart, on the J. H. Martin Ranch in Wise Co. The trail of these horses particularly attracted Neeley Butler's attention because James Burton who lived to the east of Decatur, ate dinner at the J. B. Earhart ranch during that same day, and was hunting his lost horses, which the Indians had stolen, but which he thought voluntarily strayed away. Some strange horses were seen in the timber. So young Neeley Butler conveyed the news to J. B. Earhart, who picked up a shotgun and a six-shooting rifle, and started toward the horses. The shotgun was handed to young Butler, and when they had gone about 500 yards from the house, about 35 Indians dashed upon them. J. B. Earhart and the boy retreated toward the house, and after running a short distance, suddenly stopped and made a stand to cause the Indians to fall back. When they were again closely crowded, they made a second stop, and again the Indians fell back. During the third run they successfully reached the house, but the Indians stole and captured the same two horses which had played a prominent part in the preceding two fights.

After Mr. Earhart reached his home, he continued to fire at the savages. Mrs. J. B. Earhart, his faithful wife, would load his gun, and Mr. Earhart did the shooting.

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Wounding of James Morrow's Brother

Along about the time the three fights mentioned in three of the preceding sections transpired, a brother of James Morrow came out from Missouri to spend a few weeks on the frontier. One night while he was out a short distance from the home of his brother, an Indian shot an arrow into his shoulder.

Ref: Same as preceding section.

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Ben & John Caruthers, Lim Vaughan and Four or Five Others
Encounter Indians

Shortly after the close of the Civil War, and during the summer or early fall of 1865, Ben and John Caruthers, Lim Vaughan, and four or five others, were cow-hunting between the Big and Little Keechi, about three miles south of the present town of Graford in Palo Pinto County, when they accidentally came in contact with about ten Indians. The cowmen were armed with cap and ball six-shooters and the Indians with their bows and arrows. As usual the savages fled, and were pursued by the citizens.

When the Indians realized they were going to be overtaken, they stopped near some trees and made a stand. During the fighting, one of the cowboys quickly dodged when he saw an Indian shoot an arrow toward him. This arrow passed on and mortally wounded Ben Caruthers, a young man about nineteen years of age. The cowmen then made a retreat, Ben Caruthers lived only a very short time. He was buried in the Bevers Graveyard, on Big Keechi, about three miles nearly northeast of Graford.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. Mary Jane (Bevers) Taylor, A. M. Lasater, Martin Jane, James Wood, and others who lived in Palo Pinto and adjoining counties at the time.

Phil Runnels

During the closing year of the Civil War, Phil Runnels was working for W. H. Ledbetter, who operated the Old Ledbetter Salt Works about nine miles south and west of the present city of Albany. Early in the morning Phil Runnels, a single man, took four yoke of oxen and started for a load of wood to be used at the salt works. After going about ten miles, he was ambushed in a small branch, by Indians. Runnels was fatally wounded before he was able to pick up his gun. His oxen left the road and circled out through the flats. When they ran 300 or 400 yards, the wagon struck a tree, and this cause Phil Runnels to fall from the wagon frame. This occurred about twelve miles south of Albany.

When Phil Runnels failed to return, a searching party from the salt works soon found where he had been killed. His wagon hitched to two yoke of steers, was found hanging to a tree near Hubbard Creek, about one mile from where Phil was found. The other two yoke of steers had come unhitched and were found in the same vicinity. The branch where the Indians ambushed Phil Runnels has since been called Phil Runnels Branch.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Harve Ledbetter, son of W. H. Ledbetter, Joe B. Matthews, W. D. and Ben Reynolds, Joe Schoolcraft, Wm. Harrell, and others who lived in Shackelford, Stephens and adjoining counties at the time.

Hanna and Rose Moore

During the fall of 1865, a Mr. Moore and his son-in-law named Spruell, lived on Rock Creek, near where the old Weatherford-Jacksboro road crossed this stream, about 12 miles northwest of Weatherford. Mrs. Wm. Lowe had been away to visit Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Spruell, and was returning home with her two little children. She lived about one-half mile away. But before she got home, Mrs. Lowe discovered where Indians had crossed the road, so she started in a run toward her residence. Before she reached her residence, however, the Indians were discovered and appeared to be murdering somebody.

Hanna and Rose Moore, two negro women who had belonged to Mr. Moore, had been over to a vacant house where some neighbors had only recently moved away, to secure some ash hops, or some other articles used in the making of soap, and were returning home. They were both murdered by Indians.

Wm. Fondron's family also saw this killing. Some of the Fondron horses were in a wheat field near the house, and after the Indians killed the negro women, they came on up to the Fondron home for the purpose of stealing these horses. Some dogs ran out after the savages but the canines hurriedly returned to the house so full of arrows they resembled porcupines. After stealing these horses, the Indians went away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Joe Moore, A. M. Lasater, and one or two others who lived in this section at this time.

Babb Family

Jno. F. Babb moved into Wise County about 1856, settled on Dry Creek about twelve miles west of Decatur, and here at this frontier log cabin home, occurred one of the most horrible and pathetic massacres that ever happened to the early pioneers.

When the savages first entered Wise Co., during September of 1865, they killed a Negro teamster. Shortly afterwards they gave a Mr. Armstrong a thrilling chase for life. In the vicinity of the Woodward residence, the savages had an encounter with Geo. Buchanan and severely wounded Lona Buchanan, who had been drawing water at a well. When they passed the home of a Mr. Floyd, the Indians almost captured his son; but the boy escaped by making a wild run for the residence. When the savages reached Sandy Creek, they gave Lee Dean and A. Henson a lively chase. On Thorn Prairie the native plainsmen encountered Ben Blanton, Lansing Hunt and Glen Halsell, who fled to the home of Dick Couch, and this place was soon assaulted by the savages. Severe fighting followed, and the Indian activities plainly indicated they were more anxious to recover the saddle ponies tied near the residence, than to murder the occupants of the house, who were showing stubborn resistance; and shooting with deadly effect. The Indians finally succeeded in capturing the horses, and then made a retreat, for some of their number had already been killed and wounded. Simultaneously, Ben Blanton slipped away, and hurried to Decatur for reinforcements.

The Indians continued their raid of murder, pillage and plunder, and about four miles from the home of Dick Couch, reached the residence of John F. Babb, who assisted by his oldest son, H. C. Babb, sometimes before, had gone to the markets of Arkansas with a herd of cattle. T. A. (Dot) Babb, about thirteen years of age, and his sister, Bankuella, were playing in the yard. Mrs. Jno. F. Babb, infant daughter, Margie, and an exceptionally beautiful young widow, Mrs. Luster, (Mrs. Roberts), who was about twenty two years of age, whose husband a short time before had been killed in the Civil War, and who was making her home with the Babb family, were in the house. When the Indians discovered there were no men to defend

the premises, in truly savage style, they charged these defenseless women and children. Dot Babb said,

"About the middle of Sept. 1865, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, my older sister and I were at play when we discovered thirty or forty Comanche Indians in all the regalia and war-paint of the savage warrior. Stupefied with fright, we looked again and realized that they were advancing rapidly upon us and with quickened heart beats, we wondered what our fate would be at the hands of these emissaries or murderers of implacable hate. We soon saw that they would raid our home, and with their weird and unearthly warhoops ringing in our ears, we ran to the house for the protection of mother and Mrs. Luster (Mrs. Roberts), who had also seen and heard the demons approaching. Mother had us to enter the house as quickly as possible, and close the unbarricaded doors. It would be indeed, impossible to describe the emotions of horror that possessed us in this moment of doom and peril.

"Mrs. Luster (Roberts) undertook to conceal herself in the loft of the log cabin, and I made for two or three old guns in their racks on the wall. Simultaneously several of the Indians broke open the door, and as I would seize a gun, they would take it from me and belabor me over the head with their quirts. My mother was trying to soften or make friends by shaking hands with them, and against these overtures they were as surlily obdurate and unmoved as ever these ruthless slayers had been painted."

The Indians then began their plight of pilfering, and plundering, and in a short time, when Mrs. Babb received her first wound, Mrs. Roberts was so horrified, she screamed and thereby disclosed to the wild demons of the plains her place of hiding.

Concerning the further Indians activities, Dot Babb said:

"They then had Mrs. Luster come down from her hiding in the loft, and she was bound by some Indians and taken outside to the other Indians and their horses and there declared a captive. The remainder of the Indians in the house, seized my oldest sister and started off with her. My mother, prompted by an uncontrollable maternal instinct and affection, interfered and clung to my sister in an effort to prevent

her being taken, and as she did, one of the Indians stabbed my mother four times with a butcher knife. They then took my sister from the house and made her captive also, along with Mrs. Luster (Roberts). Seeing my mother brutally and fatally stabbed. I assisted her to the bed just as two Indians came back, and not finding my mother dead as they expected, one of them with drawn bow, shot her in the left side with an arrow that ranged up toward her lung. I pulled the arrow out and sat upon the bed by her doing all I could to console and comfort her as her strength and life waned. The same Indian drew his bow and pointed a deadly arrow at me and commanded me to go with him. Mother, seeing that I too would be killed if I resisted or refused, said, "Go with him and be a good boy."

The Indians hurriedly ripped open feather beds, took the ticking, bed-quilts, and such other articles as they needed and happened to suit their fancy. The savages took Mrs. Roberts, T. A. (Dot) Babb and his sister, Bankuella, and started for the northwest. Mrs. Babb's infant baby, Margie, was left bathing in the blood of its dying mother. The savages as usual, to avoid pursuit, rode night and day until they reached Holiday Creek, about eighteen miles southwest of the present city of Wichita Falls. Here they feasted on a large steer, the lobo wolves had killed only a short time before. They then continued their journey until they reached Red River, and feeling that they were now out of danger, the Indians stopped for three days and four nights to permit all to rest and recuperate. Two or three of their number had been killed in the fight at the home of Dick Couch, and another was wounded in the knee. No doubt this lengthy stop was prolonged on account of this wounded Indian. The savages then resumed their journey, crossed Red River, the Washita, and finally reached the Canadian. Here the Indians camped for the night, and here for the first time, Mrs. Roberts and Dot Babb made an attempt to escape. Dot Babb said: "Mrs. Luster and I stole noiselessly from our bunk upon the ground, and with catlike stealth, tiptoed to the horses. Mrs. Luster found a bridle and this we put on the horse previously secured, and led him to a log from which she could mount. Mrs. Luster then whispered to me to get a bridle for the mare I was to ride. I got the bridle but the Indians awoke before I could get the bridle on the mare, and came running toward us. In the meantime, Mrs. Luster had mounted, and I told her to get away if she could, whereupon she bade me good-bye, and with the stillness and swiftness of a shadow,

disappeared into the night. I threw the bridle away and turned back, and in this way, for the time being, disarmed the suspicions of the Indians, who had been aroused, and noting my absence started in pursuit. Upon returning I laid down and could sleep no more for thinking and wondering what they would do to me for trying to escape, and it seemed an age before day dawned once more. It was fully an hour after my return before they discovered that Mrs. Luster had escaped, and then eight or ten Indians entered excitedly upon her pursuit, but the savages were unsuccessfully in their search and returned in despair."

When daylight did arrive, on two different occasions the Indians threatened to murder Dot Babb in the presence of his little sister, for assisting Mrs. Roberts to escape, but his bravery and perseverance won the admiration of the Indians; and he was finally released from such punishment and adopted as a member of their tribe.

Meanwhile Mrs. Roberts travelled on and on and on, hundreds of miles from the nearest settlement. This splendid woman who was endowed with unusual beauty, and who, before her escape, was designed to become the wife of an Indian chief, finally became so fatigued, she lay down to rest, many miles from where she eluded her captors. This was during the third day following her escape. Here she was found by three Kiowa Indians, who made her their captive, and took Mrs. Roberts to a Kiowa village. Thirty days later she again perfected her escape, and started toward an unknown destination.

Mr. Babb said:

"The next day as she drifted along without a definite course arranged other than a determined flight from her bondsmen and enhanced upon an unknown fate and destination, she mistook some U.S. soldiers for Indians in pursuit, and in a desperate effort to get away, she undertook to outride them. The soldiers mistook her for an Indian and gave lively chase catching up with and capturing her at the end of a twenty mile record run under whip and spur. There was much mutual surprise and gratification when identities were established and the rejoicings of each side were unconfined. Though they were strangers, Mrs. Luster (Roberts) soon related her harrowing

story. It evoked the deepest sympathy from the soldiers, who were lavish in the kindness and courtesies extended her."

Mrs. Roberts was faithfully escorted to Council Grove, Kansas, and being unusually attractive and blushing with the beauties of young womanhood, was soon wooed and won by a Mr. Van Noy.

After being in the hands of the savages for approximately two years, Mr. Jno. F. Babb, through the cooperation of H. P. Jones, U.S. Indian interpreter at Fort Arbuckle, Chief Essahaba and others finally secured the release of his two children, Dot Babb and Bankuella.

When Ben Blanton returned to the home of Dick Couch with reinforcements, the citizens followed the Indian trail, and in a short time reached the Babb residence, which at a distance, showed unmistakable signs of pillage and plunder, perpetrated by the wild savages of the plains. But when they arrived all was silent and still, and only the infant baby remained to relate the sad story.

Note: Author personally interviewed: T. A. (Dot) Babb, mentioned above. A. M. Lasater, J. D. White, E. P. (Lif) Earhart, Joe Fowler, Joe Bryant, and others who lived in Jack, Wise and adjoining counties at the time.

Further Ref: In the Bosom of the Comanches, by T. A. (Dot) Babb; Pioneer History of Wise County, by Cliff D. Cates.

Near the close of the Civil War, several old men and boys, too old and young to go to war, were making a roundup on the cowhouse, about eight miles west of Hamilton, Bud Hollis, Ed Cox, L. F. Roberts, Wash Cox, Donnell, Larry Hargis, Gallihair, Matthew Robison, Jim Karahey, _____ Riley, and, perhaps, four or five others, spent the night on the cowhouse at the above location. The next morning, Bud Hollis, Ed Cox, Donnell, Hargis, Jim Karahey, and others, went east in search of cattle. L. F. Roberts started out with this decision, but at the suggestion of older men, he joined the other crowd. Gallihair, Robison and Riley, were still at camp on guard. When the cowboys had gone about one and one half miles from camp, Bud Hollis, Ed Cox, and the cowboys with them, were charged by about fifteen savages. L. F. Roberts, who was riding a mule, hurried to the camp and told the boys the Indians were coming. Since everybody was poorly armed, L. F. Roberts was joined by Riley, and the two rode the mule into the thick timber on the hill side, and could see the Indians scalping Bud Hollis and Ed Cox, who first mistook the Indians for other cowmen. Neither Cox nor Hollis were armed, but Hargis had a double-barrel Shotgun and this weapon not only saved his life, but that of Donnell, and an orphan boy. In a short time the Indians left. Ed Cox and Bud Hollis were buried at Hamilton.

Note: Author personally interviewed: L. F. Roberts, mentioned above; Ike Roberts, brother of L. F. Roberts, C. E. Ferguson, and others who lived in Erath, Hamilton, and Comanche Counties at the time.

About 1865 Alf Ross and family, and Shade Hightower, lived about two miles north of Finis, on Rock Creek, and in the western part of Jack County. They lived in two log houses, one room to each, and separated only about eight feet apart, with an entrance between the two. Mrs. Ross was washing between the two rooms, and her husband, son, and Shade Hightower, working a short distance away, when many screaming wild demons came dashing down the hill towards these defenseless pioneer people. Mrs. Ross, after gathering her children, ran in the house and closed the door. The Indians formed a battle line in front of the house. Alf Ross made an attempt to reach his residence to protect his wife and little children, but was soon shot down. Young Ike Ross and Shade Hightower ran across the creek from the truck patch, where the men had been working; but they were pursued by some of the savages, and in a short time Ike Ross and Shade Hightower were also shot down. The boy was about fifteen, and Hightower approximately ten years older. While they were being killed, the heroic mother took her little children, slipped out of the house, went up the creek, crossed to the opposite side, and hid in a thicket of timber and brush. Here she remained until night. She then slipped back to her rudely built frontier home, which only a short time before, was appreciated as much as a mansion. Her husband, son and Hightower lay murdered nearby. She also found her husband's scalp lying on the rocks. After giving her children some dried beef, which was about all the food to be found, again Mrs. Ross took her little flock, slipped through the darkness, and hid under a rock bluff about 200 yards down the creek. This rock bluff which was a little waterfall, was not on the main creek, but on a small branch. What a dreadful night! What a desolate surrounding! About the midnight hour, while Mrs. Ross had the little ones hovered around her, a huge Indian was seen standing on the bank above. The silhouette of this savage could be plainly seen by Mrs. Ross, as he stood in the silver rays of a midnight moon.

The next morning Mrs. Ross decided to again return to the house. But when she peeked over a drift along the bank of the creek, this frontier mother plainly saw two savages getting on their steeds. The Indians were between the cabins where she happily washed during

the preceding day. Again Mrs. Ross returned with her children to the little rock cavern under the waterfall, and here she remained until sundown, when she slipped out and started for the home of her mother, Mrs. Terry.

Picture, if you please, the plight of this pioneer woman with her little children, as she stole her way through the darkness of night, protected only by the instinct her God had given her, and guided only by a few familiar landmarks, and the wild western stars.

Mrs. Ross reached the home of her mother about ten o'clock at night, and Mose Terry, her brother, hurried to the Lemley Ranch to relate what had happened. The Lemley ranch was about one and one half miles away and before Mose Terry reached his destination, he could hear guns firing across the Brazos at the Kit Carter Ranch, where the citizens were having a short fight with the Indians.

The next day Mose Terry, George, John and Jeff Lemley, and John Van Houser, removed Mr. Ross to the location of his son and Shade Hightower, and here these three Indian victims were given a final resting place in a lonely and unmarked grave.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. A. (Bill) Ribble, president of the Old Settlers Assoc., which meets each year at Newcastle. Mr. Ribble was living in this section of the state at the time, and several times heard Mrs. Ross, herself, and her brother, Mose Terry, and others relate this sad incident. Also interviewed John Van Houser, who helped bury the dead; A. M. Lasater, James Wood, Martin Lane; and several others who lived in this section at the time.

Lum Tedford and Sam Binion

While Lum Tedford, a boy, was plowing in a field in Hoover Valley about ten miles west of Burnet, during 1865, he was captured by Indians about 150 yards from the house. James and Tom Cooper, Bill McGill and perhaps one or two others overtook the Indians four miles south. When the citizens first encountered the savages, they were whipping the boys with a pole-cat bush. An Indian always admired bravery and always felt highly pleased to capture a brave boy. Lum Tedford was fighting back at the savages with rocks and this pleased them very much and seemed to appeal to their peculiar sense of humor. After the Indians first arrived, Tom Cooper wanted to shoot, but Jim said, "No, we must charge the Indians." When they did, the boy was rescued and an Indian's horse killed. During the day these same Indians or another raiding band charged Sam Binion above five miles north of Burnet. Sam Binion, at the time, lived on the Sabinal where his father had moved from Burnet County a short time before. But Sam had returned to gather some scattered stock. He ran through the same thicket of timber in which A. D. Hamlin stopped and bluffed the savages with a stick. But Sam only went about 150 yards father when he was twice roped around the neck by the savages, stripped of his clothing, his hands tied behind him and then stabbed to death.

Note: Author interviewed and corresponded with M. J. Bolt, Joe Smith, D. R. Holland, Allen and J. F. Ater, E. H. Stewart and several others who lived in Burnet County at the time.

Killing of Benson and Capture of Son

During 1865, a Mr. Benson, who lived in Back Bone Valley about twelve miles southwest of Burnet, accompanied by a small son, walked out a few hundred yards from his house in search of timber to make ax handles. Benson was killed and the son captured and taken somewhere toward the headwaters of the Arkansas. It was several years before Mrs. Benson recovered her son. When she did, he had become almost Indianized and was ever inclined to live like the savages.

Note: Before writing this section, the author interviewed W. T. Cavin, A. H. Edwards, Joe F. Smith and others who were living in Burnet County at the time.

During 1865, Tom Stark, Abe Hunter, and Jim Dofflemyre, who lived near the mouth of the Concho, where Runnels, Coleman and Concho Counties come together, had been to El Paso, for supplies, and other purposes, and were returning home. These three frontiersmen would eat their supper about one hour before sunset, and then ride into the canyons of the Guadalupe, the three saddled their horses and traveled about seven miles to the Delaware Springs where they ate their breakfast. While breakfast was cooking, and they were playing cards, the coffee on the camp-fire began to boil over. So Tom Stark went to the springs about ten steps away for water. Here he saw moccasin tracks, and well knew what it meant. These westerners then took their six-shooters, started after the horses, and in a short time discovered about one hundred Indians. These Indians had already captured the ponies, lingered along for a considerable time, and then said, "Adios, by dam you." And then rode away. The whites then slipped away, resumed their journey homeward, afoot, and without ample provisions.

For a time they traveled by night and slept during the day. Provisions became exhausted, and for several days the citizens subsisted practically alone on grasshoppers. Often they suffered for water and for many miles carried water in their boots, and made shoes for their feet out of a part of their pants. During the seventh day, these pioneers were nearing the Pecos and the three become so famished for a drink, when they were within three miles of this stream, Jim Dofflemyre's tongue was black and about an inch out of his mouth. He told his companions that he had a high fever and could go no further. He also suggested that they leave him for he was going to die. When the other two reached the river, they washed out an old cow-horn, and took it full of water back to their suffering companion. When he was reached his tongue was swollen worse than ever, and could not speak. Little by little they moistened his mouth, and in a short time, Jim Dofflemyer's tongue was in its proper position. These three than reached the Pecos, and spent the night.

The next morning the citizens started down the river toward the Horsehead Crossing, which was about three miles below. On their

way they spied a cow, and Tom Stark said, "Boys, we have got to have her," for they were hungry. But how could she be killed? These three stranded citizens had buried their six-shooters sometime before for they were too weak to wear them. When they got near this old cow, she attempted to hook them, but was so poor, she fell. The three Texans were so weak, they started to run and also fell. The old sick cow apparently could not get up. In a short time, the citizens were on her, attempting to cut the animal's throat with their only weapon, a pocketknife, that contained one broken blade. When they failed in this, because of their serious condition, they began to cut for meat on the hams of the old cow that was still alive, and succeeded in getting about one-half pound off of a tender part of the cow's ham. About this time a large band of Indians was discovered about 3 miles away. Tom Stark said, "Boys, we have got 95 miles to go over a territory without a drop of water." So in a short time the three started out across the plains. When they had gone only about four miles, the citizens saw Indians, buffalo or something else approaching in the distance. But to their joyful surprise, it was Maliki Cox and two others, going west for salt. Cox and his companions found these stranded citizens in a pitiable condition, and at first were unable to eat. A meat broth was hurriedly made, and offered in small quantities. Their diet was increased as their strength returned, and by the third day they could eat almost anything.

Shortly afterwards they met Aaron Burleson, who with his seven or eight hands, were moving about 390 head of cattle to El Paso. Since he was short of help, and since Stark, Hunter and Dofflemyre had practically regained their normal strength, they were employed to assist in moving these cattle. Three days later, the cowmen reached the point where the Texans buried their pistols, which they dug up, oiled, and were again ready for action. The citizens camped for the night, and while the three Texans were relating their experience, it began to rain Indians. This camp was three miles east of the Delaware Springs. During the fight that followed, eight Indians were killed, but none of the Texans wounded.

After their adventurous experience, Tom Stark, Abe Hunter, and Jim Dofflemyre finally reached their home near the mouth of the Concho, and near the place where the citizens "Forted-up" during the frontier days, and known as Flattop, because of the flattop, picket houses in

which they lived.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Tom Stark, mentioned above.

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Indians Kill Mexican Working For D. Rode

During 1865, a Mexican was herding sheep for D. Rode in Llano County, about nine miles northeast of Cherry Springs. He was alone. The Indians murdered Rode's Mexican and he was found the next day by Harve Putman.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Peter Crenwelge, who lived in this section of the state at the time.

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Tom Cavness

Tom Cavness had just returned from the Civil War and was making his home with Edward Cavness. Edward lived on Cherokee Creek, three miles west of the present town of Cherokee, in San Saba County. One morning while Tom was out searching oxen near Vaughan Mountain, he was charged by Indians, who gave him a mortal wound with an arrow after chasing him for a considerable distance. Tom Cavness was found during the same day and buried in the cemetery near the present town of Cherokee.

Note: Author interviewed J. C. Garrett and Mrs. Garrett, who was a sister of Tom Cavness; also interviewed Geo. Gray, who lived in this section at the time.

Indian Experience of Dr. E. M. Dawns, His Son E. L. Dawns and Bladen Mitchell

Dr. E. M. Dawns lived in the Grigsby house, on the Middle Verde, about ten miles south of Bandera. E. L. Dawns, his son, had just returned from the Confederate army, and was breaking a span of mules. Dr. Dawns was practically an invalid, but his son drove him around when he made his calls. In company with Bladen Mitchell, Dr. E. M. Dawns and his son, E. L. had started to visit Charlie Sheidemontel, whose leg was broken. They had only gone about one and one-half miles from home, when these three citizens were pursued by hostile Indians. While Bladen Mitchell was attempting to get his pistol, an Indian gave him a painful wound with a poisoned arrow. E. L. Dawns was wounded in the arm shortly afterwards; but they fought bravely and kept the Indians back. Dr. Dawns and his son, and Bladen Mitchell, soon reached the home of Geo. Meyers. Here the doctor treated his wounded son and their companion. The doctor had treated many patients bitten by rattlesnakes, and suspecting that the poisoned arrow had been dipped in the venom of that reptile, the doctor began to treat for a rattlesnake bite, and in due time his patient recovered.

Note: Author personally interviewed: E. L. Dawns, who was in the fight.

Indian Raid Through Uvalde County, When Henry Robinson Jr. was Killed

September 8, 1865, the Indians passed near Waresville south of the present town of Utopia, on a horse-stealing raid, and from here they moved west.

After the death of Henry Robinson, Mrs. Robinson moved her family to the Frio, about twenty-two miles northwest of Uvalde. W. H. Robinson, aged twelve, and A. H. Robinson, aged fourteen, went down on the creek to get some wood. The boys were about one hundred and fifty yards from the house and the same Indians that stole horses in the vicinity of Waresville earlier during the day, shot young A. H. Robinson in the left breast with the ball of a rifle. W. H. Robinson ran toward the house and an Indian shot at him with an arrow, which stuck in a hackberry tree. This occurred about five o'clock in the evening, and the Indians were concealed where they had let down an field fence to steal the horses.

There were twelve Indians in this band, and after they left Waresville, J. C. Ware, J. C. Findley Jr., Dimp Findley, Chris, Joe, and Jack Kelley, Jim and Alfred Watson, Jim and Geo. Robinson and one or two more, struck the Indian trail two miles south of Waresville, and three miles south of Utopia. This Indian trail passed hear the present town of Concan. From there they went on by the home of Mrs. Henry Robinson, whose son, A. H. Robinson, they killed; from the Frio, the savages went to the Neuces, and took up the valley of that stream on toward its head-waters, and then across to the head-waters of the Llano, where they were overtaken by Capt. J. C. Ware and his associates. The Indians were eating, and the citizens able to make a surprise attack. In the fight that followed, an Indian was known to have been killed, and others, perhaps, wounded. Here again we find a mysterious red-headed man. When the Indians were charged, they retreated into the timber, and this red-headed man, and Indians, would venture out and shoot at the citizens and retreat back into the timber.

When Mrs. Robinson's husband, Henry Robinson, was killed, the mysterious red-headed man was with the savages. And when her

son, A. H. Robinson, was killed, again, we find the appearance of a red-headed man.

Late in the evening of September 24, 1865, B. F. Gholson hobbled two horses near the Asa-Langford Ranch, about six hundred yards south of the present town of Evant. They had not been there long when twelve Indians came along and stole the ponies and slipped away without being seen. They then went in a southeasterly direction about sixteen miles and stole horses in the King Community, in Coryell County. From here, the Indians went about ten miles and came upon John and Jack Smith, near the head of Brown's Creek, about twelve miles south of Gatesville. John suggested they run into a nearby thicket, but Jack wanted to make a dash for the home of Jeff Everetts, which was about one mile to the northeast. The two brothers were riding mules, and eating grapes when the Indians came upon them. John ran into a thicket and successfully eluded the savages, but Jack hurried on over the hill with the Indians in hot pursuit. When last seen by his brother, the savages were in the act of roping him, and making the arrows fly thick and fast. It was only a short time until he was killed.

A little later, however, John, who was still hidden in the thicket, heard other horses, whose riders were speaking English. He looked out and discovered it was citizens from the King Community, where the savages had stolen horses. He related his experience, and all went over the hill where they found Jack dead, scalped, and stripped of most of his clothing. These citizens continued to chase the Indians for the remaining part of the day, and were often in sight, but were never able to get sufficiently close to shoot. Jack Smith was murdered September 26, 1865. He had returned home from the Civil War only a few months before.

Note: Author interviewed: B. F. Gholson, the veteran old frontiersman whose splendid memory and knowledge of frontier conditions, is recognized by all.

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Harm Gerdes

It was about 1865, while out hunting his horse, the Indians killed Harm Gerdes, who lived on the Cuihi, in Medina County. They found him about two miles east of this home, where he had been mortally lanced by the savages, who caught him unarmed, although he was an excellent shot, and marksman.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Bud Neuman, Joe Nay, and others who lived in this section at the time.

Indians Attack Taylor Home Near the Head Springs of the Pedernales

August 8, 1865, there lived at the head springs of the Pedernales, in the eastern edge of the present town of Harper, Matthew Taylor and wife, Eli McDonald and wife, Mahaley and Beckie Jane McDonald, children of Mr. and Mrs. Eli McDonald, James Taylor and wife, and James Alice and Dorcas Taylor, the orphan children of Zed Taylor, deceased; Mrs. Eli McDonald and James Taylor were the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Taylor; James Alice, and Dorcas were grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Taylor. Matthew Taylor and son, had gone to the James River in Kimble County about fifteen miles west of their home.

Mrs. James Taylor, whose given name was Gill, went to the nearby springs for water, and as she returned to the house, an Indian shot her in the back with an arrow. She ran through the residences and screamed "Indians." When she started out on the other side, they told her to come back. She did and fell dead about fifteen feet from the back door. Eli McDonald grabbed his gun and was ready to make a fight, but his wife and mother-in-law begged him not to do so. The Indians also made overtures of peace, but these frontiersmen were well aware of their intrigues, and at first refused to extend a friendly reception to the savages, who had already killed Mrs. James Taylor. In a short time, Eli McDonald stepped outside, and when he did, he too, was killed by the savages. Mrs. Matthew Taylor was captured by an Indian, but when the savages discovered the only man at the house had been killed, they entered the dwelling and began their pilfer and plunder. The Indian released Mrs. Taylor, who retreated to the nearby timber. Only Mrs. Eli McDonald, and her two children and the three orphan children of Zedrick Taylor, now remained. And while the Indians were taking the bed clothes, ripping open feather beds, for the ticking, and robbing the house of such other things that suited their fancy, Mrs. Eli McDonald, with the children, attempted to slip away, but when she stepped out of the door, Mahaley, her son, saw his father, who lay dead, stripped, and scalped, and was so horrified, he screamed. This attracted the attention of the savages, who came and prevented Mrs. Eli McDonald and the children making an escape. So Mrs. Eli McDonald, her two children, Mahaley and Beckie Jane McDonald, and the orphan children of Zed Taylor, James, Alice and

Dorcas Taylor, were made captives, placed on horses, and preparations made to carry them into captivity. But the blood-thirsty savages were not yet satisfied with the treacherous crime they had already committed, so to further appease their passion, they set fire to the frontier cabin. Mrs. Matthew Taylor, who successfully made her escape, was hidden in the thicket of timber, and among the rocks a short distance away, could plainly see her pioneer home being consumed by the savage flames. Night soon came, and Mrs. Matthew Taylor started out in the darkness alone, for her home had already been robbed and destroyed. She became lost, wandered all night, and the next morning, after the break of day, reached the Doss Ranch, about seven miles north. W. J. Nixon was at this ranch, when Mrs. Matthew Taylor arrived.

Mrs. Eli McDonald and the five children were all handled in the most cruel and inhuman manner, and carried into the Indian territory, where they remained for almost a year. But after being several months in captivity, government agents secured their release, and they were returned to Gillespie County to their people.

Matthew Taylor and his son, James, had not heard of the massacre until they returned home, and found the dead bodies of their loved ones, and their happy home burned to the ground.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. Augustus McDonald, of Harper; W. J. Nixon, who was at the Doss Ranch when Mrs. Matthew Taylor arrived, and others who lived in that section at the time.

Further Ref.: Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas. While the author, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. McConnell, his mother-in-law, Mrs. A. H. Bryan, and his daughters interviewed old timers of that section, it was their pleasure to camp at the head springs of the Pedernales, where this terrible tragedy occurred. Many of the same trees still stand, behind which the Indians hid when they shot Mrs. James Taylor.

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Thomas Norris

During the early days, Clay County was noted for its ranches, and several of her ranchmen forfeited their lives in the hands of the Indians, while pursuing their chosen profession.

During December 1865, Tom Norris was killed by the Indians on the old Dumas Ranch, south of the present city of Henrietta.

Ref: W. A. (Bud) Morris, Montague, and a letter found among the old files at Austin, in the archives of the state library, and written by Wm. Fanning, County Judge Montague County, Texas.

Berry C. Buckalew

Berry C. Buckalew who lived two or three miles south of Utopia, on the Sabinal, carried a load of shingles to San Antonio and was returning with a wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen, and loaded with supplies. January 26, 1866 he reached the Cosgrave ranch about sundown. This ranch was on the Seco about seven miles from the home of Berry Buckalew. Here he ate his supper, and his neighbors requested that he spend the night. But he stated he had been away from home for several days and was already anxious to return. So he started home, although Indians had been seen on his route sometime during the day. When he reached a point about one and one-half miles from his residence, he was killed by the redskins, who also shot one of his oxen. This occurred Friday evening, and when local citizens learned from Mrs. Buckalew on the following Sunday that her husband had not returned, a search was made, and he was soon found in a ravine.

Note: Author personally interviewed: E. L. Dawnes, Frank Buckalew and others who lived in this section at the time. Further Ref. Texas Indian Fights, by A. J. Sowell.

Bolen and James Savage

March the 2nd, 1866, Bolen Savage who lived west of Weatherford on Sanchez Creek, was plowing in his field about ten o'clock in the morning, when nine Indians came riding from the east. These Indians were first discovered by Mrs. Elizabeth Savage, and she did her utmost to notify her husband, who was about one-half mile from the house. But since the March winds were blowing loudly, it was impossible for Mrs. Savage to arouse his attention.

At the time Marion Savage, age eleven, James Savage, age seven, and Sam Savage, age five, were about half-way between their father, Bolen Savage, and the house, and were traveling toward their father. Marion and Sam Savage were made captives, but James escaped by hiding in the creek. Several of the Indians charged on toward the father, Bolen Savage, and as he attempted to escape in the timber, he was shot in the head when he jumped into the same branch in which his son hid. One of the Indians rode into the yard and started toward the house, but Mrs. Savage with Lornty, a six or seven month old baby, in her arms, took an old gun with no lock, and told the Indian that if he came any further she would blow his brains out. The Indians then fell over his horse and rode rapidly away.

The red-men then took their two captives, Marion and Sam Savage, and rode about two miles west where they struck the home of James Savage Sr., a brother of Bolen Savage. He too, was plowing in the field, and was unarmed. His being without necessary weapons was soon discovered by the Indians, who rode over him with their horses, and knocked him down. His daughter, Sarah about eighteen came running to his assistance with a gun. She was followed by Renna, aged thirteen, and Malinda aged eight, who came trailing along in the rear. The Indians ran over Sarah and knocked the weapon out of her hand. By this time, the father had almost reached his daughters, and he was instantly shot down. They then captured Malinda, and when she was placed on a horse, Renna caught her foot. After the wild men of the plains were unable to force Renna to release her sister, they lanced her arm. Wm. Savage, a brother of Malinda, and his mother, who had been working east of the house, by this time, discovered the terrible crimes being committed by the Comanches.

But when they were approaching the house, they saw the Indians were leaving and now had in their possession three captives. The two sons of Bolen Savage, Marion and Sam, and a daughter of James Savage Sr., Malinda.

After the Indians left the homes of the Savage brothers, they next appeared at the pioneer residence of R. C. Newberry, who lived on Grindstone, about three miles east of the present town of Millsap. There were now twenty Indians, for the original nine that first appeared at the home of Bolen Savage had been augmented by others. From here they went to the home of Fuller Millsap, who lived on Rock Creek, about one mile north of the present town by the same name, and were attempting to steal the horses in a field, when Fuller Millsap and a negro woman took shotguns and drove the Indians away.

After the Indians left the home of Fuller Millsap, they started with their caballada of stolen horses and three white captives, towards the wilds of northwest Texas. While the savages were traveling along, perhaps somewhere in Palo Pinto County, an Indian attempted to ride on one of their newly acquired animals. He was so badly thrown by the wild horse, the Indian's head became entangled in the rope and was completely severed from his body. It devolved on an Indian squaw, who was already carrying young Sam Savage, to carry the head of the dead Indian for several miles, and until they reached the place where he was buried. Can you imagine the impression of little Sam Savage as he rode along on the same horse with the Indian squaw and Indian's head. The Indian was soon buried by his comrades.

The savages crossed Big Keechi, and continued their course toward the northwest, until they reached the western parts of the present state of Oklahoma. As usual, the captives were offered raw meat, and little Sam refused to eat so many days, he became so weak and poor he could hardly walk. Finally the little fellow seemed to realize his very existence depended upon this peculiar diet, and when they threw a piece of raw buffalo meat toward him, he picked it up and at last ate a part of his Indian menu. When he did, the Indians clapped their hands with joy.

The three Savage children were discovered by John Fields and one or two others. These patriotic and worthy gentlemen, ransomed the children of Bolen and James Savage, and placed them in charge of white folks until Wm. and John Stephens, the half-brothers, of Bolen and James Savage Sr., came for the children and took them to Denton.

Note: Author personally interviewed Sam Savage, himself, who remembers a portion of his experience, and the remainder he has heard his mother and aunt as well as others, relate many times; also interviewed James and Sam Newberry, and several others who lived in Palo Pinto and Parker County when this occurred.

Capture of F. M. Buckalew

After the Indians killed his uncle, Frank Buckalew, F. M. Buckalew, an orphan boy nearly fourteen years of age, subsequently made his home with James b. Davenport, who lived in Bandera County.

Late in the evening F. M. Buckalew and a negro boy named Morris, drove some oxen back of a field to an open glade where they were hobbled and balled for the night. Young Buckalew did the hobbling and the negro boy, Morris, placed the bell on one ox but failed to fasten it securely, and when it became lost, Mr. Davenport told the negro boy that if he didn't find it, he would be punished and as a consequence, Morris pleaded with F. M. Buckalew to assist in locating the bell. Young Buckalew picked up his shotgun given him by Mr. Davenport. But grandmother Davenport told him he had better leave the gun at home, for no Indians would be seen and there was imminent danger of their getting shot. So the white, and negro boy started in search of the ox-bell, and left the gun at home. This was March 11, 1866. When the two boys reached a glade about one-half mile south of the house, and some steers came dashing by, F. M. Buckalew suspected the presence of Indians, and so informed his negro companion. Morris, the negro boy, said, "Them steers just got scared of us, and didn't know whar we wuz." In another minute an Indian was discovered. F. M. Buckalew said, "Looking around, I thought I saw a hog, but a second glance convinced me that it was a man and an Indian with war paint on his face, feathers in his hair and a dirty greasy frock-tailed coat on his body. At his moment, he raised up with his hand high in the air. In one hand he held his bow and in the other, his arrows, and gave his blood-curdling war-hoop, and seemed to sail right at us. Morris gave one wild grunt and with wild terror ran with all his might, I started out with him and was making fair headway, when a voice behind caused me to check my speed. Looking back, I beheld to my horror an Indian advancing with an arrow in his powerful bow and pointing it directly at me. Realizing that further effort to escape at this time, would be useless, I stopped in my tracks and turned my face toward him. When he saw I was making no further effort to escape, he assumed a more leisurely gait, and as he approached, I noticed he was pointing in the direction of the negro and laughing heartily, in a manner characteristic of his race. This

called my attention too Morris and looking back over my shoulder I caught sight of that terrified black as he fled like some frightened beast toward a place of safety.”

The savage took his captive back into the brush from where he came, and here three other warriors were found waiting. The white captive was then stripped of his clothes. F. M. Buckalew said:

“Without any ceremony whatever, the four savages began stripping off my clothes, never stopping until every thread had been taken off. Each of the party then took some piece of my clothes put it on his nude body and began dancing and rollicking about me, as if in great sport. After indulging in this, some time, as my expense one of the savages, the most cruel and hideous of the four, left the party some distance, and when he returned he had in his hand a long thorny catclaw switch. Two of the savages now led the way into a thicket while the one with the switch cut me a stinging blow on my naked back, and again I was told to ‘vamoose.’ I needed no second bidding ... Besides the pain occasioned by the sting of the cat-claw switch, the thorns, over which I was forced to go head-long, pierced and lacerated my flesh, until the blood began to trickle down my nude body.”

After a while, the savages reached another Indian, who appeared to be a sub-chief, and could speak broken English. When the warriors brought him their captive, this sub-chief said to Buckalew, “Howdy, how old you be? You be American or you be Dutchman? You be American, me killie you; you be Dutchman, me no killie you.” Young Buckalew told the Indian that he was ten years of age, and an American. The Indian said, “You be American, me killie you. “I can’t help it if you do, I am an American.” This statement, however, no doubt, saved young Buckalew’s life, for in reality the Lipans, in whose hands Buckalew was not a captive, were hostile toward the Dutch at this particular time, because of a fight they had had a short time before. The word Dutch was a nickname these Indians improperly applied to the German and Polish people who lived in this part of the State. Although the Chief professed to be friendly toward the Dutch, in reality, this was his intrigue to ascertain definitely whether or not F. M. Buckalew belongs to a family of German or Polish People. The fourteen year old boy telling the Indians that he was ten, seemed to

arouse the sense of humor of the chief, for he replied, "Heap big ten year old boy."

The Indians then took their captive on a hill, about one-half mile from F. M. Buckalew's home. When the negro boy reached the residence, he reported that Frank Buckalew had been killed, so the occupants of the house were under this impression. The chief took young Buckalew's hand and led him near the bluff, and instructed him to call loudly to his people, and naturally F. M. Buckalew replied with the Indian's request. Buckalew said, "When the sound of my voice reached my sister's ears, she was standing near the door, and I heard her screams and cries, 'It is Frank, it is Frank,' and saw her wringing her hands, running to the gate saying, 'It is Frank, and I am going to him.' She was prevented by her mother and other occupants of the house, who could plainly see the Indian chief named Custaletta, holding the hand of Frank M. Buckalew. The alarm was given to the surrounding country, but the Indians now hurried young Buckalew from the scene of action and carried him into captivity. He was gone exactly eleven months before he was ransomed and returned to his home.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed: F. M. Buckalew, himself, and others who lived in that section. Further Ref. Life of F. M. Buckalew, as related by himself and written by Mr. and Mrs. Dennis.

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Johnson Miller

Johnson Miller, an expert workman in wood, Bob Sensibaugh, and Mr. Browder, were working in the bottoms of the West Fork of the Trinity. Mrs. Hardwick, of Decatur, had died, and Johnson had been called to the latter place for the purpose of making a coffin. When returning to his camp, March 24, 1866, he was killed by Indians, within one mile of his destination. The savages scalped their victim and hung his clothes in nearby tree.

Massacre of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Briscoe and Capture of Their Children

Isaac Briscoe first settled about five miles north of Jacksboro, where he remained for some time. Joe Fowler, who was driving home the oxen when the Indians charged the residence of Calvin Gage, married a daughter of Mr. Briscoe. Jim McKinney, also married a daughter of Mr. Briscoe. Mrs. Jim McKinney was a full sister to Mrs. Joe Fowler. Near the close of the Civil War, the savages became so troublesome, Isaac Briscoe, then living with a second wife, considered it unsafe to remain in the territory north of Jacksboro. So he moved to the old Shirley place, about three-fourths of a mile north of Agnes, and about fifteen miles north and west of Weatherford. Here Mr. and Mrs. Briscoe and their two daughters and sons settled to be secure from the savage onslaughts. But one morning in May or June, of 1866, the wild demons of the plains dashed upon their frontier cabin, and none were left to relate their sad experience. It has been supposed that Mr. Briscoe had found a temporary shelter from the summer sun under a grape arbor, near the house, when the Indians appeared. He and his wife were both massacred, and their three children carried into captivity. Only a few local citizens knew the horrors of this awful crime. Mr. and Mrs. Briscoe were not only murdered but their bodies were maimed in many ways, and scalped in the most horrible manner. Mr. Jim Mayo, who lived about one mile east of the Briscoe residence, discovered their dastardly deeds, and sent his son, Tom, to the home of Mrs. Lucendia Caldwell, to notify her of the presence of the savages. Mrs. Caldwell furnished Tom Mayo a pony and then sent him and her son to the home of Mrs. W. H. Allen to notify this frontier lady the Indians were raiding. The extent of their depredations, however, at this time was unknown. And as usual, other runners were also sent in other directions. R. E. and A. C. Tackett, brothers and members of L. L. Tackett's company of rangers, and perhaps others, were soon in their saddles, in quest of the savages. They hurried to the home of Sammy Stacks, whose horses the Indians were stealing. As usual, the Indians divided, and when the Tackett brothers reached the Stacks home, they charged the Indians, who were after horses in a nearby field. One Indian had placed a rawhide rope around a horse's neck, and was in the act of leading her away. A. C. Tackett charged this Indian and almost ran

over the savage, who fell over the fence. R. E. Tackett jumped from his steed, laid his gun on the fence, and fired. But about this time, thirty or forty savages came charging toward the whites, who were forced to retreat for their own protection.

The Indians next appeared at the home of Mrs. W. H. Allen, whose husband, at the time, was away. The warriors reached the Allen home shortly after the arrival of Tom Mayo and the son of Mrs. Lucendia Caldwell. Mrs. Allen was in the loom room weaving, and had sent her daughter, Lucy, to hunt the scissors, when the Caldwell boy and Tom Mayo quickly arrived. About that time, or shortly afterwards, several Indians made their appearance. Mrs. Allen and her five little children, the baby, a few month old, Sarah, Mattie, Annie, Lucy, all of whom were very small, were at the house. The Mayo boy's horse was soon shot, and the Coldwell boy jumped from his pony and ran in the house. Mrs. Allen picked up the baby, Mrs. Lucendia Coldwell's son, H. Coldwell, took Mattie, and they all ran north to the creek, which was about fifty or sixty yards away. When they reached this stream, they waded in the water for some distance, to avoid their being trailed by the Indians, and until they reached the home of Jimmy Shadle. The savages robbed Mrs. Allen's home, ripped open her feather and straw beds, took her bed-clothes and such other things that seemed to suit their fancy. Five feather beds and five hundred pounds of flour were ripped open for the sole purpose of getting the sacks and bed ticking. The family clock was taken out in the yard and destroyed. From here the Indians went north. Mrs. Coldwell took her children into the corn field and hid. Some of the Indians appeared at the home of J. T. Gilliland and Jack Wynn. Wynn and Gilliland started toward the lot to protect their horses, but when fired upon by the savages, they retreated back to the house. The Indians succeeded in getting some of their horses, but the next day one animal returned with a rawhide rope around his neck. The Briscoe children were carried to Oklahoma never to return to their former community. Two Briscoe girls and one boy were carried into captivity. About 1867 or 68, however, an army officer in Oklahoma wrote to the officer in command at Ft. Richardson to the effect that some children by the name of Briscoe, who formerly lived in Parker County, had been recovered from the savages. Billy Briscoe, a son of Isaac Briscoe and his first wife, went to Oklahoma

to find his sister and brother, but when he reached his destination he was told that the Briscoe children had been sent to an orphans home.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Joe Fowler, who married a daughter of Isaac Briscoe; A. C. Tackett, mentioned above; Jno. Frazier, Dole Miller, and others, who lived in this section at the time.

Savages Massacre Mr. and Mrs. James McKinney and Children

As related in the preceding section, Jim McKinney married a daughter of Isaac Briscoe and a sister of Mrs. Joe Fowler. They lived in the southeastern part of Jack County, and were returning home from Springtown, in Parker county. They had been to mill, and to visit their relatives, J. W. Donathan and family. About noon, Jim McKinney, wife and children reached a spring known as Jenkins Water. Jno. M. Frazier was at the spring at the time, and Mr. McKinney watered his oxen, filled the water kegs, and then started on his way. When Jim McKinney and his family had gone about two miles further west, and were very near the home of Isaac Briscoe, several savages suddenly surrounded their ox-wagon. Jim McKinney, who had traded his pistol for provisions, only had an old gun which refused to shoot. Mr. and Mrs. McKinney were slaughtered and handled in the most inhuman manner, and their baby was also killed. A daughter about six years old, probably named Mary Alice, was carried away by the savages, and murdered when they reached the vicinity of the present town of Bridgeport, in Wise County, a third child, Joe McKinney, was unharmed. He soon wandered away in the woods, where he became lost. The next day after the massacre, Euriah Perkins, while hunting horses, which no doubt, had been stolen by the savages, saw the tracks of a barefooted baby in the sand. In a short time, by following the infant's trail, he came upon a little two-year old boy wandering in the woods. The little fellow said, "I want my Ma." He was taken to Springtown and identified as Joe McKinney. Since the citizens felt sure that little Joe's parents had been killed, a posse of men repaired to the place where Joe McKinney was found, and in a short time discovered where the Indians had murdered Jim McKinney and his wife, just across the branch from the Briscoe home. Little Joe McKinney was found about four hundred yards from the place his parents were killed.

Jim McKinney, wife and baby were buried in the same grave at Old Goshan, about fourteen miles north and west of Weatherford.

It was indeed very unusual that Jim McKinney and his family were massacred so near the place where Isaac Briscoe and his family had been slaughtered only a short time before.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Joe Fowler, brother-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Jim McKinney. Few people suffered so severely by the onslaughts of the savages as did Uncle Joe. The Indians butchered his own family in 1860, killed his father and mother-in-law, and carried their children into captivity, in 1866, and shortly afterwards, near the former location of the Briscoe home, they also killed Jim McKinney and his wife, and three children. Author also interviewed Jno M. Frazier, who was at the springs when Jim McKinney and his family stopped; Dole Miller, A. M. Lasater, Jim Wood, Bud Ham, A. C. Tackett, and others who lived in Parker, Jack and adjoining counties at the time.

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Capture of James and William Ball

During 1866, James Ball, aged nine, and Wm. Ball, his cousin, eight years of age, had been sent from the home of Mose Ball, a few miles north of Decatur, in Wise County, to the pioneer residence of Press Walker, who lived about one mile away. Little Jim left his home alone, and on his way he induced his cousin, Willy Ball, to accompany him to the Walker home for the purpose of borrowing a handsaw. The boys had only gone a short distance, when both were captured by seven Kiowas. The savages were followed, but the citizens were unable to overtake them.

James and Willy Ball were carried by the Kiowas to Council Groves, Kansas, where they were ransomed by the government about one year later.

Ref.: Early citizens of the section and Pioneer History of Wise County, by Cliff D. Cates.

Indian Raid Near the Present Town of Rhome

It was about 1866 that the savages charged Alonzo Dill, in the vicinity of the present town of Rhome, in the southeastern part of Wise County. Alonzo Dill was a considerable distance from his home, and beyond the West fork of the Trinity, when approximately fifteen Indians who were thirsting for human blood, came charging from the nearby timber. Alonzo Dill made a desperate effort to escape, and succeeded by quickly fleeing on his horse toward home. Just as he reached his father's residence, the Indians were close on his heels. But the flashing of his father's gun in the morning sunlight, brought the savages to a sudden halt. When the Indians were unable to draw the fire of Mr. Dill, by making false charges at a considerable distance, they turned and rode away. After Dill arrived safely at this home, although he was unscratched, an arrow was sticking in his hat, and two others in his saddle. Six arrows were found pinned in a tree where Alonzo Dill crossed the river.

Jake Moffett, who lived about three miles east of Newark, had started west of the Trinity. He was killed and scalped by the Indians when he crossed the river at the Cregg Crossing.

The savages then came down to the James Young Place and attacked Smith and Wright, about five miles northeast of Azle. Smith and Wright lived in Denton County, and were returning from Parker or Palo Pinto, where they had been attending a horse-race. Smith was riding a mule, and armed with a shotgun and six-shooter. Wright rode a racehorse, and was unarmed. When they were assaulted, Wright attempted to escape on his racehorses, but in a short time was wounded with approximately thirty-six arrows. Smith, however, retreated into the West Fork bottom, where he was soon surrounded by the savages. The Indians charged him many times, but always remained at a considerable distance. He was unharmed, however, excepting an arrow struck him on the nose. An Indian then laughed, so Smith took deliberate aim at this particular savage and when he shot, the red-man's laughter changed to loud groans, and his companions rushed to his side. The savages then held a short pow-wow, and rode away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: J. B. Sessions, and M. Roe, of Azle.

Further Ref.: Pioneer History of West County, by Cliff D. Cates.

Hostile Indians Charge William and John Hittson and others, North of Old Camp Cooper

June 30, 1866, Jno. Hittson vacated his home at old Ft. Davis, a citizens' fort in Stephens county, and moved to the vacant government building at old Camp Cooper. Here he was soon joined by his brother, Wm. Hittson. Shortly afterwards, the two brothers, accompanied by Jess Hittson, a youthful son of Jno. Hittson, Press McCarty, and Freeman Ward, an ex-negro slave, (who formerly belonged to James Ward), while cow-hunting on Tecumseh Creek, about three miles north of old Camp Cooper, in Throckmorton County, were assaulted by a large band of Indians. Press McCarty, riding a fleet horse, ran away from the others, and when he rode into old Camp Cooper, reported that Wm. and Jno. Hittson and companions had been killed.

During the race for life, the negro, Freeman Ward, dropped his hat, and when he stopped to pick it up, the savages succeeded in crowding him so closely, they ran into the rocks, where his horse fell. Here the negro was quickly slaughtered. Jno. Hittson placed his son, Jess on his horse behind his saddle, for fear that Jess's pony might become unmanageable. Wm. and Jno. Hittson, with Jess behind his father, then ran east about one and one-half miles, until they struck a little cliff along a creek, that emptied into Tecumseh. Here the Hittsons dismounted their horses and sought shelter under the bluff. It was about noon, and they were soon surrounded by a large number of savages. The little cave in the cliff, in which Wm., Jno., and Jess Hittson hid, was only barely large enough to shelter them from the Indian's arrows and rocks that were rolled and shot from above. In a short time the Hittson's horses were killed and the savages succeeded in knocking a sight off of one of their guns, which projected from under the cliff.

During their exciting chase to this cliff, Jno. Hittson was wounded with an arrow in the thigh, and Wm. Hittson received a flesh wound in the hip. Wm., Jno., and Jess Hittson remained in their narrow place of concealment until dark. They then walked into old Camp Cooper about two miles away. Needless to say, their families were joyfully

surprised, for they sincerely felt their husbands and fathers had been killed.

The negro was buried where he fell, and a wire fence today, passes over his grave.

Note: Author personally interviewed Jess Hittson mentioned above, J. B. Matthews, who lived in that section at the time, and who owns the land where this episode occurred; also interviewed Jack and Roy Hittson, sons of Wm. Hittson, W. D. and Ben Reynolds, Jno. Erwin, Lish Christeson, and others who lived in this section of the state at the time.

Further Ref.: The Biographical Sketch of William Hittson, in the Cattle Industry of Texas.

During the fall of 1865, or early in 1866, the savages made a horse-stealing raid on Grindstone, in the western part of Parker County. When their presence was discovered, A. J. (Jack) Gorman, Hen. Blue, G. W. Light, H. L. Moss, Charlie E. Rivers, and two or three others were soon on their trail, which led west, toward the hills, near the present Bennett Brickyard. At first the citizens supposed there were about three or four Indians. But these savages were soon joined by others, and when encountered about one mile north of the Bennett Brickyard, on the Palo Pinto Parker County line, the few whites found themselves confronted by a large number of Indians. The Parker County boys decided to retreat to a more advantageous position. When they did, A. J. (Jack) Gorman, was soon killed and scalped; but the Indians failed to recover his horse.

Gorman was buried in the Soda Springs Graveyard, in Littlefield Bend. Charlie E. Rivers, who was in this fight, was later killed by the Indians, in Jack County.

Note: Author interviewed: Henry Blue, who was in the fight, James and Sam Newberry, Dave and S. F. (Bud) Littlefield, and others who lived in this section at the time.

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John Montgomery

During 1866, Jno. Montgomery, who lived about five miles west and north of Springtown, in Parker County, was going to the Clark Place, about five miles northeast of Springtown, where several local citizens were threshing. While on his way he was charged by several Indians, who gave him a mortal wound. Mr. Montgomery, who was about sixty-five years of age, succeeded in reaching the yard of Jack Thomas, but here he fell dead. This occurred about two o'clock in the afternoon. The Thomas home was north of Springtown, about one hundred yards from the Parker-Wise County line. The savages then went to where the citizens were threshing, and succeeded in capturing several horses.

Note: Author interviewed E. P. Curby Dole Miller and others who lived in that section at the time.

Marion Lasater, Wess Sheek, and Others Fight on the Head of Dry Creek in Parker County

Marion Lasater, Wess Sheek, Jim Williams, Dave Rivers, Bill Fancher, Jim Garrison, and others, started east from old Black Springs, which was in Palo Pinto County, to work the road. After going about four miles, they accidentally came upon an Indian trail, which was followed to the head of Dry Creek in Parker County. The citizens were only armed with six-shooters. But Marion Lasater, Dave Rivers, borrowed shotguns, and two rifles. When the trail had been followed about fifteen miles, the whites slipped by an Indian spy on a nearby hill, and succeeded in making a surprise attack on the Indian while eating dinner. Marion Lasater and James Garrison were about one hundred yards in the lead. When they fired, the Indians jumped up and made a run for their horses. But before the savages were on their steeds. Lasater and Garrison fired a second time, and the Indian spy, who was on a hill about one hundred and fifty yards away, and who had, perhaps, gone to sleep, was now awake, and in Indian fashion yelling, "Yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp," and began throwing his arrows thick and fast. When the savages mounted their steeds, the fight began in earnest, and after the whites had "fired-out," they dropped back to reload. When they did, the pursuing Indians were about to overtake Bill Fancher. So the whites turned on the savages and ran abreast for the purpose of protecting their comrade. The bluff worked well, for the Indians fell back in disorder and, of course, did not realize the guns of the whites were unloaded. When their weapons were again ready for war, the whites made another charge; and when they had "fired-out" again, the citizens retreated. In like manner several charges were made, until the Indians finally made a hasty retreat. Several days later, Scott Fondren found where three or four Indians had been buried in the same grave. So the local citizens felt sure these savages were killed in this particular fight.

Note: Author interviewed: A. M. Lasater, brother of Marion Lasater, James Wood, Jo Fowler, B. L. Ham, and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Jack Counties at the time.

537

Alvin Clark

During the early summer of 1866, the savages were discovered north of Springtown, in the Terrapin Neck Community, near the Parker-Wise County line. Alvin Clark, John Hill, and nine others had followed the Indian trail from the Goshan Community. At the former place E. P. Curby, Jim Curby, Tom Nalls, Jack Gore, Negro Fane, Frank Holden, Curby, and Andy Gore, joined the expedition. After the trail was followed three miles further, the whites found themselves confronted by a large band of savages. It was agreed that the citizens advance and dismount so they could fight the Indians from the ground. Alvin Clark and John Hill, who were in the lead, seemed to have been about the only two to dismount. The Texans discovered the savages had overwhelming numbers, and since a retreat was made by the remaining citizens, Alvin Clark and John Hill found themselves being swept away by an avalanche of Indians. Hill, however, escaped, but brave Alvin Clark was killed.

Note: Author personally interviewed: E.P. Curby, E. W. McCracken, Dole Miller, and others who lived in the northern part of Parker County at the time.

Tipton Seay

Tip Seay, who had been a Confederate soldier, was living on Palo Pinto Creek, about one and one-half miles north of the present town of Santo. During 1866, he lived where the citizens had "Forted-up" for mutual protection, and commonly called "White's Town, and Burnet's Street, Stubblefield's Fort, and Nothing to Eat." Tip Seay, who had married a daughter of Bennie Fulkerson, another resident of this citizens fort, had one child nine days old. Several of the boys had gone to Weatherford to mill, and taken all of the guns. The Indians had stolen Tip Seay's horse. So on the first day of June, 1866, contrary to the wishes of his people, Tip Seay, who was riding a black horse he was breaking for Wm. Porter of Parker County, started to the Rhodes Settlement, in Erath County, to purchase, if possible, another pony. Seay left home about the middle of the week, and told his people he would return the following Sunday. Saturday night, however, news reached his family, that this frontier citizen had never arrived at the Rhodes Settlement.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Bleeker, and their sons George and Calvin, were going to the Mill. They observed unusual Indian signs and Mr. Bleeker remarked that something was wrong. The Indian trail was then followed a short distance. These frontier citizens soon discovered the corpse of Tipton Seay. They were among the first, if not the first to find him. Shortly afterwards, his father, Michael Seay, who was with a searching party, found Tip about one mile south of the Bosley Home, and about six miles southeast of Santo, where he had been slain by the savages.

Signs disclosed the Indians ran him about three hundred yards before he was caught and killed. But the Indians failed to capture his horse.

A grave was dug with sharp sticks. Tip Seay was buried where he was found. But in later years. J. C. Cox, of Santo, and others, who belonged to his company during the confederacy, removed his remains to the Cox Graveyard, in Parker County.

Note: Author interviewed Mrs. W. J. Langley, a sister of Tip Seay; Geo. Hill, who broke the black horse of Wm. Porter, which the Indians

failed to recover; W. J. Langley; Jas. Newberry; C. R. Bradford;
Woodbury Draves, and others who lived in this section at the time.

539

Nathan Holt

About 1866, Nathan Holt and his brother Jackson, were driving two cows and calves, about three miles southwest of the present town of Lipan in Hood County. Nathan Holt was walking, and leading his horse, when several Indians suddenly charged upon them. Jackson escaped, but Nathan was killed.

Note: Author interviewed: James Newberry, and others.

Further Ref.: History of the Regulators and Modulators, by Jno. W. Middleton, History of Hood County, by T. T. Ewell.

540

Pleasant Boyd

During the summer of 1866, Pleas Boyd was herding cattle about two miles south of Lipan, when several savages charged upon him. He was armed with a six-shooter, only two chambers of which would shoot; and the pony he was riding was not exceptionally fast. As a consequence, in his race for life, Pleas Boyd was soon killed.

A short time afterwards, Bidge Gilbert and Frank Hill, who were going to a roundup on the Divide between the Kickapoo and Paluxy, found Pleas Boyd dead and scalped.

Note: Author interviewed: Geo. Hill, James Newberry, and others.

Further Ref: History of the Regulators and Modulators, by Jno. W. Middleton, Archives in the State Library at Austin.

541

Murder of McReynolds

During 1866, McReynolds, who lived near the mouth of Jim Ned on the Pecan Bayou in Brown County about sixteen miles northwest of the present city of Brownwood, had been to Camp Colorado for supplies. He started home and had gone about six miles, was unarmed and riding a slow pony, when charged by several Indians. Many times, local citizens had admonished Mr. McReynolds, he should exercise more caution, but it seems he failed to abide by such advice. This fatal trip proved to be his Waterloo, for when the above point was reached, he was killed and scalped.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Harve Adams, W. W. Hunter, W. C. Gilliland and others who lived in that section at the time.

542

Killing of Grandpa Casin

During 1866, Grandpa Casin, who was eighty years of age and lived with his son, Hen. Casin on Jim Ned in the western part of Brown County. This elderly pioneer had gone to split a few rails. Since he failed to return for his noonday meal, a search was made and Mr. Casin was found where he had been murdered and scalped by the savages. The Indians made a cross with an arrow on his breast.

Note: Author interviewed W. W. Hunter and W. E. Gilliland, who lived in this section at the time.

Indians Attack Camp of Sebe Goens and Others in McCulloch County

Sebe Goens, Burrell Simpson, and a young man named Nabors, who were camped about nineteen miles northwest of Brady, had constructed a corral to catch wild mustang ponies, which roamed in great numbers over the great western plains during the early days. It had rained, and was cold. So the boys built a large camp-fire at their camp near Salt Gap. This fire attracted the attention of Indians, who slipped up and wounded Sebe Goens with an arrow. This arrow penetrated through his blanket. The boys were in bed at the time, but were instantly on their feet. In the fight that followed. Burrell Simpson was also wounded, their horses stolen, and the three citizens compelled to walk to their homes near the present town of Ritchland Springs, in San Saba County.

Note: Author interviewed: Newt Z., and Jasper Brown, who lived in San Saba County at the time.

544

William Willis

William Willis, who lived about twenty miles south and a little west of Hamilton, started to the latter place to attend a frontier celebration, and New Year's party. B. F. Gholson offered to lend Wm. Willis a pony, and advised him not to travel on the mule he was riding. But he refused and started towards Hamilton. When Wm. Willis was within about two miles of his destination, he was charged by several Indians, who succeeded in wounding him several times. Willis' mule stopped after running about one mile, and refused to go further. The savages were so near town they became frightened, and ran away. Wm. Willis died from the effects of his wounds about three weeks later.

Note: Author interviewed: B. F. Gholson, Mrs. Tom Pierson, who saw the Indians chasing Wm. Willis on his mule, and others who lived in that section at the time.

545

Murder of Mr. Jackson

About 1866, Mark Steward, and a Mr. Jackson, who lived on the Burnet and Blanco County line, near Cypress Creek, about fifteen miles southeast of Marble Falls, were out hunting hogs a short distance from the latter's home. The Indians killed Mr. Jackson, but Mark Steward escaped.

Note: Author interviewed: C. Dorbant, an early settler of that section, and one or two others who lived in Blanco County.

Indians Disturb Religious Services in the Terrapin Neck Community

Those interviewed differ concerning the date of this difficulty, but it evidently occurred sometime during 1866. One Sunday morning, Rev. Nehemiah Vernon was conducting religious services in the Terrapin Neck Community, about four miles northeast of the present town of Springtown, when the Indians rushed Sug Brown in the church door. Religious services automatically suspended, and in a very short time, James Sanders, Polk and John Matthews, Elmer Blackwell, James Wimberly, James Kerby, Jack and Andy Gore, and several others were in pursuit of the savages, which could be seen from the church. Unfortunately, however, the whites were poorly organized, and soon fell back in disorder. Indians always acted brave when they saw assailants were scared. It was true in this case. They crowded the retreating whites, and succeeding in giving James Sanders a mortal wound. Jno. Matthews received a painful wound with an arrow in the back, and the enemy shot Polk Matthews with a blunt arrow which penetrated from his face to the back of his head under the skin of his scalp. It became necessary to cut the arrow before it could be extracted. Jim Sanders died about the second or third day after he received his fatal injury.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Dole Miller, E. P. Curby, E. W. McCracken, and other pioneer citizens of this section.

547

William Shephard and Wife

During 1866, Wm. Shephard, wife and baby, who lived on the little Blanco Creek, about eight miles south of Blanco, were returning on horseback from Hays County, where they had been on a visit. They were also accompanied by Tom Huckaby, a boy about fourteen years of age, who was riding a mule. When these citizens were within four miles of their home, the Indians killed Mr. and Mrs. Shephard and their baby, and took Tom Huckaby and his mule to parts unknown, never to return in so far as we have been able to ascertain.

Note: Author interviewed. J. C. Gore, W. P. Gourley, F. C. Kaiser, and others who lived in this section at the time.

548

Killing of Goodhart Near the Kendall-Comal County Line

It was shortly after the close of the Civil War, and about 1866, that Mr. Goodhart was killed by the Indians while working in the cedarbreaks, about eight miles east of Boerne. Goodhart had stopped for dinner, and had led his horses about four hundred yards to water. Here he was killed and scalped by wild men.

Ref: Same as preceding section.

Henry Meier

Henry Meier and his son, Henry Jr., who lived on the line of Gillespie and Kendall county, and who were driving a heavily loaded wagon drawn by five yoke of oxen, started to the home of Hen. Heiligmann, who lived on the Guadalupe River, about nineteen miles southeast of Comfort, and fifteen miles northeast of Boerne. Hen. Heiligmann was a son-in-law of Meier, who was going for a load of cypress timber to be made into shingles. Hen Meier and his son drove about seventeen miles the first day and camped for the night. The next morning the father sent the son to the home of Hen. Heiligmann to notify him to meet Mr. Meier where the timber was to be cut. But Henry Jr. had only gone about 500 yards when he heard his father scream. So he hurried back, and discovered his father was being slain by the savages. The son then hurried on to the home of his brother-in-law for relief. Mr. Meier was shot with several arrows, stripped, but not scalped, and his death occurred July 20, 1866.

Note: Author corresponded with Henry Meier Jr., mentioned above, also interviewed surviving old settlers mentioned in two preceding sections.

550

Capture of Adolph Korn

During 1866 the Indians captured Adolph Korn, son of Lewis Korn, of San Antonio. At the time, Adolph Korn was herding sheep and staying with August Laisester in Loyal Valley about eighteen miles southeast of Mason. Adolph was preparing to eat his noon-day lunch near a small stream, when horses' hoofs were heard. A few seconds later, Indians appeared and carried him to Oklahoma, where he remained for approximately four years before being returned to his people. He was eight years old at the time of his capture and when he returned, had practically forgotten how to speak either English or German.

Note: Author interviewed Mrs. Hanna (Korn) Hey, Adolph's sister.

551

David Cryer

During 1866 David Cryer and Foster, were returning from Bandera to their homes in the Hondo canyon, and were driving a two horse wagon loaded with supplies. When near the Sugar-Loaf Mountain, about ten miles south of Bandera, they were ambushed by about five Indians near the head of a ravine. Cryer, who drove the team, was killed almost instantly, and Foster took the lines and whipped the team down the rocky road in a run. The Indians, who were afoot, gave Foster a close chase, but he successfully reached his home about two miles away. Cryer lived about three days after he was wounded.

Ref: Pioneer History of Bandera County, by J. Marvin Hunter.

552

Thomas Click

During the fall of 1866, Thomas Click, who was on his way from Bandera to the Huffman Ranch, about six miles west of town, was killed by Indians at the crossing of the Medina. He was unarmed, lanced, stripped, and found by his brother, M. G. Click and D. A. Weaver, the next day after his death.

A short time before, and during the same year, Tom Click only barely escaped a band of fleeing savages, who chased him to the home of Jno. A. Jones, on Myrtle Creek, a few miles from Bandera. On this occasion, Tom Click received a severe arrow-wound in his back.

Ref: Same as preceding section.

553

John Schreiber

John Schreiber who lived on the D'Hanis, while out hunting his oxen, during 1866, was killed by savages, about nine miles south of the present town of D'Hanis.

Note: Author interviewed Joe Ney.

554

Rube Smith

Rube Smith, who lived near the Hondo, and about ten miles southeast of the town of Hondo, while hunting stock alone during 1866, a short distance from his home, was killed by the savages.

Ref. Same as preceding section.

Indians Charge R. M. Ware

Richard M. Ware was digging a ditch to irrigate a small place in Onion Creek, about seven miles south of Utopia, and about six miles south of Waresville. He noticed six Indians quietly slipping toward him. Just at the moment one Indian was ready to fire. Richard Ware shot his six-shooter at the savage, who was mortally wounded. In a short time, J. C. Ware, Jowell Findley, and others, who heard the firing, hurried to his relief, but the Indians had already retreated. Mr. Ware was uninjured.

Note: Author interviewed: J. C. Ware, a brother of Wm. M. Ware and others who lived in Uvalde and adjoining counties at the time.

San Saba River Raid During the Summer of 1866

August 5, 1866, the cow men who lived in Menard County and elsewhere, rounded up about five thousand head of cattle, which were herded about ten miles east of old Fort McKavitt. When the day's work was done, Wm. McDougall rode to his home about one and one-half miles to the east of the above post and spent the night. Next morning he saddled his pony and started out alone toward the herd but only went about one mile when several savages charged upon him. Wm. McDougall ran about one mile and swam the San Saba River but was finally overtaken and killed. The Indians, shortly afterwards, came upon Clara Schulenbruger, a stepdaughter of Wm. McDougall. Clara was returning from the garden, which was about one-fourth mile from the house. Miss Schulenbruger was almost home when the Indians reached her, and she had her arms full of cantaloupes. She could not see very well so Clara at first thought the Indians were cow men. Finally she said, "O mother, they will get me." She ran and fell over the fence bars into the yard, and the Indians lanced her just as she went over the fence. Mrs. McDougall, who had not realized her husband was slain and who was unprotected at the home, made all the disturbance possible to cause these savages to think several men were in the house. Mrs. McDougall succeeded in frightening the savages away and saved her wounded daughter from further injury. The Indians on this raid drove away approximately five thousand head of cattle.

During this particular invasion, as well as others, we are inclined to believe that white cow thieves of New Mexico and elsewhere, were cooperating with the savages who stole so many cattle on this occasion. In the first place, the savages had no particular incentive to steal so many stock, and in the second place, Jno. Hittson of Palo Pinto County and others, who were sent to the west for that purpose during the dark days of reconstruction, discovered many Texas cattle in New Mexico. These cattle had been driven away by the Indians, who were no doubt, hired by cow thieves. On these major raids, when such immense herds were captured by the Indians on the San Saba, Pecos and elsewhere, the cattle were so often later found on the great western ranches of New Mexico.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. Ben Ellis, a granddaughter of Mrs. McDougall, J. D. Carlisle, who in company with John Ringer, were the first to find McDougall; Mrs. J. D. Carlisle and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. P. Kruse, Ben Ellis and others who lived in this section of the state at the time and shortly afterwards.

557

Kendall Lofton

During October 1866, Kendall Lofton, who lived in Montague county, and who was on his way to Spanish Fort, had gotten a few miles north of Montauge, when several Indians came screaming toward him. He ran about one mile, and when he reached Red Creek, he left his horse, took up a little branch, and went into a small cave nearby. Here he made the Indians stand back, but he had already been mortally wounded. In a short time, he died. He was buried where he fell.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris, who lived in Montague County at the time.

Further Ref.: Archives on file in the State Library at Austin.

The Box Family

James J. Box, who lived on the head of Elm, in Montague County, near the present city of St. Jo, and who was returning from a trip to Eastern Texas, stopped in Gainesville one week, because of the sickness of his wife. To them a new baby was born, and when the infant was one week old, Mr. Box and family again resumed their journey homeward. James J. Box and wife Mary, and daughters, Margaret, Marzee, Ida, and Laura, the seven days old baby, left Gainesville August the 6, 1866, the same day Wm. McDougall was killed. When they reached a point about three miles east of their home, approximately thirty-two Indians murdered Mr. Box and made captives of his wife and children.

Charlie and Wm. Grant, Jno. Loran, and Zeak Hoffman rode upon a hill to look over the surrounding country, and to their surprise saw seven or eight Indians going toward a wagon. In a short time, other Indians were seen. Thirty-two savages were then counted.

Charlie and Wm. Grant, like their two associates, were only armed with cap and ball pistols, had already discharged their loads at some young frying size turkeys and Loran and Hoffman, were riding young ponies. So the boys decided they were in no condition to charge such a large number of savages. As a consequence they returned to their homes, and conveyed the startling news.

Cherry, accompanied by a Negro named Jack Loran, and, perhaps, one or two others, hurried to the scene where the savages charged the Box family, and discovered where the Indians had opened the feather beds, as usual, for the ticking. They also saw considerable leather on the ground that Mr. Box was bringing from eastern Texas to the local frontier citizens for the purpose of making shoes. So the tragedy had evidently occurred at this place, but up until this time, the body of Mr. Box had not been found. But after riding around the wagon three times, the citizens located Mr. Box lying in the broom-weeds, which were white with feathers.

When the Indians were killing Mr. Box, his wife, Mary Box, and her eighteen year old daughter, Margaret; eleven year old daughter,

Marzee, and seven year old daughter, Ida, in hysterical fright, left the wagon, and were hurrying to and fro in agony, although Mrs. Box was hardly able to be out of bed. With her infant baby hovered to her breast, she was tied on a wild horse, and Mrs. Box, and daughters started on the long journey toward northern Oklahoma or Kansas. Mrs. Box reported that nineteen Indians carried them away, but Charlie Grant stated that thirty-two savages were counted around the wagon. It is possible, however, these other Indians may have gone in a different direction. When they had gone a considerable distance, Mrs. Box's horse appeared to be somewhat fatigued and was slowing down. So a savage punched the animal in the side with a spear, which caused the pony to jump. When he did, Mrs. Box dropped her one week old baby. She then whirled her horse to pick it up, but was prevented by the Indians, who murdered the infant child in the most brutal manner, and before the eyes of its mother, who was already suffering inconceivable agony.

Concerning the experience of Mrs. Box and her daughters while they were in the hands of the savages, we take the following quotation from the History of Montague County, by Mrs. W. R. Potter. Mrs. Box, who afterwards became the wife of Captain Brunson, told the following story of their thrilling experience with the Indians:

"After killing her husband they tied her on a wild horse and speared him to make him plunge. The plunging of the horse caused her to drop her baby. The Indians picked the poor little thing up and killed before her eyes, and took the party on across Red River. There were nineteen Indians in the band. They refused to give Mrs. Box water, although she was so thirsty her tongue was swollen from her mouth. One of her daughters took off her slipper and filled it with water as they crossed a stream. She gave it to her mother. Her mother managed to drink it before the Indians could dash it from her lips. They took a leather quirt and beat the daughter almost to death for this act of kindness to her heart-broken mother. The Indians separated the family, putting them in different camps. The little girl, eight years old, would cry and run after the other members of the family when she would see them. The Indians held her feet to the fire until they were blistered, so she could not follow her mother and sister. It is hard to realize that such

barbarous acts ever took place in this county, but all the cruelties the early settlers suffered at the hands of the Indians will never be known."

Due to the patriotic efforts of F. M. Williams, Gov. J. W. Throckmorton, and others who worked through the Indian agents and military authorities, plans were perfected whereby Mrs. Box and her daughters were ransomed from the savages, a few months after they had been captured. They were in the hands of the Kiowas, who roamed over the Texas Panhandle, western Okla., Kansas, and elsewhere.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Charlie Grant, mentioned above; Geo. Jones, who married a niece of Mrs. Box, and her daughters, several times visited Mr. Jones and his wife, after they were returned from the hands of the Indians. Author also interviewed F. R. McCracken, W. A. (Bud) Morris; Joe Bryant, Joe Savage and others.

Further Reference: A report made by Wm. Fanning, County Judge of Montague County, by Mrs. W. R. Potter, and Hunters' Magazine, October, 1911.

Raid Through Montague, Cooke, and Denton Counties During September of 1866

During the next light moon after the killing of Mr. Box and capture of his family, the savages again appeared. Indians were first discovered about two miles from Red River Station. About two days later a band of savages stormed the citizens' fort near the Head of Elm, in the eastern part of Montague. Three strangers had stopped at the fort, and others were near home for the savages were expected. A few shots were exchanged, and the Indians went about four miles east of the present town of St. Jo., where they came upon and killed James Harris, who was alone, and hunting horses about two miles south of his home. Mr. Harris was killed in the morning.

The Indians next appeared near the mouth of Brush Elm, where they charged Newt Gilbert and his family, and James Courfey, who were moving to Gainesville, and who retreated for protection in the old Shannon home. When the Indians realized they had a fight on hand, they withdrew and turned south until they struck the Forestburg and Gainesville road. In a short time they came upon Andrew Powers and Winfield Williams, about seven miles north of Forestburg, and had started to Gainesville. Andrew Powers, who was riding a mule, was overtaken and killed, but Williams successfully escaped. Shortly afterwards, no doubt, the Indians threw in with another band that was returning from Denton County with a stolen herd of approximately eight hundred head of horses. There were now as many as perhaps sixty-five savage warriors. In a short time, Charlie Grant, Joseph Field, C. Loran, Alex Frazier, and several others struck the Indians' trail.

The Indians then started on their return toward the northwest and passed about one-half mile east of the town of Montague. Here, a second posse of men including Joe Bryant, Jno. McFarland, L. B. White, Jno. Hall, J. M. Grayson and about 20 others, took the Indian trail, and came upon them near the mouth of the Big Wichita. The citizens hid in the tall grass, and a bitter fight followed. Both Indians and whites would rise up out of the tall grass, shoot and then duck down again. Several Indians were supposed to have been killed. The fight lasted until nearly dark, when the whites fell back across the

Wichita. A group of citizens from the Forestburg Community, under the command of Capt. Brines, came along on the trail and discovered where the first posse had stuck up the following note, "Come on, Boys, they have passed this way." Near the mouth of the Big Wichita, they found a second note tacked to a tree. "Turn back boys, they have given us a warm reception."

Note: Author personally interviewed: Joe Bryant, mentioned above, who was in the fight at the mouth of the Big Wichita; Charlie Grant, who trailed the Indians, and others who lived in Montague County at the time.

Further Ref: History of Montague County, by Mrs. W. R. Potter.

Indians Attack the Home of Mr. R. H. Kincheloe.

During October of 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Kincheloe and their children, lived in a picket home about three miles east of Utopia. A Mr. Borland, his wife and children, lived on Mr. Kincheloe's place, about 100 yards away. R. H. Kincheloe and Borland, had gone to the ranch of Jas. B. Davenport, who lived about nine miles to the northwest, for the purpose of helping thresh wheat. Inasmuch as no Indians had been reported for some time, the women folks were left at home unprotected, excepting by a Mexican sheepherder employed by Mr. Kincheloe. Mr. and Mrs. Kincheloe's frontier cabin was not chinked and daubed, and as a consequence, there were cracks within the walls.

Late one evening three Indians appeared near the Kincheloe home, where Mr. Borland and her two daughters were staying while Mr. Borland was away. But the Indians were driven off by four vicious dogs. Again and again, during the silent hours of night, the dogs continued to bark.

Early next morning, three Indians appeared again near the Kincheloe home, and this time roped a horse near the gate. Since the Mexican did not show himself, the Indians soon saw the women and children were unprotected. Somehow the Indians evaded the vicious dogs, and in a short time were charging toward the house. Mrs. R. H. Kincheloe took a seven-shooting Spencer rifle her husband had brought back from the army, and with this she several times caused the Indians to fall back. Mr. Kincheloe had never explained to her just how to manipulate this weapon. So it seems the Indians finally discovered the rifle would not shoot. They ventured closer and closer. John Ella, the sixteen year old daughter of Mrs. Borland, managed to leave the house, jump off a nearby cliff, and hide in the brush. George Ann, a fourteen year old daughter of Mrs. Borland, crawled under the bed where John, Charlie, Buddy, and Eliza Kincheloe, were hiding. When the Indians apparently discovered that Mrs. Kincheloe was unable to shoot her gun, they finally ventured up to the cabin and through the cracks of the wall began driving arrows in her body. Her little son John, who was about seven or eight years old, was doing all he could to pull the arrows out, and at the same

time trying to protect himself under the bed. In a short time, the heroic Mrs. Kincheloe was wounded about twelve times, and when the Indians discovered she had begun to weaken, they pushed open the door. The blood-thirsty scoundrels, not being satisfied with the many wounds they had inflicted in Mrs. Kincheloe's body, speared her under the shoulder. She now handed the gun to Mrs. Borland, whom the Indians shot and almost instantly killed. Mrs. Kincheloe fell upon the dirt floor and it so happened she lay in such a way, her wounds bled outward instead of inward.

After the Indians had gone, little Johnny Kincheloe and George Ann Borland went to the home of a Mr. Snow, who lived on the Sabinal, about two miles away, to convey the sad news. In due time, relief began to arrive, but practically all were of the opinion that Mrs. Kincheloe, who had been so badly butchered, had no chance to recover. But she was brave and told her husband when he arrived, and others, that she was going to get well. We are pleased to report that this heroic frontier mother did recover and lived for forty or more years, but her old scars never ceased to annoy her.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Capt. J. C. Ware, of Waresville, a brother of Mrs. R. H. Kincheloe; also interviewed others who were living in that section at the time. Mrs. McConnell the author's wife, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bryan met Mrs. Kincheloe about twenty-five years ago, at old Dixieland, on the Pecos, and heard her several times personally, relate the story. Further Reference. Texas Indian Fighters, by A. J. Sowell.

561

William Bailey & D. B. Green

December 23, 1866, Wm. Bailey and D. B. Green, two boys about eighteen years of age, who lived on Sandy Creek in Montague County, were out together in search of a pony. When they had gone about one-half mile from the latter's home, both were killed by about eleven Indians. When the boys failed to return they were soon found, and later buried in the same grave.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris and others.

Further Ref: History of Montague County, by Mrs. W. R. Potter, and a report of Indian depredations for the years 1865 and 1866 made about that time, by Wm. Fanning, County Judge of Montague County. This report is on file in the Archives in the State Library in Austin.

562

George R. Bevers Shoots a Indian

It was about the year 1866 that Geo R. Bevers, one of the first settlers of Palo Pinto County, discovered an Indian attempting to break open the locked door of a smokehouse made of logs, which stood about thirty feet behind his dwelling. Mr. Bevers lived near the old Flat Rock Crossing of Big Keechi, about three miles east of the present town of Graford. He took deliberate aim at the Indian, and when the flash of his gun echoed against the silent walls of night, and alone the luxurious Keechi bottoms, the Indian, who may have been wounded, vanished like a dream.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. H. G. Taylor, who at this time, was a grown and unmarried daughter of Mr. Bevers.

Extent of Indian Depredations

Since it was the duty of the Indian agents and Commissioners to attempt to pacify and make more civil the wild uncivilized tribes, it was almost invariably the natural tendency of such agents and commissioners in their reports, to greatly minimize the true extent and magnitude of Indian troubles, for naturally they wanted to indicate as much advancement and progress among the Indians as possible. Nevertheless the following quotation is taken from the reports of Hon. Charles W. Mix, acting commissioner of Indian affairs for the year 1867:

“No doubt many of the charges of the outrages and depredations against them (the Indians), are true. An inveterate prejudice seems to exist among those bands who are not under any treaty obligations against the people of Texas, arising, it may be, mainly from the fact that the country was once owned and peopled by a race (the Mexicans) whom they had never regarded and treated as enemies. They do not seem to have fully comprehended that the annexation of Texas made its people citizens of the United States, whom they were bound to respect as such, and to refrain from acts of hostility or depredations against them. In their unlawful proceedings they receive encouragement from the unprincipled whites and Mexicans who trade with them for ill-gotten gains, especially cattle stolen from the citizens of Texas.”

The status of Indian affairs on the western frontier, were vividly pictured by the report of A. B. Norton, superintendent of Indian affairs of New Mexico, during 1867. From the report which was made August 24 of that year, we take the following quotation:

“Last year on my arrival here I found that an unrestrained commerce was being carried on between the Comanches and the Mexicans, and that thousands of cattle stolen by the Comanches from the people of Texas were being traded for by Mexicans having trade permits from Gen. Carleton and from my predecessor; in fact the territory was filled with Texas cattle. Believing it to be very unjust to the citizens of a neighboring state to encourage such a trade, and in order to stop it, I immediately issued an order revoking all trade

permits, and forbidding anyone to trade with these Indians unless he had a license duly approved by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at Washington. Gen. Carleton acted in concert with me in suppressing this traffic. It was stopped until the ex-commissioner granted licenses for four different citizens, and on those licenses and those granted or sub-let but some of the parties holding them, I am informed that hundreds of these Mexicans were again trading with the Comanches, and matters are as bad as ever. Texas cattle bartered for from these Indians are being scattered all over the Territory. When no cattle or horses are found in the Comanche camp by the Mexican traders, they lend the Indians their pistols and horses and remain at the camp until the Comanches have time to go to Texas and return, and get the stock they desire. What a disgrace that our government should permit this plundering of the people on the frontiers of Texas by the Comanches to be encouraged by her own citizens giving to the Indians a market for their booty.”

During the transitional period, immediately following the Civil War, hostile Indians were more or less unrestricted; for many of the Federal forts were not re-established and re-garrisoned to their full quota, until about two years after the close of the Civil War. Furthermore, not only the Indian authorities, but military commanders and others as well, in Washington and the East, for several years following the Civil War, were under the impression that the Indian depredations were exaggerated. The condition of affairs on the frontier along about this time were vividly pictured by H. H. McConnell, who as a soldier in the regular United States Army, and who was transferred from Pennsylvania to Ft. Richardson, at Jacksboro, Mr. McConnell said:

“The fact that this is a frontier, does not seem to be known to the authorities at Washington, or elsewhere. In 1867, when the blazing dwellings of the pioneers of Texas lighted up the sky from the Red River to the Rip Grande; when desolated homes, murdered women and captured children were evry-day occurrences along our whole frontier, General Sheridan in a report, stated that ‘No Indian difficulties of any importance had occurred in his department; that the Red River was a sort of dead-line over which neither Indian nor Texas dared to cross, owing to the hostility of one to the other.’ And in fact, intimating that the Texas frontiersman was generally the

aggressor – this too, at a time when the garrison at Buffalo Springs was besieged for days by five hundred Indians, and when appeal after appeal had been sent to General Sheridan for arms and ammunition. On the plains, if a colored soldier is killed carrying the mails, telegrams are sent to the associated press, and the great dailies of the country expatiate on the event, and the world is horrified over his death. But here, where the fourth and Sixth Cavalry have been for four years, doing more scouting, more escort, more fighting, more arduous service than any other troops in the army, no credit is given, no one knows of their great service, and both officers and men ‘waste their sweetness on the desert air.’”

Many misinformed people in the East were condemning the pioneer citizens, and openly clamoring for more mercy toward the Indians, when only drastic measures could suppress their constant depredations. This the government finally realized along in the seventies, but not until several hundred citizens had been killed, and millions of dollars worth of property stolen and destroyed. In fact the very guns the government and others were presenting and bartering to the Indians as gifts and presents, about this time were used to slay hundreds of citizens living along the West Texas frontier.

But regardless of the different views of the individuals in the East, in contrast to those who lived along the frontier, it was and remains an undisputed fact that the early citizens suffered most severely in the hands of the savages for at least ten years after the close of the Civil War.

Nathan McDow and Son

Nathan McDow, who lived about five miles north of Alexander, in Erath County, was about one-half mile from his home hauling rails, and was assisted by one son. The two were massacred by Indians and this massacre was fully explained in a letter written by Hon. H. S. Coleman, then County Judge of Erath County, to Gov. J. W. Throckmorton. Hon. H. S. Coleman said:

"Stephenville, Erath Co., Tex.
Jan. 29, 1867

On last Wednesday, the 23rd instant (January), there were two persons, Nathan McDow and son, killed. They were engaged in hauling rails, and were attacked by eight or ten Indians. Another son of Mr. McDow heard them firing from the house, and ran to their rescue. He arrived in time to see the Indians making off, and found his father and brother both dead and scalped.

(signed) H. S. Coleman
County Judge, Erath Co.,"

Mr. McDow and son were buried in the West End Cemetery at Stephenville.

Note: Author found the above letter on file in the Archives at Austin, in the Texas State Library; also interviewed Berry Parr, Ike Roberts, and others who were living in Erath County at the time.

Colonel William C. Dalrymple, and Others, Fight on the Concho

During the fall of 1866, Jacob Schnively, who represented he had discovered rich gold-mines in the region of western Texas, below El Paso and near old Fort Quitman, interested Col. Wm. C. Dalrymple and others, and it was agreed that a party be raised to make an expedition into that section. Consequently, during January of 1867, Col. Wm. C. Dalrymple, Jacob Schnively, Mose Carson, brother of Kit Carson, Tom Jones, Tom Holly, John Koen, Abe Hunter, Warren Hunter, Temp Robinson, W. H. Robinson, A. Whitehurst, Dr. McReynolds, a man by the name of Greenwood, and perhaps others, started out in quest of the fabulous riches in the far west.

When the party was near the North Concho, a trail where many horses had traveled, was discovered by Col. Dalrymple. Others advanced the theory that the trail was made by mustang ponies, hundreds of which ran wild on the great western prairie. Others were of the opinion that the trail was made by a large band of Indians. So during the day, a better discipline was observed. The next day, shortly before noon, approximately 200 Kiowas, and Comanches, came storming toward the small band of frontiersmen. W. H. Robinson, who was a member of this expedition, said:

“And right here I want to say that during the Civil War, then but recently closed, I had participated in fifty-two battles and sieges, and had served under some of the most skilled cavalry officers in the Confederate army east of the Mississippi, but I had never seen a commander handle his troops with the skill and judgment displayed by the Kiowa chief on that fatal occasion. During this hard fought battle which lasted the rest of the day – say from 11 o’clock until after nightfall – this chief’s maneuvers were in full view and his tactics won the admiration of every old ex-Confederate soldier in our little band. Although within easy hearing distance, we never heard him give a word of command; a motion of his hand, the pointing of his long lance, or the flourish of his glittering shield, seemed to have been as clearly understood by his warriors as his words of command could have possibly have been. He was rigged out in all the fanciful toggery of Indian warefare, was mounted on a splendid bay gelding, and seemed to rank the Comanche chief whose costume was less

pretentious and who best rode a beautiful gray.”

Mr. Robinson further said:

“I counted only four guns in their outfit, but several had six-shooters and nearly all carried lances. Each of our men was armed with either an Enfield or a Spencer rifle, and carried from one to two six-shooters, and when the Kiowas charged up within reach, we began to empty their old saddles, but the chief, with admirable tact and courage held his men down to their work, at the same time employing his shield to ward off the many shots fired at him. ‘Shoot that chief,’ was the cry raised by our men, but he seemed invulnerable behind that shield. During the heat of the action and at the most critical time, Captain Schnively lost his head and shouted to the men, ‘Dismount and fight on foot,’ but some of the men cursed him for being a fool. Hearing Schnively’s order, and the curses of the men, Col. Dalrymple roared out, ‘Stay on your horses, my boys; draw your pistols and we’ll charge ‘em. Come on; follow me;’ and with a yell we went right in among them shooting right and left, and the savages broke and scattered. As we charged in among them, Tom Jones’ horse was killed and as he fell, Jones recovered his feet just in time to parry the thrust of a lance in the hands of a big Indian mounted on a splendid horse. Seizing the bridle reins, Jones shot the Indian and mounted his horse.”

During this charge, the beautiful gray steed of the Kiowa chief was riding, was killed, but the chieftain again marshalled his forces and made another desperate charge. These veteran frontiersmen, who were calm and considerate, waited until the savages were within about thirty feet before they fired. When they did, several feathered Indian warriors fell dead. A third time the Kiowa chief rallied his forces, and made another desperate charge, and this time, he lost more red-men than before. A large number of savages then concealed themselves nearby and shot a shower of arrows into the air to fall down upon the heads of the handful of frontiersmen, but a strong wind swept most of these instruments away. Shortly afterwards, a savage was discovered creeping through the grass, in an attempt to recover the body of one of his dead comrades, but within a few seconds later, his lifeless and feathered form also lay oblong. In the lingering light of a fastly departing day, a savage shooting effectively from behind some rocks, with an Enfield rifle,

was also soon silenced of his disturbance, Concerning this Indian, W. H. Robinson said:

“I had tried several times to pick him off, and had failed, but finally I got the distance down fine, and drew a bead on the little opening in the boulder where he stuck his head. When he raised to fire, and when his black noggin darkened this opening, I pulled the trigger and my shot knocked the whole top of his head off. When the ball struck him, he made a wild leap, fell over the ledge, and rolled to the base of the bluff. This silenced a long range Enfield, but not until about half of our horses were killed.”

The next day the expedition, now afoot, for the citizens had been robbed of all of their horses, and provisions, were traveling toward the ranch of Frank Tankersley, on Dove Creek, near where the famous Dove Creek Fight was fought. But before Col. Darlymple and his men reached their destination, they met Rich Coffey, and his party, who were on their way to the salt lakes on the plains. He partly supplied the impoverished prospectors, who shortly afterwards disbanded.

The Second Expedition of Col. Wm. C. Dalrymple and His Men, and the Fight of Cowmen on the Little Concho

Col. C. Dalrymple and his men were not dismayed by their experience on their first expedition, so they again agreed to attempt to reach the fabulous mines of gold in the far west. Old fort Concho was their place of rendezvous.

Before all had arrived, B. F. Gooch, of Mason, and his men, came by with about 500 cattle, which they were driving to New Mexico. Col Dalrymple's command related their previous experience, and invited Gooch to wait, and move with them. But he decided to risk the dangers, and pushed on. Shortly afterwards, I. W. Cox, and his eight or ten men, came along moving about four hundred head of cattle to New Mexico. They were accompanied by a man and his wife, who were moving west. When Ben F. Gooch and his men reached the head-draws of the Little Concho, they encountered a large number of savages and in the fight that followed several of his men were killed. Ben Gooch, himself, escaped by running into the brush. The savages, true to their well known intrigues, when they dared not enter the thick timber, proposed to have Mr. Gooch to come out and have a talk, and proposed to be friendly. But he was too wise for them, and afterwards said he was not making any new acquaintances at that time. The Indians finally went away and left him alone, for they did not like the looks of his double-barrel shotgun and two six-shooters.

The man and his wife were moving to Fort Sumner. When the Gooch outfit was attacked, the travelers sought refuge in one of the wagons, and were joined by another cowhand. After dark some object was seen quietly slipping around to the rear, and thinking perhaps, it were a savage, the men fired, and shot a hole through the ear of one of their comrades. Along toward day, these three men and a brave woman, abandoned the wagon, and quietly stole their way back to Fort Concho, which they safely reached after having suffered untold hardships.

The Cox outfit was also stormed by the savages when they reached the Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos. For three days they were

besieged by the Indians, but it so happened that Col. Dalrymple and his men, who were following Cox's trail, came along in time to save them. When the savages saw these approaching prospectors under the command of Col Dalrymple, they dashed away, like wild prairie dogs. The Indians took the Cox cattle on into New Mexico, where they, no doubt, fell into the hands of either American or Mexican cow thieves.

This time the prospectors reached their destination, but failed to find the fabulous wealth they were told was hidden in the wild mountains of the west.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. Hunger, whose father was in the expedition; and two or three others who lived on the western frontier at the time. Further reference: Hunter's Frontier Magazine, July 1917. Pioneer Days in the Southwest, which contains the reminiscences of Mrs. Mary A. Nunnaley, a daughter of I. W. Cox, mentioned above, and Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas. But Mr. Wilbarger erroneously placed the fight, mentioned in the preceding section, in the Wichita Mountains.

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Frank Coonis

We are not sure when Frank Coonis encountered the savages, but it will be reported at this time. The preceding day, he and his father-in-law, who lived near Greenwood, lost some horses. So Frank left home alone for the Hickory Plains, where some horses were supposed to have been recovered from the savages. But somewhere near the ranch house, in which he ran, he was charged by Indians, and the empty chambers of his six-shooter disclosed that he had fought them a brave fight. When he failed to return, home, however, William Weatherby Sr., I. Copeland, Jim Cooley, and, perhaps, one or two others, found him dead in the old vacant Keep Ranch House, in the western part of Denton County.

Ref.: Page 190 Pioneer History of Wise County, by Cliff D. Cates, and W. A. Morris of Montague County.

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Indian Fight in the Edge of Jacksboro

It was about the year 1867 the savages appeared at the home of Jack Cooper, who lived on the outskirts of the frontier town of Jacksboro. Mr. Cooper, at the time, was away, but his boys exchanged several shots with the Indians who were attempting to steal horses locked in a stable. H. C. (Coon) Cooper received a wound in his shoulder, and much blood indicated that one of the savages was also wounded.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Ed. Wohlforth, A. M. Lasater, B. L. Ham, James Wood.

Further Ref.: Five Years a Cavalryman, by H. H. McConnell.

Indians Encountered on the Peveler Ranch

During 1867, several shots were exchanged with the Indians at the Peveler ranch, on Salt Creek near where this stream was crossed by the Jacksboro-Belknap road. The Indians, succeeded in driving away several hobbled horses. But Geo. Hunter, who heard the shots, hurried to the house, and when he arrived, Lewis Peveler said, "Let me have your horse and I'll get those horses back." He hurried over the hill and told the other boys to follow. Lewis Peveler had only gone a short way, however, when he came upon seven savages cutting the hobbles from one horses' feet. Here he took deliberate aim at the nearest Indian, who fell forward on his steed when Lewis Peveler fired. A second Indian dashed backwards and began to fire. Lewis Peveler now dropped back over the ridge to meet the remaining boys whom he thought were coming afoot. Shortly afterwards Grub Hines and Carr Hunt, who were coming to the Peveler ranch, met six savages and it was supposed the seventh one had been killed by Lewis Peveler.

Note: Before writing this and the following section, the author personally interviewed F. M. Peveler, a brother of Lewis Peveler. F. M. Peveler took horses to the Peveler Ranch shortly after this occurred.

Indian Boy Captured at the Peveler Ranch

About two weeks after the preceding encounter, the batching cowboys at the Peveler Ranch were disturbed by the continual barking of the dogs. Lewis Peveler, Champ Farris, Bill Farris, and perhaps, one or two others, went out in the yard to ascertain, if possible, what was causing the disturbance. Champ Farris could speak Spanish, the language that was more or less spoken and understood by many of the Indians. After being outside only a short time, they were surprised to hear an Indian boy say he was sick, had no weapons of war, and wanted something to eat. This Indian boy voluntarily surrendered, and proved to be a walking skeleton. He said he had been abandoned by his comrades several days before, when they made a raid, perhaps, through Jack County, and that he was now on the verge of starvation. This boy was humanely treated, properly fed, and in a short time, completely recuperated.

After the Indian youth was captured, and when on one occasion he and some of the Pevelers spent the night at the home of Martin Lane and his people, the Indian boy remarked that he had seen Martin Lane before. He was then asked when and where. The youthful Indian replied that for some time he sat on a hill and watched Martin Lane and other boys take a swim. The Indian also described the time and place accurately. Martin Lane laughed and said about that time and in a place similar to that described by the Indian, he, John H. Williams, John Lasater, John Peters, and others, were, in fact, in swimming on Keechi, in the southern part of Jack County. No doubt, they were watched by this same Indian boy, who finally found his way to the Peveler Ranch in a starved and feverish condition. This boy was later placed in the hands of Geo. Barnard, who gave him proper attention, sent him to school, and later sent him across Red River to receive his allotment.

Note: Before writing this, and the above section, the author personally interviewed F. M. Peveler, a brother of Lewis Peveler. F. M. Peveler took horses to the Peveler Ranch shortly after this occurred.

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Murder of McWaits

At one time, McWaits and Rixey lived near where Palo Pinto, Stephens, and Young Counties joined. At another time, Dutch Franks batched with McWaits. But in 1867, McWaits batched alone in Veale's Hollow, near the old Bingham Salt Works, and near the northeastern part of Stephens County. One morning while he was grinding corn with an old-fashioned, two handled corn mill he was killed. He was not found for two or three days, but moccasin tracks were discovered. So it has been generally supposed McWaits was killed by Indians. Others, however, have surmised this deed was done by whites.

Note: Author interviewed: J. A. Bozzell, C. A. Dalton and B. J. Thompkins, who lived in this vicinity at the time, and shortly afterwards.

The Exciting Chase of Mrs. Mose Hurley

Mose Hurley had gone to a ranger camp about one mile from his home, which was on Green's Creek, about thirteen miles west of Stephenville. Mrs. Hurley was about six miles away from home and riding a race horse called 'Baldy.' She saw several horses down the road and being suspicious, turned and started the other way. About that second, several Indians dashed out of the brush toward her, and the exciting race for life began. But Mrs. Hurley was too fast for them. She dashed down the road at lightning speed, and soon safely reached her home, or the home of a neighbor. When her husband arrived, a short time afterwards, she related her experience. Whereupon he again returned to the ranger camp, and informed the scouts of the presence of the savages. The rangers were soon on the trail of the Indians, who were overtaken after they had gone three or four miles; and in the fight that followed, several of their number killed.

Accounts differ concerning this episode. Two reports state that Mrs. Hurley's horse was stolen after she jumped from her steed and ran in to the house, and that this animal was recovered during the fighting or shortly afterwards. Nevertheless, old 'Baldy,' the race-horse, remained a favorite in the Hurley family for several years afterwards.

Note: Author personally interviewed and was furnished with a written account of this episode by W. H. Fooshe, a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Mose Hurley, Ike Roberts, W. C. McGough, Mrs. Sarah Jane Keith, and others who lived in Erath County at the time.

Murder of Miss Ann Whitney, Mr. Standley and Wounding and Capture of Others

As usual there is a slight variation between different accounts of this particular raid. Nevertheless, all reports are substantially the same, and every effort has been made to obtain the most accurate information.

A new school building had been constructed in Warlene Valley, about 75 or 100 feet south of the Leon River, and about seven miles northeast of Hamilton. Miss Ann Whitney was the first school teacher. The building was constructed of unfinished logs, and conformed to the usual frontier architecture. The furniture and floor of the school building were also constructed of unfinished timber, and it was possible to lift some of the logs of the floor, and crawl under the house. Since the schools during those days were taught in the summer, the buildings were well ventilated because of the large cracks between the picket walls. This school building had a door in one end, and a window in the other.

The following pupils were among those who attended Miss Ann Whitney's school: Olivia Barbee, Jane Amanda and John Kuykendall, Wm. Baggett and sister, Mary Jane and Louis V. Manning, Grabiella and Alex Power, John H. Cole, and some of the Gann, Dean and Massingill children and, perhaps, some others.

Olivia Barbee, the twelve year old daughter of John Barbee, lived eleven miles away, but was boarding near the school. The day of this awful tragedy, which occurred July 11, 1867, Olivia Barbee was expecting her father and his cowhands. About two o'clock in the evening of the above day, Grabiella Power, who happened to be looking out the door, saw in the distance several men whom she thought to be Indians. But since Mr. Barbee was expected, Miss Ann Whitney ordered Grabiella to take her seat, and told her it was only cowmen. Grabiella, however, could not be misled and a few seconds later took another look, and cried out, "They are Indians." She then took the hand of her little brother, Alex Power, jumped out the window and hurried to the roughs along the river, only a short distance away. Miss Ann Whitney was not sufficiently aroused to go

to the door and to her surprise, she saw several Indians untying Mary, her faithful horse. Miss Whitney had previously several times said, "When they take Mary, my horse, I want them to take me also." She then closed the door, which had been opened because of the warm summer weather. Most of the children were now climbing out of the window, and hurrying to the rough and rugged breaks and banks along the river. But Mary Jane Manning clung to the clothes of her teacher, who boarded with Mr. and Mrs. Ezekial Manning, parents of Mary Jane. Olivia Barbee said, "Let's get under the floor." So Olivia and Louis V. Manning lifted up a log and crawled under the house. John H. Cole, John Kuykendall and his sister also remained in the house. John Kuykendall's sister hid behind something in the corner of the room.

Only four of the Indians came to the school to do their deadly work. But miraculous things often happen to turn the tide during times of distress, and it so happened on this occasion. The savages discovered a Mr. Standley and his family, who were moving in an ox wagon, about one mile away. They also discovered Amanda Howard and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Vol Howard, who happened to be horseback riding in the valley, thought the Indians were cowmen and approached within a few hundred yards of the Indians before they realized their mistake. This three-cornered affair, no doubt, created much excitement among the savages as well as the citizens, and prevented a much greater tragedy at the little school house.

But the four Indians came on up to the frontier school and began to drive their arrows through the cracks of the walls into the very vitals of Miss Ann Whitney. Fortunately none of the arrows struck little Mary Jane, who still clung to Miss Whitney's clothes. But she was being stained with blood issuing from Miss Whitney's body. One of the Kuykendall boys received a severe arrow wound, either before or after he left the little building. In a very short time, Miss Whitney had about twelve arrows driven into her body, and when she began to sink to the floor, Mary Jane Manning released her clothes, jumped out of the window, and also ran for the river. About this time the Indians began to beat on the school door to perfect an entrance, and after they did, little Louis V. Manning, whom the author interviewed, about two hours ago, became excited, came out from under the floor, and was again in the school room. When he saw what was

transpiring, made a dash for the window and accidentally ran down the banks of the Leon into the very arms of Mary Jane, his sister, who held him closely to her bosom.

The Indians entered the school room to finish their deadly work, and found Miss Whitney already dying with approximately eighteen arrows buried deeply into her feminine form. During this entire ordeal, eye and ear witnesses said that Miss Whitney never murmured excepting she pleaded and prayed that the savages spare her children. A warrior on the outside discovered Olivia Barbee, who was hidden under the house, and was in the act of placing her on his horse when he was called on the inside by the warrior who first opened the door, and who was already on the inside of the little school. When the second Indian went on the inside, this gave Olivia an opportunity to run away. The poor girl had been so frightened, it seems she became somewhat deranged and wandered so far away, was not found until the succeeding day. According to reports, this poor child had almost gone wild. John Massingill Sr., who found her, had to run Olivia down. But kind and proper treatment restored her to normal condition. Little John Massingill, who remained in the house, was made a prisoner and carried into captivity. John H. Cole, also remained in the house, and when the Indians retired from the schoolroom, John H. Cole went through the window and hurried to the high banks of the Leon, where many of the remaining children were hidden. The savages now hurried back toward their main command, who, no doubt, were already charging Mr. Standley and his family and pursuing Amanda Howard and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Vol Howard.

John H. Cole, who was in the house until after the Indians left, and who saw the savages lead John Kuykendall away, stated one of the men with the Indians wore a big broad hat and appeared to be either a Mexican or white man. According to the reports of others, the mysterious redheaded man again made his appearance. But we are not inclined to believe that a former sweetheart of Miss Ann Whitney was with the savages, as has been reported.

Let us turn our attention now, to Mr. Standley and his family, who were traveling in an ox-wagon, about one mile away. Mr. Wilbarger, in his book entitled, Indian Depredations in Texas, no doubt,

erroneously called Mr. Standley, Mr. Stangeline. Many are there today who will say the author is incorrect when he calls the stepfather of Ben and Mollie Underwood, Mr. Standley. About thirty years ago Mr. A. J. Sowell wrote an account of the killing of Miss Ann Whitney, and his story was published in the Houston Post. In 1902 it was republished in the Hamilton Rustler, and again reproduced in the Hamilton Herald and Hunter's Magazine, during November of 1911. Mr. Sowell closely followed Mr. Wilbarger, and again called Mr. Standley, Mr. Stangeline. As a consequence of these and other accounts, it seems that many local citizens at the present time, are of the opinion that this man was named Mr. Stangeline, and will resent any statements to the contrary. But we have two written reports from Mrs. Mollie (Underwood) Cargile, who was about eight years of age when this tragedy occurred, and who several times said her stepfather was named Mr. Standley. Only recently an honest old pioneer insisted that Mr. Standley was named 'Stangeline.' And he may have been correct. But if he were, Mr. Standley's own step-daughter was incorrect, for we have her letter stating her stepfather was named Standley. And when we showed this letter to the gentlemen, who insisted Mr. Standley was named 'Stangeline,' he said, "I was raised in Hamilton County, was at the school when Miss Ann Whitney was killed and like most everybody else who lived in Hamilton County during the early days, thought this man was named 'Stangeline'; and you never could have convinced me I was wrong had you not had that letter." This reference is made only to indicate the efforts we have made to present each story as correctly as possible.

At the time, Mr. Standley and his wife, Mrs. Ruth Standley; daughter by a former wife, Mary Standley, aged about nine; Dora Standley, a child of Mr. and Mrs. Ruth Standley, aged about one; and his step-children, Mollie and Ben Underwood, eight and six respectively, were moving in an ox-wagon and horseback from Hog Creek, in Coryell County, to a place on the Leon, in Hamilton, about four miles from where Mr. Standley was killed.

Since there were approximately eighteen Indians participating in this particular raid, it is entirely possible, and perhaps probable, that some of the savages were already headed toward the wagon of Mr. Standley, before the Indians had retired from the school house. Nevertheless, about the time the savages ceased their depredating at

the little log school on the Leon, the red warriors came charging toward the travelers, all of whom were traveling in the ox-wagon, except Mollie Underwood and Mary Standley, who were riding horseback. Mr. and Mrs. Standley, their baby, Dora Standley, and Ben Underwood, were traveling in the wagon, drawn by one yoke of oxen. Mr. Standley, however, was walking and driving the oxen. When the Indians arrived, they quickly did their dirty work. Mr. Standley was mortally wounded, and climbed up in the wagon where he died a short time afterwards. Mrs. Standley and her baby girl, were wounded with a gun. Mary Standley, the nine year old daughter of Mr. Standley, was shot through the waist with an arrow, which made her fall from her horse. The reports of the guns so excited the horse of Mollie Underwood, he carried his rider completely away, and, no doubt, saved her from being either killed or captured. Little Ben Underwood, who was riding on the wagon, crawled in under the household furniture, and apparently was not found by the savages.

Mr. Standley soon died, but Mrs. Ruth Standley, her baby girl and step-daughter, Mary Standley, in due time, recovered from their wounds.

As previously stated, Miss Amanda Howard and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Val Howard, were horseback riding in the valley only a short distance from the schoolhouse, when the Indians appeared. Amanda Howard, at the time, was breaking a bronco pony that had not been ridden a great number of times, and her sister-in-law riding another horse, assisted her. When the Indians reached the schoolroom, they divided, and one bunch charged after these brave girls, who fled toward the home of Mr. Baggett, only a short distance away. When this place was reached, some of the Indians were directly upon them. Amanda Howard whipped her wild pony and made him jump the fence into Mr. Baggett's yard. But her sister-in-law was not quite successful, for her horse refused to follow; and when he reached the fence, made a sudden dash to the side, throwing Mrs. Val Howard into Mr. Baggett's yard. Mr. Baggett hurried out with his gun, and the savages made a hasty retreat.

But before the Indians were hardly out of sight of Mr. Baggett's home, the heroic Amanda Howard dashed away on her horse to seek relief for the distressed school children, the family of Mr. Standley and to

prevent, if possible, further outrages by the Indians. To make this dangerous drive, it became necessary for Miss Amanda Howard who was about seventeen years of age, to pass very near the hostile savages, but this she did and bravely. Again she was pursued by the savages, who made every attempt to stop her. Providence, however crowned her with success and before the Indians had finished their bloody work, brave Amanda Howard reached the home of J. B. Manning, and there related the news. She then hurried on to the Power's home, and then to the home of Elisha Manning, where Elisha Manning, J. B. Manning, and Alex Power were making sargum. She hurried on to the homes of Mr. Snow and Mr. Hendricks, who sent his son Abe to the Pearson Ranch for bloodhounds. And as quickly as possible the citizens not only hurried to the relief of the distressed children along the Leon River, but were soon on the trail of the savages to recover, if possible, little John Kuykendall, whom the Indians had carried away, and to reprimand the demons for their dastardly deeds. For about three days they followed the trail. But the feet of the blood hounds were so sore, they were bleeding, and both citizens and horses were so fatigued it became necessary to return to their homes.

There is no praise too high for the heroic Amanda Howard, who not only twice decoyed the hostile savages away from the little log schoolhouse and ox-wagon of Mr. Standley, but also spread the alarm in the surrounding settlements. This of course, caused the Indians to make a hasty retreat for fear they would be overtaken by the citizens whom they well knew would soon be on their trail. No doubt, the presence of Miss Amanda Howard and her sister-in-law near the school house when the Indians first appeared, and the subsequent ride of Amanda on her wild pony, saved the lives of several pioneer people and prevented the wild men of the plains from carrying others into captivity.

The highest praise is also due Miss Ann Whitney, who forfeited life in the hands of the hostile Indians for the sake of saving children. John Kuykendall, who fell into the hands of the Indians, was carried into Oklahoma, where he remained for nearly two years, but finally recovered. Mrs. Hogue Pierson, of Hamilton County, was only one at that time, who took the Galveston News, and in papers she read where John Kuykendall had been sold by the Indians. Consequently

she the news to Mr. Kuykendall, who went after his son. When John was returned, not unlike nearly all Indian captives, he had acquired a desire for the roving life, and longed to return to Oklahoma where he could again join the wild men. He also acquired many of their traits of character.

About one week before the death of Miss Ann Whitney, she spent the day at the home of Mr. Pierson, and while there, suggested that they send Tom Pierson to school. Mrs. J. H. Pierson replied that she would like to, but was afraid Indians would charge the school some day when least expected, and so they did.

Note: Before writing this section, author personally interviewed: John H. Cole, and Louis V. Manning, mentioned above, and who were in and under the schoolhouse when the Indians appeared. Author also corresponded with Mrs. Mollie (Underwood) Cargile, whose runaway horse carried her safely out of the hands of the savages, when her step-father, Mr. Standley, was killed and the others wounded. Also interviewed Tom C. Pierson, B. F. Gholson, Geo. White, and others who lived in Hamilton and adjoining counties at the time. Due to the exhaustive study we have made of this and other frontier conditions, we are prone to believe this is as correct a version of the raid in Warlene Valley as can, and has ever been written.

Fight Near the Home of Ben Beech in Erath County

After the Indians had been discovered passing through the hills toward Motheral Gap, going northwest with a heard of stolen horses, Ben Beech, J. H. F. Skipper, and his son, John, Wm. Gillentine, James Woodman, James Carahey and son, John, were soon on the savages' trail. The Indians were overtaken about one mile southwest of the home of Ben Beech, who lived about ten miles east of Stephenville. This was in 1867, and about ten o'clock at night. A short skirmish followed. But in a few moments, the Indians cut their herd of horses in two, dropped a part, and retreated with the remainder. Approximately ninety head of horses were recovered.

The succeeding day the citizens again followed the Indians' trail, and the savages who would not fight, were overtaken somewhere in the Palo Pinto Mountains. The remaining horses were recovered, but it is not unlikely the savages made another raid elsewhere, and recovered another stolen herd before returning to their wigwam city somewhere in the Northwest.

Note: Author interviewed: Ben Beech, and one or two others who lived in this section at the time.

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Experience of Giles Gordon

During 1867, several Indians charged Giles Gordon, who lived in Montague County, and who was out a short distance from home, looking for cows. After being wounded two or three times, the savages attempted to pull him from his horse, but he made his steed brush next to a tree on the side where the Indian was holding, and this caused the savage to release his grip. Before Giles was again overtaken, his father, Alvin Gordon, and one other, hurried to his relief. The Indian then turned and went away.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. A. Morris and Joe Bryant.

Indian Raid in Brown and Coleman Counties

During 1867, after exchanging shots with Indians in the Trickham Community, the Indians went seven miles farther east and appeared at the home of Brooks Lee, who then lived on Clear Creek in Brown County, about three miles northwest of the present town of Brooks-Smith. Mr. Lee was away and when the Indians began to fire at the house, Mrs. Lee took her children, slipped out of their little log cabin, went down the bank of the creek which was nearby, and hid in the brush. The Indians then pilfered and plundered through her house, took such articles that attracted their attention and left without doing further damage. The savages then went to the homes of Ben Smith, Ben Goats and Mrs. Lindsay, all of whom were away. But in each case, the Indians stole not only horses, but such other property that seemed to suit their fancy.

Note: Author interviewed G. H. Adams, who was in the community at the time.

Oliver Loving and His Last Overland Drive

Oliver Loving was one of the most picturesque and venturesome of all the early pioneers, scouts, and plainsmen; and the movements of his immense herds over the great western prairies presented one of the most dramatic, and spectacular scenes displayed in the early western drama of conquest.

The great adventurer came to Palo Pinto County, during the fall of 1855, and erected his pioneer log cabin in Loving Valley, about two miles north of the present town of Salesville. It was not long before he became one of the most noted, and well-known of the early cowmen, and was soon moving immense herds over the great western prairies to Colorado, Illinois, and, perhaps, other points. These he did before the secession of the Southern States.

About one year after the arrival of Oliver Loving, there came to Palo Pinto County the venerable Chas. Goodnight, another famous frontiersman, who settled near old Black Springs in Palo Pinto County.

After the close of the war between the States, these men had no markets for their cattle, so they decided to push out toward New Mexico and the northwest. Goodnight and Loving threw their cattle together, left old Ft. Belknap for Ft. Sumner, during 1867, and followed the former route they traveled with their longhorn herds on previous occasions. Concerning this trip, Col. Chas. Goodnight, said:

“Loving and I started on our third drive, but our fortunes changed from the very start. While he halted for the night, near Camp Cooper, the Indians attacked us, shooting one man in the head with an arrow, but not fatally. I had here, a narrow escape. Very tired by our day’s hard ride, I was sleeping on a buffalo robe by the fire, and an arrow sent with all the force of a strong bow, struck the edge of the robe deflecting sufficiently to pass under me, barely missing my body.”

The man wounded was Long Joe Loving, and the arrow was so deeply imbedded in his body, it took two men to hold him while others extracted the weapon.

There were about sixteen men in the outfit, and with their cattle, Oliver Loving and Chas. Goodnight, pushed on toward the Horsehead crossing of the Pecos. Chas. Goodnight said:

“The Goodnight-Loving outfit trailed on, past the haunted ruins of Fort Phantom Hill, through Buffalo Gap, in sight of the buffalo soldiers, negro troops – at Fort Chadbourne, and then for forty miles up the Middle Concho River to its headwaters.

“At the headwaters the outfit paused to put a good fill on the cattle.” Then in the late afternoon, with the herd pointed straight for the setting sun, began the dry drive of ninety-six miles across the alkali desert to the Pecos. Oh, reader, forget, the automobile! Forget the stage coach! Think only of the creeping gait of 2000 mixed cattle – great, shaggy, mossy-horned steers at the lead and then back in the drag, sore-footed doggies and gaunt cows. It took three nights and three days to make that drive, and during the time no man slept save to doze on horseback. Three hundred head of cattle perished of thirst along the way.

“There were alkali lakes just east of the Pecos and cattle mad with thirst had to be guarded from them, else they would drink the caustic waters and die.

“There is no animal like the mule, for smelling water, but cattle could easily smell the Pecos for seven or eight miles. If the wind was right they could smell it farther. When once they fairly sensed it, all hands were required to hold them back. Before we got in good smelling distance I always plucked a few hairs from my horse and dropped them into the air to see which way the breeze was blowing. Then I veered the herd so as to miss the scent of the alkali water.

“And so the Goodnight-Loving herd trailed for the Horsehead Crossing and far a cattle market somewhere beyond. The mocking mirages glittered. The water kegs were sucked dry and the staves shrunk apart. Alkali dust cut lips and air passages of the head like sprayed brine. Then at last there was the Pecos, clean and swift and clear.

“As the cattle neared the water,” says Colonel Goodnight,, “they had no sense at all, and we had to hold them back as best we could. When they reached the stream, they swam across and then doubled back without stopping to drink. That drive made the wildest old steers as gentle as dogs.

“A pause for a little sleep and rest, grazing of horses and cattle, bathing of men and washing of clothes and saddle blankets, and the trail blazers moved on. The route from here on followed up the Pecos, west and north.”

A short time after the Loving and Goodnight outfits reached the Pecos, they were attacked by a band of savages, who succeeded in "driving away approximately 360 head of cattle. But the cowmen pushed on up the river and after traveling for 100 miles or more, and no more Indians seen, Oliver Loving decided to leave the herd and hurry to Ft. Sumner, among other reasons, to arrange if possible, a sale of the cattle, for it was now June and the beef contracts were to be let in July at Santa Fe. So somewhere on the upper Pecos, not many miles from the New Mexico line, Oliver Loving, accompanied by W. J. Wilson, also an early settler of Palo Pinto County, whom Charlie Goodnight termed "The coolest man in the outfit," left the herd and started on toward Ft. Sumner, the gateway to the great western towns of New Mexico.

We shall again place Col. Chas. Goodnight before the microphone, and let him relate the experiences of these seasoned veterans of the plains. Mr. Goodnight:

"The first day they rode, brought them to and across the Rio Sule, or Blue River which flows out of the extreme east end of the Guadalupe Mountains. After crossing the Sule the trail crosses a table land or plains for sixteen or eighteen miles, and when they had reached within four or five miles of the Pecos River, Wilson observed a large body of Indians charging them, from the southwest. 'They immediately quit the trail taking the shortest course to the breaks of the river where the plains break off very abruptly. Upon reaching the river they found a small sand-dune, covered with mesquite brush to which they tied their horses - the river bank being four or five feet high. The Indians numbering about six hundred, soon surrounded

them. They stood them off until near sundown, the Indians being able to reach them from one course only, that being from right across the river. This they kept clear with their guns; each one having two six-shooters and Wilson having a six-shooting rifle and Mr. Loving having a Henry rifle, which carried sixteen or eighteen shots. Late in the evening the Indians called for a parley, in the Spanish language - Wilson understanding some of the language.

"Wilson told Loving if he could watch and keep the Indians from shooting him in the back (as many of the Indians were in the brush just below them) he would go out and have a parley and see what he could do. They did so and while Loving was standing guard behind Wilson, the Indians fired from shelter just below with a large calibre rifle, breaking Loving's arm at the wrist and also inflicting a bad wound in the side, which he then thought fatal. This wound however, proved not to be very serious.

"When the Indians fired this shot proving that they had not kept their truce, Loving and Wilson stepped back behind the band and the sand-dune and kept them until between midnight and day.

"Loving believing he would die from his wounds, told Wilson to make an effort to get away, though it seemed all but impossible; and if the Indians had not already got me and the herd, to give me his message. First to get word to his family where and how he died; and that he would keep the Indians off if he could until I would get there, imagining me to be much closer than I was, as I had laid over a day or two resting the cattle. But to tell me also that before being captured alive, and tortured as he knew they would do, that he would kill himself, and that if he would try to do so, by falling in the river. But if they quit him, he would go two miles down the river and await my coming. As before stated the Indians could only reach him from one source, from across the river. This he watched closely, and believed he killed two and after that none dared make the attempt. They kept him there two whole days and nights, he then believing, as I had not arrived, that the Indians had killed me.

"So instead of going down the river as he had sent me word, he went up the river to where the herd would water, hoping that somebody might pass and pick him up. I forgot to state that the Indians came up

about dark and got the horses and their packs, containing every thing they had to eat leaving them afoot. When I picked Wilson up out of a cave, sixty or seventy miles below, after he had wandered about many days. I at once picked six good men to go with me, riding all night and the next day until about three or four o'clock in the afternoon – our best trail horses not being able to make better time. The night that I went up it didn't only rain, but it rained torrents and it was so dark at times that we were forced to halt. When I reached the place on the trail where Wilson told me he had left the trail, and had gone nearly due north to the river, I recognized it easily from his description, although the plain was unmarked or would have appeared so to the untrained. But besides his description of this plain or table land of the Rio Sule, the whole tribe of bunch of Comanches had crossed the trail in the exact spot where they had left them, nearly obliterating all trace of the trail made by Loving and Wilson.

"At the junction where they left the trail, the Comanches had taken a leaf out of Mr. Loving's day-book and drawn a Comanche and a white man shaking hands, and a splendid drawing for an Indian at that. The drawing showed the white man wearing a silk hat. I have always wondered at this as no one in the west wore them. They had pinned the drawing with a mesquite thorn to a mesquite bush at the junction of the trails. I recognized the piece of paper as being from Loving's book but it gave me no special alarm, as Wilson had told me the Indians got the horses early in the evening and Loving always carried the book in his saddle bags.

"In a hundred or two yards I ascertained I was following the two horsemen and we then put our horses on the run. When we were near where the plain pitched off to the river, we halted for a minute to give the men their instructions, of course thinking and having a good right to believe it was the last. We then went in on the full side as fast as our horses could take us, aiming to get the Indians by surprise and shoot our way through to the bank of the river. We having our guns and four pistols apiece, I have no doubt we would have reached the river, even had the Indians been there, at least most of us. But when we got to the top of the bluff, there was not an Indian in sight. The river having a short bend there, they had just marched out of sight and could not have been a half mile away, as the water had scarcely stopped running down the bank where they had swum the river and

come out. I saw that they had been hunting for Loving. I then knew they had not killed him or they would not have been looking for him. I then believed that he had carried out the threat he had sent me; that he had shot himself and floated off down the river, the torrent of rain obliterating all traces.

"After finding the Indians had not killed or captured Mr. Loving, knowing this; from the thorough search they had been making, I then thought I would look over the ground they had selected for the attack. I found they had made a most excellent selection, and the only place available there. Instinct or Providence had guided them to the right spot. The sand-dune on the little Pecos River bank and the curve of the river above and below made a most excellent place for the fight, as they could only be reached in a short space on the opposite bank. A small arroyo entering into the river, had not broken down the bank, but had cut a small notch eight or ten feet from its entrance, making it impossible to reach them from either up or down the bend. An arrow or shot would miss the top of the little bank and pass above the body close up under it, harmless to the person. Many arrows had been shot there and left either sticking in the sand-bar or on the edge of the water. They could get all the water they wanted without exposure, except as before stated straight across the river, probably a space of twenty or thirty feet. This could be easily kept clear with the guns. They also had cut tunnels through the sand-dunes within five or six feet of where Loving lay; but they did not dare to put their heads over far enough to get a correct shot. They also carried at least a cartload of boulders from the bluffs, spoken of just behind, trying to drive him out and kill him but with the same result. The rocks that had missed the top of the little bank also missed him. He said while it was annoying in the extreme, that none of them hurt him, I waited until it grew dark, to ensure by successful get away and then returned to the herd. I found every thing all right and reached Fort Sumner without mishap, believing Loving was dead.

"As before stated Mr. Loving went up the river instead of down, reaching the watering place a few miles above. He lay there three days and nights, wounded and with nothing to eat. He told me he tried to shoot birds, but the pistols were so water-soaked, they would not fire; as in those days we did not have the metallic cartridges, but used the old cap and ball. He had Mexican gloves and he told me he

tried to eat them, but could not do so, as he had no means of making a fire, whereby he could have made a crisp of them and eaten them. The watering place, heretofore, referred to, is where we crossed the Pecos River very near where the city of Eddy now stands. At this place a few shrubs and China trees grew, a thing extremely rare in those days. Mr. Loving got under these bushes and remained a day and two nights. He became very weak and kept himself in water by tying his handkerchief on a stick and dipping it in the river, two or three feet below him.

"Now it so happened that three Mexicans and a German boy, with an old Mexican wagon and three yoke of cattle had started through trying to go to Texas. They stopped at the place at noon, it being the fourth day of his fast. The German boy went into the brush to get sticks to cook their noonday meal and there found Mr. Loving, who, he says, was in a stupor; but when he waked him he grabbed his pistol and levelled it at him, but immediately laid it down telling me afterwards that he knew it would not fire. The German boy was able to speak a little English and on learning that it was a white man and not an Indian, he revived and sat up. They then took him to the wagon and gave him a drink of what they called 'tolley,' being in our language, a thick gruel, made of corn meal the most fortunate thing he could have had. He then hired these Mexicans, promising them \$250.00 to take him back to Ft. Sumner, New Mexico, about one hundred and fifty miles.

"But it so happened that a man by the name of Burleson, from the Austin country of Texas, had a herd of cattle just behind mine. With my assistance his herd had been saved from capture and the two herds were very close together each night. Burleson had gone through to Ft. Sumner some weeks before, and was there awaiting the arrival of the herd. The herd on account of delay, was late in getting in, and Burleson, being very uneasy about the cattle would make trips down the trail about once a week, as far as he could venture with a small party.

"On one of these trips he met the ox-wagon, and Mexicans with Loving. He at once returned to Ft. Sumner as fast as a horse could take him and got the government ambulance and doctors, meeting the ox-wagon some fifty miles down the trail. The doctors dressed

Loving's wounds and returned with him to Ft. Sumner, where he appeared to do well for a few days, but the wound in the arm would not heal, the one in the side having healed.

“On another of Burleson's excursions down the trail I met him some seventy-five miles below Ft. Sumner, in rather a peculiar way. Knowing we had to pass through some broken country before camping time, it was my usual custom to go ahead, generally alone, to reconnoiter, to ascertain whether any Indians were present or not, to prevent surprise. On this evening two or three hours by sun, I had gone into these brakes a mile at least north of the trail it being my custom never to follow the trail on such excursions. While slipping around through the brakes, I saw a man coming into the hills. I was perfectly sure it was an Indian and maneuvered around keeping out of his sight, aiming to cut him off from the brakes and get him. This man seemed to be very cautious, peeping from one hill to another, but coming in my direction. When he got close enough I discovered he was a white man. I then got my horse and rode in open ground. Strange to say, I rode some little distance in the open before he saw me. However, I had worked around until I was almost behind him and he was interested in looking ahead. When he did see me, he started to run, but when he saw me making signals he halted and allowed me to overtake him. He was so anxious about the herd that it was some time before I could get any definite information. I told him that Loving had been killed by the Indians some hundred miles below. He said, "Loving is at Ft. Sumner." I said, 'Impossible, he was killed by the Indians.' He says, 'He is not dead; he is now in Sumner.' He then related the circumstance of meeting the ox-wagon getting the ambulance and taking Loving to Ft. Sumner, saying he thought he would get well. He said Loving had sent a message to me should he find me, to come to Sumner at once. We returned to the herds and caught the best animals we had, and about one hour by sun, I started. After riding all night I reached Ft. Sumner about two hours by sun, making the distance of about seventy-five miles, in fourteen hours. I soon met Mr. Loving, who was walking around feeling well with his arm in a sling. He felt confident he would recover, yet I did not like the looks of the wound. The old post doctor being at Las Vegas on a court martial, had left the young doctor in charge who assured him it was all right. After resting two or three days, Mr. Loving asked me to go to the mountains and recover some stock

which had been stolen from us several months before, six or eight fine mules and some saddle horses. The stock was scattered from in behind Las Vegas to San Jose on the Pecos River, below Sante Fe. I was gone about ten days and recovered all the stock. When I reached within thirty miles of Ft. Sumner, I met a courier hunting me, saying that Mr. Loving had sent him for me, that he was very sick, that the arm from its long neglect and the excessive heat had become poisoned; gangrene having set in, necessitating amputation. He didn't want the operation performed unless I was there, fearing he might not survive the operation. I left the stock in charge of the hired man and in a few hours reached Ft. Sumner. The next morning the operation was performed, and he came out from under the choloform in good shape and then rallied for some forty-eight hours, when the arteries commenced to leak. They then had to re-chloroform, take the arm apart and re-tie the arties. He then revived from the chloroform, but gradually sank from that time on. While he had a great and strong constitution, he had gone through more than a man could stand, and twenty-two days later, died. He was buried at Ft. Sumner by the officers of the garrison, who showed us a great kindness.

"In October 1867, I returned to Ft. Sumner from Colorado and took his body placing the metal casket in a wagon drawn by a pair of good mules and returned it to his home, in Weatherford, Texas, something over six hundred miles, where he was buried by his own lodge of Masons, and where his body now rests."

Loving County was named in honor of Oliver Loving, a grandfather of United States District Judge, James C. Wilson, of Fort Worth, Oliver Loving Jr. of Jermyn, Mrs. J. H. McCracken, of Mineral Wells, Horace Wilson of Fort Worth, Mrs. J. P. Owens of Weathefrord, and others, whose names are not available. James C. Loving and his brothers and sisters were sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Loving, and the Loving family long played a conspicuous part in the cattle industry of the west.

Note: - Before writing this section, the author interviewed: Mrs. R. N. Roach, a daughter of Oliver Loving; Lafayette Wilson, who helped pull the arrow out of Long Joe Loving, W. D. Reynolds, W. B. Slaughter, A. M. Lasater, and many others who were living on the frontier at the time. Further Ref: A written account by Chas.

Goodnight, himself, kindly furnished the author by Mrs. J. P. Owens; Pioneer Days in the Southwest, which contains the reminiscences of Chas. Goodnight, a story entitled, Chas. Goodnight-Trail Blazer.

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Indians Attack the Reynolds Ranch

Several years before the secession of the states, Capt. Gibbons constructed a stone ranch residence, on the Old California Trail, in Throckmorton County, a few miles east of the Haskell County line. This building remained vacant for several years. But immediately following the Civil War, the Reynolds brothers rented this old rock house for ranch quarters. When Geo., Wm., and Ben Reynolds were away. And about 1867, the Indians charged this old stone ranch. Fortunately, however, two travelers had stopped for the preceding night and they assisted in the defense of the women and children. After exchanging many shots, the Indians drove the old milk cows and several other animals away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Ben Reynolds, and others who lived in this section at the time.

Fight on the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos

The Comanches had been stealing stock on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, in Shackelford County, and elsewhere. So T. E. Jackson, John and Mitch Anderson, Nelse Spears, Andy McDonald, and Fayette Wilson, and two or three others, took the Indian trail. When these citizens passed near the Reynolds' stone ranch, mentioned in the preceding section, they were joined by Geo. T. and Wm. D. Reynolds, and Silas Huff. The savages were followed to a point near the mouth of the Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos, and near the Haskell-Stonewall County line. Here much dust was seen in the distance, caused by running buffalo and here the citizens suddenly encountered seven Indians butchering one of these animals. It was later learned these Indians were cornered and cut off from their main command. One savage who could speak some English, came charging forward and firing two six-shooters which he had in his possession. But since he was shooting high, the citizens held back until this Indian had practically emptied his pistols. About that time, Geo. Reynolds shot this warrior through the body, and then later broke his neck. A running fight followed, during which Geo. T. Reynolds received an arrow in his abdomen, the point of which passed through his body, and lodged in the muscles of his back. This wound was so severe, Geo. T. Reynolds told his comrades he would not live. But the arrow was extracted, leaving its point imbedded in his spine. It was now nearly sundown, April 3, 1867. Silas Huff came riding by and asked Geo. Reynolds which Indian inflicted the wound. Reynolds replied that it was the Indian who wore the red shirt. Huff said, "Wait a few minutes, and I will bring back his scalp." So he dashed away in the direction followed by this retreating savage, and in due time, returned to Reynolds and said, "Here's the scalp of the Indian who was wearing the red shirt." By the time the Indians reached the cedar breaks, five out of the seven had been killed and scalped, and a sixth mortally wounded.

W. D. Reynolds started immediately for a doctor, and after riding all night, and a great part of the succeeding day, reached the "Old Stone Ranch," and from there his brother-in-law hurried to Weatherford. It was three days before the doctor arrived and by this time, Geo. Reynolds had been brought in from the battle ground on a stretcher

But the doctor, it seems, failed to locate the arrow-point, and since Reynolds was in a fair way to recover, no operation was made for the arrow-point at this time. Geo. Reynolds soon recovered so he could ride around. When able, he and his brother, W. D., rode back to the battle ground where they found the five Indians had never been buried. This, evidently was true to Comanche custom, for once an Indian lost his scalp, his body was ever afterwards shunned by his comrades. They also found the body of the sixth Indian, who was mortally wounded, buried beneath some brush and a pile of logs, and with him was his regalia. This Indian had been buried because he was not scalped.

The iron or steel arrow-point left imbedded in the muscles of Geo. Reynolds' back, continually caused the most excruciating pains, up until the time it was removed, which was on the 17th day of July. Mr. Reynolds went to Kansas City for the operation.

Several Local Citizens Have Fight with Savages About Three Miles South & East of Palo Pinto

During February, 1867, the Indians slipped into the frontier town of Palo Pinto, and stole several head of horses. The next morning a number of local citizens took their trail which followed along the top of the hill south of Mrs. Poise McDonald's present home, between the Brooks and McQuerry Hollows. From here, the trail led on down the divide, went off the hill near the present big tank in the McDonald pasture, about one-fourth mile east of the Palo Pinto-Santo road. The savages turned east toward the river, and when the top of the mountain was reached, the citizens who were following the trail, found several horses tied in the edge of the cedar brakes and timber, but the Indians were not there. As a consequence, the scouts decided to return to town, for reinforcements and for dogs for it was reasonably certain the savages were hiding in the mountains and breaks along the Brazos.

After noon, Huse Bevers, H. G. Taylor, Henry Belding, Buck Dillahunty, Dick Lemons, M. O. Lynn, Bill Cameron, Beal Locke, Tom Humphries, T. C. Powers, Jno. Hittson, Jno. Dalton, Jno. Hays, Tom Hullum (colored), and possibly one or two others, returned to where the horses were tied to the east of the McDonald Tank. When the horses were reached, the command divided, and Henry Belding, T. C. Powers, Tom Hullum (colored) and about three more, remained with the horses. The remainder followed the dogs which were soon on the Indians' trail. The citizens saddle-horses were then carried on down the mountain, but were stopped near the river. Uncle Henry Belding said, "After a while we heard a hound bark, and a gun fire and a jabbering commence." An unusually large warrior shortly afterwards jumped upon a rock and said, "Me Mexicana, by ____!" When several fired, this warrior disappeared, and the exciting fight in the cedar breaks near two large white bluffs, and near the top of the mountain, began on an extensive scale. There were approximately twenty Indians and sixteen citizens.

When they firing began, Henry Belding, T. C. Powers, and possibly one or two others, left the horses near the bank of the river, and started toward the excitement, for Indians were yelling, ringing bells,

blowing whistles, and needless to say, the citizens were also raising considerable disturbance, for they were being closely crowded. Belding and Powers had not gone far until they met their companions, coming down the mountain and the Indians bringing up the rear. During the exciting chase with the citizens in the lead, according to reports, Jno. Hays, a cripple man, who was showing considerable speed, instead of trying to go around a large tree humped between its high forks. The whites retreated to a deep ravine in the river sand, near the banks of the Brazos, where they made a stand. One man, however, never stopped until he got home, for the hostile Indians in the cedar breaks looked too hideous for him. The Indians came charging on, and in a short time were shooting over the head of the citizens. Houston Bevers' horse was killed. When his horse fell, Uncle Huse, who was somewhat excited, exclaimed, "D_____ you, I'll kill you and skin you alive." When the citizens began to fire, the Indians dropped back, and the action of the Indians just at this time was vividly described by Hen. Belding when he said:

"I jumped upon the bank, thinking I would get a shot, there was about a half-dozen of them coming abreast, but when I threw up my gun to my shoulder to shoot, they dodged out of my sight, reminding me of turtles falling off a log into a lake of water. I then dodged back into the ravine, and went up a short distance where I saw another Indian who also dodged me. In the meantime the old chief had crossed the ravine above us, and was on the northeast of us jabbering away while they were firing at us from that direction. I had taken position close to the north bank of the ravine, when a large bullet came whizzing by my head, and struck John Hittson's horse, slightly wounding him. Directly I saw Buck Dillahunty shoot his six-shooter at the old Jabberer, but he never batted his eye, but came on like he was going to walk over us. Then I took deliberate aim with my shotgun at his side and at the crack of the gun, he went off, all doubled-up, as though he had the cramp colic pretty badly. That terminated the fight; he never jabbered at us any more."

During the time H. G. Taylor, Huse Bevers, Buck Dillahunty, M. O. Lynn, Jno. Hittson, Dick Lemons, John Dalton, T. C. Powers and Beal Locke were also firing at the savages. When the Indians retreated the

shadows of the mountains were lengthening fast over the tall trees and vines across the river from old Village Bend. In a short time, where such tremendous disturbance prevailed only a few moments before, the lonesome breaks along the Brazos were silent, lonesome, and still.

The night following, it is supposed the same Indians stole horses on Big Keechi, and the next day, citizens who reconnoitered the battleground found two bloody shirts and other Indian implements nearby. One of these shirts had been punctured with several buckshot, and it has been presumed this shirt was worn by the savages whom Hen. Belding gave the cramp colic.

Although the citizens became somewhat excited and retreated down the mountain, nevertheless it must be conceded that it required unusual bravery for such a small bank of citizens to penetrate into the dense cedar breaks for the purpose of charging a large number of hideously decorated and yelling demons, who had every advantage.

Note: Author heard H. G. Taylor, Houston Bevers, Henry Belding and others several times relate the story, also interviewed Jowell Locke, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Jrs. Huse Bevers, Mrs. J. Hart, Jodie Corbin, T. C. Powers, who was in the fight, A. M. Lasater, J. C. Jowell, Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, Mrs. Dick Lemon and several others who lived in this section at the time.

Further Ref.: Henry Belding's account of this story published in the Mineral Wells Index, during 1910. Also interviewed Tom Hulum.

Ward Mountain Fight

The date of this conflict is not certain, but it occurred about 1867, and will be reported at this time. During the days of reconstruction, the savages were so severe in their onslaught, many of the citizens traveled during the night to avoid the Indians. Two methodist preachers left Stephenville, traveled all night, and the next morning were chased by a large band of savages when they were within one mile of Palo Pinto, and near the upper graveyard. These early preachers could run as well as preach, so they reached Palo Pinto safely.

But in a short time, H. G. Taylor, Uncle Johnnie Lynn, and several others, whose names we do not have, under the command of George Cathey, took the trail of the seven Indians. These savages were followed to Ward Mountain and overtaken about ten or twelve miles southeast of Palo Pinto. The Indians were first discovered on the opposite side of a canyon, and were going up the hill. According to reports, Geo. Cathey, who was in command, seemed to have urgent business elsewhere, and said, "Charge them, Boys, I will go after more help," and then ran away. But the remaining citizens charged the seven Indians in the roughs along Ward Mountain, and a considerable fight followed. Uncle Johnnie Lynn continued to point his gun on a particular Indian, but never fired. As usual the savages were yelling, dancing, dodging, blowing whistles, etc., to excite their assailants, but in a short time, the Indians began to retreat. H. G. Taylor said to the savages, "Damn you, why don't you stop and fight?" A rusty old warrior replied, "Damn you some too." The Indians retreated into the thick timber. After the fight was over, H. G. Taylor asked, "Uncle Johnnie, why didn't you shoot? You had a bead on him several times." Uncle Johnnie Lynn replied, "Yes, but I could not get him still long enough. I wanted to kill that old greasy Indian."

Note: Author heard H. G. Taylor several times relate this incident. Also interviewed P. J. Taylor, a brother of H. G. Taylor, and others who were living in Palo Pinto at the time.

Charlie Grant and Others Fight on Red River

During 1867, twenty-six Indians passed the home of Jimmie Ward, who made molasses on the share, and who had considerable syrup on hand at the time. It was all emptied by the Indians, who were stealing horses as they advanced. The warriors went east into Cooke County, and after reaching the Loran Ranch turned north toward Red River. On Brushy Elm they came across John Hort and Dan Brunsen, and a mail-carrier who carried the mail from Montague to Gainesville. Brunsen took the mail-carrier's horse and started toward the head of Elm for firearms. Short and the mail-carrier retreated into the thicket. When Dan Bunsen came back to the wagon, the Indians were still there. In a short time, two or three different groups of citizens arrived on the scene, and among the crowd was Charlie Grant, Dick Long, Jim Corsey, Alex Loran, Ben Nixon, Dr. McCall, and others. When the Indians reached Red River they stopped to eat the lunch stolen out of the wagon. Here they were charged by the citizens, who succeeded in killing two or three of their number.

Note: Author interviewed Charlie Grant, who was in the fight.

Experience of Henry Riley

It was during 1867 that Henry Riley, who lived ten or eleven miles south of Jacksboro, went out at ten o'clock at night, to see about a bleating calf, he thought the wolves had caught. When he had gone approximately two hundred yards, something whizzed by his head, but he mistook it for a grasshopper. A second later an arrow whistled by his right side, and he said, "I sure knew what that was." Henry Riley now realized he had been decoyed from the house, and was surrounded by Indians, who had been bleating like a calf. Instead of running, although he was uninjured, he fell to the ground as if he were dead. When he did, the hidden savages darted from their places of concealment, and started toward him with their knives, thinking they were going to add another scalp to their list of trophies. But when the Indians were out in the open, he jumped up, took after a lone savage between him and his house, and began firing. The Indian, of course, had business elsewhere and gave Henry Riley an open path to his home, which was reached in safety.

Note: Author interviewed: A. M. Lasater, who was at the Henry Riley home the next morning; also interviewed B. L. Ham and James Wood.

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Fight on Robert Law Prairie

When Joe Bryant, Lee Bennett, and seven or eight others were preparing to camp on Robert Law Prairie about ten miles southwest of Bowie, they heard a gun fire over the hill. An investigation disclosed that fifteen or twenty Indians had killed a beef, and a few seconds later the savages were surprised to see the citizens dashing toward them. A running fight followed with the Indians in the lead. One Indian came upon a dead tree in the tall grass, and was cut off from his crowd. This savage was pursued by Joe Bryant, who had him almost killed when others arrived. The fight lasted only a few minutes.

Note: Author interviewed: Joe Bryant, who was in the fight.

Capture of Dick Freeman and John Bailey

These two boys, about twelve years of age, were herding cattle just after noon, near their home in Montague County, when some Indians ran up and roped them. This occurred about twenty miles southeast of Montague, and the savages took the boys to Brushy Hill. That night the Indians stole horses not only in Montague, but also in the surrounding boys to Brushy Hill. That night the Indians stole horses not only in Montague, but also in surrounding country.

About fifteen months later Wm. Freeman located his son, Dick, on the Washita, near the present town of Cordell, Oklahoma, and was compelled to give the savages an iron-gray horse, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, two good six-shooters, worth approximately sixty dollars, and \$250.00 in gold, before the Indians would release his son, who had already acquired many of the Indian habits and customs, and had learned to speak their language.

The Bailey boy was recovered about two months later.

Note: Author interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris, W. T. Steadham, and one or two others who lived in Montague County at the time.

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Ben Smith and Ruff

July 2, 1867, the Coggin's outfit, from Brown and Coleman County, Ben Smith, Taylor Vandever and several others were making a roundup and holding a large herd of cattle on the San Saba River, about one mile west of Camp San Saba in McCulloch County. When Ben Smith, who lived on the Pecan Bayou about three or four miles southeast of Brownwood and a cowboy named Ruff, started across the San Saba about 100 yards above the present Brady and Mason highway, they were ambushed by about fifteen Indians who had concealed themselves under the banks of the river. Smith was killed almost instantly. Ruff evidently ran several miles. His fate long remained a mystery. But several years later, the cowboy's skeleton was found near a cliff. His gun was by his side, where he died.

Note : Author interviewed Taylor Vandever, mentioned above, W. W. Hunter, Mrs. Pat Lester, a niece of Ben Smith and others who lived in that section at the time.

Reuben Johnson, Ewell Proffitt, and Rias Carrollton, were branding cattle at the old Fitzpatrick Ranch, where the Indians made their early appearance during 1864. About ten o'clock in the morning, July 17, 1867, seventy-five Indians came dashing toward them. The boys succeeded in retreating about three-fourths of a mile, but the young men were soon killed. The raid is often mentioned as the "Elm Creek Raid Number Two," because it resembled in many respects, the Big Young County Raid, of 1864.

After the killing of Reuben Johnson, Ewell Proffitt and Rias Carrollton, five Indians appeared at the Hamby Ranch, and encountered Roland Johnson, Jno. H. Cochran, and Tom Hamby. When these citizens presented their guns, the Indians dashed away, but succeeded in driving off Hamby's horses. Rolland Johnson's family ran down and hid in the same cave that protected them during the Big Young County Raid, of 1864. After causing considerable excitement and stealing several horses, the savages withdrew, leaving the dead bodies of Reuben Johnson, Ewell Proffitt and Rias Carrollton, as a token of peace, and confirmation of the many treaties they had made.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mann Johnson, Henry Williams, J. B. Terrell, J. M. Peveler, John Marlin, and others, who lived on this section of the frontier at the time.

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Rudolph Fischer

Rudolph Fischer and Peter Webber had been to the home of Ludwig Kneese, a blacksmith, who lived about five miles southwest of Fredericksburg. When they were returning home and within one mile of their residence, Indians charged the boys and succeeded in capturing Rudolph Fischer, about twelve years of age. But Peter Webber, two years older, successfully made his escape. Rudolph Fischer may have also escaped, had he not been riding a mule. The Fischer boy was made a captive among the Comanches and Kiowas and remained in Oklahoma for a long time. According to reports, he visited his people but later returned to Oklahoma, where he became wealthy.

Note: Author interviewed Peter Metzger and others who lived in Gillespie County at the time.

Further Ref.: "The Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs" for the year 1867.

Mysterious Disappearance of John Ledbetter

During the early days, it was the custom for several frontier ranches in a certain section to confederate together and employ some one to conduct a community school. And for convenience such schools were usually conducted during the summer.

Just such a school was being taught by Wash Hullum, whose father was one of the first settlers of Golconda (Palo Pinto). The Hazlewood, Gonzales', Lynch, and Ledbetter children numbered among those who attended this school. At the time W. H. Ledbetter mined salt at the old Ledbetter Salt Works, about nine miles south and west of the present city of Albany, and his sons, Harve L., and John (Dev), attended the Wash Hullum school, which was being conducted at the J. C. Lynch Ranch.

Late one evening while Mrs. Lynch was preparing supper, little John came in the kitchen and his behavior disclosed he was anxiously awaiting the evening meal. Shortly afterwards, however, he went out with some of the children about two or three hundred yards from the house to gather mesquite wax. The children became scattered in a short time, returned to the ranch, for it was almost time for supper. Little John, however, mysteriously disappeared. John Gonzales was the last to see him. But just why he did not return, no one knew. No one had heard him make an outcry. No Indians had been seen. And no danger had been apprehended. But little John was gone. Only his cap could be found. It was surmised that, perhaps, he had become dissatisfied and started toward his father's salt works. But it was learned he was not there. Almost immediately searching parties went in all directions for fear the little fellow had become lost, and wandered through the wild and open wastes of Western Texas. After diligently searching, not a single clue that would tend to explain his disappearance, could be found. The searching continued, and still no signs were seen. On the third day, a few meager evidences, of Indians were found. For thirty days, the local citizens searched and combed the earth for little John Ledbetter. But his sudden disappearance remained as mysterious as when first missed. By this

time many people along the frontier were wondering what had become of little John Ledbetter.

Since he could not be found, every effort was made to locate the Ledbetter boy among the wild tribes of the northwest, but the little fellow's fate still remained a mystery.

In after years, a young man reported to have been an Indian captive, found his way to the ranches around old Fort Griffin. Since this young man could not satisfactorily explain his early life history, some of the frontier citizens began to surmise that perhaps he was the long lost Ledbetter boy. The news reached Mr. and Mrs. Ledbetter, who came at once to ascertain whether or not their long lost son had at last been found. Mrs. Ledbetter, who was almost blind, felt a scar on this young fellow's head, and since John had a similar scar when he mysteriously disappeared, she thought this was her boy. Mr. Ledbetter, however, was not sure. In fact he said it was not his son. He further stated there was no family resemblance, and insufficient proof to disclose this was John. But since Mrs. Ledbetter had been grieved so many years, to satisfy her during declining days, Mr. Ledbetter, in a measure, acknowledged him to be his lost boy. But neither he nor his son Harve sincerely felt that John Ledbetter had really been found.

About the time, or shortly after Mr. Ledbetter died, this mysterious fellow wrote back that he was not John Ledbetter, and his real name was F. W. Wesley.

This fellow Wesley has, since, been a minister of the Gospel, practiced medicine, and it was also reported he practiced law. As further evidence that this was not really John Ledbetter, when the estate was divided, F. W. Wesley received no part. Nevertheless, there are people living today, of the opinion that this mysterious fellow is really the long lost Ledbetter boy. Others have surmised, although we so not quote it as a fact, that this mysterious F. W. Wesley was hired to play this particular role, merely to please Mrs. Ledbetter, who had yearned so many years for her long lost boy. Nevertheless, the mysterious disappearance of John Ledbetter is today, as mystifying and bewildering as it was when he first disappeared. Did he wander away and perish in the wastelands of Western Texas? Was he

carried into captivity by the Comanches and Kiowas, who lived in the wilds of the Northwest? These questions cannot be answered, for no one knows.

Note: Author interviewed: Mrs. J. C. Lynch, who was getting supper when John Ledbetter disappeared, Harve L. Ledbetter, John's brother, who was at the ranch at the time. Also interviewed, Mrs. Wm. Cain, and Mrs. C. E. Ferguson, daughters of Geo. Hazlewood, J. B. (Bud) Matthews, W. D. Reynolds, Mrs. Pete Harris, and several others who were living in Shackleford, Stephens and adjoining counties at the time.

About 1867, Jack Coldwell, Sam Leonard, J. W. Miller, C. G. Cogbourne, Frank Smith, and perhaps a few others, while out scouting, struck an Indian trail somewhere in the northern part of Parker County. This trail was followed several miles west and the Indians encountered not far from the Parker-Palo Pinto-Wise County line. A running fight followed. But in a short time some of the citizens "shot out," and their captain ordered them to fall back. When they did, the savages turned on the whites. Since the Indians had such overwhelming numbers, in a short time considerable confusion arose, and the whites almost stampeded. Jack Coldwell was killed. Sam Leonard received a paralyzing wound in his shoulder and neck, causing him to fall from his horse. J. W. Miller said that he was going to remain with Leonard, but it seems the captain insisted that they go for the thought Leonard had been killed. But Miller insisted he was going to stay, so a few citizens remained. When they stopped, the Indians turned and went the other way. In a short time, Leonard stated that he could hear, but was paralyzed and could not speak. He wanted to tell his comrades not to leave him. Leonard soon recovered. The citizens made a serious mistake when they retreated.

Note: Author interviewed: Dole Miller, a brother of J. W. Miller, who was in the fight; E. W. McCracken and others who were in that part of the county at the time.

Mrs. Lewis Coffey

Lewis Coffey was having chills, and sick in bed. So when James Temple, brother of Mrs. Lewis Coffey, came in one morning, she asked him to go see about the horses that had not been seen for two or three days. When he came in during the evening, he was asked if the horses had been seen, and when he replied that he had not yet hunted them, Mrs. Coffey, according to accounts, became irritated, buckled a six-shooter around her belt, and went out in search of the horses herself. In a few moments she was heard to scream, and a gun fired. Temple hurried to her assistance, but it was too late, for she had already been murdered by the savages. They then took after him, but he safely reached the ranch. Mrs. Coffey was killed about 1867, near her home, which was about twelve miles south of Eastland.

Note: Author interviewed: W. C. McGough, who lived about six or seven miles from Mrs. Coffey at the time.

Indian Experience of J. Frank Thompson.

During 1867, while several cowmen were having a roundup in Runnels and adjoining counties, and holding a large number of cattle they heard a gun fire over the hills, and it was soon discovered Indians were near. For some time there was considerable maneuvering among both the Indians and whites. But when the Indians started away, they were followed by J. Frank Thompson, and Jim Jones. Other cowmen remained on the hill. The two had only gone a short distance, however, when the Indians turned and started toward them. Thompson and Jones then fired, and when they did, Jones made a hasty retreat back toward the remaining cowmen. Thompson fired again, and when he looked around, saw O. H. T. Townsend coming to his relief. The Indians were now shooting on all sides, and were circling about them. About this time, an Indian fired and split the stock of Thompson's gun. When they made another circle, Thompson shot a savage in the thigh. The savages then went away. The cowmen were not wounded, but J. Frank Thompson, not only had his gunstock split, but the savages shot a hole through his shirt sleeve, and through the bosom of his clothing.

Note: Author corresponded with J. Frank Thompson himself.

Radford Hughes Captures Indian Squaw

During 1867, Radford Hughes and his sister, Rodie, who lived on Donaldson Creek, about eight miles west of Lampasas, were returning from the home of Wm. Knight, who lived about three miles to the southwest. They saw a lone Indian sitting on a ridge, in the edge of thick and small timber. Radford Hughes took his sister home, and then returned. When he slipped up, he saw the Indian was a lone squaw, whom he captured and turned over to Bill Poe of Lampasas. For a time, she appeared to be contented. But one night, slipped out, rode away on one of Wm. Poe's horses and has not been heard from since.

Note: Author interviewed R. Kolb, who lived on the Colorado River near Lampasas at the time.

Ole T. Nystel

Ole T. Nystel, a boy fourteen years of age, lived with his father, T. O. Nystel, on Meridian Creek, about ten miles south of Meridian, when he was made an Indian captive. We will place Mr. Nystel before the microphone, and let him relate some of his very unusual experiences. Mr. Ole T. Nystel said:

"When about fourteen, a neighbor of ours, Mr. Carl Quested, stopped at my father's on his way to the cedar brakes to chop and haul some poles. He wanted my assistance which was readily granted, although I was needed at home to drop corn, my father having commenced to plant that morning. It was the 20th of March, 1867, and the day was rather warm for the time of year, as I remember well, for everything connected with that day and a few months thereafter is indelibly stamped upon my memory. We started and soon reached our destination about five miles distant, among the hills and mountains, surrounded by dense thickets of cedar and other scrubby growth."

The cedar brakes to which Mr. Nystel referred was about four miles north of the Nystel home, and six miles south of the present town of Meridian. Carl Quested was hauling rails in an ox-wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen.

Suddenly six Indians appeared, and a part of them charged both Quested and Nystel. Carl Quested, at the time, was cutting standards for the wagon, about 300 yards from Ole Nystel. Quested was soon wounded in the arm, but jumped off of a twenty foot bluff, and happened to hit in some dead timber which saved him. He then successfully made his escape, and raced homeward at lightning speed. Ole Nystel said:

"He did not stop until he had run about four miles, arriving back with nothing but his underclothes on, and then, torn and bloody, the axe still in his hand."

Concerning Ole T. Nystel's individual experience, he said:

"I was at the wagon, and Mr. Quested had gone off about fifty steps to commence work, when I heard a noise, and upon looking up, I saw two Indians, made hideous with war paint. About the same time, they saw me and giving me a few bloodcurdling yells, started toward me. It appeared to my excited imagination that they were devils who had come for me and really thought I could see great streams of fire issuing from their mouths... I really thought Doom's Day had come. I started to run, and had gone about forty yards, when an arrow pierced my right leg, passing entirely through the fleshy part, just above the knee, which still bears marks of the wound. At this, I fell, and one of them leveled a pistol at me, and motioned me to come to him, which I was not long in obeying... The Indian, who took me in charge, led me off to their camp about forty yards distant, where they had a fire. There were six in the party, three of whom were engaged in cooking a meal, consisting of broiled horse flesh and crackers."

After the savages had finished their meal, Ole Nystel said they took a northwesterly course, as they were then on their homeward march. After going about three miles, they charged after a local settler named Fine and his son, who retreated into a mot of timber for protection. Fine was wounded in the arm, but the Indians soon turned their ponies toward the wild northwest.

Negro Mack had been to the home of his former master, Mr. Gentry, who lived where Gentry's Mill is today, and had gone about ten or twelve miles toward his home, on Meridian Creek, in Bosque County, when the Indians who had Ole Nystel, murdered him. Negro Mack was driving a yoke of oxen, and had corn and bacon in his wagon.

The savages went a short way further, and murdered Negro Clint while he was horse-hunting near the Twin Mountains, in Hamilton County.

The Indian then took Ole Nystel, perhaps, through Hamilton County into Comanche, Eastland, Callahan, Shackelford, Jones, and to the Double Mountains in Stonewall County. On the tip-top of these mountains the wild men picked up some guns, spears, tents, and

perhaps other articles they had left. After picking up these articles, the Indians went a few miles further, and camped for the night. For five days the warriors had traveled, and this was the first time they camped. Can you imagine the torture, torment, and agony of Ole Nystel, who with his badly wounded knee, was forced to ride for five days, most of the time on a poor horse that had a high backbone. Ole Nystel said:

"On the fifth night we stopped and went into camp for the first time since I was captured. They erected the tent for their own benefit and it seemed I was denied entrance. They knew there was no danger of my getting away by leaving me out during the night since I was dismantled, for my wound was too severe. I could not walk, and though I had to get wood, water, etc., I could only do so by crawling and pushing it before me on the ground. It became very cold during the night, having commenced to sleet and snow. I was almost numb and stiff from cold, having no protection but an old overcoat. What should I do? I must find shelter or freeze, that was certain. So on looking around I saw an embankment near the tent and went down to it and found a small cave which I entered. I found my new quarters comparatively comfortable. I lay down against something warm and hairy, perhaps some wild animal, I never investigated. I was soon asleep from which I did not awake till late the following day."

"I heard some commotion in the camp which aroused me, and on coming out I discovered that my dusky companions were gone, the last one disappearing just as I came out. I went into the tent and sat down to await their return, for as I supposed they were looking for me. They soon returned from their fruitless search, and on entering the tent and seeing me, they appeared mystified, not knowing from whence I came, and made signs as to where I had been. Being always ready to answer a question on the spur of the moment when I understood what they wanted, and seeing that the snow had filled up my tracks or path made in coming into the tent, so that they could not tell where I came from; I pointed up indicating that I had been to heaven. At this they showed signs of amazement, making quite a demonstration in their way. As

they are very superstitious and ready to relegate anything not easily accounted for to the supernatural, this may have been of unmeasured advantage of me, as it doubtless made them believe I was under the protection of the "Great Spirit." However, it seemed that they easily forgot such impressions and would return to their acts of cruelty."

Ole Nystel was first carried to New Mexico, and then to the Arkansas River. He remained three months with the Indians, who treated him unmercifully. In fact the torture, torment, agony, suffering, and pain administered by the Indians to this young frontier boy were absolutely beyond conception. He was finally ransomed by a Mr. Eli Bewell, who paid the Indians \$250.00 in money and other articles. Ole T. Nystel still lives, and numbers among the highly respected citizens of Bosque County. It was the author's pleasure to spend the night at his home, while gathering data for the present work.

Note: Author interviewed Ole T. Nystel, who was carried into captivity and others who lived in Bosque County at the time.

Further Ref.: Lost and Found or Three Months with the Indians, by Ole T. Nystel.

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Herman Stohl

During 1867, Herman Stohl, who lived about eight miles northeast of Fredericksburg, was out one morning about two miles east of his home hunting oxen, when an old negro man asked him if he were not afraid the savages would do him harm since he was unarmed.

Herman Stohl reached in his pocket and pulled out a small testament or Bible and told the negro as long as he carried that, he would not be harmed. A short time later, he was overtaken and killed by a band of savages.

Note : Author interviewed Kye Danley, a brother, and others who lived in Erath in that section at the time.

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George B. Danley

During 1867, Geo. B. Danley, who lived in Erath County, was helping Bobbie Sloan move cattle to Colorado or Arizona. When the cowmen reached the edge of the plains in West Texas, Geo. B. Danley was murdered by Indians, who succeeded in catching him a short distance from his companions. The savages then drove two or three thousand head of cattle away. Geo. B. Danley was buried on the lone prairie, where for sixty-two years the wild coyotes have howled over his lonely grave.

Note: Author interviewed: Kye Danley, a brother, and others who lived in Erath County at the time.

J. H. Parr Shoots Savages on Green's Creek in Erath County

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Parr, and others had gathered at the home of J. B. St. Clair, on little Green's Creek, about two mile south of Alexander, in Erath County. They left Berry T., Emma, and J. F. Parr at home, about six or seven hundred yards away. After dark, while Mr. Parr was out in the yard at the Alexander home, he discovered two Indians taking down a rail fence, to steal a pony tied to the house. He hurried back in the house for a gun, and when he returned, the Indians were apparently gone. But J. H. Parr heard hogs grunting close to the pony, so he fired, and when he did, the hogs suddenly turned to a wounded Indian, who escaped through a thicket about one hundred yards away. Other savages were stealing around J. H. Parr's residence, but this fact was unknown at the time. Nevertheless, the Indians hurried to the relief of the wounded savage, who was carried away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Berry T. Parr, son of J. H. Parr, who was at home when his father shot the savage.

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J. H. Parr and Others Fight in 1867

During 1867, J. H. Parr and Charlie J. Keith had started for a load of wood. Keith was driving an ox-wagon, and Parr was horseback, and riding in the lead. After riding upon a divide, he saw some Indians, and motioned with his hands, as if calling rangers, that were nowhere around. Nevertheless, the Indians rapidly rode away. J. H. Parr went about one-fourth mile west of Alexander, and raised a posse of men, who followed the Indians' trail. The savages were encountered about six miles to the southwest, but only a part of the men were willing to fight and J. H. Parr was included in the number. He shot and wounded one savage out of the six, and when the Indians were later seen there were only five. No doubt, this wounded Indian died.

Note: Author interviewed: Berry Parr, son of J. H. Parr.

Indians Assault the Wilkins Family

While the Indians were on a horse-stealing raid, about three miles east of Stephenville, they chased and almost succeeded in capturing a son of Geo. Wilkins. The savages fired at him several times, but he safely reached the house. Mrs. Wilkins ran out to tell the Indians not to shoot her dog, and about that time a savage shot at her and the arrow hit the gate post, by which she stood. This occurred about 1867. So Geo. Wilkins sold his stock and other belongings and moved back to East Texas. The citizens the succeeding day, followed the savages, but were only able to see their dust in the distance.

Note: Author interviewed: C. E. Ferguson, who heard the firing, Ben Beech, Ike Roberts, and possibly one or two others who lived south and east of Stephenville at the time.

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Indians Murder Major Kendall's Sheepmen

During 1867, about four miles east of Boerne, Major Kendall had five Mexicans and a white man herding about fifteen thousand sheep. The Indians killed the six sheepmen, and none were left to relate the story.

Note: Author interviewed: F. C. Kaiser, who lived in that section at the time.

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Zakery Deckert

During 1867, the Indians killed Zakery Deckert who lived at D'Hanis, in Medina County, and who was out hunting oxen. He was found about 15 miles southeast of his home.

Note: Author interviewed: Joe Ney, who lived in that section at the time.

Indians Charge the Hamilton Home

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton lived in Tarrant County, about four miles north of Azle. Wm. Hamilton had gone to Springtown to mill, and Mrs. Hamilton and some of her children were at the home alone. Mrs. Hamilton was weaving on an old-time loom at her log cabin home in the edge of the timber, when several Indians took them by surprise. Several of the children were away. Wm. Hamilton Jr. was attending cattle, Mahala, Eliza, Samuel and John were picking cotton. Sarina Myres, a step-child of Mr. Hamilton, and Mary and Gus, the infant children of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, were at home with their mother. Mrs. Hamilton was murdered and her baby partly scalped, but it lived a short time. Sarina Myres, and Mary Hamilton, half-sisters, were made prisoners. Feather beds were ripped open and the house robbed of its contents. After traveling thirty or forty miles, the Indians camped that night somewhere in Wise County. Little Mary Hamilton had been having chills, so they wrapped her up warmly, and left her alone in camp the next morning when the Indians rode away. But she cried so unmercifully, a warrior returned and murdered the little girl. Sarina Myres was carried to Oklahoma, and kept in the vicinity of the present Fort Sill, for about two or three years, and until located by her brother, who brought her home.

This dastardly deed, too horrible to be told, was charged to Satank, the Bengal tiger of the plains, who murdered himself in 1871 when he was being brought to Jacksboro to be tried.

Note: Author interviewed: J. B. Sessions and M. Roe of Azle, who lived in this vicinity at the time of the above murder and shortly afterwards.

Further Ref.: Indian Wars and Pioneers of Texas, by Jno. Henry Brown.

Big Tree's Bloody Raid Through Montague and Cooke Counties

January 6, 1868, the Indians under the leadership of Big Tree, made one of the bloodiest raids ever perpetrated by the savages in their onslaught against the pioneer settlements of the West Texas frontier. They first appeared in Willa Walla Valley at the homes of A. H. Newberry and W. D. Anderson. A. H. Newberry and his wife had gone to visit a neighbor about one mile away. Henry Newberry a son of A. H. Newberry, and W. D. Anderson were gathering pecans when the savages appeared. So H. D. Newberry, brother of A. H., Mrs. W. D. Anderson and her sister, were the only ones present when the Indians appeared. H. D. Newberry barred the doors, had his guns in readiness, had axes, and other articles handy, and ready for the attack. The Indians arrived, surrounded the house, but discovering they were going to receive a warm reception, decided to move on down the Willa Walla Valley.

The savages had hardly gone, however, when W. A. Morris and D. S. Hagler, who were returning to their homes from Montague, and who had already discovered the Indian trail, appeared at the Newberry home. From there, Morris and Hagler hurried to the home of W. R. Eaves, about one mile further south, where A. H. Newberry was visiting. Here Morris and Hagler were joined by W. R. Eaves and the three hurried on down the valley to warn others. When these citizens reached the McCracken home, they discovered that no one was around and the home had been burned to the ground. In a few moments Charlie McCracken and his family came out of the thick timber, where they found concealment while the savages charged their home. Here the trio were informed that George Masoner, another runner, had already preceded them down the valley to notify the citizens that Big Tree and his blood-thirsty savages were coming.

W. A. (Bud) Morris, D. S. Hagler and W. R. Eaves proceeded down the valley to the home of G. W. and Alfred Williams, where they again discovered they were trailing instead of being in the lead of the Indians. The three then hurried to where W. A. Morris and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dennis, lived. Since it was Sunday, here Mr. Morris learned his wife had gone home with W. H. Perryman, and family, when they return from church. So W. A. (Bud) Morris, D. S. Hagler,

W. R. Eaves, F. R. McCracken and Sam Dennis then left the home of Mrs. Dennis and hurried in the direction of the Perryman wagon, for fear its occupants would be slain by the savages. Fortunately the wagon was also trailing behind the Indians, who had already gone ahead.

Let us now briefly consider the brave ride of George Masoner, who no doubt, saved several lives during Big Tree's raid. He was at the home of Chas. McCracken when the Indians appeared, and from here on a fleet horse hurried to the pioneer homes further down the valley. Consequently, when the Indians arrived, the citizens were more or less prepared.

Now let us follow the bloody trail of the warring savages themselves, and briefly picture Big Tree's path, which was blazed with human blood, and the fires of burning pioneer homes. After leaving the residences of A. H. Newberry, and W. B. Anderson, the savages came upon John and Dan Leatherwood. John Leatherwood was killed, but Dan successfully escaped. The Indians next appeared at the home of Chas. McCracken, and when it was found vacant, the savages pilfered and plundered to their heart's content, and then burned the little building to the ground. Since Mr. McCracken, a brave Indian fighter, had two savages scalps hanging in his house, it has been surmised these scalps were discovered by the Indians, and, perhaps, it was this fact that caused them to set fire to the building.

After leaving the McCracken home, the Indians came across Dave McCracken, and gave him a lively chase. But he hurried to the home of D. W. and Alfred Williams, where he intended to sell his life as dearly as possible. But the Williams families had already been warned by Geo. Masoner, and were soon leaving their home for the thick timber. Dave McCracken overtook Alfred Williams and his family just as they were crossing the road. D. W. Williams, at the time, was away. He and his family had gone to church. Fifty raging savages about this time came charging as if they intended to run completely over Dave McCracken, Alfred Williams, and the latter's family. Dave McCracken made a sudden stand, drew his shotgun, and when he did, the Indians made a sudden halt. But McCracken did not fire. When the Indians made a charge, he again drew his gun causing them to fall back, and in this way could keep the Indians bluffed

away. McCracken then hurried into the thick timber and joined Alfred Williams and his family. The Indians themselves, in their usual way, ripped open feather beds and pillows, robbed the Williams' home, and then moved on down the valley.

They crossed over to the home of Mr. Carlton, who had also been warned by Geo. Masoner. Here they captured Miss Perilee Carlton, a beautiful daughter, about sixteen years of age, and a sister of Rias Carlton, who was killed in Young County during the preceding year.

The Indians next appeared at the home of Austin Perryman. But they too, had already been warned by Geo. Masoner. Austin Perryman and his wife, were the only ones at home at the time. So Mrs. Perryman, dressed in her husband's clothes, put on his hat, took a gun, and stood by a porthole, ready to help her husband defend their home. The savages discovering they had a fight on hand, passed up the Perryman home, and extended their foray further inland. The Indians then came upon Mr. Nathan Long, who rushed into the timber, but was soon killed. Mrs. Nathan Long and her children were at home alone, but had been warned by Geo. Masoner. So they had previously escaped to the timber before the Indians reached their residence. Mrs. Long closed the door, however, before she left. When the Indians appeared, they rode around three or four times, then proceeded on their journey. No doubt, they were afraid some men were concealed therein, and if an attack were made, some of their number would be killed. The savages next appeared at the home of Savil Wilson, whose wife was dead, and who was raising four or five of his small children. Mr. Wilson was away, and the children were at home alone. But when Geo. Masoner appeared, he hid the little tots in the timber, and hurried on to warn others. The doors were left open, and when the Indians appeared, in their usual way, robbed everything and fired not only the dwelling, but also the corn crib. A few minutes after they had gone, W. A. (Bud) Morris, D. S. Hagler, W. R. Eaves, F. R. McCracken, and Sam Dennis, arrived at the Wilson home and a few seconds later, Savil Wilson, himself, came rushing up only to find his house in flames. At that time, he did not know the fate of his children. Savil Wilson only saved a piece of burning bacon out of his smoke house. Shortly afterwards the Wilson children came from their place of concealment and Mrs. Long and her children also appeared at the Wilson home, where they could receive the

protection of the six men. While the Indians were at this residence, they left a saddle stripped of stirrups and straps, and when Mrs. Long arrived, she almost instantly recognized the saddle as that of her husband, Nathan Long. So she quickly concluded that evidently her husband had been killed.

After the Indians extended their major foray about five miles further, they came upon Mr. Menasco, his daughter, Mrs. Shegog, her baby, and two little daughters, and a negro boy. Mr. Menasco had previously discovered the Indians were raiding, so he was attempting to carry his daughter and her children to a place of safety. When the Indians appeared, he was killed, and Mrs. Shegog, her children, and the Negro boy made prisoners. After going a short distance, Mrs. Shegog's baby began to cry, and this so exasperated the warring savages, they took it by the heels and in the presence of the mother, beat out the baby's brains against a tree.

After sundown, about twenty citizens who had hurriedly thrown together, overtook the savages on Blocker Creek, and on the prairie, but were soon repulsed by an overwhelming number of savages. During the fighting, however, Miss Perrilee Carlton slipped from her horse, and hid on the ground. Apparently she was not missed by the Indians, who moved on toward Gainesville. Guided by the barking of dogs, Perrilee Carlton went to the home of Dr. Davidson, on Williams Creek, where she spent the night. About one o'clock in the morning, an extremely cold blizzard came rolling from the northwest. In a short time, the thermometer was only a very few degrees above zero, and the two sweet little daughters of Mrs. Shegog and the Negro boy evidently froze to death. When the Indians reached a point close to the Samuel E. Doss home, about one mile southwest of Gainesville, they threw Mrs. Shegog from her horse, for they no doubt, thought she was frozen to death. She was, in fact, almost lifeless, but fortunately when she fell, Mrs. Shegog heard the chickens crow at the home of Samuel Doss. But because of her numbness, she was barely able to reach the Doss home. Here she received the kindest of attention, remained several days, and partly recovered from her experience, which was hardly possible for anybody to endure. The Indians went to a little mill about one-half mile west of Gainesville on Elm Creek, and from here they turned northward, crossed Red River, and the pioneers thought this major foray was over. During the

succeeding day, the citizens began to bury the dead, and clear away the debris of such a severe storm.

During the evening of Monday, January 6, while the bereaved were burying their deceased, the Indians again crossed Red River, and appeared in Willa Walla Valley. Arthur Parkhill, who lived about one mile from W. A. (Bud) Morris, and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dennis, was at the Parkhill home. For the first time, Arthur Parkhill heard of the Indians' raid during the preceding day. So he hurried to the home of his brother, B. G. Parkhill, and brought them over to his home, which was enclosed with a picket palisade, and was therefore better fortified. Arthur Parkhill then hurried to the home of T. J. Fitzpatrick, who lived about one mile away and was moving them to his home, when they came in contact with the savages, who were still searching for human blood. During the fight that followed, Arthur Parkhill and T. J. Fitzpatrick were both killed, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick escaped alive, and liberated. Her baby, and two little girls, four and seven years of age, were carried away. Early the next morning, a posse of citizens came upon the body of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which was lying in the path, with her skirt bound around her head, and her corpse frozen stiff. The snow-storms were still raging, so the citizens were unable to follow the Indian trail. A short time after the tragedy, however, W. A. (Bud) Morris found the little body of Mrs. Fitzpatrick's baby where it had been murdered by Big Tree and his savages, and thrown away to be devoured by the beasts of the woods, and vultures of the air.

The fate of the two Fitzpatrick girls were unknown until nearly two years later, when they were found among the Indians in Western Kansas, by Colonel Leavenworth. The two Fitzpatrick girls were taken to Washington by Col. Leavenworth, and Congress appropriated \$10,000 for their care and education. They were then placed in a Catholic Convent, where the girls grew to womanhood.

Col. Leavenworth corresponded with W. A. (Bud) Morris concerning the girls. A few years ago, a story of these children was printed in the Houston Post and reprinted in the Baltimore Herald. The piece was read by Mrs. Thomas W. Hardy, who was one of the Fitzpatrick girls. So she wrote to W. A. (Bud) Morris herself, and related some of her recollections and life history.

During this major raid, fifteen people were killed and carried into captivity, besides, others assaulted, and homes robbed and destroyed. And needless to say, the Indians always drove away all the horses that could be found.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris and F. R. McCracken, mentioned above, Charlie Grant and his wife, who, if we are not mistaken, was formerly Mrs. Nathan Long or her daughter. Also interviewed others then living in that section.

Indians Wound Bill Miller and Wash Marrow

January 15, 1868, Bill Miller and Wash Marrow, traveling in a wagon drawn by four head of horses, were returning from Rose's mill, about twelve miles east of San Saba, to their home in McCulloch County, three miles below Camp San Saba. When they were within two miles of Brady Creek, ten or eleven Indians were discovered. So Miller and Marrow drove into a cedar thicket and stayed until they thought the Indians were gone. They went on to the mouth of Brady Creek where the savages reappeared. Miller and Marrow whipped up the four horses and tried to outrun the Indians, but could not make sufficient speed. They ran about one mile in a circle, and Wash Marrow lay down in the wagon where he covered their retreat. Bill Miller, who drove the team, placed the bedding over his back, and had a pistol in the seat to help keep the Indians at a distance. But when the horses were pulling the wagon in a run over the rocks, Miller's six-shooter slipped out on the ground. After running about one mile, the horses broke loose from the wagon, and the two men then retreated into a thicket of timber. One Indian ventured up, and Bill Marrow hit him with a rock. Since Miller and Marrow did not return, a searching party found them the next morning. According to reports, Bill Miller, who drove the team, was wounded twenty-three times. Wash Marrow was also wounded several times.

Note: Author personally interviewed Taylor Vandever, whose sister married Bill Miller, M. T. Cavis, Newt Brown, John Robbins and others who lived in this section at the time.

Murder of Mrs. Mary Alexander

Mrs. Alexander and her daughters, Mrs. W. C. (Nancy) Wachter, were alone at their home on the south prong of the Guadalupe, about thirteen miles southwest of Ingram. John J. Alexander had gone to Spring Creek, in Gillespie County, about forty miles to the northeast. W. C. Wachter had driven an ox-team pulling a load of shingles to Fredericksburg. The shingles had been made out of the beautiful cypress timber that grew along the Guadalupe. C. Alexander, a son of Mrs. Mary Alexander, and a negro were about one-half mile away, making shingles under a bluff. The day was February 2, 1868. The dogs were charging so Mrs. Wachter went to the door with a smoothing iron. When an Indian appeared, she knocked him down with her weapon, and fled. Mrs. Mary Alexander ran a different direction, and the Indians killed her when she left the house. Mrs. W. C. Wachter had only gone a short distance toward her brother, when she too was shot in the shoulder, causing her to fall behind a log, where she lay until the Indians were gone. No doubt, the savages thought she had been slain. She then jumped up and hurried to her brother, C. Alexander and the Negro, both of whom were poorly armed. They rushed to the home of Leinweiber, where only women and children were found. From here they went to the home of Fritz Tegner. When relief returned, the Alexander home was a heaping pile of ashes, and the body of Mrs. Mary Alexander lay on a cold winter ground, badly burned.

Note: Author interviewed a daughter of Mrs. W. C. Wachter, Lafayette Nichols, and others who lived in that section of the state at the time.

The Legion Valley Raid

During 1868, among the very few families who lived in Legion Valley about sixteen miles south of Llano, were John F. Friend, Babe and Boy Johnson and their families. At the time of this particular raid, the Johnson brothers had started to Austin for supplies. John F. Friend was also away. So the women and children, during the morning of February 6, 1868, were congregated at the home of one of the Johnson brothers and the following people were present: Mrs. Friend and her stepson, Temple Friend, Miss Townsend, about sixteen years of age, and a relative of Mr. and Mrs. Friend, Mrs. Babe Johnson and her baby, Mrs. Boy Johnson and her baby, and little Malinda Caudull, a girl not yet in her teens.

During the fatal morning several savages were seen near the residence, unhobbling horses. And the splendid women and children made the very grave mistake of making a run for the house and then hurriedly returning. In this way, they paraded themselves in the open and disclosed to the Indians, no men were present. In a short time, the savages were attempting to break into the door. When they did, Mrs. Friend attempted to shoot but the wild demons, who were perhaps from the government reservation, wrenched the gun from her hands. The Indians then attempted to discharge a rifle, but the brave Mrs. Friend took a chair and knocked the gun out of the Indian's hands. She then knocked the Indian down with a smoothing iron. But she was shot through the breast with an arrow, which caused her to fall to the floor. Mrs. Friend was scalped, but the Indians only removed a small portion of her hair from the top of her head.

All others were made prisoners and poor Mrs. Friend left alone for dead. She was also badly cut across one hand and wounded in the arm. When the several Indians started away with their prisoners, one fiendish savage started back to make sure that Mrs. Friend was dead. She saw him coming so Mrs. Friend fixed herself in the same position in which she lay when the Indians left a few seconds before. When the Indian reached her, he pushed the arrow up and down in Mrs. Friend's breast several times, but the brave frontier woman did not flinch, so the savage went away. When the white captives had been carried about four miles to the southeast, the Indians killed Mrs. Boy

Johnson's baby. A few miles farther on, the savages murdered Mrs. Babe Johnson's baby. The two Mrs. Johnsons, Miss Townsend and Temple Friend, who was about eleven years of age, were then carried into the cedar breaks to the southeast. No one knows just what these citizens endured. Here the Indians camped for the night with their prisoners. The next morning, when the red men were ready to resume their journey, one of the Mrs. Johnsons refused to go, or was unable, we know not which, so she was murdered and scalped. The other Mrs. Johnson was carried about one mile farther toward the southeast where she, too, was murdered. The savages, with their remaining prisoners, again resumed their journey. When they had gone about five miles farther, through the rough and rugged hills of that section, they murdered Miss Townsend, an innocent frontier girl about sixteen years of age.

The Indians now decided that it was time to take their remaining prisoners to Oklahoma and Kansas. Malinda Caudull, who was about ten years of age, was gone about one year, and Temple Friend remained with the Indians much longer. When he returned, twelve or fifteen years later, he was completely Indianized. He would take his bow and arrow and kill the ducks around the house and, needless to say, his acts and conduct for some time was very much like that of an Indian.

Thrall's Pictorial History of Texas contains a report of this disastrous raid. From this report, which was made February 11, 1868, just five days after the tragedy occurred, we take the following quotation.

"After Mrs. Friend recovered slightly, she started to the Widow Johnson's house, distant one and half miles, where a Mr. Bradford and family were staying. Mr. Bradford pulled the arrow out of her breast, placed cloth over her head and then fled to the woods, leaving her alone sitting before the fire, in which condition she remained until next morning. The attack was made before sundown. Twenty-four hours passed before the physician at this place was called; at the same time word was received here of the affair. Every man that could possibly go, started immediately a part going to the scene of the late fatal occurrence. Arriving in the night, we had to wait until

morning to see the trail, which was thirty-six hours after the occurrence."

A heavy snow had fallen since the twelve or fifteen savages had committed their horrible crimes. So it was almost impossible for the citizens to follow the trail through the thick timber, and rough and rugged country. The bodies of those murdered were all found. Mrs. John F. Friend finally recovered and lived for many years.

Note: Author personally interviewed Ike B. Maxwell, W. H. Roberts, Capt. Van W. Roberts and others who lived in Llano and adjoining counties at the time.

Further Ref.: Thrall's Pictorial History of Texas.

Killing of Bob Lackey and Capture of McLeroy Children

During May or June of 1868, the Indians killed Bob Lackey and captured Natt and Dara McLeroy while they were gathering wild dewberries about four hundred yards from the home of their father Jno. R. McLeroy. Mr. McLeroy lived in Montague County near the present town of Forestburg. He recovered his children, who were about eight and ten years old, two or three months after they were captured. But as usual was compelled to pay the savages a high reward for their dastardly deeds.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. A. (Bud) Morris, who helped follow the Indians after the children were captured, and others who lived in that section at the time.

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Frank Johnson

Frank Johnson, who lived in Kimbell County about three miles northeast of the present town of London, was killed by Indians near the Leon Point, about three miles northeast of his home while he was hunting stock. Frank Johnson was only armed with a butcher knife. When he failed to return, a searching party found his body badly mutilated.

Note: Author interviewed J. F. Lindsley, an early settler in that section.

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Miss Sallie Bowman

March 7, 1868, while Miss Bowman, a beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter of Dr. Bowman, was out grazing her father's horses a few miles from their home on Deep Creek in Wise County, suddenly several Indians came charging toward her. She was riding a very fast and fine horse, so she hurriedly dashed away toward their home. In the mad run for her life, her horse made a twenty foot jump and cleared a fallen tree, jumped wide ditches, etc. But such jumps, no doubt, broke down her horse, for when she was nearing the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, two Indians dashed upon her, and shot her dead. The Indians recovered the horses Miss Bowman was herding. She was buried in the Deep Creek Cemetery.

Ref.: Several pioneer citizens of that section; and Pioneer History of Wise by Cliff D. Cates.

Indian Fight South of Millsap in 1868

During 1868, R. W. Littlefield, Ed Ross, and Wright Jones, had just finished killing a beef, about two miles south of the present town of Millsap, and placed it on a pack horse, when R. W. Littlefield saw an Indian on a little hill about one hundred and fifty yards away. The Indian was traveling east. Ed Ross and Wright Jones, who had been on the frontier only a short time, were anxious to pursue the savage, but R. W. Littlefield, who understood their intrigues, told the boys the Indian had set a trap, and this savage was trying to decoy them into a larger bunch of Indians. But Ross said, "Let's get him, boys." So the three took after the savage. They had only gone about two hundred yards, however, when the lone warrior threw in with about fourteen others concealed over the hill. The citizens dismounted and several shots were fired. The Indians retreated, but not until after Ross was wounded in the hip. Littlefield's horse was also wounded.

Ross was moved to the home of Wright Jones, about two miles west and a messenger sent to Weatherford for a doctor. The wounded horse was released, but again stolen that night, evidently by the same band of Indians. This animal was later found dead near the present city of Mineral Wells.

Note: Author interviewed Bud and Dave Littlefield.

Mr. and Mrs. Lem Barton lived about eighteen miles southwest of Weatherford. Mrs. Barton and her two little children were alone and eating dinner when they saw several horsemen running stock back of Sam Littlefield's field. At first, she thought it was her husband, and other cowhands, who would want dinner. So she jumped up and began making necessary preparations. But before realizing what had transpired, her house was surrounded by a band of treacherous red-men. Mrs. Barton took her children and started for the home of Tack Barton which was about two hundred yards to the east. Mrs. Tack Barton and her daughter, had also discovered the warring Indians, and had donned some men's clothes for protection. When Mrs. Lem Barton and her children started toward the Tack Barton home, several blood-thirsty savages dashed toward them. Mrs. Tack Barton and daughter donned as they were in men's clothing, grabbed some guns and started to the relief of Mrs. Lem Barton and children. The cowardly Indians thought they were men, and ran away. But Mrs. Lem Barton was already mortally wounded, and died before she could be moved to the house. She was buried in the Soda Springs Graveyard, in the picturesque Littlefield Bend, where other Indian victims lay dead.

Note: Author personally interviewed Dave and F. S. Littlefield, James Newberry, Sam Newberry, C. R. Bradford, and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Parker Counties at the time.

M. Y. (Roe) Littlefield Wounded

Approximately three miles from Millsap, about noon, and just after a shower, in 1868, Webb Gilbert turned out his horses to graze. At the time, sixteen Indians were concealed on a red bluff not a great distance away, and in a short time rounded up the horses. Indian signs were soon discovered, however, and Johnce Gilbert and Amos Ashley, discovered the horses were gone. Word was conveyed to neighbors, who came over to the Littlefield Bend. In a short time, M Y. (Roe) Littlefield, Webb Gilbert, Johnce Gilbert, Geo. Emberlin, Carroll Mabry, Tom Lane, James Littlefield, Amos Ashley, and, perhaps, one or two others were soon in hot pursuit of the savages. When the Indians were crowded, they began to throw off blankets and other loose luggage that could be spared. The Indians were pursued until overtaken about three or four miles further. Here a running fight followed. In a short time the Indians made a stand, fired a few shots, dropped their stolen horses, and then made a retreat toward the mountains, and occasionally continued to drop blankets and other baggage. When the Indians were about three miles north of Millsap, they were again closely crowded and a running fight followed with the Indians still in the lead. One by one the fleeing Indians were shot from their horses, and finally M. Y. (Roe) Littlefield received a serious wound. When the fight was over, the citizens took the back trail to scalp the fallen Indians. Only about two scalps, however, were recovered. One or two other Indians who had been wounded, were gone. M. Y. (Roe) Littlefield recovered, but approximately eighteen years later his death was largely attributed to his old wound received in this fight.

Roe Littlefield was a member of the well-known Littlefield family, who located in Littlefield Bend December 24, 1854.

Note: Author personally interviewed Dave and F. S. Littlefield, James and Sam Newberry, R. Bradford, Henry Blue, and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Parker Counties at the time.

Indian Experience of John Dalton, Mose Terry and Abe Denton.

About 1868, Marcus L. Dalton, whom the Indians murdered about two years later, in Palo Pinto County, moved a large herd of cattle to Fort Sumner, and, perhaps, other points Mexico. The cattle were sold and the money, much of which was silver, sewed up in a cow hide. John Dalton, Mose Terry, and Abe Denton received instructions to take the silver money back home. With the money placed on a pack-horse, the three started on the long journey toward Palo Pinto County. When they reached the head waters of the Concho, these citizens camped for the night. John Dalton and Abe Denton went out to kill a beef, or something else, for they were practically out of provisions. While they were gone, Mose Terry started a fire, put his coffee in a pot and started to a little branch for water. Here many fresh moccasin tracks were seen, and their meaning was well understood to this early frontiersman. Mose Terry had hardly reached the camp before he found himself surrounded by Indians. He emptied his six-shooter, and then picked up a gun, that would fire but once and rushed for the opening his firing made in the Indians' line.

Mose Terry then retreated to a little mot of timber, approximately three hundred yards away. He kept the Indians at a distance with his guns. Finally he fired his last load, but hid in the high grass until he could re-load his pistol.

His companions discovered that he was surrounded by a large number of Indians, and thinking he would be killed, retreated on toward the east. But about sunup of the succeeding day, Mose Terry came upon Jno. Dalton and Abe Denton, eating their breakfast further down the trail. The Indians recovered the money, and such horses that were at the camp.

Note: Author interviewed W. A. (Bill) Ribble, who several times heard Mose Terry relate his experience.

Murder of Mrs. Todd and a Negro Girl and Capture of Alice Todd

About 1868, Geo. W. Todd, wife, daughter and a Negro girl left their home on Peter's Creek about five miles south of Mason and started to the home of a Mrs. Lewis, who lived where the city of Mason now stands. According to reports, they had gone only about two miles when charged by Indians. Mr. Todd and his daughter, Alice, about twelve or fourteen years of age, were riding one horse. Mrs. Todd and the Negro girl another. The Negro girl was killed and Mrs. Todd mortally wounded and died a short time afterwards. Alice Todd was carried into captivity and according to reports, married an Indian. Mr. Todd was the only one that escaped. Like a few other incidents, some have surmised that this deed was not done by the savages. The author was, of course, not present, and does not know, but if this dastardly act was not done by the savages, how did it happen that Alice Todd fell into the hands of the Indians and carried away?

Note: Author personally interviewed J. F. Milligan and wife, who lived in that section at the time.

Martin Cathey and Johnnie (Jack) Hale

Johnnie Hale, a son of Jeff Hale, and Martin Cathey, his uncle, started to Weatherford for a two-fold purpose, and left home about the third or fourth of July 1868. The boys lived at the time, in and near Palo Pinto. Jackson Hale was about twelve or thirteen years of age, and Martin Cathey, his uncle, seventeen or eighteen. Jack jokingly told J. C. Eubanks that he was going to sleep, while Martin Cathey, his uncle drove, so young Hale would be fresh for the minstrel show, to be staged in Weatherford that night. The boys not only intended to go to the show, but were in a wagon on their way to mill. Others were going from Palo Pinto to Weatherford, and were only a short distance behind.

About noon, while the boys were traveling along north of the old Newberry Place, and about three miles northeast of the present town of Millsap, several Indians came up and killed Martin Cathey and his nephew, Johnnie Hale. The wagon was covered with a sheet, for the weather was extremely warm. And since Johnnie Hale had said he was going to sleep, some have surmised the Indians slipped up and shot Johnnie from the rear end of the wagon before they hardly realized the Indians were around. Johnnie Hale was scalped, and Martin Cathey, who was driving, apparently was left uninjured. Since others were traveling along the road, it has been supposed their presence frightened the Indians and caused them to leave before Martin Cathey was scalped. Just exactly what happened of course, no one knows, for no eye witnesses were present at the time. But at least one person still lives at Palo Pinto who lived there then, and who has heard and thinks that Martin Cathey, who was not scalped, and who was not mortally wounded, was actually frightened to death when the Indians appeared. These things, of course, are more or less suppositions. Nevertheless, two horsemen came along and found the boys a few moments after they had been murdered. Their team had been hurriedly cut from the wagon, and the harness found about one year later, hanging in the brush a short distance away.

At the time, Judge Wm. Veale, and his son, Milton, both of Palo Pinto, were on their way to Weatherford, and were traveling in a buggy. They had stopped near the old Fuller-Millsap Place, on Rock Creek,

to eat their lunch; and had been here only a short time, when the two horsemen, who found the boys, came dashing up and related the news. Wm. Veale and his son, as well as the two horsemen, hurried over there, for they felt sure it were Johnnie Hale and Martin Cathey that had been killed. These boys were ex-students of Judge Wm. Veale, who had been their teacher only a short time before. Their bodies were carried back to the Brazos, where Jessie Hale, father of Johnnie Hale, lived. They were then carried to Palo Pinto, and until ready for burial, placed in the old Dr. S. S. Taylor's house, now owned by Mrs. Ed Marshall, Sr., Johnnie Hale and Martin Cathey were buried in the lower graveyard.

Note: Author personally interviewed Milton Veale, and J. C. Eubanks, mentioned above. Also interviewed Judge E. K. Taylor, who a short time before was also a teacher of Johnnie Hale; Mrs. Jane Bevers, Mrs. Jerry Hart, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Jodie Corbin, Mrs. Matilda (D'Rossette) Van Cleve, Mrs. Julia (D'Rossette) Scott, J. C. Jowell, Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, James and Sam Newberry, and other settlers who lived in Palo Pinto and Parker Counties at the time.

Geo. Hazlewood came to Palo Pinto County about 1858, and erected the log house in which Will M. Peters was killed near the present McDonald Dipping Vat, four miles west of Palo Pinto. During 1860, Geo. Hazlewood moved his family to Sandy Creek, in Stephens County, and the old log house in which he lived west of Palo Pinto has since been torn away.

Late in February of 1868, Geo. Hazlewood and others had a roundup and placed a large number of calves in the corrals on Sandy Creek and on the James Walker Ranch. Geo. Hazlewood, at the time, was living on Battle Creek, a few miles away. But in accordance with their usual custom, the cowmen camped near the cattle. Late in the evening of February 29th, Geo. Hazlewood hobbled his horse at camp, and turned them out to graze.

The next morning, which was of course, the first day of March 1868, exactly five years after Will M. Peters was killed, Geo. Hazlewood instructed the men to continue branding the calves in the corrals, and he would go out and bring in the horses. It was an extremely windy day, the air was full of sand, and a strong March wind blowing. Jim Carter, M. L. Johnson, John, and Tom Hazlewood, Wm. Cain, a son-in-law of Geo. Hazlewood, and possible two or three others were left at the pens branding calves, while Geo Hazlewood went to hunt the horses. In a short time, he found a few ponies, brought them to camp, and returned to find the others. In his reminiscences, published in the Trail Drivers of Texas, J. T. Hazlewood, a son of George Hazlewood, among other things reported as follows:

"During his absence, a man coming from another ranch observed a band of Indians and he hurried to the camp to give the alarm. The men in camp saddled their horses and went to the point where the Indians were last seen. They rode up on a high elevation, looking down into a canyon, where they discovered the Indians, and the Indians discovering the men at the same time. There being a large party of the Indians and only a few white men, a running fight took place as the men started back to camp, the Indians shooting with bows and

arrows, while the men used their guns and pistols. After the Indians had retreated, search was made for my father and he was found about a mile and a half from the camp, lying in a branch, where he had been killed by the Indians. He had fought them single-handed for some time, and several pools of blood were found near the battleground. The Indians were in the canyon preparing to carry off the wounded, when the settlers camp upon them. After killing my father, they did not disturb him except to take his gun, pistol, horse, saddle and bridle. The men went back to the camp, procured a wagon and brought father's body to the ranch the next day."

George Hazlewood was armed with one of the first Spencer rifles that reached Stephens County, and with this weapon, did deadly work. But accounts differ as to the number of Indians that were wounded and killed. Most conservative reports, however, indicate that one or two Indians were killed and an equal number wounded.

Along about this particular period, a mysterious negro, named Cato, who in a measure, made his home at Fort Concho, often disappeared, and would be gone for long periods of time. This negro man was the husband of Indian Kate, who was also known as Comanche Kate, for her father was a Comanche Indian. Her mother was formerly a slave of Wm. Greenwood, who moved to old Fort Mason, a few years before the outbreak of the Civil War. It was generally believed that Cato, her husband, was at times, operating with the Indians. And when George Hazlewood was killed, according to reports, Cato was with the Indians and helped commit the murder.

From the little branch where Geo. Hazlewood was murdered, the Indians went westward, and for a time, stopped in sight of old Mugginsville. From there they started toward the northwest.

Fierce Fight at the Ledbetter Salt Works

The same Indians mentioned in the preceding section, (George Hazlewood story) next appeared at the Old Ledbetter Salt Works, about nine miles south and west of the present city of Albany, in Shackelford County. The Old Ledbetter Salt Works were on the salt prong of Hubbard's Creek. W. H. Ledbetter, Sam Lindsey and their families lived near the salt works at the time. Sam Lindsey and family lived in a little picket structure, about one hundred and fifty yards south of the Ledbetter rock house. Nep Thornton and others worked for Ledbetter and also lived near. When the savages first appeared, they were discovered about three hundred yards away by Harve Ledbetter, and, as usual, were hideously painted, and came yelling and screaming toward this frontier post. These early pioneers, however, well knew the savages did not intend to run completely over them. The large number of Indians circled the salt works several times, and constantly discharged their volleys of arrows.

Some time before, a Mexican had brought a train of provisions from San Antonio to Fort Griffin, and when he passed the Ledbetter Salt Works, the Mexican contracted with W. H. Ledbetter to furnish one thousand buffalo hides at a certain future date. The buffalo had already been killed when the Indians appeared, and the open prairies covered with their carcasses. Sam Lindsey and Nep Thornton were engaged in carrying dried buffalo hides from a point near the rock house to a place where the hides were being stacked.

During the thickest of the fighting, Nep Thornton discovered the Indians were about to capture Mrs. Lindsey, who had been sick, and her little daughter "Sis Lindsey," who afterwards married Pete Harris.

Mrs. Lindsey and "Sis" had seen the Indians and were hurrying from their picket home to the Ledbetter Rock House, about one hundred and fifty yards north. Nep Thornton hurried to protect them, and arrived just in time to prevent a savage from catching little "Sis" Lindsey by the hair of the head. When this particular Indian saw that Nep Thornton was going to shoot, he ducked and ran away. In a short time all the citizens were under cover and prepared for an extended battle. For half an hour the savages charged and almost

beat a path as they circled the salt works. But when the Indians realized they were constantly losing their warriors, who were being shot from their horses with buffalo guns, and other firearms, they started toward the northwest with their dead and wounded. None of the citizens were seriously injured.

Citizens and Soldiers Follow Indians After Killing of Geo. Hazlewood and Attack on Old Ledbetter Salt Works

After the Indians left the Ledbetter Salt Works, Sam Lindsey and Nep Thornton, walked to Fort Griffin, about twenty-five miles away, to notify the soldiers of the Indians' raid. Capt. A. R. Chaffee, in command of five officers and sixty-two non-commissioned officers and privates, belonging to companies F, I and K of the Sixth Cavalry, hastily as possible, started in pursuit of the Indians. They were accompanied by W. H. Ledbetter, whose salt works had been attacked on the 2nd day of March, 1868, and by perhaps one or two other citizens. They were also accompanied by some Tonkawa Indians stationed near Fort Griffin at the time. The soldiers and citizens struck the Indians' trail somewhere between Hubbard's Creek, and the Clear Fork of the Brazos. The Indians were dragging about three litters loaded with their wounded, so their trail was easily followed. About 9:30 p. m., March 5, the scouts discovered the Indians between the two forks of Paint Creek, near the Haskell-Stamford road, about eight miles south of the present town of Haskell. They then reported to Capt. Cahaffee, who ordered all to be quiet, no fires to be made, and that every one be in readiness to strike the Indians early the next morning.

The Indians were then charged about the break of day, March the 6th, 1868, and according to government reports, seven Comanches killed during the fighting. We are informed, however by local citizens that approximately three of this number, were already wounded, and that one was the negro Cato, who had been mysteriously disappearing from Fort Concho. Another wounded was a Mexican, and the third, an Indian. Some of these were captured before they were killed. The captured stated that two Indians were killed and two wounded by the deadly fire of George Hazlewood, and one killed and two wounded at the Old Ledbetter Salt Works. So in the three fights, the savages lost ten of their number.

As usual, no two of the many interviewed tell exactly the same story concerning this and the two preceding sections; but the killing of George Hazlewood, attack on the Old Ledbetter Salt Works, and fight on Paint Creek, in Haskell County, have been carefully written, after

interviewing those listed below, who should know more of this particular raid than any others, for they were closely connected with the same, and their accounts have been closely checked with such government records as were available. One of the authorities was of the opinion that the Indians appeared at the Ledbetter Salt Works first, and then killed George Hazlewood the succeeding morning, but practically all others state that George Hazlewood was killed first, and then the Indians appeared at the salt works the succeeding day. And, no doubt, the majority is correct, for the latter group is not only supported by the physical facts, but apparently corroborated by government reports, and we sincerely feel that this is the most detailed and correct account of this particular raid that had ever been written.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Wm. Cain, and Mrs. C. E. Ferguson, daughters of Geo. Hazlewood, Harve Ledbetter, son of W. H. Ledbetter, and mentioned above; Mrs. Pete Harris ("Sis" Lindsey), mentioned above, Charlie Hazlewood and Mrs. Annie Corrigan, nephew and niece of Geo. Hazlewood, John Erwin, Lish Christeson, Lish Carter, brother of Jim Carter, mentioned above; Joe Schoolcraft, and several others who lived in Stephens, Palo Pinto, and adjoining counties at the time. In former years, also heard Calvin Hazlewood, brother of George, H. G. Taylor, Huse Bevers, D. C. (Cook) Harris, John Schoolcraft, James Chick, Fletcher White, and one or two other frontiersmen speak of this particular raid.

Further Ref.: The reminiscences of J. T. Hazlewood, son of George Hazlewood, in volume two of the Trail Drivers of Texas; List of battles, actions, etc. of the United States Army, as published in a little pamphlet in 1902, and contained in Heightman's Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army; the report of the Secretary of War, for 1868-69, and written account of this raid furnished the author by W. R. Standifer of Haskell.

The Experience of Mrs. F. A. Lasater and Her Children in Jack County

During 1868, Mrs. F. A. Lasater, who lived about fifteen miles south of Jacksboro, and on the east Keechi, in Jack County, started to the Newt. Adkinson Ranch, about eight miles north. Mrs. Lasater, herself, was riding a race horse, and accompanied by her sons, Marion, and Luke Lasater, and a granddaughter, Mary Ann Burns. After going about three miles from the house, and crossing East Keechi to the west side, they discovered several Indians about one-fourth mile away. Mrs. Lasater, her sons and little granddaughter, made a dash for the brush, and when Mrs. Lasater whirled her race horse, the little granddaughter fell off, but hit the ground running. Marion Lasater was armed with a double barreled shotgun, and a six-shooter, and Luke Lasater was armed with a six-shooter. When they retreated to the timber, the Indians yelled and rode around for a considerable length of time, but finally went away. After remaining in the brush for about two hours, and when dark came, Marion Lasater slipped out and went back to the Lasater Ranch for his brothers, A. M. and Green Lasater. When they returned, the Indians had already gone.

Note: Author interviewed A. M. Lasater.

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George Halsell

During 1868, while Geo. Halsell and Pete Hardin were working for the Waggoner "outfit", they were charged by a large band of Indians. Hardin hurriedly hid under the bank, but Halsell riding a good horse hurried on with the large number of Indians in hot pursuit. He had only gone a short distance, however, when he received a mortal wound. While the savages were searching for Hardin, in the timber across the creek, an Indian chief stopped his horse immediately over Hardin's head, but apparently did not see him. Hardin, however, had his gun cocked, and said, "If the chief had looked down, I intended to pull the trigger.." But the Indians did not find him, for he was away from his horse, and well-concealed under a bank that was covered with considerable brush.

Note: Author personally interviewed Joe Bryant, and W. A. (Bud) Morris, who lived in Montague County at the time.

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W. J. Nixon Wounds an Indian

During 1868, W. J. Nixon, Bill Ford and Henry Strackhein, while riding the range on a roundup in Kemball County, ran on two Indians in the roughs. The Indians ran one way, and the German, the other. But Nixon and Ford followed the savages and when the former fired, an Indian dropped his blanket and the other red men rushed to his side, as if he were mortally wounded. This occurred late in the evening about twelve miles south of Junction.

Note: Author interviewed W. J. Nixon, himself.

Kendall County Citizens Encounter Indians on Curry Creek

About 1868 Lewis Deats, Capt. John Lowhon, W. D. Edge, Frank Epps, Iron Davis, W. T. Gourley, T. M. Gourley, August Knibbe, and Charlie Patten, followed an Indian trail for about six miles, and came on the savages encamped on Curry Creek, about seventeen miles east of Boerne, in Kendall County. August Knibbe left the main command and took a stand near where he thought the Indians would pass when they made a retreat. When the savages were charged by the remaining command, true to expectations, they passed August Knibbe in his place of concealment. He was wounded in the foot.

The next morning the Indians killed Krokemeyer who lived about ten miles south of Blanco, on little Blanco Creek. Krokemeyer, at the time, was out hunting oxen, about one half mile from his house. He was scalped.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. T. Gourley, who was in the fight, F. C. Kaiser, and J. C. Goar, who then lived in that section.

Indians Capture Negro on Currey's Creek, in Kendall County

About 1868, a Mr. Clark and a negro about twelve years of age, were charged by Indians about ten o'clock in the while driving a cow on Currey's Creek in Kendall County. Clark escaped but the negro was captured. Fred and Charlie Burkman, Frank Eastwood, Buck Blevins, Joe Wright, and W. T. Gourley followed the Indians for fifteen or twenty miles in a westerly direction, unable to overtake them. The fate of the negro was never known. Judge Valentine Gates, however, found a skeleton several years later, and it has been generally surmised these bones were the remains of the negro boy.

Note: Author Interviewed those mentioned in the preceding section.

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Sam B. Jennings

Sam Jennings, who lived about one mile north of the town of Adamsville, in Lampasass County, repeatedly tied one of his favorite horses under the unfloored porch of his dwelling. One bright moonlight night, about 1868, when this horse became disturbed, Mr. Jennings looked out, and saw a lone Indian dodging from tree to tree, and working his way toward the horse. When the Indian was within reasonably close firing distance, Mr. Jennings' muzzle loading shotgun echoed loudly during the still hours of a moonlight night, and the next morning this savage lay dead on the ground.

Note: Author interviewed W. J. Patterson, who lived about one mile away at the time.

Indians Attack the Russell Ranch

Mrs. Polly Russell and her four children, Dean Russell, about twenty-two years of age, and Martha Russell, about eighteen, Harvey Russell, aged about sixteen, and James Russell, about eleven years of age, during 1868, lived on Martin's prairie, about three miles southwest of the present town of Chico. During the summer of 1868, John O. Allen, and approximately eleven others who were returning from a buffalo hunt, camped near the Russell Ranch for the night. John O. Allen was detailed to go to the house to see if he could secure some milk, and while there met Mrs. Russell, and about three of her children. Mrs. Russell and her daughter, Martha, (Lucy), invited young John Allen to return to the house and visit them after supper.

To young Allen, the discovery of this beautiful frontier girl after spending several days on the buffalo ranges, was but the finding of a wild flower in the desert. He said:

"Lucy, (Martha) was a perfect brunette, and the finest specimen of womanhood that I had ever beheld, and Cupid at once got out his arrows and sent one into the most vital parts of my life. Just think of an eighteen year old boy looking at the first woman he ever loved. Her name was Lucy (Martha)."

After John Allen was ready to leave, this wild flower of the frontier stood in the doorway in front of him and made the request that John Allen persuade her brother, who was away, to move back into the settlements where they would be out of the range of the Indians. John Allen consented to comply with Martha's request, and stated that he would return the next morning, before the buffalo hunters moved on toward the settlements, and speak to Dean Russell. He did, in fact, return next morning, but since Dean Russell had not returned. Allen could not fulfill his obligation. But he said:

"Before I left, I told Miss Lucy (Martha) that as she had made a request of me, that I had one to make of her. She came a little closer and asked me what it was. I told her that the Comanches had not captured me, but that she had, and as I said this, I saw two big tears coming from those black eyes

and jumped down and brushed them away, but not with my handkerchief you may be sure. I then asked her if she was going to grant my request, and she said she would. I took her face in my hands and sealed our troth with a kiss. I then told her that I must return to camp, or the boys would come after me."

But a few weeks later, when Dean Russell was away, working at a sawmill on Sandy Creek, several miles east of the Russell Ranch, a band of blood-thirsty Indians, who were on a raid, and who perhaps belonged to an Oklahoma Indian reservation, concealed themselves for a considerable length of time in a cane patch, near the Russell residence. After eating no little amount of the cane, they then stormed the frontier cabin, and no one was left to relate the savagery of the Comanches' onslaught. When Dean Russell returned in the evening from his day's work at the sawmill, he found the baby brother Jimmie lying dead in the yard, the mother across the threshold of the door, but Harvey and his sister Martha apparently had disappeared. Dean Russell hurried for assistance, and when local citizens hastily and faithfully responded to his call, the body of Harvey Russell was found under the bed, and a number of empty cartridge shells disclosed that he had made a brave fight with the Winchester that belonged to the Russell home. As usual, feather beds and pillows were ripped open, and the savages carried away each and every article that seemed to suit their fancy. In turn their trail was followed by local citizens.

After leaving the Russell Ranch, the savages gave Dick Couch a lively chase. About three miles from the Russell home, the citizens came across one of the most gruesome sights that ever tested the fortitude of the early frontiersmen. They found the badly mutilated body of Miss Martha (Lucy) Russell, and no one knows the extent of her horrible experience.

Since John O. Allen had only received one or two letters from Martha (Lucy) Russell, the next June, when he and his associates made another buffalo hunt, as soon as possible, he began to make inquiries about the Russell family, and was told by the citizens of Jack County that all the family, excepting Dean Russell, were dead. The buffalo hunters proceeded further out toward the ranges, and before their journey was complete, they, no doubt, encountered some of the

same savages, that had massacred the members of the Russell family. In the fight that followed, at least three Indians were killed, and one citizen wounded. After the fight was over, John O. Allen found an Indian shield that contained the beaded scalp of some innocent frontier girl, and in color, size, and general appearance, strongly resembled that of the girl he "loved at first sight." John O. Allen said:

"The minute I found this scalp on the shield, it flashed through my mind that it was Lucy (Martha) Russell's scalp. The time that it had been killed, the color of the hair, the length of the hair, and the trail on which it was captured, all corroborated and convinced me at once, that was my Lucy Russell's scalp, but I kept this all to myself."

Note: Author personally interviewed John O. Allen himself, J. D. White, and others who were familiar with this horrible massacre.

Further Ref: Pioneer History of Wise County, by Cliff D. Cates, and Frontier Times, the splendid frontier magazine edited by J. Marvin Hunter.

Big Raid Through Wise, Denton and Montague Counties

During October of 1868, approximately two hundred savages first appeared when they charged John Bailey and Will Ball, who were gathering corn in the northern part of Wise County. Bailey opened fire, and apparently killed a chief, but he too was soon slain. Will Ball, however, hurried toward the house, and may have also been murdered had he not been saved by Will Clark, who concealed himself behind a fence, and covered the Ball boy until he could successfully escape. The savages next appeared at the home of Mrs. Vick, where she was murdered.

About this time, the Indians were discovered by J. D. White, who was on a ridge and waved his hat pretending to be motioning to men in the rear to rapidly advance. To be sure, Mr. White was alone, and there was no one to rally to his assistance. But this strategic movement seemed to have effectually caused the savages considerable consternation, gave him sufficient time to out-distance the savages, and reach his home where his wife and little ones were unprotected. But while Mr. White was watching the Indians, three of their number rode away in the direction of the home of Mrs. Vick, and when shots were heard, J. D. White thought the savages had added another scalp to their belt. When he considered it safe, he and Granger Salmon rode over to the Vick home, and discovered the savages had, in fact, shot Mrs. Vick while bending over the washboard.

The Indians apparently, next arrived at the home of J. J. Connelly. He alone was present to defend his home and family. Several women and girls were in his house, he had only one gun, and it contained only one load.

Mr. Connelly quickly ordered the women to dress in men's clothes, and show the points of broom and hoe handles, to make it appear several men were present, and all were well armed. This bit of strategy also had the desired effect. Up until this time, the Indians' every movement indicated they intended to storm the house. But when the women presented their weapons of war, the Indians rode away.

The new of the raid finally reached Decatur, then a frontier village, and the local citizens fortified in the court-house, Bishop's Tavern, and perhaps, elsewhere, for it was feared the Indians would circle in that direction, and storm the little village. But the hostile savages passed into Denton County, where they continued their raid in quest of horses and human blood.

October 30, 1868, a large band of Indians, who came through Montague County, made their appearance in Denton County, and were harassing the people on all sides. According to reports, three hundred and twenty-five Indians were counted by William McCormick. In a short time the savages gathered up a herd of horses variously estimated to be from 600 to 1000 in number. The frontier citizens hurriedly volunteered to defend the frontier settlements. A. H. Fortenberry numbered among the volunteers, and when he and a few others came in contact with the savages, Mr. Fortenberry was killed, scalped, and his body badly mutilated. According to reports, he was slowly burned to death.

After terrorizing the citizens of Denton County, the Indians headed toward Fort Sill. When they passed through Montague County, going north, W. R. Willingham was watering stock at the Jackson place, about twelve miles southeast of Montague and saw the Indians coming. He hurried in the log cabin, held his horse through the crack in the walls, and knocked the chinkin from between the logs, to have a porthole. After circling the house several times, the savages went away toward Oklahoma. They were also pursued by a posse of citizens of Montague County, but the Indians had such overwhelming numbers, the small band of whites were forced to fall back.

Note: Author interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris; Wm. Harrell; Charlie Grant; and others who lived in Montague and Denton Counties at the time.

Further Ref.: Of Denton County, by Ed. F. Bates; Pioneer History of Wise County, by Cliff D. Cates.

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Press (Milt) Perkins

About 1868, Press Perkins, who lived on Salt Creek, about eight miles north of Springtown, and in the southern part of Wise County, went out alone to hunt some oxen he had purchased from the Armstrong family. It was in the morning, and since he did not return, his family thought he had gone to Willow Creek, about eleven miles to the west, to look after some stock that had strayed in that direction. But unfortunately, he was found the next day, about one-half mile from home murdered by Indians.

Note: Author interviewed John M. Frazier, who was closely related by marriage; Dole Miller; E. P. Curby, and other settlers of that section.

Captain Alex (Buck) Roberts, and His Rangers Round Up Indians Near the Pack-Saddle Mountains, in Llano County.

During 1868, Capt. Alex Roberts, his son Wm. (Buck) Roberts, and George Roberts, Will Shipp, Morris Humphries, and possibly one or two more, were out scouting in the colorful hills of Llano County, and then discovered several horses apparently in distress. After the rangers reached the horses, they soon saw that four or five had been killed and others wounded by a band of marauding Indians. Their trail was followed one-half mile to where the savages had purposely separated to make it difficult for the rangers to follow their route.

The scouts were now joined by Peter and Alex Shelley, John Crownoner, and A. Hardin, local citizens, who did not belong to the command. The savages were then followed a considerable distance, and the rangers discovered where they had killed five or six additional horses, and supplied themselves with horse meat.

Wm. (Buck) Roberts said, "They proceeded about three miles further when they came to a small rugged mountain, leading from the main mountains, pointing down to the Llano River, where they camped. Their spies either saw or heard us, so they mounted and fled like wild cattle. After following them three miles further, they were overtaken. Thier chief was riding near the middle of the bunch, and suddenly called a halt, throwing his arms at full length, formed a line, and wheeled them, facing us, and met us shooting and yelling, like fighting demons. It was cloudy and showers of rain had been falling at intervals. All, except father and I, were armed with old-fashioned cap and ball firearms, which refused to fire when necessity called."

Nevertheless, as poorly armed as they were, the brave citizens stood their ground. Buck Roberts further said,

"The Indians soon discovered our conditions, and directed all their arrows against father and I. When the old chief sought to catch me, and carrying his gun in his left hand, advancing and shooting with a six-shooter in his right hand, father and I were armed with Spencer carbines, that had been drawn from the government. Our amunition being nearly exhausted, we were forced to retain our fire as long as

possible, but the old warrior advanced to within a few feet of me, when I put a bullet in the right place, throwing him to the ground. About the same time, four or five others of the twenty-two Comanches fell, so the remaining Indians retreated from the field."

The citizens captured twenty-five horses, some saddles, and other articles, and none of their number was wounded.

Note: Author personally corresponded with Wm. (Buck) Roberts himself. Also interviewed W. H. and Capt. Dan Roberts, who lived in that section of the state at the time.

George Dodson Kills Indian in Palo Pinto County

In all the early history of the West, we find none so colorful as the experiences and achievements of the early pioneers, who reclaimed for civilization the wild western frontier. The little pioneer log cabins, hidden among hills, and located in large valleys, were visited during each light of the moon, by the marauding hordes of the plains.

While making one of these horse-stealing raids, the Indians were discovered along the Brazos, about six miles north of Palo Pinto. All the surrounding neighbors were notified.

Pete and W. B. Slaughter tied some of their horses to big elm trees, close to the Slaughter Ranch, now known as the Harris Place, and slept in the corn crib, so the horses could be watched. Pete Slaughter sat up on guard until two o'clock in the morning while W. B. Slaughter, his smaller brother, slept. Then in turn, Pete lay down to sleep and W. B. Slaughter was placed on duty, to watch for Indians, until the break of day. But in a short time, W. B. Slaughter fell asleep, and when the boys awoke the Indians had already untied the horses staked to a nearby tree and led them away.

But the savage that appeared at the Conatser Ranch two miles distant, was not so successful. Here George Dodson and Jack Conatser were also sleeping in a corn crib, and Geo. Dodson was on duty. During the silent hours of night, an Indian pulled up some fence pickets, slipped in the lot, and was attempting to drive out the horses. According to one or two accounts, this Indians was crawling around in the lot on his hands and knees, and grunting like a hog. Nevertheless, whether crawling or walking, when the logical moment arrived, George Dodson shot, and the report of his gun echoed among the cliffs and crags of Kyle Mountain, not many miles away. After the smoke of his gun was gone, one dead Indian lay oblong, and none of his comrades came to carry him to a place of concealment. No doubt, others were in the vicinity, for they seldom traveled alone.

When daylight came, the above Indian warrior was carried to Palo Pinto, about six miles south. He was then dragged upon the hill north

of Palo Pinto and the author found some of his bones a few years ago.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. B. Slaughter, mentioned above; Martin Lane, A. M. Lasater, Mrs. Wm. Metcalf, J. C. Jowell, Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Mrs. Jerry Hart, Mrs. Huse Bevers, Jodie Corbin, Mrs. Smith, a sister of George Dodson, and many others who lived in Palo Pinto and adjoining counties at the time.

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Murder of Mr. Dillard in Bosque County

Dillard and a companion were returning from the settlements a few miles below their home, when they were charged by Indians, a few miles west and south of Meridian. Dillard's companion was riding a wild horse. Dillard then suggested that he talk to the Indians, but the bronco-buster said, "___! ___! No!" But the wild horse refused to go. When the Indians were reasonably near, however, the bronco pony became frightened, and ran completely away. Dillard, however, was killed.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Cos Barry; J. M. Robertson; Ole T. Nystel; and others, who were early settlers in that section.

Bevers Shoots to Alarm Savages

During 1868, he lived near where the Bever's home now stands, about three miles east of the present town of Graford. During the dark hours of night, the Indians, who were concealed under the live oak trees near the well, southwest of the house, were blating like a distressed calf that had been caught by wolves, no doubt, for the purpose of decoying someone out, and to add another scalp to their list of trophies. But "Grandpa" Bevers was too wise for them. He took his gun, slipped out on the porch, and shot in the direction of the noise. When he did, the Indians instantly fired at the blaze of his gun. So "Grandpa" decided he did not care to kill any more Indians just at that time, and returned to the inside of his dwelling.

Note: Author interviewed Mrs. H. G. Taylor, a daughter of G. R. Bevers, and Mrs. Huse Bevers, a daughter-in-law.

W. L. Light and Wife, Mary and Baby Dora

July 4, 1868, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Light, took their children, Dora, about one year of age, Lee about four, Emma about eight, Sallie about twelve, over to the home of James Newberry, his brother-in-law. James Newberry, however, and his family were about two miles south, at the home of H. R. Moss, another brother-in-law. So Mr. and Mrs. Light and children returned to their own residence. When they needed to go only about one hundred and fifty yards to complete their journey, several Indians dashed out of a black-jack thicket and in a short time thirty-five bullets and arrows had punctured Mrs. Light's clothing. W. L. Light was shot in the chest with a bullet, and was also wounded in the hand and perhaps elsewhere. Dora, the one year old baby, was also slain, and little Emma seriously wounded. Emma, Lee and Sallie, however, hurried on to the house, and closed the door. James Newberry, lived about two miles away. Since it was late in the evening, James Newberry and family reached their homes about the same time the Indians charged Mr. and Mrs. Light and children. Shots were heard, so James Newberry, H. R. Moss, Will Crabtree, and Reece Crabtree, went over to the Light home to investigate the shooting. Mr. Light was still alive, but lived only a short time. He requested that they carry the dead bodies of his wife and baby in the house first. The Crabtree boys were sent to the house for quilts. When they reached the dwelling, they heard a noise within, and without entering came back and reported. James Newberry said that he would proceed to the house and call the children by name, and if it were they, they would answer. He did, and the three children, concealed in the dwelling recognized their uncle's voice, and gladly responded to his call. Mrs. Light and the baby were moved to the house first. By this time, Mr. Light's eyes were forever sealed, and his beloved children left in the hands of loved ones.

Mrs. Light was scalped, but the Indians, for some unknown reason, did not remove her earrings, nor ring from her hand. In due time, little Emma recovered. Mr. and Mrs. Light, and little Dora were buried in the Porter Graveyard, on Grindstone, only a short distance from their residence, and about twelve miles west of Weatherford, in Parker County.

Note: Author personally interviewed: James Newberry, mentioned above: his brother, Sam Newberry; W. J. Langley, Dave and S. Littlefield; and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Parker Counties at the time.

Allen Brothers and Others Fight Indians in the Highsaw Cove

During November of 1868, Indian signs were discovered near Mansker Lake, in Eastland County, and in a short time, Baker Ballew, Joe, Sam, Wm. and Luther Allen, Andrew Carter, George Bugby, Peter Davidson, and others, of that section, took the trail, which was very difficult to follow. Finally, however, after following the Indians for two or three miles, a young dog seemed to have suddenly discovered these brave frontiersmen were wanting to follow the Indians, so the puppy began barking and started after the red men in a long run. For many miles this little dog led the citizens rapidly along the Indian trail, and finally the savages were overtaken in the vicinity of the Highsaw Cove, about twelve miles south of the present city of Strawn. The savages realized that this little dog had placed them into a bad state of affairs, so they riddled his body with arrows. Shortly afterwards, the citizens made a charge. It was now late in the evening, and for a few moments a very fierce fight followed. The Indians, however, soon retreated from the field, leaving some of their dead on the ground. The citizens also recovered Indian blankets, bows, arrows, horses and several other Indian implements. Joe Allen, and Baker Ballew, however, were painfully wounded, but it appeared that some of the savages that escaped were also wounded. An Indian stirrup, which had been badly shattered by the discharge of some of the citizens' guns, indicated that an Indian had been wounded in the foot.

Note: Author interviewed: W. C. McGough; Mrs. John Gibson; Mrs. Guest; W. D. Goens; Mr. Highsaw, and others who lived in that vicinity at the time.

Further Ref.: History of Eastland County, by Mrs. Geo. Langston.

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Mr. and Mrs. Tom Phelps

About 1868, while Mr. and Mrs. Tom Phelps were fishing on Cypress Creek, in Blanco County, about three miles south of Round Mountain, and three-fourths of a mile east of their home, a little negro boy came dashing by and told them the Indians were coming. But it seems they refused to be alarmed, and both were killed. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps were later found about fifty yards apart.

Note: Author interviewed: J. G. Odiorne; and W. J. Nixon, who then lived in that section of the state.

F. C. Kaiser Shoots Indian in the Temple

October 28, 1868, Indians were discovered on the Ammon ranch in Kendall county, about eight miles northeast of Boerne. So a messenger was sent to the Currey Creek Community. F. C. Kaiser, Jonce, Anson, Jim and W. K. Jones, Jim Nowlin, Charlie Williams, and about two others responded to the call. The Indians were followed all day into Kendall County, but were never overtaken, and the trail was abandoned in the Currey Creek Community.

That night F. C. Kaiser, and Charlie Williams guarded about \$2000.00 worth of horses, at the barn of Dr. Jim Nowlin. During the quiet hours of the night, the dogs disclosed the presence of two Indians, who had already pulled up several pickets, so the horses could be driven from the lot. F. C. Kaiser alarmed Charlie Williams, and since one Indian was in the open, and the other behind a post, Kaiser thinking that Williams would evidently shoot at the savage in the open, fired on the other, and when he did, hit the Indian in the temple above the eye. But Williams failed to fire. So the savage in the open ran away. He was pursued by F. C. Kaiser and the dogs, but escaped.

Note:—Author personally interviewed: F. C. Kaiser himself.

During 1868, after selling their small herds to Jim Burleson, John and Wm. Morris were employed to help move a herd of cattle to New Mexico. At Fort Sumner, they were paid for their services, and in company with others, started back over the Goodnight-Loving Trail, for their home in Texas. When the settlements were reached, from time to time different cowmen were continually leaving the others, and when the two Morris brothers were within or near the present Mills County, they also started alone toward their home, near the present town of Evant. in Coryell County. The Morris brothers who had a wagon and about three horses, camped on Mullin's Creek, near the present place of Mullin. The next morning, the boys traveled about seven miles, were four miles north of Goldthwaite, and intended to reach their home by noon. Wm. Morris suggested that while John drove the wagon along, he would drive out through the timber and kill a deer. He had hardly gotten out of sight, when the savages charged the wagon. The two boys were soon again together and attempting to fight their way to the John Williams Ranch. From thicket to thicket they fought. John had two six-shooters, and Bill, one. Finally they reached Brown's Creek, near where that stream is crossed by the present Santa Fe bridge. By this time, John was wounded five times and told his brother to get away if he could, for he was already dying. Wm. successfully reached the John Williams Ranch, and when the cowmen returned to John Morris, his body was badly mangled. He was buried on the Williams Ranch in Mills County.

Joel Nabers and Others Fight About Twelve Miles West of Comanche

According to our best information, the same Indians mentioned in the preceding section (Mustang Water Hole) , passed on out through Comanche County and fired at Joel Nabers, Jim and Bob Marshall and T. D. Codile, who were killing hogs about twelve miles west of Comanche. At the time, these citizens had about 1400 pounds of meat and a deer hanging to the trees. The ten Indians recovered the citizens' camp equipage, took their horses and deer, but did not bother the hog meat. The savages were driving about twenty-five or thirty head of stolen horses and here they dropped a colt belonging to Frank Gholson, who lived near Evant. Two arrows were shot into the colt's neck but it recovered and was restored to its owner. The four citizens retreated to a dogwood thicket on Blanket Creek and the Indians would not attempt to dislodge them. The savages then turned their faces toward the wild Northwest.

Note: Author personally interviewed: B. F. Gholson, Joel Nabers and others.

Experience of the Lasater Brothers

December the 24, 1868, Green, Marion, A. M. George, and Luke Lasater, had a narrow escape in the Keechi Valley, about three or four miles south of the present town of Perrin. About seven hogs had been running loose for some time. So the boys went out with their hog dogs, to find them if possible. For the hogs were already fat on the autumn mast. A. M. Lasater killed his hog first, and followed the hog-dogs after three more. The brothers waited for him to return. When he came back, they were discussing their further moves, and while their plans were being put into action, Green Lasater, said, "What is that out yonder?" A. M. Lasater said, "It is Indians." So the latter jumped down and with his Bowie knife cut loose a hog that was tied to his horse's tail. Since the rope was drawn tight, after the hog was released, one end of the rope flew around and hit the horse, causing him to pitch. But A. M. Lasater managed to mount his pitching steed. The Indians were still some distance away, and apparently had not discovered the Lasater brothers. A. M. Lasater then recalled that he had instructed George to meet him at a certain place. So he and his brothers ran about 10 yards, where they could see Geo. and Luke, coming in an ox-wagon to haul the hogs. But these brothers had also discovered the Indians, and were running the oxen toward the timber. The Indians, by this time, were approximately four hundred yards away, and the Lasater brothers were about two hundred yards from each other. George then jumped out of the wagon, and ran toward Green and A. M. But when he jumped, the steers whirled around, and made it difficult for Luke, who was about thirteen years of age, to know just what to do. So A. M. Lasater passed George, managed to get Luke on his horse, and George mounted the horses behind Green. By this time, the Indians were almost about 100 yards away. But the Lasater brothers ran about three-fourths of a mile to the timber, and successfully escaped from the sixteen savages. The Indians buried an arrow up to the feathers in each oxen, but the steers got well. Several citizens who lived near old Black Springs, followed the Indians, who went on south to Loving's valley, where they ran Isom Lynn, Jones Keith, and Andrew Peters, into the timber. The Indians went on into Hart Bend, on the Brazos, about six miles east of Palo Pinto, and from time to time, they dropped stolen horses. From here, they crossed the river into the

Cedar Mountains on the west side, and went up the Brazos to where they recrossed at the south of Big Keechi, a famous Indian crossing. Here the pursuing citizens were forced to abandon the trail because of darkness. The next day, the Indians were again followed, but never overtaken.

A. M. Green, and Marion Lasater, Wes Sheek, Geo. Furtz, Sam Ham, Alf McCurry, Martin Lane, John Keith, and several others, numbered among those who followed the Indians, who seemed to realize they were reasonably safe in the wild brakes along the Brazos.

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Paint Davis

About 1869, Paint Davis, C. D., J. T., and J. M. Findley, John Weymeller, and one or two others, struck an Indian trail where the road crossed the Nueces, about twenty-five miles north of Uvalde. The Indians were followed for about ten miles, when the six or seven citizens found themselves surrounded by a large band of savages. During the brief fight that followed, Paint Davis was killed.

The Milburne Raid in McCulloch County

May 13, 1869, about eighty Indians came to the John Chism Ranch, on Home Creek, about fifteen miles north and a little east of the present town of Mercury, and chased two horse traders, who successfully escaped. The savages then passed the ranch house, and several shots were exchanged. John Chism and two more of his cowhands broke one Indian's arm. The Indians then crossed the Colorado River, came to old Milburne, and robbed and burned the store of David McAlister. The Indians then went to Richland Creek in San Saba County and passed the home of Warren Hudson. Here he counted eighty Indians. The savages took two horses and when they were ready to leave, the Indian chief blew a bugle. When he did, the Indians marched to the call. The warriors divided at the mouth of Richland Creek, and forty warriors went many miles on into the settlements.

After the Indians passed Warren Hudson's home, they gave Capt. W. R. Wood, W. R. Bomar and several other cowhands a lively chase. But what became of the remaining forty Indians is not known. It so often happened that large bands of Indians were seen on the outer settlements, but when they reached Lampasas, Llano, Burnet and other central Texas counties, broke up into smaller bands for the purpose of combing the country of all available horses.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Warren Hudson, mentioned above; and others.

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Marion Smith

During 1869, Marion and Columbus Smith, A. H. Edwards, Jim and Wm. Strains, Tom Cates, and possibly one or two more, while scouting for Indians, encountered the savages about six miles north of Burnet. There were about twenty Indians and during the brief fight, Marion Smith was killed. Two or three Indians were also killed and wounded.

Note: Author corresponded with A. H. Edwards and Joe F. Smith, who were in the fight. Also interviewed some of the surviving old settlers of Burnet County.

Capture of the Lehman Children

During May of 1869, Mrs. Phillip Buchmier sent her children from the rock home, about twenty miles south and east of Mason, to a little patch near the house for the purpose of scaring the birds out of the grain field. After the children performed their mission and were playing leisurely along toward the house during a fine May day, several Apaches captured Herman and Willie Lehman, and their little sister. The Lehman children were Mrs. Buchmier's posterity by a former husband. After Herman and Willie Lehman were captured, they refused to go and held tenaciously to some small timber in the edge of the field. This forced some of the savages to release one of the Lehman girls so they could help get the boys on horses behind Indians. When they did, Minnie Lehman grabbed her little sister and hurried toward the house. The savages would have captured the fleeing girls had it not been for their brave mother, who drove the Apaches away with a gun.

After the Indians left the Buchmier home in the Loyal Valley section, they subjected the Lehman boys to the usual cruelties administered by Indians to their captives. They also offered Herman and Willie Lehman raw meat, a delicate Indian diet.

The Indians were pursued by the rangers and when they were crowded somewhere in Tom Green County, an Indian warrior released Willie Lehman, who happened to miss the rangers and walked down the Fredericksburg-Concho road for two days without food and water. But according to reports, finally met a Mr. Ground, who lived on the Pedernales in Gillespie County.

About the next light moon after Herman and Willie Lehman were carried away, the savages again appeared at the home of Phillip Buchmier. Again, Phillip Buchmier was away and Mrs. Buchmier and children unprotected at home. After storming the dwelling and throwing obstacles in the windows, one savage tried to get in the house but the deadly aim of Mrs. Lehman was too severe for him. They took some of her clothes and after showing some of them to Herman, reported that his mother had been killed. No doubt, this was

done for the purpose of mitigating his desires to return to Texas from his Indian captivity in New Mexico.

After this last raid, Peter Crenwelge moved Phillip Buchmier and his family to Loyal Valley.

Herman Lehman remained in the hands of the Indians for approximately nine years, and no one will make a mistake in reading a detailed account of his experiences which have been published in book form.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Peter Crenwelge, mentioned above, W. J. Nixon; Charles Wartenbach; Mrs. Kidd; and several others who lived in Mason and Gillespie Counties at the time.

Hardy and Jack Peacock

About 1869, the Indians killed Hardy, who was traveling on the old Fort Phantom Hill road, perhaps in Mills County. Early in the morning, these same Indians or others were discovered by W. J. Patterson, son of John Patterson, who lived where the present town of Adamsville, in Lampasas County, now stands. Mr. McVeigh and Jack Peacock happened to be at Mr. Patterson's home at the time. So John Patterson and his two guests took the Indians' trail and ran on the savages about one mile east. An Indian had a red blanket, and Peacock remarked that he was going to hit the warrior that had this article. The Indians then charged toward the citizens, who made a retreat, and unfortunately, Jack Peacock was killed. In a short time, another posse of men were on the Indians trail, and when they were overtaken, a considerable fight followed.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. J. Patterson, who first discovered the Indians near the Patterson home; and others who lived in Lampasas and adjoining counties at that time.

Indian Fight About Six Miles from the Present City of Mineral Wells When Elbert Doss was Killed

April 24, 1869, Sam Newberry and Tom Cox, while out horse-hunting on Poe Prairie, in the western part of Parker County, drifted into the cow-camp of the "Ikard outfit," where they ate dinner. After the noon hour, the cattlemen started out on the roundup, and it was not long until they struck an Indian trail. But since intermittent showers were falling at various times during the day, the savages were hard to follow.

Nevertheless, Elbert Doss, Sam Newberry, John Doss, Milt Ikard, Tom Cox, Bill Gray, Boaz Ikard, and perhaps one or two others, followed the Indian trail until the savages were overtaken in the roughs about six miles west of the present city of Mineral Wells. About twelve Indians ran under the bluff, and four more stayed on their horses. One Indian fired at Sam Newberry, who was so close he could plainly see the savage had an Enfield rifle. About this time, Sam shot an Indian, who fell from his horse. John Doss tumbled another to the ground, but the seriousness of the Indians' wounds were never known, because the savages carried their wounded away. Elbert Doss received a fatal wound, and died almost instantly. The citizens, who had already recovered most of the Indians' horses, saddles, bridles, ropes, etc., fell back after Elbert Doss was killed.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Sam Newberry, mentioned above; James Newberry; B. J. Thompson, and others who were living in this section at that time.

Joe F. Schoolcraft and Others Fight in Stephens County in 1869

About 1869, Wm. Cain, Joe F. Schoolcraft, Levi Current, John Carter, and three or four others, while out stock-hunting, about eighteen miles northwest of old Picketville, and about two miles from the Clear Fork, near Flat Top Mountain, discovered about twenty Indians, who were afoot and no doubt, on their way to the settlements to steal horses. When they were charged by the citizens, the red-men ran into a hole, where they could not be seen. Occasionally, however, an Indian would raise up, shoot, and then duck down again. Several shots were exchanged, but since the Indians had every advantage, they could not be dislodged.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Sam Newberry, mentioned above, James Newberry; B. J. Thompson, and others who were living in this section at that time.

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Mrs. Vance

About 1869, Mrs. Vance, who lived at Wandenburg, on the Verde, in Medina County, was away from home and was killed by the Indians. She was found three miles to the north.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Ned Neuman and Joe Ney, who lived in Medina Co., at the time.

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Killing of Negro Woman, Working for Mr. Hoffer

About 1869, a negro woman, who was working for Mr. Hoffer, in Burnet County, was killed by the Indians, near the house.

Note: Author interviewed Chris Dorbant.

The Famous Salt Creek Fight

After spending the night on Flint Creek, north of the old Murphy Station, a group of cowmen, who were on a roundup, waded their horses knee-deep through the luxurious wild flowers, found so abundantly in northern Young County, and started to their herd, approximately two miles away. It was Monday, May 16, 1869. For several days, fresh Indian signs had been discovered. So these cowmen realized that the approximately five hundred head of cattle, already gathered, would attract the attention of the savages for many miles. Consequently the Texans camped about two miles distant from the bawling herd, to avoid, if possible, a night conflict with the barbarous hordes of the plains.

It was a damp day. The spring breezes were blowing intermittent flurries of rain. And about the usual hour, the cowmen began to slowly move their cattle. Ira Graves assumed command, and with him were: Wm. Crow, John Lemley, Geo. Lemley, C. L. (Shap) Carter, Jason McClain, W. C. Kutch, J. W. Gray, Henry Harrison, Rube Secris, Joe Woody, and Negro Dick, a cook.

After the herd had been drifted for about four miles, several cattle were seen grazing in the distance. So C. L. (Shap) Carter and W. C. Kutch were detailed to bring them in. Kutch and Carter galloped away. They had hardly gone two miles, however, when the two heard the shrill voices of many shouting demons behind them. The peaceful prairies, which only a few moments before, were waving with millions of wild flowers, seemed to have suddenly transformed into a sea of raging red men. Carter and Kutch could have easily escaped into the timber, but realizing the plight of their companions, these faithful frontiersmen dashed almost through approximately fifty-seven painted Indians, to reach their associates, who were also rapidly riding to join Kutch and Carter. The cowboys, only armed with cap and ball six-shooters, rushed toward a little ravine; but when within a few yards, discovered that it was already occupied by a large band of Indians. They were then compelled to retreat, and assume a location in a little depression to the right. This depression drained into one of the prongs of Salt Creek. Their position, then, was about five miles southeast of the present city of Olney, in Young County. Jason

McClain and J. W. Gray were already seriously wounded, and since the little wash-out was so shallow, the dozen cowmen were forced to lie down. It was now about ten o'clock in the morning, and again and again the Indians' onslaughts were repulsed by the cowmen. Wm. Crow was instantly killed during the early stages of the battle, when a rifle ball penetrated his head; George Lemley seriously wounded in the face, and before the fight was over, every man received a painful wound, excepting Henry Harrison and Joe Woody. But still the twelve citizens realized their dangerous predicament, and waged one of the most bloody and dangerous battles ever fought on the West Texas frontier. With one man dead, and nine others seriously and mortally wounded, their very existence was suspended by rotten twine. Each savage charge and onslaught came sweeping like a death dealing tide and threatened to completely destroy the Texans so poorly armed.

While the battle was most intense, the citizens discovered ammunition was growing low. So the besieged cowboys began to feel their last hopes were gone. But it was agreed the wounded would load the guns while others did the shooting. When the horses were shot down, their dead bodies afforded the frontiersmen additional breastworks. After the Indians realized the citizens were not being dislodged, they tried new tactics, which seemed to be in accord with the command of the main chief, not in the fight, but stationed on a nearby hill. The Indians attempted to slip up the branch below, but when they did, five or six of their number fell wounded.

The savages were under the immediate command of a Negro, who seemed to inspire the Indians to fight far more desperately. Finally, however, about five o'clock in the evening, the chief summoned his warriors by his side, and to his place of eminence on a nearby hill. It seems the savages were holding a council of war preparatory to make a final drive. But just at this moment, perhaps, the cowboys were saved by their own perseverance, and strategy of Capt. Ira Graves, who ordered every cowboy, regardless of whether well or wounded, to stand up and wave defiance at the wild demons. Most every one, excepting Wm. Crow, stood up, and this bit of strategy, no doubt, caused the Indians to think that after fighting for six or seven hours, and after losing several of their own number, the citizens had scarcely been harmed. And too, during the last part of the fighting,

Capt. Ira Graves and his men had been shooting at the Indian leaders, and this apparently caused considerable consternation in the savage ranks. So the Indians discharged a final volley or two, and then drove the cattle away.

When the Indians retreated, Wm. Crow had been dead for several hours, C. L. (Shap) Carter had a severe arrow wound in his body, and had been also painfully injured with a rifle ball. John Lemley was mortally wounded in the abdomen with an arrow; J. W. Gray had been twice struck with rifle balls, once in the body and one in the leg; W. C. Kutch had two arrow heads in his knee, and one in his shoulder; Jason McClain had been twice wounded with arrows; Rube Secris had his mouth badly torn, and his knee shattered; Geo. Lemley had his face badly torn, and an arrow wound in his arm; and Ira Graves and Negro Dick were also wounded. Henry Harrison was dispatched to the Harmison Ranch, several miles away for aid. John Lemley died from the effects of his wound sometime in the evening following the battle.

During the dreadful night that followed, the citizens stood guard and waited on the wounded as best they could. The next morning, their souls were inspired when they saw a wagon approaching in the distance. And according to reports, A. C. Tackett, Bob Whitten, and Theodore Miller, assisted in moving the cowboys, and removing some of the spikes from their bodies. Messengers were also dispatched for Dr. Getzwelder, of old Black Springs in Palo Pinto County, and Dr. Gunn, the U.S. Army surgeon, at Fort Richardson. But it was nearly twenty-four hours after the fight was over, before these surgeons arrived.

C. L. (Shap) Carter died the next day after the fight, and his death made the third victim of this battle. About two years later, Jason McClain, who helped move a large herd of cattle over the trail, died in Kansas, and his death was attributed to the wounds received in this battle, which numbered among the most desperate, dangerous, and bloody engagements ever fought on the west Texas frontier.

Note: Author personally interviewed: A. C. George, and L. L. Tackett; John Marlin; Henry Williams; Mann Johnson; J. B. Terrell; F. M. (Babe) Williams; Uncle Pink Brooks; A. M. Lasater; James Wood; B.

L. Ham; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; E. K. Taylor; Mrs. Huse Bevers; Mrs. Jerry Hart; and several others who lived on the frontier at the time.

Further Ref: History of Young Co., by Judge P. A. Martin, as published in the Graham paper, and W. C. Kutch's own account of this fight, as published in the Star-Telegram and Graham paper. Clippings from these papers were furnished by J. B. Terrell, but we are unable to supply the dates.

About 1869, Wm. Hencelwood, Jack Hittson, Frank McLara, a Mexican boy, and one or two others, were driving about 200 head of cattle to old Picketville (Stealeasy). When within a few miles of their destination, and perhaps somewhere on the tributaries of Gonzales, they came upon six Indians killing a beef. The Indians ran west, and were pursued by the citizens. After running them four or five miles, one Indian's horse seemed to have given out, and this forced him to stop and fight. So he secluded himself in a little ravine. During the fighting, the Indian's arm was broken, but he fortified himself with rocks and logs, and was able to keep his assailants away for a great portion of the day. Wm. Hencelwood was wounded in one of his lower limbs, and it seems Frank McLara and the Mexican boy were also slightly wounded. A messenger was sent to Picketville for ammunition and reinforcements. Wm. Hittson, father of Jack, and Roy Hittson, responded to the call. The reinforcements brought a high-powered Spencer rifle. Somebody then slipped up and shot the Indian. When he did, Severe McDaniels rushed up and said he was going to cut one Indian's throat. But when he reached the savage, the Indian rose up and knocked McDaniels unconscious with his bow. The savage, however, was finally killed. Wm. Hencelwood died about five or six weeks later at Fort Griffin, from the effects of his wounds.

Note: Author interviewed Jack Hittson himself, J. B. Matthews, Joe S. Schoolcraft, and others who were living in Stephens and adjoining counties at the time.

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Frank Taylor

During June of 1869, the Indians killed Frank Taylor, who carried the mail from Belknap to Jacksboro. Frank Taylor had gone about ten miles east of Belknap, and was riding in an old backboard buggy. Frank Taylor was scalped and half of his mustache and one thumb were also removed. The Indians then ripped open the U. S, Mail sacks, threw the mail away, and took the sacks with them. A cow outfit was camped on Salt Creek, two or three miles away, and they conveyed the news to Belknap. Babe Williams, W. T. Steadham, and one other, went out to where Frank Taylor had been killed. The latter was found about two or three hundred yards from the road. His body was covered with brush until he was buried by the soldiers who came out from Fort Richardson. Babe Williams, W. T. Steadham and their associate, picked up the mail that seemed to be scattered everywhere, and took it on to Jacksboro,

Note: Author personally interviewed; W. T. Steadham, and Babe Williams mentioned above, and others who lived in that section of the state of Texas at the time. Further Ref.: Statistics of the, U. S. Census, for 1870.

Indians Celebrate the Fourth of July in Tarrant and Parker Counties

After stealing horses during the third and fourth of July, 1869, in the vicinity of Ft. Worth, and in the western part of Tarrant county, the Indians appeared at the homes of Wm. and C. B. Rider, who lived on the head of Mary's Creek, and on the old Fort Worth-Belknap road, about fourteen miles east and north of Weatherford. The Indians were discovered by little Annie Rider, who counted eleven in number. Annie and her mother, Mrs. Malissa McClain Rider, concealed themselves up in the attic. The Indians stopped on a edge until they corralled a fine horse of Wm. Rider. Mrs. Rider and her daughter, could hear the horse-bell while the Indians were chasing horses. The savages also fired into the roof of the smoke-house. Wm. and C. B. Rider were both away. Perhaps, they had gone that morning to their ranch on the Wichita River. The Indians passed on to the home of Clinton B. Rider, about one-half mile away, and proceeded on east about one mile where they mortally wounded Wm. Tinnell, just before dark. Wm. Tinnell was traveling alone in a wagon and going west with freight. He was scalped, and the Indians took his horses. When Wm. Tinnell was found, however, he was not yet dead, and was carried to the home of John Kaufman, where he lived for nearly a week before he died. Since it was foggy, the savages camped about two miles west of the C. B. Rider home. A Mexican was the only man present, so he hurriedly mounted a small pony and notified the neighbors, who were soon ready to follow the Indian trail. But it was so foggy and dark they were forced to wait until the next morning.

The next morning, the Indians proceeded westward, and were followed by at least two different bands of citizens. A posse of men from Tarrant county was on their trail, and the other group of citizens were from Parker.

The eleven savages killed John Lopp, about one-half mile from his home, and about nine miles northeast of Weatherford. Approximately sixty-two bullet holes were found in Mr. Lopp's body, which was also badly disfigured in other ways. But the Indians hardly completed this dastardly deed, and deadly mark, when Fine Earnest, Henry Gillen, John Robinson, John C. Gillen, and a few others discovered them. These gentlemen were on their way to a Masonic celebration in

Weatherford, and to help lay the cornerstone of the Weatherford Masonic Institute. When the savages were seen, however, the citizens had other important duties to perform. The Indians were followed for ten or twelve miles, and near the middle of the afternoon, they finally ran under a little waterfall, about seven miles east of the present town of Whitt, and near the Slip-Down Mountain. One savage was shot down, however, just before he entered this place of concealment. Since the wounded warrior was exceedingly close, Fine Earnest decided to slip up and tie a rope around this warrior so he could be dragged away. But when Fine Earnest touched his foot, the Indians said, "Whauh," and the remaining savages showered Fine Earnest with arrows, forcing him to withdraw. The Indians were kept at bay until dark, when the citizens went away.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Annie Rider Moran, who was the little girl that counted the Indians; A. M. Lasater; Dole Miller; Joe Moore; and other early citizens of Parker and Palo Pinto Co.

Further Ref.: Smythe's Historical Sketch of Parker Co., (1877).

Killing of Hiram and Capture of Washington Wolf

Geo. W. Wolf, a Methodist preacher, lived about one mile from the mouth of the Llano, between the Llano and Colorado Rivers. His two sons, Hiram, aged about seventeen and Washington, who was perhaps fourteen years old, were out hog-hunting near the confluence of the two streams. The boys were afoot and armed with a small cap and ball pistol, when several Indians surrounded them. Hiram and Washington concealed themselves under the bank of the Llano where they were largely protected by trees. Hiram fired a few shots at the Indians in front of him but finally one savage jumped off of a fifteen foot bank and fortified behind a large pecan tree where he could do his deadly work. In a short time, Hiram was killed and Washington captured. The Indians then went west and passed through the very edge of Llano. Wm. Haney heard a peculiar noise so he stepped out of his house, which was in the edge of town, and the Indians took a shot at him.

The warriors then left Llano and proceeded on their journey. Late in the evening while Jim Bidy was about two miles from his home, which was seven or eight miles southwest of Mason, he heard the Indians coming, so he hid in the brush. When the savages passed, he shot and wounded a squaw. Two warriors were left with her. Jim Bidy soon discovered they had a white child but he did not know whose child it was. He reported to the surrounding settlements, so Wm. Gammer, James Johnson, Charlie Cox, Boy Johnson and six or eight others followed the Indians to Leon Flats, about fifteen miles west of the present town of Mason. When the savages were encountered, they dropped the Wolf boy, who took after the Indians as hard as he could run. Washington Wolf had already been painted by the Indians during his captivity and they fed him jerked meat and prickly pears.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Milligan; Asa Arnold; W. J. Nixon; Ike Maxwell and others who lived in Llano, Mason and adjoining counties at the time.

Gunsight Gap Episode

During 1869, several wagons of corn were being hauled from near Stephenville to Fort Griffin, and were guarded by eleven soldiers. When they reached Colony Creek, in Eastland County, several deer were seen, and pursued by the cavalymen. Since the teamsters were depending upon the soldiers, they were unarmed. So when the wagons reached Gunsight Gap, in the southern part of Stephens County, several Indians came charging freighters. The teamsters ran down the creek, for a considerable distance, crossed over the divide west, and went to the home of W. W. Ray, who then lived on Big Sandy. The Indians captured the several teams of mules, that were hitched to the wagons, and the soldiers went on to Fort Griffin. W. W. Ray hauled the teamsters to the post.

Note: Author personally interviewed: J. M. Ray, son of W. W. Ray; W. C. McGough; List Christenson; and others.

T. H. Major's Fight on Buck Creek

During 1869, T. H. Majors, and wife, Mary and four daughters, Lareca, aged fifteen, Sarah and Nep, twins, aged about thirteen, and Emerlin, aged about eleven, lived about six miles southeast of the present town of Santo, in Palo Pinto County. One day about noon, while Mr. Majors was at the house, his wife and four daughters were washing on Buck Creek, about 150 yards to the west. He heard them screaming, so he grabbed his Spencer rifle and ran to their assistance. Five Indians were approaching in the distance, and before Majors could hardly shout to his family to hurry toward the house, the Indians were upon them. T. H. Majors, however, shot seven times, forcing the Indians back, and he met his wife and daughters about seventy-five yards from the house. As the Indians went away, they circled down by the creek, and took all of the unwashed clothes. Majors, late during the same day, hitched up his oxen, and took his family to the home of Frank and Alex Hill, about 10 miles to the southeast. Local citizens followed the Indians for about 50 miles, but were never able to overtake them.

Note: Author interviewed W. A. Herring, who then lived in that section.

Experience of George Eubanks

About 1869, Geo. Eubanks and four or five others were hunting on Turkey Creek, about two miles above its mouth and about seven miles northwest of the present town of Mineral Wells. About noon, Geo. became separated from his companions. While he was eating some hack-berries, a fine bunch of wild geese lit on the prairie, not a great distance away. But about that time something frightened the fowls and caused them to fly. George raised up to see what was causing the disturbance, and discovered several Indians were already upon him. So he jumped behind a small post-oak tree, about six or eight inches in diameter. The twelve or fifteen Indians concealed themselves behind a large rock, and almost immediately the firing began. When the Indians attempted to surround George Eubanks, he would make them fall back with his rifle. The continuous firing caused Eubank's four or five companions to hurry to his assistance. When they did, the Indians ran away. The little tree, behind which Eubanks stood, was shot nine times, and the twenty foot rock, behind which the Indians found fortification, seemed to have been struck by Eubanks' bullets, about eighteen times. Needless to say, up until his companions came to his rescue, the Indians had George Eubanks in very close quarters.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Jim Eubanks, a brother, and others.

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Savages Wound Dan Thornton

About 1869, while Dan Thornton was out hunting his horses, in the Barton's Creek country, approximately two miles west of the present town of Exray, in Erath County, several Indians surrounded him in a thicket. No doubt, at least one Indian was wounded, and Thornton, himself, received a severe wound.

Note: Author interviewed: Ike Roberts; C. E. Ferguson, and Henry Thornton, a son of Dan Thornton.

Exciting Chase of Pete Lynn and Albert Harrell

During the fall of 1869, Albert Harrell and Pete Lynn, who lived about fourteen miles south of Jacksboro, on east Keechi, started horseback to the above place, and Pete Lynn was riding a mule. Harrell, however, rode a good gray horse. When they had gone about three miles and were within one mile of the old Adkinson Ranch, they happened to look back and saw sixteen Indians coming toward them as fast as they could ride. Lynn and Harrell started in a run toward the Adkinson Ranch. After running about one-fourth mile they came to a creek, which was crossed as rapidly as possible. A few seconds later, when one of the Indians reached the stream, his splendid horse jumped from bank to bank, and an actual measurement by A. M. Lasater, his brother, Green, and John Price, showed the horse actually jumped twenty-seven feet. The Indian was now within 150 yards of the citizens, and in a short time Albert Harrell began shooting toward him. Each time he would shoot, the Indian would fall over on his splendid steed, but was constantly getting closer and closer. When Lynn and Harrell were within 150 yards of the Adkinson Ranch, the savage ran between them, and threw his spear at Pete Lynn. The Indian, however, was watching Albert Harrell who had been shooting so the lance missed its mark, but mortally wounded Pete Lynn's mule. When the savage attempted to draw his spear, Albert Harrell, who was only about eighteen inches away, sent another Indian to the "Happy Hunting Ground." By this time, the Indians in the rear opened fire, but the two citizens rushed on up between the homes of Geo. Adkinson, and John Keith, who lived close together for mutual protection. Geo. Adkinson was leading a horse back to the house, so both he and Keith opened fire on the Indians. Several shots were then exchanged, and Harrell hurried to Dorothy Adkinson, who happened to be out at the lot. Geo. and Newt. Adkinson, and John Keith had about nine head of horses north of the house. These horses fell into the hands of the Indians. Since Lynn's mule had been killed, he saddled the horse that Geo. Adkinson was bringing to the house, so he and Albert Harrell started back towards Lynn's home, on east Keechi, about four miles to the south. They had only gone about two miles, however, when four of the sixteen Indians that chased them in the first instance, began firing. Again several shots were exchanged, but apparently no harm done. Shortly after, A. M.

Green, and John Price, who were riding by the wagon of Newt Adkinson, to protect him in case they encountered Indians, arrived at the Adkinson Ranch, and in a short time found where the savages buried the dead Indian.

Indian Raid in Hood County

During September of 1869, several Indians passed down Squaw Creek, terrorizing the local citizens, and stole the week's washing at Robt. West's home. John Afton, Robt. West, and others, who lived in this section under the command of Wm. Powell, instead of attempting to follow the Indian trail, repaired to the divide between Squaw and Robinson Creeks, to intercept the savages when they passed out with their caballada of stolen horses. Capt. Powell posted one of his sons in the forks of a live oak tree so he could see when the Indians were coming. From midnight till nearly sun up, the citizens waited the arrival of the savages. But since they had not been seen, Capt. Powell and his men began to think that perhaps the Indians passed out by another route. About this time, Capt. Powell's son, who was in the tree, signaled that the Indians were coming, and inasmuch as daylight was already upon them, the Indians were moving rapidly. When the Indians found themselves intercepted, they turned suddenly to the right, and a running fight followed. The command of white citizens was soon joined by reinforcements. John Clark, who was now with the citizens, and riding a race horse, rushed ahead and shot an Indian's horse in the neck, forcing his rider to dismount. This caused considerable delay among the Other Indians, and when the citizens realized the effect of placing the Indians afoot, they began shooting other horses. And in a short time, had the seven savages on the ground. The Indians then retreated to a ravine that empties into Robinson Creek, and concealed themselves under a little waterfall. Since it was very early in the morning, the news that these Indians were hemmed in, in a little hollow, soon spread far and wide., In a short time, seventy-five or eight men were around them. But it seems it were almost impossible to reach the Indians. Wm. Weir ventured up, and while he was urging others to join him, and make an attack, received a mortal wound in the breast, and died several days later. J. D. McKenzie also received a fatal wound. Evening came, and still the Indians had not been dislodged. But it came a terrific rain, and in a short time the savages forced from their place of hiding by high water, and only their heads could be seen sticking out here and there above the rushing stream. John Toby, a young man, ventured up, and one by one, the Indians were slain when they appeared above the water. In a short time six dead Indians were dragged out of the creek, and a

seventh one that was wounded, crawled out on the bank in the brush. When this savage was discovered, he began to plead for his life, and stated that he was a good Indian. But he too, was killed, and none escaped to relate the story. News came from Ft. Sill, however, sometime later, that a lone Indian found his way back to the reservation, and stated that all of his comrades had been killed. Since none escaped from the ravine, it has been generally supposed that before the Indians reached this place of concealment, of of their number, who was lagging along in the rear and acting as a spy, became separated from the others, and escaped. The Indians were, of course, expecting to be pursued from the rear, so it was but natural they would have a spy out in that direction. The report of this spy, however, is unconfirmed, and we cannot vouch for the truthfulness of this part of the story.

Note: Author interviewed: F. M. Peveler; Geo. Hill; W. A. Herring and other early settlers of Hood, Palo Pinto and Parker Counties.

Further Ref.: History of Hood County, by Thomas T. Ewell and published by Frank Gaston of Granbury.

Newt Price

Newt Price, who lived in Hunt County, and staying with Henry Clark, at the latter's home, about six miles southeast of Stephenville, had been out to hunt a horse, and was about one-half mile from home, when the Indians surrounded him. Newt Price then attempted to run through the lines, and when he did, received an arrow in his back. He made a run for the home of H. Kye Danley, and when he had gone about one mile, his horse ran under a limb and he fell to the ground. The Indians then ran up and stabbed Newt Price, and were attempting to scalp him when he threw up a badly crippled hand that had been burned when a baby. The savages had already pulled off his shoes, but when they discovered that this white boy was crippled, he was not scalped nor otherwise further molested. The Indians then rode away, and didn't even take his shoes.

Newt Price's horse ran on down to the home of H. Kye Danley, who mounted the steed and was back to its rider within five minutes after he had been speared. He was then removed to the house, and Doctor W. W. McNeil, of Stephenville, summoned to his aid. Newt Price lived seven days before he died.

Note: Author personally interviewed: H. Kye Danley, mentioned above; C. E. Ferguson; Ike Roberts; and others who then lived in that section.

A. Cavins

A. Cavins, who was head boss for the Adams Outfit, was helping move about two thousand head of cattle from Mason County to New Mexico. With him were B. Ham Cavins, the Hoy Boys, and about fifteen others. Early one morning, when the cowmen were breaking camp at the Horsehead Crossing, of the Pecos, approximately 150 Indians came dashing toward the citizens. During the fighting Cavins was seriously wounded in the hip, and the Indians took all of their cattle. Ham Cavins, a Mexican, and negro, were about two miles up the river at the time. When the Indians came upon them, Cavins and the negro hid under the bank of the Pecos, and the Mexican jumped in the river and drowned. The Indians also recovered all of the horses. The cowmen returned to the settlements in an ox-wagon. No doubt, the Indians took the cattle and turned them over to White and Mexican cow-thieves in New Mexico and elsewhere.

Note: - Author personally interviewed: W. C. Cavins, a brother of A. Cavin; and F. Striegler, early settlers in that section.

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Murder of Kechum Brother and Others

About 1869, the Kechum Bros, and three or four others, after moving a bunch of cattle to New Mexico, were returning home, and all were killed excepting one man, on the head of the Concho. Joe Warren escaped and reported to Taylor Vandever, who was the butcher at Fort Concho. They then reported to the soldiers, who sent out a detachment to bury the dead bodies of the boys that had been killed. Many people were of the opinion that these boys were not murdered by Indians.

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Tom Malone

About 1869, after spending the night with Bill Shores, who lived two miles south of the Frio River, Tom Malone started to the home of Ben Biggs, who lived about two miles south of old Waresville, and three miles south of the present town of Utopia. Ben Biggs, at the time, was preparing to move a herd of cattle to California. So Tom Malone was anxious to accompany him on the trip. But when Malone was east of the path between the Frio and Sabinal, he was ambushed and killed by Indians, who hid behind the rocks.

Joe O'Bryant Sr., found Tom Malone sixteen days after he had been killed. Capt. J. C. Ware, twice advertised for his people but they were never located.

Before Tom Malone left the home of Wm. Shores, he was told that it was unsafe to travel without arms on account of Indians. But Malone replied that he had come all the way from California unarmed, and had seen no Indians. Therefore he did not consider it necessary to be bothered with a six-shooter or rifle. But he only went a short distance when he was killed.

Note: Author interviewed: Capt. J. C. Ware; of Waresville, about one mile south of Utopia.

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Head (Lorenzo) Riley

During November of 1869, the Indians killed Head Riley. He was alone and a short distance from the house where he lived on Bean Creek in Jack County, and about twelve miles east of Jacksboro. Head Riley was about twenty-one years old, and unmarried.

Note: Author interviewed A. M. Lasater; Joe Fowler; James Wood; and B. L. Ham.

Indians Charge Peters, Kelley and a Negro

About 1869, Peters, Kelley and a Negro were driving three wagons drawn by oxen and mules. Peters and Kelley were each driving two yoke of steers and the Negro driving mules. The three lived somewhere in the eastern counties and when they reached Negro Hollow on the old Fort Concho road, about eight miles south of Comanche, the oxen and mules were turned loose for the night. For it was the dark of the moon and no Indians expected. A small pony, however, was kept staked to drive them up the next day.

The campers had hitched up and ready to move just at sunrise when they discovered several Indians charging over the hills. Peters and Kelley jumped on the pony and ran east about seventy-five yards and hid in a little button-willow draw. The Negro was instructed to follow but he jumped in his wagon and attempted to go to the home of Mrs. Mary Jane Edwards, who lived about one-half mile away. He had only gone about one-fourth mile, however, when killed.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Tom M. Edwards, who saw the Negro shortly after he was killed.

Mrs. Ed Rippey Bluffs Indian

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Rippey, lived about fourteen miles northwest of Weatherford. One day about noon, she started with lunch toward where her husband was working. She reached the fence, but remembered her husband had instructed her to never go anywhere without a gun. So she went back to the house for firearms, and again started toward her husband. When Mrs. Rippey went about one half mile south, and was near the creek, several Indians dashed up and instructed her to run. But Mrs. Rippey could understand their language, so she said, "I will not do it. If you kill me, I will get one of you, and kill the one that shoots me." The Indians at the time, were very close. During her dilemma, occasioned by the sudden appearance of the savages, Mrs. Rippey opened the bosom of her dress and took a chew of tobacco. This caused the Indians to believe that she was exceedingly cool, and ready to kill the first Indian that fired at her. The savages now felt they were in too close quarters for their own safety, and were really afraid to fire. They said, "If you won't shoot, we won't. So you leave." The Indians fell over on their ponies and went away. When Mrs. Rippey reached her husband, he saw she was considerably excited, and asked his wife why her waist was unbuttoned. Mrs. Rippey then related her experience with the Indians.

Dye Mound Fight

During January of 1870, W. A. (Bud) Morris and Holloway Williams, were going from Forestburg to Montague. When they were within five miles of their destination, these citizens discovered a fresh Indian trail going east, and later learned that it was Satanta, and nine warriors. After following the trail for a short distance, the two citizens returned to Levi Perryman was the only many they were able to get, and since the citizens were afraid the Indians would get away, the three men went back and picked up the trail. When they reached Dye Mound, they were discovered by an Indian spy. But the citizens raced their horses around the hill and charged the remaining Indians before they were able to mount their steeds. The Indians, by this time, were somewhat demoralized, and when Bud Morris shot a warrior from his horse, the savages became more excited. When the Indians discovered there were only three men, and others were apparently not following in the rear, Chief Satanta rallied his men, who belonged to the Ft. Sill Reservation, and who were armed with Spencer rifles, bows and arrows, etc. The three citizens, when charged by the Indians, fell back about two hundred yards, and then turned on the Indians. When they did, the Indians themselves quickly turned and ran. For three miles the Indians and citizens fought, and sometimes one was in the lead, and at other times, the other. During the fighting, W. A. Morris shot Satanta's horse, which was a fine yellow steed.

Finally the Indians retreated to a ravine, and the three citizens went to Montague for reinforcements. When they did, within ten minutes, nine additional men were in their saddles ready to go. Col. Cunningham was stationed at Montague with soldiers, at the time. He started afoot toward the Indians, but as he had no pilot, was unable to find them. The citizens, however, rushed on ahead, and in a short time, Levi Perryman's horse was wounded. The white men would dismount, crawl, and shoot at an Indian, when an opportunity presented itself. Dark came and the citizens decided to hold the Indians until next morning. Some one was sent to Montague for Col. Cunningham and the soldiers. When the soldiers arrived, the savages seemed to realize their plight, became frustrated, and scattered like quail. Three came by Bud Morris, who succeeded in downing one, or else he stumped his toe and fell, and two warriors helped him get away. After

the Indians retreated, six of their horses lay dead, and the citizens found three shields, a bow, quiver of arrows, saddle blankets, quirts, etc. One blanket was bloody and had two bullet holes in it. But since the savages fled in the dark, they were hard to follow.

When the Indians reached Fort Sill, they reported seven out of the ten wounded. After Satanta was tried at Jacksboro, and sent to the State Penetentiary, Bud Morris made several trips there, and each time called to see Satanta, who would jokingly relate the circumstances of the fight as accurately as Bud Morris could himself. During the conversation, Satanta told Morris where he had stolen the yellow horse that the latter shot from under him, and his statement was correct, for the horse was known, and recognized after it was killed.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris, himself.

Further Ref: A little pamphlet entitled, "Thrilling Indian Raids into Cook and Montague Counties", by Levi Perryman.

False and Determined Ideas
Lead Goddleck Koozer to His Grave

About 1870, Goddleck Koozer, a quaker from Illinois, and his family passed through Montague, on their way to establish a colony in Clay County while the Indians were as hostile as they were. But Koozer said that it was suicidal to move into Clay County while the Indians were as hostile as they were. But Koozer said that he had never waged war against the Indians, never carried arms, and that he was going to live on peaceful terms with the savages, whom he felt sure would respond to kind treatment, if they only had a chance. Unfortunately, Mr. Koozer was totally unaware of the conditions as they existed on the frontier, for he, like many people in the north and east, at that time, seemed to be of the opinion that the people along the frontier were to blame for the prevailing difficulties; and that the Indians would readily respond in a friendly way to kind treatment.

We can appreciate Mr. Koozer's efforts to introduce the Word of God among the savages. But we cannot fully appreciate his mistaken ideas that seemed to be in accord with certain citizens and historians in remote sections of the United States, who seemed to attempt to saddle the responsibility of the frontier affairs on the shoulders of the citizens, and who entertained the idea that practically all the depredations were being done by renegade ruffians of our own race. Such ideas were not supported by the facts, and we sincerely feel that it is not only our liberty, but duty as well, to make this brief explanation in behalf of those faithful frontiersmen, and patriotic pioneers, who suffered inconceivable hardships to blaze the pathway of our present civilization.

But regardless of the appeals of local citizens, Mr. Koozer moved out into Clay County, and occupied the deserted buildings of Henrietta. These buildings were abandoned at the outbreak of the Civil War. Indians and others, from time to time, had passed and entered the deserted village. But Mr. Koozer and his family occupied this place as a home, and determined to make friendship with the Indians.

What was the result? After they had been there a short time, chief Whitehorse, who was wearing a large head-garb, similar to those

worn today by certain bandmasters, and his warriors, came by Henrietta. When the Indians arrived, Mr. Koozer came out to meet them, and extended his hand in token of peace and friendship, but Whitehorse held Mr. Koozer's hand with his left, pulled his six-shooter, and killed Mr. Koozer with the gun in his right hand. Mrs. Koozer and her two grown daughters were made captives and carried away. Ed Koozer, about eleven years old, was out after the calves at that time, and hid when he saw the Indians. After being in the hands of the Indians for several months, the soldiers and citizens at Fort Sill, secured their release, and escorted Mrs. Koozer and her daughters back to Montague. When she told her story, Chief Whitehorse was indicted. W. A. (Bud) Morris and District Clerk of Montague County at the time. He issued a warrant and sent it to the government authorities in Oklahoma, but they refused to surrender Chief Whitehorse. Joe Bryant and several other citizens went from Montague over to Henrietta to bury the body of Mr. Koozer, who was killed while attempting to make peace with the Indians.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Joe Bryant, and W. A. (Bud) Morris, mentioned above.

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R. A. Walker

February 22, 1870, A. Walker and D. E. Moore, who lived in Legion Valley in Llano County, started to Fredericksburg with a load of bacon. When they had driven their oxen about six or seven miles and were about four or five miles north of Willow City, they heard an unusually loud and perplexing gun in the distance. While traveling on an exceedingly rough road, about three-fourths of a mile further, the two were ambushed by Indians. Moore escaped but was wounded in the left arm. When Walker was found, the citizens discovered he had received a mortal wound, gone about 10 yards, and built a fortification in a mott of live oak timber, but he died before assistance reached him. He was buried on Crabapple Creek in Llano County.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed A. W. Walker, a brother of R. A. Walker, mentioned above; Capt. Dan W. Roberts and three of four others who were living in that section of the state at the time.

Further Ref.: Vital Statistics of the U. S. Census for 1870.

Indians Charge Mr. and Mrs. John Bright and Baby

During March of 1870, Mr. and Mrs. Bright, daughter, Josephine, and baby, were returning home from Mason and only about two miles from home when assaulted by about fifteen Indians . The Bright family lived on Bluff Creek about ten miles west of Mason. Mr. Bright had a broncho pony hitched to the wagon, so he unhitched all the traces but one, which was stubborn about coming unfastened. The Indians were now almost upon them. Mrs. Bright told her husband to again hitch the other traces and they would run when an opportunity presented itself. One Indian came up and sat down by a tree for the purpose of taking a straight aim at Mr. Bright, but the latter was too quick for him and fired first. The Indian jumped and appeared to have been wounded. John Bright then shot and apparently wounded another Indian on a horse. The savages evidently decided they had all the fighting they preferred, so they rode on down the public road toward Mason. These same Indians were later seen by Charlie Bright, Tom and Ab Bugby, who stopped at John Bright's residence. They said, "We saw some Indians." Mrs. Bright replied, "Yes, we saw some too."

Note: Author interviewed: Mrs. John Bright, herself, who later married Mr. J. F. Milligan.

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Fight in Dagger Bend of the Pecos

About the second of March, 1870, J. F. P. Kruse, and ten or eleven men, some of whom had their families, were returning from New Mexico to Texas. When the travelers reached the Dagger Bend of the Pecos, somewhere in the vicinity of the present Ward and Loving Counties, and when citizens saw a mysterious signal smoke in the distance, they camped for the night. The next morning the travelers moved on toward Menard. Late in the evening, another party returning from New Mexico camped at their camping place, and found campfires still burning. The next morning about the break of day, this second group was charged by Indians, and for some time, besieged by the savages, who went away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: J. F. P. Kruse, mentioned above.

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John Crow

During May of 1870, John Crow, who lived on Conner's Creek, about eight miles east of Graham, was plowing with oxen, named Ball and Bally and going from the house toward the creek. When he reached the turn of the row, and lifted his plow around, several Indians came charging after him. So John Crow ran toward his Spencer rifle, sitting against a fallen tree, some distance away. But he was shot down, and killed before he reached his gun. His race for life was plainly seen by his family at the house, not a great distance away. John Crow was the father of Wm. Crow, killed May 16, 1869, in the Salt Creek Fight. So both father and son were murdered by Indians within one year.

Note: Author personally interviewed John Crow, Jr., son of Wm. Crow; and others who lived in Young Co. at the time.

Further Ref.: Vital Statistics of the U. S. Census for 1870, which gave the month and year of this occurrence.

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John M. Elkins Shoots Indian

During the summer of 1870, Jno. M. Elkins lived in one of the old government buildings at Camp Colorado, in Coleman County. After being two or three times disturbed, he again looked to see if the Indians were stealing a horse, tied, for safe keeping, in one wing of the building. He plainly saw something dash away and hide behind some weeds. John M. Elkins then fired his six-shooter, which failed to even awake his faithful wife, accustomed to such frontier conditions. Shortly afterwards, he also heard firing at a cow camp, a short distance away. It seems the frightened Indians ran into the camp before they realized their mistake. The next morning Jno. M. Elkins found much blood on the ground, and could plainly see other Indians had dragged away the Indian he shot. Several years later the remains of a savage were found on a hill, about two miles from old Camp Colorado, and the local citizens supposed this was the same Indian shot by John M. Elkins.

Reference: Eighteen, Hunter's Magazine, December 11; and Life on the Texas Frontier, by John M. Elkins.

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The Whitlock Family

During the early part of 1870, Sampson Hale, who lived near the west end of Long Mountain in Llano County, purchased a new Winchester and was alone on top of the mountain to try it out, when five Indians happened to come along. He shot and killed one of the savages not a great distance back of Mr. Whitlock's home near the old Llano-Fort Mason road and near the south side of Long Mountain.

Several weeks later and during the latter part of 1870, Mr. Whitlock was plowing with oxen in a little field south of his house and his wife and two babies were at home. Indians slipped up, murdered Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock and their baby girl and took the little boy, about four years of age, away. They also robbed the house, as usual, and then burned Mr. Whitlock's cedar log cabin to the ground.

It has been supposed the Indians thought that it were Mr. Whitlock that killed the savage back of his house, on the top of Long Mountain, and did this to revenge the death of the lost Indian.

Note: Author personally interviewed Asa Arnold; W. H. Roberts; Ike Maxwell and other early settlers of this section.

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A. Burrell Brown

May 11, 1870, A. B. Brown, A. J. Herring, Nat, Bill, and Bert Guest, W. A. and Jim Beddoe, Bob Wylie, Ben Barton, Tom Stark, Sammy Coggins, and, perhaps, one two others, took two dogs, belonging to Bill Beddoe and Nat Guest, and put them on the Indian trail, which was followed until the savages reached the rocks. Here some of the citizens halted for fear they would be ambushed. But A. B. Brown and four or five others charged on toward the Indians, concealed among the rocks in a ravine. In the short fight that followed, A. B. Brown was mortally wounded in the breast, so he whirled his horse, and started back toward the remaining command. The others also retreated. When his horse jumped over a rock, Brown fell from his saddle, was scalped, and badly mangled by the wild men.

Note: Author personally interviewed: John Coffee; W. W. Hunter; Tom Starks, mentioned above W. A. Herring; and other early settlers of Coleman Co.

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Dave Upton

Sometime during the same year (1870), A. B. Brown was killed, Dave Upton, a brother of Mrs. A. B. Brown, left the home of Ance Waldrop on Home Creek in Coleman County, to notify the citizens in the Trickham Community the Indians were depredating. As he traveled along alone and was within three or four miles of Trickham, Dave Upton was killed by Indians.

Note: Author personally interviewed John Coffee and W. A. Herring, early settlers of that section.

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Capt. McLellan and Men Fight Indians About Six or Nine Miles
Northeast of the Present Town of Archer City

July 7, 1870, Capt. McLellan, in command of approximately sixty soldiers, left Ft. Richardson, at Jacksboro, for a scouting expedition. After traveling many miles, and killing no Indians, the cavalrymen came upon Dave Terrell's cow outfit, camped about two miles east of the present town of Jean, in Young County. Capt. McLellan told the cowmen that he didn't think there were any Indians. But he was assured by the citizens, the savages were not all gone. J. B. Terrell, Scroggins, Bob Durrett, Pat Sanders, Price Bird; Geo. Terrell, numbered among the cowmen, who first thought the soldiers were Indians.

The cavalrymen proceeded on their scouting expedition, and during the morning of July 11, the advance guard discovered two hundred and fifty warriors in a valley, only a short distance away. When Capt. McLellan saw the Indians were going to assume the offensive and charge the soldiers, he ordered his cavalrymen to dismount. Because of their superior horsemanship, the Indians invariably preferred fighting from their steeds, and always elected to meet the enemy mounted on horses.

The results of the encounter were related by H. H. McConnell in his *Five Years a Cavalryman*, as follows:

"On came the Indians, the prairie literally covered with them, having apparently divided into three parties of perhaps one hundred each, one party fighting at a time, the others hovering on the flanks of our men, and relieving each other in the main attack. Capt. McLellan retreated slowly, the man fighting between the horses, which were led by the fourth file of each flank, leaving three-fourths of the men disengaged. The heat was intense under the July sun, and no water, and for about eight hours of the long summer day the soldiers slowly retreated and fought the overwhelming odds, until the approach of night and the proximity of a considerable stream deterred the Indians from continuing the pursuit. Two soldiers were killed and left where they fell, and fourteen others,

including Dr. Hatch, the surgeon, were wounded. Some of them very severely; and eighteen of the cavalry horses were killed and abandoned in the fight, besides some of the pack animals. The loss inflicted on the Indians, was, of course, never ascertained, but was known at the time to have been considerable, and was so admitted by them afterward at Fort Sill, when Capt. McLellan passed through that post on our march to Kansas."

For fear of an attack, the cowmen gathered in at old Fort Belknap and placed their favorite horses in the rock stable. That night, when some soldiers arrived from this expedition, again they thought they were Indians, and ordered a halt, but the cavalymen replied that they were soldiers. The cowmen then suggested, "Then if you are soldiers, two of you meet two of us," and they did.

Capt. McLellan and his men, are deserving of the highest praise for if they had not encountered the Indians when they did, these 250 savages may have made a major raid somewhere on the upper settlements, equal to the Big Young County Raid. On this occasion, practically all of the Indians were well armed with high-powered rifles.

Note: Author interviewed: J. B. Terrell, mentioned above; Hen Williams, Mann Johnson; A. M. Lasater; Mrs. Ed Wohlforth; and others.

Further Ref.: Five Years a Cavalryman, by H. H. McConnell, who was a cavalryman at Ft. Richardson at the time.

Indians Charge Citizens at the Mustang Water Hole

During February of 1870, Capt. John Roach, horseback and alone, and returning from San Saba County to his home in Comanche, met Frank Brown, Geo. Wallace and Bush Griffon, who were traveling in two wagons loaded with wheat, belonging to Col. Wm. Stone and Enoch James. The last named citizens had stopped at the Mustang Water Hole about four miles south of Newberg in Comanche County. It was now late in the evening. The boys were taking the wheat to San Saba County to be ground. They asked Capt. Roach if he were not afraid to ride his horse alone. Roach replied, "Yes, he is ridden down now." About that time, approximately fifty Indians came storming down the mountain. Capt. Roach, a veteran frontiersman who had fought in the Civil War, had the boys to drive the two wheat wagons together and began firing his six-shooter while they were cutting loose their teams. Roach held the Indians at bay until all three boys had their horses unhitched and then told them to run for their lives. He, himself, mounted a fleet mule but before he had proceeded to a great distance, received an arrow through his lung. Roach ran about two miles and as no Indians were now apparently following him, he dismounted at the Watson Ranch Springs for water, and while on the ground the mule, which was also wounded, died. From here, injured as he was, Capt. Roach walked to the Campbell Ranch about two miles away. When Capt. Roach was within fifty yards of the house, he fell. Since the other boys had already passed and spread the news, when the Captain's groans were heard at the house, Negro Bill said, "Dat's Massah Roach, and I'se gwine to him." So he took his pistol and started. In a short time, Negro Bill had Capt. Roach in the house. Negro Bill then hurried over to Capt. Jim Cunningham's place and reported what had occurred and a runner was sent to Newberg for Dr. Montgomery.

Before he left the wagon, Frank Brown shot one Indian who was wearing a find beaded breastplate. This breastplate, no doubt, would have protected the savage but Brown discharged a load of buckshot with his gun and one ball found its way under the edge of the plate. Brown, Wallace and Griffon hurried to Comanche and spread the news there.

Griffon was the only man not wounded but Capt. Roach received the most serious wound. In due time, however, he recovered.

Citizens Pursue Indians Who Assault Capt. Roach and Others at the Mustang Water Hole

The next morning after the Indians charged Capt. Roach and others, as related in the preceding section, Dave Cunningham, and about five other citizens, who lived in southern Comanche County, took the Indian trail from the wagons, and followed it for about eight miles, when they discovered some horses staked in the open. But Dave Cunningham, who was in command, was too shrewd for the savages, and well understood their tricks and intrigues. So they stopped before the horses were reached. It was later discovered the Indians were ambushed about 200 yards from the horses, and had these mere handful of citizens ventured on, would have been trapped. They then turned homeward.

A much larger group of citizens from Comanche attempted to intercept the Indians as they passed out. But since the savages stopped and had not started for the wild Northwest, the citizens were unable to find them. So, late in the evening of the same day, which was about 24 hours after Capt. Roach and the others were assaulted, Capt. Cunningham and his men, and the citizens from Comanche met at the home of James Cunningham to be ready to make an effect drive, early the next morning. Dave Cunningham was elected captain, James Milligan, "dogman," to look after the bloodhounds, and the following additional citizens were present: Freeman Clark, Joel Nabers, Wm. Cunningham, Joe Cunningham, J. Johnson, a Methodist minister, Sam Powers, a Baptist minister, Wm. Ross, Dan Pinkard, Ike Ward, J. W. Terrell, Tom Jones, Ed Roach, John W. Stephens, Larkin Stone, Billy Cox and about six others, making a total of twenty-three men.

The next morning they were ready for war. This, of course, was the second morning following the Indians' assault on Capt. Roach and the others. The dogs were taken to the place where Capt. Dave Cunningham and the five others encountered the Indians during the preceding day, and they followed the trails as rapidly as if it were only one hour old. The Indians were followed westward six or seven miles to a point where they butchered one of the oxen. They were followed four or five miles farther. The citizens then found a dead pony, and a

grave where a dead Indian had been buried. The trail was then followed about twelve miles farther, and about thirty miles north of Brownwood. Near the head springs of Hog Creek, twenty-three citizens came upon fifty-two Indians, about three o'clock in the evening. The Indians only had three or four houses, and were mostly afoot. Capt. Dave Cunningham and his men formed a line and charged. But the fight only lasted a few minutes. The Indians made a hasty retreat, after three of their number had been killed. A savage shot Joel Naber's horse, and then the same Indian shot and killed Freeman Clark. This Indian himself, was killed. The savages were still retreating and about thirty yards farther, a fifth Indian was killed. When they retreated about 100 yards, a sixth savage lay dead on the ground. About two hundred yards further a seventh one was wounded, and he took refuge in a heavy dogwood thicket. Since Joel Nabers was afoot, he, Bill Cunningham, and Ike Ward, were detailed to stay and finish the career of this savage. The others pushed on after the retreating Indians. The remaining Indians were charged about two miles farther, and until they reached the Hog Creek Roughs. The remaining citizens then came back to where the wounded Indian was in the dogwood thicket. It required about an hour and a half longer to finish this savage's career, making the seventh Indian known to have been killed. The savage shot by Brown made eight.

When the Comanches reached the Fort Sill reservation, it was reported that they had lost three more, making a total of eleven. The citizens lost Freeman Clark, Joel Nabers' horse, and Old Tom, the leading dog of the bloodhounds. Old Tom had been serving the citizens of Comanche County for six years, and was well-trained in Indian warfare. Larkin Stone was slightly wounded.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Joel Nabers, and Dave Cunningham, both of whom were in the fight; also interviewed others.

Night Fight at the Lost Valley Pen

During the spring of 1870, J. B. Terrell, Van Scroggins, Bob Durrett, Henry Durrett, Pat Sanders, John Proffitt, Harry Williams, George Terrell, Sam Smith, Bill York and about two others, were camped near the Lost Valley Pen, about twelve miles east of Graham. About eleven o' clock at night, J. B. Terrell, John Proffitt, and Harry Williams were on guard, and the others had already gone to bed, when Indians charged and captured about forty-five head of horses. Several shots were exchanged, but none of the citizens wounded. Bob Durrett was riding a pony, and with the horses at the time. So when the animals were driven away they took him too, for he was on a horse in the middle of the herd. After he had gone about two hundred yards, he caught the limb of a tree, and climbed up into the tree's branches. The savages drove his horse and saddle away, but failed to discover him. Bob Durrett afterwards said he fought through the Civil War, but on this particular occasion found himself in the most dangerous predicament he had ever experienced.

About ten days later, practically the same crowd, during the roundup, camped at Flag Springs, only a short distance away, and the same citizens were on guard. But this time, when the savages appeared, they were discovered, and the cowboys began firing when the Indians were a considerable distance away. The savages returned the fire, but no one was hurt. Two bullets, however, penetrated through the wagon. The savages recovered no horses, but instead, became frightened and dropped ten or twelve of their own.

Note: Author personally interviewed: J. B. Terrell, mentioned above.

Capture of Bud Davis

About 1870, Mike Davis sent his son, Bud Davis, about 10 yards west of the house, to bring in a staked pony. The Indians captured Bud Davis, and took him and his horse away. About three miles further north, the savages attempted to catch Bud Sloner's horse, but being unsuccessful made Bud Davis unhobble and capture them. The horses were afraid of the Indians, but not the white boy.

In a short time, citizens were on the Indians trail. When they reached East Mounds, about five miles south of Bridgeport, in Wise County, they came upon the savages, butchering a beef. The Indians ran, and when they reached the West Fork of the Trinity, it was up. The Indians crossed, but here the citizens turned back. Bud Davis was taken to Fort Sill, and when his presence was known among the Indians, the officers demanded his surrender. So the savages brought him in, and said, "We were in Texas, and this pale face boy followed us off." Bud Davis was only gone about one month, and returned home with some teamsters.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Dole Miller, a neighbor of Mike Davis at the time; and several others.

Indian Raid About Twelve or Fifteen Miles Southeast of Graham

During 1870, Mrs. William Crow, whose husband was killed in the Salt Creek Fight, and Mrs. Blassingame lived in the old Green Taylor ranch house on Rock Creek, about one mile above its mouth, near where Palo Pinto, Young, and Jack Counties come together. About the middle of the evenings two Indians came riding up the flats, and apparently were after two horses hobbled west of the house. The Indians were coming from the east. Mose Lemley and Tom Blassingame grabbed guns and went out in the front yard. When Mose fired, an Indian fell over his horse, and every one could plainly hear the bullet strike the Indian's shield. He then fired a second time, and the Indian fled away in a southerly direction. About thirty or forty minutes later, Mrs. William Crow, and Mrs. Blassingame counted eleven Indians, about one-half mile south of the house. These Indians went on to the Lemley Ranch, about three or four hundred yards west of the present Dixie Store, and on Filibuster Branch. Here Kit Carter, George Lemley, Jeff Overstreet, and Rube Secris, were branding cattle. The Indians charged these citizens at the corrals about four o'clock in the evening, and several shots were exchanged. Jeff Overstreet ran to the house, and while running, an Indian shot him in the heel. After exchanging several shots, the Indians realized these frontiersman could not be bluffed, so they went away, and were followed by Kit Carter and his cowmen. When the Indians reached the mouth of Conner's Creek, they crossed the Brazos over into Ming Bend. Here the savages were so closely crowded, they dropped a large part of the stolen horses. The Indians then retreated into the brush to the south of the Bend.

Note: Author interviewed John Crow, who saw Mose Lemley hit the Indian's shield, and others who lived in this vicinity at the time.

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Henry Martin

During the fall of 1870, Henry Martin, Bill Forbis, Mode Johnson, Tom Mansker, George Bugby, and perhaps a few others, were out cow-hunting on Palo Pinto Creek, in the eastern part of Eastland County, when charged by Indians. It seems the citizens were divided, and improperly organized, each man fled for his own safety. Henry Martin, at the time, was a considerable distance from the others. So the savages soon surrounded him, and in a short time he was killed.

Note: Author interviewed: W. C. McGough; J. A. Hestalow; C. R. Bradford; Henry Blue; Mrs. Guest; and others who lived in Palo Pinto and Eastland Counties at the time.

Tom Starks and His Wife Startle Indians

About 1870, Tom Starks and his wife, started from the mouth of the Concho to Comanche County, to visit Mrs. Starks' people. When they had gone about five miles, Mr. and Mrs. Starks met Rich Coffee, who told them Indians were ahead and they had better turn back. But Mr. Starks, was reared on the frontier, and suggested that they go ahead. They then drove about twenty miles farther, and stopped for the night. The horses were tied, and while supper was being prepared these animals continued to snort. Tom Starks again hitched up his team, and drove to New Quarter Creek, where there was an abundance of timber, and camped for the night. Again the horses continued to snort. So his wife dressed in men's clothes, and they turned the wagon bed upside down. An Indian was always exceedingly skeptical of anything unusual. So this rearrangement of the wagon-bed seemed to startle the savages considerably. For the next morning it was discovered they had completely beaten out a trail around the wagon, about forty yards away. As they rode around this freakish arrangement, the savages evidently decided there was something mysterious. When the break of day arrived, the Indians were gone.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Tom Starks himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Rippey

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Rippey lived on the old Weatherford-Belknap road about fourteen miles northwest of Weatherford. Mr. Rippey had distributed some wolf poison. One morning when he heard his dogs continually barking and baying he thought perhaps, they had found a wolf killed by the bait. He took his rifle and started across a little field toward the black-jack timber, to the north, where the dogs were barking. When Mr. Rippey was near the north field fence, about 120 yards from the house, some concealed Indians, shot and broke his leg. He then started toward the house on his all-fours, and the Indians were in pursuit. In his serious condition, he dropped his gun, and as there was no gate going into the field from the house, Mrs. Rippey who was armed, let down the fence and started to meet her husband. Mr. Rippey, however, was killed on the inside of the field before he reached the fence. They then killed Mrs. Rippey and scalped each of them. Mr. and Mrs. Rippey's nephew and niece, Eli Hancock and his sister, who were about twelve and fourteen years of age, were in the house at the time. The little boy and girl were orphan children, who made their home with Mr. and Mrs. Rippey. The children barred the door, and one of them said, "Now don't shoot until the door is broken open." The Indians, however, apparently discovered that the children were armed. After ripping open a feather bed, which was on the front porch, and taking the ticking, the savages went away. The two children then went over to the home of their uncle, Wm. Lowe, and reported that Mr. and Mrs. Rippey had been killed. The two were buried in the Fondron Graveyard, in the western part of Parker County. The news was spread from home to home, and in short time, Joe Moore, John Fondron, Bud Fondron, George Copeland, M. B. Woods, Ed Fondron, a man named Corbitt, and two others, took the Indian trail, and followed it a few miles below Mineral Wells, but were unable to overtake the murderers.

That night Indians, and it was thought these same Indians, stole horses in Littlefield Bend, on the Brazos. The next day they were seen going up Keechi with a herd of stolen horses.

Note: Author interviewed: Joe Moore, mentioned above; A. M. Lasater; James Wood; Dole Miller; Joe Browning, who moved into the

house about one year after this tragedy; and several others, who lived in Palo Pinto and Parker Counties at the time.

W. H. Steadham and Matt Brogdon Fight

After sleeping with the horses, W. H. Steadham and John Marlin returned to the ranch house about ten miles westward of Graham, and seven miles from Newcastle, and were preparing breakfast. W. H. Steadham, Matt Brogdon, Archie Midland, and Worth Timmons, went to the lot to turn out some cattle, and to turn eight herd of horses into the field. Shortly afterwards, two Indians were discovered trying to drive the horses away. So W. H. Steadham and Matt Brogdon took after the horse thieves. The Indians, were overtaken and a horse was shot from under one of them. This savage then mounted the steed of the other, and the two Indians went dashing away, but when they were closely crowded, the Indian behind jumped off, and ran up a ditch. W. H. Steadham took after the Indian on the horse, and an exciting chase followed before the Indians escaped. Some red blankets, tied around the Indians' necks, were dropped. It was discovered that the horse killed, belonged to the Hittson outfit.

Note: Author interviewed: W. H. Steadham.

The Exciting Experience of Mrs. Margaret Pyett

During 1870, Mr. and Mrs. Benton Pyett lived about eleven miles southeast of San Saba on Rough Creek, in San Saba County. Mr. Pyett was recovering their little log cabin so Mrs. Pyett and her little son, Billy, about ten years of age, went out to drive up a cow with a little calf. While they were a short distance from home, seven savages came charging toward them. Little Billy was on the better horse. Consequently when they started to run, his horse ran away from his mother. But when he passed the house, he could not stop. He yelled to his father, however, who was on the house, "Indians killing Ma." Mr. Pyett said that he never knew just how he managed to get off the house but the first thing he realized, he was running to meet his wife with a gun. Soon she arrived and her horse fell near the lot. When Mrs. Pyett was on her feet, an Indian threw a rope and attempted to rope her. But Mrs. Pyett raised her arm and caught the rope. The Indians laughed. They then attempted to shoot Mrs. Pyett, and the bullet or arrow passed through her bonnet. The Indians then turned and hurried away. They, no doubt, saw Mr. Pyett rapidly approaching.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mr. and Mrs. R. Kolb, who lived in the neighborhood at the time.

George Bishop

The author interviewed ten or twelve different people, who lived in Stephens County at the time and immediately following the death of Geo. Bishop. But as it frequently occurs, there was considerable variation in the different reports. Two stated he was out after the cows late in the evening. But others report that George was after the horses early in the morning. All excepting one person report he was alone, and all excepting one or two, agree that he was horseback. Nevertheless, we shall report this story as we feel it really occurred.

About 1870, George Bishop, fourteen years of age, lived on the C. J. Johnson Ranch, on Little Cedar, about five or six miles northwest of Caddo, and about ten miles east and north of Breckenridge, in Stephens County. Early one cold, crispy morning, he was asked to go drive in the cow-ponies, and told to ride one of the fastest horses, then in the lot. He was afraid of this animal, as it was a little wild. So he elected to ride an old, gentle, slow animal. When he was about two miles east of the ranch, on land owned, at this time, by D. W. Deavers, several Indians came charging toward George. Indians were soon riding on each side of him, and headed George into a fallen tree, where he was captured. He was then carried to the brakes of Big Cedar, about two miles away, and killed. Many citizens, in the past, have supposed that the Indians thought they were being pursued, and murdered young George Bishop to prevent his making an outcry. It may have been their intentions, however, to murder George when captured, but felt they had better retreat into the thick timber before doing their deadly work. Or they may have subjected him to the usual Indian cruelties, and when he rebelled, the savages slayed him.

Nevertheless, when he failed to return, a searching party found where the Indians had run his horse into the tree. George's body was found about two miles further, on the Indian trail, in the brakes of Big Cedar. His mouth was filled with grass, which also caused many to think the Indians were afraid he would make an outcry. Joe Bishop, brother of George, kept the arrows found in George's body for years.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. Matilda Van Cleve; and her sister Mrs. Julia Scott, who were daughters of Wash De Rossette; Mrs. Boggs; Mrs. Pete Harris; Mrs. Lucy Lindsey; Lish Christesson; B. K. Thompkins; Mrs. Wm. Cain; Lish Carter; and others who lived in Stephens County at the time. Also interviewed D. W. Deaver, who moved into the County a few years afterwards, and who heard John Bishop relate the story. He was also showed the charcoal where the Indians built a fire that morning.

Indians Assault the Beale and Maxey Families

September 5, 1870, there lived two families on the west prong of Denton Creek, about six miles southwest of Montague. Jesse Maxey, his wife, and daughter, Rhoda, and son, Valentine, lived in one end of a double log-house; and T. W. Beale, wife, and son, Hezekiah Beale, and daughter, Anna Beale, lived in the other. Jesse Maxey and T. W. Beale had gone to Sandy Creek, just before sundown. Grandfather Maxey, who was staying with his son Jesse B. Maxey, went out to the wood-pile to cut some wood, and was followed by the two Beale and Maxey children.

A large post-oak stump stood half-way between the wood-pile and creek, and behind this, two Indians had hidden to do their bloody work. They shot grandfather Maxey, who ran a few steps and fell. They also shot Hezekiah Beale, and killed him. Anna Beale was running in front of her grandfather Maxey, and she was shot down before reaching the house. The Indians was so close when he fired, the blaze of his gun ignited her clothes. And Mrs. Beale reached the door in time to see the savages do this dastardly deed. Mrs. Maxey was running with her baby held next to her breast, to join Mrs. Beale, and when the Indians shot at her, the bullet went through the baby's head and passed through Mrs. Maxey's arm. When Mrs. Maxey hurried into the house, Mrs. Beale closed the door, and as she did, a bullet glanced her forehead, knocking her down, and left a gash about three inches long. Mrs. Maxey then finished closing the door, and in a second or two, Mrs. Beale, who was shot, was again on her feet. When she saw that little Ann's clothes were on fire, she put them out. The two women then hurried out of the house, and hid in some high weeds, until about ten o'clock p. m. when their husbands arrived. Mrs. Maxey still held her dead baby in her arms. The two Maxey children were made captives, and carried away. After M. Beale and Maxey returned to their bereaved, and broken homes, the dead were moved to one room to be prepared for burial, and the two wounded women were carried away for treatment. They were taken to Joel B. Maxey's home, about one mile away; and from there, to the home of John Stroud, one-half mile further on up the creek. M. Stroud had a very sick son at the time, and here the women were treated by Dr.

John A. Gordon, who dressed their wounds. The dead were buried next morning in the Stroud Graveyard.

About one year later, Valentine Maxey was recovered from the Indians on the Washita, but the fate of his little sister was really never known. He reported, however, that the last time she was seen, the savages took her toward a brushy thicket, where she was, no doubt, murdered because she was sick, fatigued, and unable to travel further.

W. A. Morris and Others Fight Indians Near Red River Station

During the night of September 5, 1870, some of the members of P. M. Cardwell's family were sick at the Station, so the neighbors had not gone to bed. Shortly after midnight, some one stepped out of doors and when he looked southward, saw Indians riding around the graveyard, about three hundred yards away. W. A. Morris, and W. T. Waybourne, who had been surveying during the day near Red River Station, stopped there for the night. After the Indians were discovered, their presence was promptly reported at the house and elsewhere. Only five horses were available, so W. A. (Bud) Morris, H. D. Newberry, Henry Cardwell, Frank Mull, and Dutch Valance, started out to round up the loose horses. Two horses were found about one mile southeast of the Station, but the citizens passed on to find others, and intended to pick these up when they returned. No other horses, however, were found, and when they returned, two Indians were near the two horses. W. A. Morris and H. D. Newberry were near the two horses. W. A. Morris and H. D. Newberry were riding in front, and not knowing whether or not they were Indians or whites, Morris said, "Who is these?" The Indians turned on their horses' sides and rapidly rode to the north. They were pursued by the citizens, who shot several times. These two Indians were soon joined by about fifty others who practically surrounded the white men. The five brave citizens ran through, shooting to the right and left, and opened a gap in their ranks. They were followed, however, by the Indians about 100 yards, and until the citizens crossed a small stream. Here Morris and his associated made a stand and kept the Indians from crossing. The Indians then retreated and apparently were looking after a wounded warrior. Morris then shot his Spencer rifle, and he heard the bullet strike an Indian, or his horse. The savages then scattered, and fired a few more shots. The citizens rode toward the Station for reinforcements. Several men were available, but no horses could be found. John Lackey took Frank Mull's place, and the five citizens then returned, but found no horses. The Indians went on, and crossed Red River below old Spanish Fort, and along their path, where the savages stopped for a considerable length of time, citizens afterwards found an Indian grave.

Note: Before writing this and the preceding section; author personally interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris; and other early settlers of that section.

J. J. Hittson's Unusual Experience

About 1870, when J. J. Hittson was returning from the Jim Ned to the old Narbo Ranch, during the dark hours of the night, he was caught by a rainstorm, so he ran into some of his father's old deserted houses. The place was a double-log-house, with a gate between, and a corral adjoining behind. This arrangement, when built, was made to protect the horses from Indians. As soon as he reached here it began to blow and a terrific rain was falling. J. J. Hittson had turned his horse in the corral of the log cabin. A similar house, built by Wm. Hittson, a brother of John, was about 100 yards away. After J. J. Hittson had been in his place of shelter for about twenty or thirty minutes, four or five Indians, who knew the houses were vacant, came dashing up and not thinking any one present, intended to rush in, out of the rain. The storm was raging and rain falling in torrents. Hittson had no means of escape, excepting to run into the Indians. So he placed himself in readiness for their unwelcomed arrival. One warrior jumped from his horse, and was rushing in. So Hittson fired, and shortly afterwards, heard something flouncing in the water. The remaining savages were so shocked, they ran away without their horses. J. J. Hittson was afraid to pass out of the house in the direction of the Indians for fear he would be killed, so he attempted to climb out of the chimney, and in a short time was as black as a negro. He later slipped out, however, into the darkness, and when he reached the old Narbo ranch, the ranchmen were mystified at his smooty appearance. When some of the Hittsons and other returned to the old deserted house the next morning, they found a dead Indian, and five Indian ponies.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Jess Hart, J. J. Hart and a cousin, in Callahan Co. at that time, and J. J. Hittson himself.

Indian Fight at Hart Ranch

During the summer of 1870, Jim Hart and brothers, were running their mother's ranch, on Jim Ned, in Coleman County, about twenty miles north of Coleman. The boys were making preparations to go to a roundup, and had gathered most of the horses. But J. E. Heslup and Jeff Reasoner were unable to find theirs. After breakfast, however, the "chuck-wagon," with horses and seven men, started for the cattle-ranges, and Johnny Heslup and Bill Starnes made a second trip to find the missing horses. This time, they went in a westerly direction, but soon came running toward the ranch, and were followed by about thirty-five screaming savages. John Heslup's horse had been wounded by an Indian chief, and the pony fell dead when Heslup reached the yard gate at the ranch.

Joe Hart was then a boy seven years of age, and when he saw the dust in the distance he gave the alarm. Jess soon discovered a band of Indians. John Hart was just arriving in a wagon from Weatherford, with supplies, and he had stopped a short distance from the ranch house to talk to Will McDermitt, Jim Hart, and a third man, who started to the roundup. John Hart had his gun in the wagon, but the three other boys sent their guns on with the chuck-wagon. Jim Hart, Will McDermitt, and their associates then hurried into the house for guns and ammunition. In a short time, the Indians were upon them and John Hart shot and broke the neck of the chief, who was crowding Johnny Heslup. In a few seconds, the three boys returned from the house with guns and ammunition, and were then joined by Grandmother Hart, who, like a man, stood out in the open and shot at the Indians with a Winchester. The savages came charging as if they intended to run over the citizens. When the Indians saw they could not frighten Mrs. Hart, her son, and the two others, however, they dropped back and held a pow-wow. Again they charged, and no doubt, intended to recover the body of their chieftain, who was in the hands of the citizens. But Mrs. Hart and her boys refused to retreat, and each time they showered the Indians with their rifles. Four such charges were made, and counting the chief, seven Indians were seen to fall from their horses. The Indians then went away, and started toward the chuck-wagon. They took with them, the remaining dead and wounded. But they failed to recover the body of their chief.

Mrs. Caroline Hart, wife of A. A. Hart (Deceased), who first settled in Palo Pinto County about 1856, and who had been on the frontier for about fifteen years, stood up and fought like a man. Mrs. Hart, her sons, John and Jim, Will McDermitt, and one other stood out in the open, about seventy-five yards from the house, during all the fighting. None of the citizens were wounded.

After the Indians left the Hart Ranch, they then followed the chuck-wagon, which was overtaken about three miles away. When the Indians charged, all excepting Negro Andy, ran in a cave, but according to reports, Andy stood his ground and saved his horses. Those that retreated into the cave lost their steeds and equipment.

About two days after this fight, a company of surveyors camped near the Hart Ranch. John Hamilton, and Willis Ashberry dragged the dead Indian to their camp.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Jess Hart, who was about seven years old, and at the Hart Ranch when the fight occurred.

Further Ref.: The Baird Starr, February 13, 1925, published by W. E. Gilliland, a copy of which Jess Hart furnished the author.

Sad Experience of Mrs. Susan Herring

During 1870, Red River Station, in Montague County, was a town of about 100 houses, and perhaps, a half-dozen stores. Like other villages on the frontier, it was a log-cabin-town. Mrs. Susan Herring was living in the edge of the Station. One bright summer night she was sleeping on the floor, near the door, for the weather was exceedingly warm. Indians came near, fired, and then ran away. The bullet killed Mrs. Herring's innocent baby, and wounded its mother in the arm.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris, who was familiar with this affair.

Running Fight Five Miles South of Johnson City

During 1870, the savages stole horses near Round Mountain, in Blanco County. The rangers were notified, so Columbus and Jim Patton, Charlie Haynes, Dave Herrington, John Backus, George and Jim Green, Sam Cady, B. Herrington, Will Davidson, and J. B. Heidemann, followed the Indians about seven miles, and ran on them approximately five miles south of Johnson City. Both factions were evenly matched in numbers. The citizens shot the Indian chief's horse in the tail. The chief was then charged by Columbus Patton, who received a painful wound. J. B. Heidemann was mortally wounded, and Dave Herrington numbered among the injured before the fight was over. The Indian chief was finally shot from his horse, but he was carried away by his comrades. Several other Indians were also wounded. During the fighting the citizens captured an Indian's shield, eleven horses, fifteen blankets, three six-shooters, three lariat ropes, three saddles, and a quiver of arrows. Heidemann soon died.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Hon. Sam Johnson, of Johnson City, who assisted several to secure their pensions, and familiar with the details of this fight.

Further Ref.: Frontier Times, August 1927

The Jowell Brothers and Others Encounter Indians on Turkey Creek

Dick, James, Campbell, Jerry, George Jowell, Beall Locke, and Ben Foster, on the 8th of November, 1870 were hunting cattle in the Turkey Creek country, six or seven miles northwest of the present city of Mineral Wells. Beall Locke was a brother-in-law to the Jowell Brothers, and Ben Foster their nephew. These well known citizens numbered among the first settlers of Palo Pinto County. A long up in the day, the Indians ran on Dick Jowell, who was separated from the others. So he retreated to a large tree, where he made a stand. When the Indians would appear, he drew his six-shooter without firing, and each time, the savages dodged and retreated. Only one or two, however, were after him.

The remaining twelve Indians were in a hollow, a short distance away. Dick Jowell's brothers soon heard the firing. But when some turkeys flew by, the brothers first thought Dick was trying to shoot a fat gobbler. Shortly afterwards however, they saw Dick being pursued by the Indians, who soon dashed into the brush. The Indians were again seen passing through an opening, and here they fired several shots at the Jowell brothers, Beall Locke and Ben Foster. After the Indians rode into the timber, they continued to fire, and more than once, the citizens could see the smoke rising from the roots of a cottonwood sapling. Dick Jowell, who by this time was joined by the others, said, "The next time the smoke rises from those roots, I am going to shoot." When a gun again fired at this particular spot, true to his statement, Dick Jowell shot, and when he did the Indians ceased their firing. A moment or two later the savages were seen passing on through another opening, and going in an easterly direction, towards the present town of Salesville.

Marcus L. Dalton, James Redfield and James McAster

Marcus L. Dalton, a widely known early West Texas cowman, numbered among the first settlers of Palo Pinto County. During the early days, Mr. Dalton lived reasonably near, and was closely associated with Oliver Loving, Charles Goodnight, the Curetons, Ribbles, Dillingham, Henry Belding, the Bevers, Taylors, Cowdens, Cochrans, Slaughters, Jowells, Lasaters, Lovings, Lynns, Strawns, Stuarts, Carters, and many other equally noted cowmen of Palo Pinto and adjoining counties.

November 7, 1870, Hen. Belding, met Marcus L. Dalton in Weatherford. Mr. Dalton, at the time, was returning from Kansas, where he had moved a large herd of cattle. He had also made several previous trips over the trail. Uncle Henry Beldings, at the time, lived on the Belding Ranch, about thirteen miles west of Palo Pinto, and Mr. Dalton lived on the Brazos, in the Sand Valley section.

When Mr. Dalton was asked by Uncle Henry Belding to accompany him home, he replied that he had been away a long time, was exceedingly anxious to get home, and wanted to take a direct route from Weatherford to his residence up the river. Consequently, on the morning of November 8, 1870, Mr. Dalton, traveling in a wagon drawn by a span of mules, left the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. J. P. Valentine, who lived in Weatherford, and was accompanied by James Redfield, and James McAster, who were making their first trip to the frontier. Mr. Dalton had his six-shooter in the wagon seat, and supplies and provisions in the rear. A faithful little dog that had followed him to Kansas, was also along. In the upper tray of his traveling trunk, this noted frontiersman had over \$11,000.00 concealed in a shoe. Since Mr. Dalton knew the road, he led the way, and was followed by a wagon driven by one of his hands. The third man, on horseback, driving some ponies, followed in the rear.

Marcus L. Dalton, James Redfield, and James McAster were traveling along the old Weatherford-Belknap road, and when they reached a point in Loving's Valley, about three-fourths of a mile east and north of the present town of Salesville, they were ambushed, and slain by the same Indians, mentioned in the preceding section. The

Indians ambushed Mr. Dalton and associates about two hours after they encountered the Jowell brothers, Locke, and Foster. No doubt, Mr. Dalton was killed instantly, for his pistol had never been moved from its scabbard. His mules, however, ran with the wagon out to the right side of the road, made a circle of perhaps 150 yards, then crossed the roadway to the left. Redfield and McAster were each lying on the ground near the second wagon. All three were scalped, and their bodies badly disfigured. Since Mr. Dalton's trunk seemed to be locked, the Indians cut a hole in its side and removed such articles that were found near the bottom. Apparently, however, the savages did not know the trunk had a tray; so they did not find the eleven thousand dollars hidden in a shoe. This money, in due time, was safely placed in the hands of Mr. Dalton's family. The mules and a part of his horses, which were carried away by the Indians, were later found about three miles north.

Late in the afternoon of the next day, Mr. Dalton and associates were found by Marion, Green, and George Lasater, and Wm. Evans, who were horseback and returning to their homes in the Keechi Community. Only the sadly dejected little dog of Mr. Dalton, which lay near the bodies of Redfield and McAster, was left to relate the fate of the three worthy citizens. Two of the four that found him, remained and the others hurried with the news to Old Black Springs. Sam Ham was one of the messengers who went from Black Springs to notify Mrs. Dalton and her children who lived upon the river in the northwestern part of Palo Pinto County. John, who then lived at Palo Pinto, was the first member of Mr. Dalton's family to arrive. The three were found late in the evening.

An account of this raid in Smythe's Historical Sketches of Parker County, printed in 1877, states that Mr. Dalton was murdered December 16, and an account of the killed related by a son, places the date at November 4, but Mr. Dalton's tombstone, in the graveyard at Weatherford, bears the following inscription, "Marcus L. Dalton, born Oct. 14, 1819, Murdered by Indians November 18, 1870."

Note: Before writing this and the preceding section, author interviewed the following: James C. Jowell, mentioned above; C. A. G. L. and R. S. Dalton, sons of Marcus L. Dalton; A. M. Lasater, a brother of Marion, Green and George Lasater, who in company with

Wm. Evans, were the first to find Mr. Dalton and his associates; James Wood; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; Jane Bevers; Mrs. Jerry Hart; and many other early settlers, who lived in Palo Pinto County at the time.

Further Ref: Personal Reminiscences of Henry Belding, published in the Mineral Wells Weekly Index, during 1910; and Smythe's Historical Sketches of Parker Co., and Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas.

Tullos B. Smith was returning late in the evening to his home in Menard, from the Wilkerson Ranch, about sixteen miles away, was mounted on a large black pony, and was leading about two other horses. As he passed a cluster of bushes, a few miles from his destination, Tullos B. Smith was ambushed and killed. Late in the evening the stage going from San Antonio to El Paso came along and found him. Since he was not scalped, some local citizens thought perhaps he may not have been killed by Indians. Searching parties soon found moccasin tracks, however, and other Indian signs. Wm. Templeton, Lewis Wilson and David Thorp brought Tullos B. Smith's body to Menard in a spring wagon.

Note: Author interviewed: J. F. P. Kruse, who intended to accompany Tullos B. Smith to the Wilkerson Ranch but was unable to find his pony; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Carlisle, who were early settlers in that section.

Negro Brit Johnson, Dennis Cureton and Paint Crawford

Negro Brit Johnson and his colorful career, during the early days, always commanded the respect and esteem of those acquainted with his activities. Brit had been reared on the frontier among the white citizens, and although he was a Negro in fact, in many respects, was not in ways.

During the latter part of January, 1871, J. B. Terrell, who still lives at Newcastle, was in Fort Worth and met Brit Johnson, who was there to try to sell his cattle to Dave Terrell. Negro Brit told Mr. J. B. Terrell that he was going to leave the following day, which was Sunday, for Fort Griffin. Brit, as a consequence, returned to Parker County, where he prepared to make his last journey.

Negro Brit was then living near old Veale Station. After loading his provisions in a bois-d'arc wagon, he started for Ft. Griffin, and was accompanied by Dennis Cureton, who was the slave of Wm. Cureton Sr. at the time of his death in 1859. Brit was also accompanied by Paint Crawford, who was a former slave of Simpson Crawford, one of the first settlers of Palo Pinto County. The three Negroes had been living on the frontier for approximately fifteen years.

About the second night out, Negro Brit Johnson, Dennis Cureton, and Paint Crawford, camped at the Turtle Hole, at the head of Flint Creek, about nine miles north of Graham, and on the north side of the road. The next morning, Indians slipped over the hill from the east, and charged the three frontier colored men. According to reports, the Indians had previously told Negro Brit they would kill him if he were ever found out alone. Negro Brit's companions ran, but Brit stood his ground and sold his life as dearly as possible. All three were killed and seventy-two empty shells found around Negro Brit's body, told the story of his bitter fight. No doubt, he made several feathered savages bite the dirt. Brit and his companions were buried near where they were killed, and on the north side of the old Fort Worth-Fort Belknap military road.

And here in an unmarked grave, at the end of his long winding trail, that led to many ranches and cow camps in western Texas, and

Indian villages in Oklahoma, lie buried the bones of Negro Brit Johnson. He was a faithful friend to the whites, was highly esteemed and respected by frontier citizens, and helped write much of the early history of Young and adjoining counties.

Note: Author personally interviewed: J. B. (Blue) Terrell, who conversed with Negro Brit in Fort Worth the day before he started on his last journey, and who passed Negro Brit's grave, about the second day after he was killed; Mann Johnson; Henry Williams; F. M. (Babe) Williams; F. M. Peveler; John Marlin; Uncle Pink Brooks; Jeff (Cureton) Eddleman, who was also a slave of Wm. Cureton, mentioned above; A. M. Lasater; Walker K. Baylor, son of General John Baylor; James Wood; and many others who lived in this section of the time.

Indians Ambush W. J. Hale on Ioni

During 1871, the Jowell brothers were running the old stone ranch-house on Bluff Creek, in the western part of Palo Pinto County. This old building, which still stands, and in which portholes were made to better counteract the Indians, was used as ranch quarters, and known as the Jolly Ranch. At that time, deer in this section were so plentiful, sometimes fifty or more were seen in a single bunch. Bear, antelope, panther, wild eagles, wild turkey, and other kind of wild game and animals, common to this locality, were found in countless numbers. Even today, this section is one of the wildest places in north Texas.

W. J. Hale, who had been working for the Jowell brothers for a few months, left the old ranch, March 7, 1871, and started alone on his way to Palo Pinto. When he reached what is called the Second Crossing of Ioni, about fourteen miles west of Palo Pinto, Uncle Bill was waylaid by several Indians, who made their arrows fly thick and fast. But he ran, and began firing with his six-shooters on both sides. When Mr. Hale reached the First Crossing of Ioni, eastward of the Dindy Place, a few Indians, had also entrenched themselves there. Here again, he fired two or three shots. As Uncle Bill fled eastward, he was followed by the savages until they reached the point where the Cantey Bus Station now stands. Here W. J. Hale made a halt, and when he fired with his Winchester, the Indians fell back. At each of the three places the savages were plainly visible in the bright moonlight. Uncle Bill reached Palo Pinto about eleven o'clock.

Some one heard the firing, and when the news reached the Jolly Ranch, George, Jerry, and Virgil Jowell, and Sam Conner, who were at the ranch, took W. J. Hale's trail, and followed it to Palo Pinto, for they were afraid he had been murdered by the Indians. Geo. Jowell and Sam Conner and W. J. Hale then returned to Ioni, and discovered that either an Indian or his horse had been wounded, for two bloody places were found on the ground. An arrow was also found sticking in a tree, by which W. J. Hale passed as he went up the bank of the creek.

Note: Author interviewed: W. J. Hale, mentioned above and one or two others.

Indian Fight About Four Miles North of Lipan

While gathering data for the present work, the author found several familiar with this fight, and acquainted with all of its details, excepting the identity of the citizens engaged. The Palo Pinto Citizens reported the rangers must have come from Hood or Johnson County. The old timers of that section stated they must have been Palo Pinto, Parker, or Erath County citizens. No one could be found to supply this missing information. But while gathering data for Central Texas, the author accidentally met Joe O'Diorne, of Johnson City, who supplied the missing information.

The reason local citizens were unable to supply the names of those who took part in the fight, was because practically all of the participants were rangers, who lived 175 miles further south.

During April of 1871, Capt. Hamp Cox, and his company B, of the Texas Rangers, who lived in Blanco and other Central Texas counties, were temporarily camped five miles southward of Stephenville, and on a scout near where Palo Pinto, Parker, Hood, and Erath Counties corner. Here they were advised that several Indians were raiding through that section, and stealing the local citizens' horses. J. G. O'Diorne of Johnson City, and John Gregg, who lived twelve miles below Marble Falls, numbered among Capt. Hamp Cox's rangers who were on this expedition. The trail was first found about six miles south of Lipan, and after being followed about ten miles to the north, the rangers, accompanied by a Mr. Mitchell, who lived on the Kickapoo, in Hood County, and perhaps one or two other local citizens, ran on the Indians, about 4 miles north of Lipan, and near the Palo Pinto-Parker County line. As usual, a running fight followed.

After going about one mile, one young warrior's horse was shot from under him, leaving him afoot on the ground. He then threw up his hands, and yelled "Comanche!" It was noticed at the time, that this individual acted very strange for an Indian, who seldom, if ever, threw up their hands. When killed, he proved to be a white boy, about sixteen or seventeen years of age. It has been the general supposition that this boy was some Indian captive-- some white child

snatched by the savages from the arms of its mother, many years before, and reared to be an Indian.

The remaining savages were followed about two miles farther, and another Indian killed. Shortly afterwards, a lone warrior left his companions, and came dashing back to the whites. Some have supposed that the second Indian slain, was this savage's brother, and he was attempting to avenge his brother's death. But when within firing distance, he too, was shot down. The remaining savages escaped, but two of their number and the white boy were killed.

To be sure there is, no doubt, that renegade white citizens confederated with the savages to steal horses and cattle, and commit other crimes. But it is preposterous to suppose, as some writers and others would have us believe, that most of the depredations or even a great percent thereof, were being done by renegade whites, disguised as Indians. This particular white boy, who was with the savages when killed, no doubt, was an Indian captive.

Nevertheless, since a very small child we have always heard that somewhere on the frontier, when an Indian was killed, his paint was removed and the warriors proved to be a white man. Evidently this particular fight started that story, for no other incident of its kind has ever been called to our attention.

Note: Author personally interviewed: J. G. O'Diorne, who was in the fight; Geo. Hill; W. A. Herring; James Glinn; W. J. Langley; Dave and S. F. (Bud) Littlefield; and one or two others who then lived in this section. Several of them recalled the Indian bones which were piled on a little hill, and remained for many years. Perhaps some of them can still be found.

Kenon and Paschal Families

During 1871, the Kenon and Paschal families lived on the Forestburg-Decatur road, about three miles south of Forestburg, in the southeastern part of Montague County. Mrs. Paschal was a widow, and had five children, namely; Bill, Ben, John, Mary and Dollie; and she and her children were living with Mr. and Mrs. Kenon at the time. Mr. Kenon, accompanied by his oldest daughter, about fourteen years of age, had gone to Arkansas in an ox-wagon. Mrs. Kenon, and her remaining three children were at home at the time. About the first of April, all had gone to bed excepting perhaps Mrs. Kenon, when one of the blood-thirsty warriors from the government reservation in Oklahoma stuck his head in the door of the little frontier log cabin. True to her womanly instinct, Mrs. Paschal screamed, and when she did, the Indians made a run on the house. In a short time, Mrs. Paschal was struck with a bludgeon, and perhaps wounded in other ways. Ben Paschal, her oldest son, and aged about twelve, leaped through the window, only to be speared by a savage. But Ben recovered from his wound. When Will Paschal ran out into the yard, he was badly butchered and killed almost instantly. John Paschal, six or seven years of age, was struck across the bowels with a heavy bludgeon, and died two or three days later. Little Mary Paschal, about three or four years of age, was also injured, but recovered. Dollie, the Paschal baby, was left unharmed.

But what happened to Mrs. Kenon and her children? Mrs. Kenon was shot through the body, scalped, and died from the effects of her wounds about eleven days later. Mrs. Kenon's daughter, about twelve years of age, was slain almost instantly, and a boy, the same age, who was a twin to this girl, escaped unharmed. Mrs. Kenon's infant baby was snatched from her arms, slammed against the window facing, and then thrown out in the yard, where it lay unconscious until the succeeding day.

The next morning one of the Roberts boys discovered what had transpired, and took the wounded to his house. Mrs. Kenon lingered about eleven days, and was conscious most of the time. Five people were killed, and three others seriously wounded.

It has been reported that Mr. Kenon, who was almost blind, did not receive the news of this horrible tragedy until he had almost reached his home. Mrs. Kenon prayed almost daily, for her husband to arrive before she passed away. When he reached Montague County, however, Mrs. Kenon was already buried.

Ref.: Thrilling Indian Raids into Cooke and Montague Counties, by Levi Perryman; and History of Montague County, by Mrs. W. R. Potter. Also interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris, and one or two others who lived in that section at the time.

Indian Raid Near Victoria Peak

During the spring or early summer of 1871, several families were "Forted-up" at Victoria (Queen's) Peak in Montague County. One morning after a storm, several Indians appeared, surrounded the fort and for some time, considerable fighting followed. The savages, however, would not venture closer than a hundred yards of the post, for they were afraid of the deadly fire of the citizens. They succeeded in capturing Boone Kilgore, who was herding stock at the time, about one-half mile away. Boone Kilgore was about twelve years of age, and remained with the savage about two or three months before his parents secured his release.

During the preceding night, W. B. and John B. Slaughter, Sam Lewis, a man named Adams, and others who were moving a large herd over the trails to Kansas, bedded their cattle a few miles from the fort. W. B. Slaughter and his brother, John B., were sons of G. W. Slaughter, of Palo Pinto. Adams, also, lived in the town of Palo Pinto; Sam Lewis was a citizen of Parker County.

During the dark and rainy night, after the cattle were bedded, a mysterious light was seen in the timber a short distance away. Shortly afterwards, the cattle became frightened, and in a few seconds, the immense herd was moving like a tidal wave, and rushed madly through the storm. The next morning, which was the same day the savages attacked the fort at Victoria Peak, now known as Queen's Peak, when the cattle were gathered, two hundred steers were missing. So the cowmen divided into groups of two each, to comb the surrounding country for these missing cattle. When the time arrived for all to return to the main herd, Sam Lewis, of Parker County, and Adams, who lived in Palo Pinto, were missing. It was now nearly night. One or two days later, the missing cowboys were found where they had been killed, scalped, and their bodies badly mutilated by the Indians. Adams and Lewis, were buried on the Lone prairie, near the bank of creek where they made their last stand.

During this same raid and about the time, or shortly afterwards, the Indians attacked Victoria Peak, they also charged two Negroes, who were traveling in a wagon from Montague to the fort for corn. The

Negroes were within two miles of Victoria Peak, where the citizens' fort was then located. It seems that the younger Negro lay down in the wagon, but the older Negro, who was a preacher, fought the savages a brave fight. But both were killed.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Bob Savage, W. A. Morris; W. B. Slaughter; James Newberry; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; John B. Slaughter; W. J. Hale; and others who lived in Palo Pinto, Parker and Montague Counties at the time.

Further Ref: Personal Reminiscences of W. B. and John B. Slaughter, in the book entitled "The Trail Drivers of Texas"

Montague County Citizens Fight Indians in Clay County During 1871

Jim Green, Cash and Clark McDonald, Elias Mackey, Mode Johnson, Jimmie Harry, Bill Freeman, Bennie Marlett, and several others struck an Indian trail about three or four miles south of Denver, in Montague County. The Indians, as usual, were passing out with a herd of stolen horses, and traveling toward the northwest. They were overtaken somewhere in Clay County, perhaps, near the west prong of Belknap, not a great distance from the Montague-Clay County line. The whites discovered the Indians, and waited until they went over a hill, and then made a charge. The Indians were close to a branch, and dug out a fortification in its banks. For two or three hours they fought. Three Indians were killed, and according to reports that came from Ft. Sill, two or three others died later. Jim Green received a mortal wound, and Bill Freeman, and Cash McDonald were also painfully wounded. Cash McDonald carried an arrow point about two years, and when it was removed by Dr. Bailey, he was asked if he wanted to be chloroformed. According to reports, McDonald replied, "No, I was not chloroformed when it went in, neither do I want to be chloroformed when it comes out."

Note: Author personally interviewed: Bob Savage; W. A. Morris; Charlie Grant; and one or two other early settlers of Montague County.

Indians Surround G. K. Elkins, and Others in Coleman County

About 1871, G. K. Elkins, John Hart, James Way, Andy Pruett (negro), and perhaps one other, were hunting bear in Coleman County on the head of Jim Ned, and near Tecumseh Peak when about sixteen Indians surrounded them in a thicket. The whites could have escaped but the negro was mounted on a slow steed, so they ran into the brush on his account. The Indians surrounded them, repeatedly tried to dislodge the citizens, but each time were repulsed. After remaining until nearly night, the Indians went away, and the bear hunters returned to their homes.

Note: Author personally interviewed: J. F. Hart, brother of John Henry Sackett, who was on another bear hunt, a few miles away, and could hear them firing when the Indians had them surrounded.

General W. T. Sherman's Tour of Inspection

The Federal authorities in Washington, who held the Whip of State, were exceedingly slow to offer necessary relief in suppressing Indian depredations along the West Texas frontier. The delay, which cost hundreds of lives of all ages, was, perhaps, partly occasioned by the constant clang of writers and citizens in the east and north who were urging more peaceful and benevolent relations with the Indians; criticizing the early frontiersman for defending their just rights. They were often charging that a great per cent or a majority of the Indian depredations were being done by outlaws and renegade whites who were disguised as Indians. Even, today, many citizens and scholars hold that view.

While the authorities and people in the east and north were urging peaceful relations with the Indians, and the establishment of more treaties, which were invariably disregarded, the savages were slaying men, women, and children along the West Texas frontier. But the pleadings and prayers of the early pioneers were continually being sent to Washington urging better protection. Finally their prayers and petitions bore fruit, but not until many citizens had been slain. Gen. Sherman made a tour of inspection for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, the true state of affairs on the frontier. As we shall later see, Gen. Sherman's trip was made at an opportune time.

He was accompanied by Inspector General, R. B. Marcy, who conveyed the old California trail in '49, the Red River to its sources in '52, and helped survey the Indian Reservation in '54.

They reached Galveston, April 24, 1871, and four days later arrived in San Antonio, the historic old metropolis of the Southwest. While Sherman and his command passed through Boerne, then described as a town of a dozen houses, a discharged soldier, who conducted the local school, informed Gen. Sherman he was obliged to go constantly armed on account of the hostile Indians. The following day, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Marcy, and their associates reached Fredericksburg, then a town of 1000 inhabitants. May 5 they passed Mason, where a very few German families were then living. The following day, the command camped at Mendarville, then described

as "A village of three houses and a small store, located one mile from the old Spanish Fort San Saba, a large structure of solid masonry." From here, the command proceeded to Fort McKavett, and reached Kickapoo Springs May 9. According to General Sherman's report, this spring was a mail station, where a picket of four soldiers was kept, and noted for Indian attacks. May 10, the command passed through Fort Concho, and then proceeded to old Fort Chadbourne which was reached two days later. From Ft. Chadbourne, the command passed through the ruins of old Fort Phantom Hill May 13, reached Ft. Griffin May 14; and old Ft. Belknap, May 16. The post was then, of course, deserted, but General Sherman ordered that a detachment of troops be sent from Ft. Richardson to these old government buildings, for Indians had been troublesome in the vicinity. May 17, they reached Ft. Richardson at Jacksboro. In describing the day's journey, the report said:

"We passed immense herds of cattle today, which are allowed to run wild upon the prairies, and they multiply very rapidly. The only attention the owners give them is to brand the calves and occasionally go out to see where they range. The remains of several ranches were observed, the occupants of which have either been killed or driven off to the more dense settlements, by the Indians. Indeed, this rich and beautiful section does not contain, today, (May 17th, 1871) as many white people as it did when I (Gen. Marcy) visited it eighteen years ago, and if the Indian marauders are not punished, the whole country seems to be in a fair way of becoming totally "depopulated."

Indians Attack the Warren Train

May 18, 1871, the next day after General Sherman, Gen. Marcy, and their escorts passed over the road between Fort Belknap and Fort Richardson, and two years and two days after the famous Salt Creek Fight, a wagon train, loaded with corn, and belonging to Capt. Henry Warren, who was a contractor at Ft. Griffin, was attacked by Chief Satanta, Satauk, (Satank), Big Tree, and perhaps other chiefs in command of about 100 warriors, not a great distance from Flat Top Mountain, about half-way between Fort Richardson and Fort Belknap, and on the identical road over which Gen. Sherman, Gen. Marcy and others passed during the preceding day. The train, when attacked, was under the command of Nathan S. Long, wagon-master. Many warriors were armed with the most modern rifles, known at that time. The teamsters were as helpless as children, Nathan Long, John Mullins, J. S. and Samuel Elliot, B. J. Baxter, Jesse Bowman, and James Williams, were killed. Thomas Brazeale was seriously wounded, but escaped, and R. A. Day, and Charles Brady, escaped unharmed. Samuel Elliott was burned to death. The savages chained him to the wheel of a wagon so he could not move, and then built a fire around his feet. It was difficult for Gen. Sherman, Gen. Mary and others to believe that the Indians had committed such crimes. After making a personal investigation, Col. McKenzie reported to Gen. Sherman that the report was true, as related. Thomas Brazeale, the wounded man, also found his way to Jacksboro, and related how the savage tigers from the reservation near Ft. Sill sprang upon the defenseless teamsters, killed seven of their number, one of whom was burned to death, and carried away about forty mules, as well as such other things that seemed to suit their fancy.

This example of savage butchery has often been referred to as the Monument Fight, for after it happened, Capt. Henry Warren erected a nicely painted wooden monument where the tragedy occurred. We are told that this monument decayed and disappeared many years ago.

General Sherman Receives Conclusive Information.

After the massacre of the Warren train, on the same route over which Gen. Sherman and his escort traveled a few hours before, the General, almost with his own eyes, could see and readily observe that the distressing reports and conditions along the frontier were true and not exaggerated, and he personally observed just what the people had endured many times and for many years.

W. W. Duke, R. J. Winders, Peter Hart, J. R. Robinson, W. N. Gaines, H. H. McConnell, and other local citizens, also reported to Gen. Sherman the extent of the crimes being constantly committed by Indians from the reservations and elsewhere.

After hearing an abundance of evidence, and being thoroughly satisfied that the citizens needed instant relief, Gen. Sherman ordered Col. McKenzie to take a force of 150 Cavalry, with thirty days provisions, and follow these Indians to the reservations, or to their place of abode.

Satanta, Satauk, (Satank), and Big Tree Arrested

May 20, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Marcy, and their escort, departed from Ft. Richardson and reached Ft. Sill May 23. They were visited by Lowrie Tatum, Indian agent for the Comanches and Kiowas. He reported that he had been able to accomplish but very little in civilizing his Indians, that they paid no attention to his injunctions, and continued their forays to Texas where they depredated upon the settlements. He further stated that the Indians must be made to feel the strong arm of government, a policy many people pled for long before the War between the States; and further stated that the Indians should be punished when they perpetrated their atrocities.

May 27, about four o'clock in the evening, Satanta, Satauk (Satan), Kicking Bird, Lone Wolf, Eagle Heart, and other Indians came to the reservation to draw their rations. Shortly afterwards, Satanta the Bengal tiger of the wild tribe, boasted that he and 100 warriors had made the recent attack upon the train between Ft. Richardson and Belknap, that they killed the seven teamsters, and drove away forty mules. He further said:

"If any other Indian claimed the credit of it, he would be a liar - that I am the man who commanded." Satanta then pointed out Satauk (Satank), Big Tree, and Eagle Heart, as being participants in the raid. This news was then conveyed to Gen. Sherman, who ordered the chiefs arrested and sent to Jacksboro, Texas, to be tried. Eagle Heart escaped. Satanta, Satauk (Satank), and Big Tree were arrested. When Satanta was carried before Gen. Sherman, he began to feel, perhaps, he made a mistake in confessing the crime, so he considerably changed his story. Satanta, according to reports, in substance told Gen. Sherman that he was present at the fight, but did not kill anybody himself, and that he took no part in the controversy, excepting to blow his bugle; that his young men wanted to have a little fight, and take a few white scalps; and that he was prevailed upon to go with them, merely to show how to make war. He further stated that he stood back during the engagement and merely gave directions, that sometime ago the whites had killed three of his people, and wounded four more, so this little affair made the account square; and that he was now ready to commence anew and be

friendly with the whites. Gen. Sherman informed Satanta that it was a very cowardly thing for 100 warriors to attack ten poor teamsters, who did not pretend to know how to fight. He further told Satanta that if he desired to have a battle, the soldiers were ready to meet him any time. When Satanta learned that he was going to be sent to Texas and tried in the court, he said he preferred being shot on the ground. About that time, however, Kicking Bird, another chief, who was not as wicked as Satanta, arrived, and pleaded with Gen. Sherman to release the chief. When they were not released, trouble at Ft. Sill seemed imminent. In fact, some of the Indians rushed for the gates, and when they were halted by the sentinels, one of them wounded a guard with an arrow. The Indians were also told they must return the forty-one mules they had captured. June 6, following, Gen. McKenzie started overland with Satanta, Satauk (Satank), and Big Tree, for Ft. Richardson. Before they proceeded a great distance, however, Satauk, (Satank) became so desperate, he was shot.

After the chiefs were arrested and before Gen. Sherman left Ft. Sill., agent Tatum told the General that he was glad that Satanta and his associates committed the deed, and made the confession just when he did for it gave Gen. Sherman an opportunity to witness the actual conditions along the frontier. He also stated that he would have been glad if Lone Wolf had been arrested, for he is one of the boldest and most troublesome men in his tribe. Agent Tatum then stated that it had been his opinion for a year, that the Indians must be controlled by force as they had disrespected all treaties.

The Trail of Satanta and Big Tree

Satanta and Big Tree were safely carried to Fort Richardson, and there securely imprisoned in the guardhouse at the post. It was, of course, necessary to keep them under a heavy guard. The trial of Satanta began July 4, 1871. Judge Charles Seward was on the bench, and Governor S. W. T. Lanham, of Weatherford, District Attorney. The Court appointed Thomas Ball and J. A. Woolfork to represent the defendants. A severance was granted by the Court, and Satanta tried first. T. W. Williams, John Cameron, Evert Johnson, H. D. Varner, F. Cooper, Wm. Hensley, John H. Brown, Peter Lynn, Pete Hart, Daniel Brown, Lucas P. Bunch, and James Cooley constituted the jury that tried Satanta. Col. McKenzie, agent Tatum, and Thomas Brazeale, who was wounded, were important witnesses against the Indian chief. The attorneys for both the State and defense made eloquent speeches, and the trial was one of the most spectacular court proceedings ever held in the United States, and conducted in a little frontier courthouse, in a little frontier town. Jacksboro, however, just at that particular time, was enjoying considerable prosperity on account of the local military post. People traveled many miles to hear the trial, and according to reports, standing room could hardly be found in the court house. Satanta, himself, was allowed to speak, and his speech, which was interpreted, in substance, as follows:

"I cannot speak with these things upon my wrists, (Holding up his arms to the iron bracelets) I am a squaw. Has anything been heard from the Great Father? I have never been so near the Tehannas (Texans) before. I look around me and see your braves, squaws and papooses, and I have said in my heart, if I ever get back to my people I will never make war upon you. I have always been the friend of the white man, ever since I was so high, (indicating by sign the height of a boy.) My tribe has taunted me and called me a squaw because I have been the friend of the Tehannas. I am suffering now for the crimes of bad Indians - of Satauk (Satank) and Lone Wolf and Kicking Bird and Big Bow and Fast Bear and Eagle Heart, and if you will let me go I will kill the three latter with my own hand. I did not kill the Tehannas. I came down to Pease River as a big medicine man to doctor the wounds of the braves. I am a big chief among my people

and have great influence among the warriors of my tribe - they know my voice and will hear my word. If you will let me go back to my people I will withdraw my warriors from Tehanna. I will let them all across the Red River and that shall be the line between us and the palefaces. I will wash out the spots of blood and make it a white land and there shall be peace, and the Tehannas may plow and drive their oxen to the banks of the river - but if you kill me it will be like a spark in the prairie - make big fire - burn heap!"

We only regret that space will not permit the publication of speeches of S. W. T. Lanham, and the other attorneys.

Satanta was given the death penalty.

The trial of Big Tree immediately followed, and he too, was punished accordingly. Upon recommendation, for fear of Indian uprising, Gov, E. J. Davis commuted their sentences to life imprisonment.

Then August 19, 1873, Gov. Davis upon recommendation of President Grant and others, paroled the Indians to their tribes. Consequently, they were escorted from Huntsville back to the reservation but their conduct was such, their paroles were soon revoked, and Satanta then returned to the penitentiary, November 8, 1874. Big Tree who also disregarded his parole, escaped, but Big Bow was sent to the penitentiary as his hostage. Concerning the conduct of Satanta and Big Tree in the Huntsville penitentiary, Col. Thomas J. Goree, the superintendent, reported as follows:

"Previous to his parole, Satanta did very little work - sometimes picking wool and pulling shucks for mattresses, but only working when inclined to do so. Since his return to the prison he has done very little work with the exception of bows and arrows. He is in bad health and suffers from rheumatism, and very often goes to the dispensary for medicine. He begs tobacco from the prisoners, visitors, and everyone he sees, very often sitting up all night chewing it. He has never worked outside the prison.

"Before parole, Big Tree worked constantly bottoming chairs, and became very expert, and could put in as many or more cane bottoms as any other hand. Big Tree was punished once, by being placed in

the stocks, for being disrespectful to a guard. Satanta had never been punished. Both were very fond of Tobacco and whiskey. Satanta was and is very much addicted to the use of opium, and I have been informed that he has used it for fifteen or twenty years. He prefers opium to whisky."

W. A. (Bud) Morris and Joe Bryant, of Montague County, conversed with Satanta while in the penitentiary. W. A. Morris also had several conversations with Satanta. June 19, 1878, Satanta asked Mr. Morris if he thought the government would ever release him, and when Mr. Morris replied in the negative, Satanta looked somewhat despondent. The next morning, this wild old warrior of the plains, who, perhaps, felt his case was hopeless, committed suicide by jumping from his window.

What effect, if any, did the arrest and imprisonment of these two chiefs have upon their tribes? Lawrie Tatum, the Indian agent at Ft. Sill, said:

"The effect of arresting some of the leading Kiowas and sending them to Texas to trial, has been to more effectually subdue them, than they have ever been before. On my requisition sent, they have delivered to me, forty good mules and one horse to replace the forty-one mules shot during the fight, and stolen during the Satanta raid."

He also recommended that some of the Comanche tribes, who still lived on the plains, and were unsubdued, be forced on the reservation. As long as they were there, depredating on the settlements, and encouraging the reservation Indians to do accordingly, the Indian hostilities would not cease.

The tour of General Sherman, and the subsequent arrest of Satanta and Big Tree was the beginning of the ending of Indian hostilities, along the West Texas frontier. To be sure, a few years transpired before the Indians were finally subdued. But beginning with this tour of inspection there was a radical change in government policies toward the Indians of Texas and Southwest.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. Ed. Wolfforth; B. L. Ham; Joe Fowler; James Wood; A. M. Lasater; Martin Lane; Newt Wood;

W. K. Baylor; Henry Williams; Mann Johnson; W. A. Ribble; Tom Ribble; and many other early citizens who lived in Jack, Young, Palo Pinto and Parker Counties at the time. Also examined records on file in the District Clerk's office at Jacksboro.

Further Ref: Smythe's Historical register of Parker Co.; Five Years a Cavalryman, by H. H. McConnell; Lawrie Tatum's reports of the trial and arrest of the chiefs, as found in the report of the Commissioner of Indian affairs for 1871. Also report of Gen. J. J. Reynolds, in the report of Sec'y. of War for 1871.

Henry Eberson and John O. Allen, who were employed by Charlie E. Rivers during May of 1871, left the Rivers' Ranch on Salt Creek Prairie, in the northeastern part of Young County, where so many Indian troubles had occurred, to help hold a herd of horses and cattle. Three other hands were in the lead, and Eberson and Allen were holding the stock in the rear. Eberson and Allen were about one mile from the ranch, and an equal distance from the three remaining hands. Eberson had been riding a mule, and at the time, was sitting on the ground reading a book. John O. Allen was about sixty yards away sitting down with his bridle in his hands, and cleaning one of his pistols. John O. Allen said:

"We were opposite the Twin Mountains, and were looking for the men with cattle. My horse looked up toward the mountains and I thought he saw the men coming in, but he began to snort, and I knew it was Indians, and I jumped up and saw them coming. I then threw my gun across my left arm and fired at them and jumped into my saddle and started to Henry Eberson. But they split and cut me off from him and my horse turned toward the ranch, which was one mile west. The loose horses turned with me, and about one-half of the Indians ran after me and the horses. The Indians were shooting at me with bullets and arrows and an arrow struck my right middle finger, and one bullet struck my left leg. The gate at the ranch was open and as I passed in, they threw a lance at me, and stuck it in the gate-post, missing me but an inch or two. I then fell off of my horse, bloody, and almost exhausted. Old Spank, my horse, walked across the lot, the foam rolling off of him. The three men that were at the upper end of the herd, hearing the shooting came around the prairie and up the creek, and got to the ranch just after I did. After they washed the blood off of me, I told them that Henry was killed beyond a doubt. They then took me on one of their horses, and they walked and we went back to the trail to get Henry and bring him in. We found fifteen arrows sticking in the ground along the trail, when we got to where I was when the fight began."

Henry Eberson was stripped and wounded in about fourteen places. He was also scalped, but was still alive, and lived for four days

afterwards. He was then buried a short distance from the Rivers' Ranch.

Note: Author interviewed: John O. Allen, of Cookerville, mentioned above; also interviewed other settlers of Young and Jack Counties.

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Exciting Chase of Sam Brooks and M. J. Bolt and Others Fight in Burnet County

During 1871, while Sam Brooks was hunting horses about six miles northwest of Burnet, he saw three men whom he thought were John Calvert's cow hands. Shortly afterwards, however, he discovered that a large band of Indians were only about thirty yards away. Brooks hurried to the home of Oliver Lee, about three hundred yards away. Mrs. Lee opened the gate and instructed Sam to hurry on the inside. When he did, the Indians circled and left. Shortly afterwards, John Calvert, Sam Wilson, Marion Armstrong, Marion Gree, Tom Fry, Sam Books, W. B. Johnson, Oliver Lee and M. J. Bolt took the Indian trail and ran on the savages about six or seven miles away. The chief began to chatter, "Yip! Yip! Yelp! Yelp!" For a few minutes a brisk fight followed and later evidences disclosed that at least one savage was wounded.

Note: Author interviewed M. J. Bolt, who was in the fight.

Indians Storm the Lee Home

Before the war, Mrs. Dodson built an excellent frontier home near the mouth of King's Creek, in Stephens County. She had her negro slaves plant a hedge of bois d' arc timber under the banks of the Clear Fork. Mrs. Dodson, herself, peddled produce at Fort Belknap and Camp Cooper.

During 1871, this building was occupied by Pro. Abe Lee, a singing school teacher, and his family. On the 20th of June, while Satanta and Big Tree were imprisoned at Fort Richardson, Mrs. John G. (Emily) Irwin, who had been visiting at the Lee home, returned to her own residence, for the creek was rising, and cut her visit short for fear she would be unable to cross the small foot bridge.

Mrs. Irwin had been home only a few minutes when shots were heard. It was Sunday, and now noon, or shortly afterward, and Professor Lee was sitting on the south side of his home, which faced south, when Indians slipped up the bank of King's Creek, and shot him. A young man was in the house at the time to see Miss Susan Lee, about eighteen years of age, and when the Indians appeared he disappeared and ran out the back door, through a corn patch, to the north. Corn was in tassel at the time. Cordelia Lee, about 14 years of age, attempted to follow him, but she was shot down with a big gun, and died where she fell. The Indians also killed Mrs. Millie Lee. Susan, about eighteen, Frances, a girl about ten and Johnnie Lee, who was about nine, were carried into captivity. The Clear Fork was usually high, when this tragedy occurred. It was three days before John Irwin, Johnnie Hazellett, and Den Murphy's cow outfit was able to cross and bury the dead. They were buried on the north side of the house, about fifteen steps from the back door. The Indians also killed a milk cow and a bulldog. All were scalped, excepting Cordelia, who was found in the corn patch. As usual, the Indians ripped open the feather beds, took the ticking and stripped the house of such other articles that seemed to suit their fancy. Susan Lee, Johnnie Lee, and Frances Lee were carried by the savages to Oklahoma, but later released, and conveyed home by a government escort.

Note: Author personally interviewed: John Irwin, who helped bury the dead: Chess Tackett; Geo. Tackett; Lish Christesson: J. B. (Bud) Matthews, and other early settlers who lived in that section at the time.

Indians Charge Fuller Millsap's Residence

During 1871, the savages slipped up and shot Thomas Landrum, who was hitching up horses, near the lot at the Fuller Millsap place, about one mile north of the present town of Millsap in Parker County. The Indians then let down the fence to get the horses, but Fuller Millsap and his son-in-law, J. B. (Joe) Loving, a son of Oliver Loving, who was killed on the Pecos, ran out in the yard with their guns and began firing at the savages. For fifteen minutes they fought, and finally Fuller Millsap and Joe Loving ran short of cartridges. But Donna Millsap, a daughter who afterwards married J. J. Hittson, bravely exposed herself to the fire of the Indian's guns and arrows, and carried her father more ammunition. Mrs. Fuller Millsap stepped to the door, and when she did, an Indian pinned her apron to the wall with an arrow. Two or three Indians were wounded, but in each case, were carried away by their companions. After the Indians were gone, J. B. Loving started to Weatherford for Dr. Ray. When he reached the Bob Newberry place, exchanged horses, so the trip could be made as hastily as possible. When the doctor reached the Millsap residence, however, Thomas Landrum was dead.

Note: - Author personally interviewed: James and Sam Newberry: and several other early settlers of Palo Pinto and Parker County. Also J. J. Hittson.

Savages wound J. B. Slaughter

The next morning before the break of day, and after the fight at the Fuller Millsap place, mentioned in the preceding section, John B. Slaughter, son of Rev. Geo. W. Slaughter, who lived in the eastern edge of Palo Pinto, heard the dogs barking and the chickens making a strange noise, as if something unusual were around. The moon was shining bright, so John Slaughter stepped out in the yard to see what was causing the disturbance. When he looked around toward the chicken house, an Indian shot him in the side, and then hurriedly dashed away. The bullet seemed to have struck one of his ribs and ranged around to his back, where it lodged. Within thirty minutes Sam Conner and another citizen were flying toward Weatherford for a surgeon.

The Indians struck the branch and followed this stream for a considerable distance, and later joined their companions. When Slaughter, first walked out, this savage had already removed two posts out of the fence, and was attempting to steal the horses. John Slaughter, when shot, did not fall, but started to the house for a gun. It was approximately two months before he recovered from his wound. This episode occurred on the south side of the branch coming out of McQueary Hollow, and about seventy-five yards northwest of the point where the highway crosses the stream.

Note: - Author personally interviewed: W. B. Slaughter, brother of John B. Slaughter; Mrs. D. C. (Cook) Harris; and Mrs. R. Dalton, sister of John B. Slaughter; Jodie Corbin; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; and other early citizens of Palo Pinto. John Slaughter was buried in Fort Worth only a few days ago.

714

Lynn Boyd Cranfill

During 1871, Lynn B. Cranfill, a son of Isom Cranfill, who lived about twelve miles northwest of Weatherford, went out a few hundred yards from the house to lead his pony to water. It was about noon, and he was afoot. When the frontier boy failed to return, somebody went out to ascertain what had happened. Young Cranfill, who was fourteen or fifteen years of age, was found scalped near a tank of water.

Note: - Author interviewed: Sam and James Newberry; Joe Moore; Dole and other early citizens of Parker County.

715

Joe Hemphill

About 1871, Joe Hemphill, in company with three or four other boys, was returning home one dark Sunday night, from Veale's Station, where they had attended church. The boys were charged by some horsemen in the dark, who succeeded in killing Joe Hemphill. Some local citizens, however, thought, perhaps he was not killed by Indians. But signs and evidence, later discovered, pointed to the warriors of the northwest.

Note: Author interviewed Cole Miller; and other early settlers of the northern part of Parker county.

716

Henry Jones

About 1871, Henry Jones who was preparing to start to school at old Picketville the following Monday, went out to see about a pony he had staked about one mile west of the present town of Breckenridge. It was about Wednesday, and Jones was alone. The Indians came up and began shooting and a Mr. Evans, gathering cattle a short distance, away, could hear the firing. He ordered his cowhands to go in that direction for fear somebody was in distress. When they refused to go, however, each of them were discharged. When Jones was reached, he was already dead.

Note: Author interviewed: Mrs. Fundreburg; Will C. Boggs; and other early settlers of Stephens County

Indians Surround Carter Brothers and Others in Stephens County

About 1871, John Carter and Wm. Forbis left the Carter and Love ranches on Big Sandy, about fifteen miles southwest of old Picketville, in Stephens County, for Palo Pinto. These citizens had gone about ten miles due east when they saw about six Indians, so the two returned to the ranch and were joined by Lish Carter, Jim Carter, and V. P. Parkham. All then went back to find the Indians. They had not gone a great distance, however, when fifty savages appeared. The citizens were then looking for thick timber. After reaching the brush and the roughs of Indian Creek, they dismounted and lay on the ground. The whites only fired a few shots, but the Indians discharged their guns and arrows many more times. After wasting a great deal of their ammunition, they rode upon a nearby hill, held a pow-wow, and went away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Lish Carter, who lay on the ground while the savages were stripping the trees of their leaves.

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Loving's Valley Fight

During 1871, the Bevers, J. C. Loving, and C. C. Slaughter outfits were gathering cattle in Loving's Valley, near the present town of Salesville, in Palo Pinto County. J. C. Loving, C. C. Slaughter, Spencer Beners, W. J. Hales, and John McClaren, Roy Merkeson, and nine others were present when the Indians attempted to drive away some of their horses. A running fight followed. The Indians were pursued into Jack County. These early citizens were rounding up cattle to drive over the trails to Kansas.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. J. Hale who was present at the time.

719

Captain W. C. McAdams Fight in the Northwestern Part of Palo Pinto County

About 1871, Capt. W. C. McAdams and his son, David, were returning to their home near McAdams' Creek, from the present Boydston Ranch, where they had attended a round-up. After going about six miles McAdams and his son were charged by Indians. When Capt. McAdams and David refused to run, the savages decided it was time for them to flee, and were pursued by Capt. W. C. McAdams, who succeeded in wounding at least one, but his comrades, as usual, carried him away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. W. D. Slaughter; a daughter of Capt. W. C. McAdams.

Indian Raid Near Flat Top in Coleman County

June 1, 1871, John Coffee, Nep Hammonds, Napoleon Lemons and Daniel Arnold were "loose herding" about 1020 head of cattle that belonged to Rich Coffee, W. A. Beddoe and Buck Johnson. The cattle were being held about two miles north and west of "Old Flat Top", and about twenty-five miles southwest of Coleman in Coleman County. Preparations were being made to move the cattle June 4, following, to Colorado or some western point, not yet definitely determined. John Coffee and Dan Arnold were on a little hill about eleven o'clock in the morning and Napoleon Lemons was across Elm Creek and a considerable distance to the east. Nep Hammonds was about one-fourth mile further south of Arnold and Coffee when several Indians charged the four cowboys simultaneously. After Coffee and Arnold had run about one-fourth mile side by side, they struck Elm Creek where a large band of Indians were on an opposite bluff. Here Dan Arnold was killed instantly when the Indians shot him in the head. An Indian grabbed John Coffee's bridle rein. When Coffee jumped to the ground, the savage thought he had been killed and ran for his scalp. But Coffee jumped up and the Indians dodged behind their shields and fell back. John Coffee then ran about two hundred yards due west and crawled in a little washout behind two elm trees and near a little bluff where he was partly protected and hidden by roots. He also piled rocks around himself and here he remained for about an hour. Coffee was wounded three times. The savages apparently did not know where he was. About one hour later, however, while the Indians were holding the horses and driving the cattle away, Coffee started for water, the first thing a wounded man always wants. He was discovered by the Indians so he retreated back to his same fortification where he had remained during the preceding hour. The country surrounding was more or less open and Coffee could see the cowmen in one direction and the Indians in another. But he thought the Indians were the white citizens, and the citizens, the Indians, so he threw up his gun to the savages and yelled, for he thought they were the cowmen. When he did, the savages charged again. When the opportunity presented itself, Coffee started toward the camp. He had only gone about two hundred yards when he met Wm. Beddoe, James Halcomb, John Ferguson, Dick and Sugg Robertson and Charlie Hammonds, who

came to Coffee's rescue. There were also other cowmen coming to his relief. Nep Hammonds, who happened to be nearest the ranch quarters, successfully reached camp but was pursued by several Indians. Napoleon Lemons was killed across the creek about the same time that Arnold was killed. The Indians drove away the cattle and horses. According to reports, some of the cattle driven away by the Indians on this occasion were later located in the state of Colorado.

John Coffee recovered from his wounds, and today, is a noted ranchman in Kimble County. It was the author's pleasure to visit and interview him at his ranch, about fifteen miles northwest of Harper.

Note: Author personally interviewed John Coffee, mentioned above, and L. V. and Asa Arnold, brothers of Dan Arnold. Also interviewed others.

Charlie E. Rivers

Charlie E. Rivers married a daughter of Oliver Loving, who was mortally wounded on the Pecos. Mr. Rivers numbered among the early ranchmen of Palo Pinto, Jack, Young, and adjoining counties. Charlie Rivers had sold his cattle to his brother-in-law, James C. Loving, who was also an early rancher on the northern frontier. W. B. Slaughter, a son of G. W. Slaughter, had been instructed to return from Kansas to Dillingham Prairie, in Jack County to receive cattle as payment for other cattle, G. W. Slaughter, had sold to Rivers and Loving. So June 16, 1871, while Satanta and Big Tree were jailed at Ft. Richardson for the attack made on the Warren trail the Rivers and Loving and Slaughter outfits, under the supervision of W. B. Slaughter, were rounding up cattle on Rock Creek, near Dillingham Prairie, in Little Lost Valley, and elsewhere, for the purpose of making proper transfers. W. B. Slaughter and his assistants, and associates, were camped, when night came, at the corrals on Dillingham Prairie. The Rivers outfit was camped about one-half mile away. The J. C. Loving. outfit was camped about three or four hundred yards from Charlie E. Rivers camp. About two o'clock in the morning of June 17, 1871, the Indians charged the Rivers outfit, which was near the creek. Perhaps the savages thought that by charging this camp, they could better accomplish their purpose. They divided into two divisions. One band of Indians stampeded and took charge of the horses. The other charged the camp. This strategic movement proved to be effective, for while the Indians were holding those at bay at camp, it gave the remaining savages an opportunity to drive the horses away. In doing so, they knocked down and painfully wounded Charlie Kinchen, who was guarding the horses at the time. Charlie Kinchen was a cousin of John O. Allen, who was also in the fight.

When the Indians charged the camp, a bitter fight was fought shortly after the midnight hours. Charlie E. Rivers stood up near the front of his tent, emptied his six-shooter, and then walked over near the end of his wagon tongue to get his gun. About this time, he was shot through the left lung with a bullet fired from a pistol or rifle. Before the fight John O. Allen was asleep with his saddle used as a pillow. When the Indians appeared, he grabbed his gun and fired. When he did, a savage shot at the blaze of his weapon, and the bullet knocked

off the saddle horn, barely missing John O. Allen, who only a short time before was with Henry Eberson when he was killed. After recovering the horses, the Indians withdrew.

The firing alarmed the cowmen in the other camps, so all were in readiness for an attack there. But no further charge was made.

W. B. Slaughter and the others who were looking after the Slaughter cattle at the cow-pens, had several fires around to quiet down the wild cattle. But when the shots were heard, they hurriedly extinguished the fires.

After the fight was over, a runner was sent to the J. C. Loving camp to inform him his brother-in-law, Charlie Rivers, had been seriously wounded. W. B. Slaughter also visited the wounded man. At the time, Charlie E. Rivers, told Slaughter that he did not know whether he had been wounded by the Indians or accidentally shot by one of his own men.

A runner was hastily dispatched to Weatherford for surgeons, and to notify Charlie E. Rivers' family of his serious condition. The next day Dr. W. C. Milliken and Dr. McDermott, and others, carried Rivers to his home in Weatherford, where he lived about six weeks before he died.

Note: Author personally interviewed: John O. Allen, whose saddle-horn was shot from the tree of his saddle; W. B. Slaughter, mentioned above; Oliver Loving Jr., son of J. C. Loving; and many other early settlers of Jack, Young, Palo Pinto and Parker Counties. Further Ref.: A manuscript detailing this fight, and furnished the author by W. K. Baylor; and J. C. Loving's own account of the conflict, in the Cattle Industry of Texas, (1895).

Indians Alarm Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Blair's Daughters

About the 15th of February, 1871, while Mrs. Blair was at the home of her daughter, Mrs. N. A. Dunn, who lived about one-fourth mile away, her two younger daughters, Philadelphia and Charlsie, were at the Blair home, about eight miles northwest of Dublin, on Armstrong Creek, washing near the well. About eleven o'clock in the morning, however, the two girls had gone to the house for they were driven in by a shower of rain. Mrs. Blair left the dinner already prepared, but the girls were cooking eggs when they heard a pet pig squeal.

"Delphia" went to the door, and Charlsie went to see about the pig, and was scolding the dogs. "Delphia" said, "Hush! And come in here, for it is an Indian." So the two girls rushed in the house, and hid in the bed, between feather mattresses, etc. The lone Indian came into the house and ate everything on the table. The savage then came up to the bed and said, "Americana," and alarmed the girls still more. Owen Blair, a boy about eight years of age, who had been with his mother, came over to tell one of the girls to stay with Mrs. Dunn, their sister, while Mrs. Blair returned home to prepare supper. But he too saw the Indian and hurried back to the Dunn home, where he fell, exhausted in the door. Mrs. Blair inquired what was the matter, and he said, "The Devil has killed Charlsie and "Delphia." Mrs. Blair then started home, but Mrs. Dunn prevailed upon her to invoke the assistance of Reuben Ross, a preacher who lived about three hundred yards away. The two started for the Blair home, and on the way met Tom Bell, who joined them.

The brave Mrs. Blair was the first to enter the house, and she said "Here he sets." She then jumped out of the way and the two men dropped their guns on the Indian, but the Indian said, "Americana, Americana." Mrs. Blair saw the bed move, so she jerked the mattress off, and the two daughters came crawling out. When she found the children alive, and really expected to find them dead, she shouted so loud, Mrs. Dunn, her daughter, could hear her one-fourth mile away. This even greater alarmed Mrs. Dunn.

The Indian was carried to Dublin, dressed up, given a horse, and sent back to his tribe. He claimed to be a Caddo, but was thought to be a Comanche. The savage stated that he had buried his wife, and

had broken his gun, so he decided to remain in Texas rather than return to his tribe, in the Northwest. It had been reported that after this savage was released, perhaps, as a reward of the kindly deed, the Indians never depredated in that particular section at any future date. Nevertheless, horses were stolen and others massacred only a short distance away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. N. A. Dunn, who was sick in bed when this episode occurred; Mrs. Sarah Jane Keith, her sister; and others.

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Walter Richarz and Joe Reff

About 1871, Walter Richarz and Joe Reff were going from their home near D'Hanis, in Medina County, to old Fort Lincoln, where H. J. Richarz, father of Walter Richarz, was camped. When they were about seven miles west of Sabinal, and just west of Dinner Creek, in Uvalde County, the two were killed by Indians, who took their horses and pack-mules.

Note: Author interviewed: Joe Ney, of Hondo.

Harve Putman and Wm. S. Kidd

During 1871, while Harve Putman and Wm. S. Kidd were hunting horses near Mr. Kidd's home and near the House Mountain in Llano County about four miles east of Loyal Valley, the savages charged Mr. Kidd, who fled for a cluster of timber. When the brush was reached, it was already occupied by an Indian. But Mr. Kidd drew his six-shooter and the Indian retreated, for he evidently decided the thicket was not sufficiently large for the two. Mr. Kidd was then surrounded and the savages had him in very close quarters when Harve Putman, who heard the firing, hurried to his relief. Putman wounded a savage from the rear before the Indians knew he was around. His firing completely demoralized the Indians, who made a hurried retreat with their wounded.

Mrs. Kidd could hear her husband calling and accompanied by Mrs. Dennison, a near neighbor, started to the relief of Mr. Kidd. Before they had gone a great distance, however, Mrs. Dennison suggested they had better return to their children, and did.

Early that morning, some of the same Indians, who were, perhaps, scattered to comb the country of horses, dashed after Christian Keyser, who was about one-fourth mile east of his home. Mr. Keyser, at the time, was at the Nick Miller Spring, about four miles north of Loyal Valley. He made a hurried retreat to his residence which was reached safely.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Wm. S. Kidd, mentioned above; W. H. Roberts; and Frank and Otto Keyser, grandsons of Christian Keyser.

Captain J. M. Swisher's Company Follow Indians Several Days

During 1871, Capt. J. M. Swisher's Company of Texas rangers camped on Home Creek, in Coleman County, about five miles southwest of the Santa Anna Mountains. When the Indians passed through, Capt. Swisher, Sam Gholson, Brown, Jim Shores, Eli Short, Charlie Cooper, Paul Durham, and several others followed the savages for six or seven days before they were overtaken. When reached, two Indians were after buffalo, and the remaining eight driving about 35 head of stolen horses. The citizens charged, and only those on fast horses were able to reach the Indians. A running fight followed with the savages in the lead. The Indians were pursued for four or five miles, and until they reached the cedar brakes. Here they were surrounded by the rangers, and when the warriors' bullets began to fly, the citizens, who were already pushing into the timber, were forced to fall back. The Indians also had the horses tied close. S. P. Elkins, who was also along, over the protest of Capt. Swisher and Sam Gholson, slipped up and cut loose the horses. The ponies were then led out of the timber. Brown, who was an employee of Sam Gholson, was shot with an arrow in the thigh. At least one Indian was killed.

Note: Author interviewed: S. P. Elkin, who was in the fight.

726

George Gentry Shoots Indian

About 1871, the Indians charged the Riley Gentry place at Kountz Spring, about one mile west of Junction. The natives were attempting to steal horses, but Geo. Gentry, a son of Riley, began to drive the bullets so straight and fast, the savages fled with one of their number wounded.

J. F. Milligan, Buck Nolan and George Gammel were out killing cattle for the hides, at the time. Fifteen or twenty men went to their rescue but found them unharmed.

About ten days later, J. F. Milligan, while hunting his oxen about one mile west of Junction, found an Indian shield, hair rope, bloody Indian shirt and discovered signs of twisted grass used by Indians to puncture a wound. Evidently Gentry wounded at least one warrior.

Note: Author interviewed: J. F. Milligan.

727

Valentine Gouley

About 1871, the Indians killed Valentine Gouley, about five miles southwest of Castroville, while hunting his horses.

Note: Interviewed: Bud Newman and Joe Ney, who then lived in Medina County.

Indians Charge Nick Coalson's Residence

During 1871, about sixteen Indians approached the home of Nick Coalson, who lived on Copperas Creek, about fifteen miles west and north of Junction. Nick Coalson and Charlie Mann were away hunting and Frank Harris gardening a considerable distance from his residence. Frank Harris, his wife and one year old baby were then living with Mr. and Mrs. Coalson and children. Harris discovered the Indians and started toward the house but was murdered near the door by savages, who had been killing cows and other domestic animals for amusement. When Mrs. Harris saw her husband fall, she screamed. But Mrs. Coalson, who had a shotgun in her hand, demanded that Mrs. Harris be quiet inasmuch as the Indians would attempt to kill and capture all present.

It seems the screaming of Mrs. Harris caused the savages to think the opportune time had come to finish their work of slaughter. But the first Indian that appeared at the door was filled with buckshot by Mrs. Coalson. The remaining savages retreated for some distance and were not so bloodthirsty after all. Billy and Doug Coalson, who were then ten and twelve years of age, were also armed and shot through the cracks of the little picket house when an opportunity presented itself.

Nick Coalson and Charlie Mann, then about two miles away, heard the firing and hurried toward the house. Evidently the savages must have been informed of their coming by an Indian spy, for when the two men reached the vicinity of their residence, the Indians retreated.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. J. and Bob Nixon, early settlers of that section; Mr. and Mrs. Dan W. Roberts and others.

729

James H. Sewell

About 1871, the Indians killed James H. Sewell, while cutting cedar poles to build a cow pen. Sewell was working for Mr. Moore, who lived about ten miles northwest of Junction and was about one mile from the house when killed.

About ten days after the killing of James H. Sewell, James Bradberry and son, James Bradberry, Jr., Bob Nixon, John Bradberry, Allan Bradberry, Charlie Waggoner, Black Burt, Willse Robbins, Bill Moore, and perhaps two or three others, followed an Indian's trail and overtook the savages on Gentry's Creek, about fifteen miles northeast of Junction. James Bradberry, Sr. hurried up and dismounted. But it seems the others failed to join him. In a short time he was killed. His sons, as well as others, fought the Indians back as well as possible. But they were finally forced to retreat and ran about three miles before they overtook the others.

While fighting Indians along the frontier, it was nearly always fatal for one man to rush ahead and dismount, and the others fail to follow. Four or five well-armed men could almost invariably whip twenty or thirty Indians when they stood their ground and peppered the bullets thick and fast.

Note: Before writing this and the preceding section, author interviewed: Bob Nixon, who was along when James Bradberry was killed; J. F. Milligan and one or two others who then lived in that section.

731

Lewis Ludwick Spaet

During the summer of 1871, A. Keefe, who lived on the Little Sandy near the Enchanted Rock in Gillespie County, while out hunting his oxen, saw an Indian slipping toward him. Keefe quickly fired, killed the Indian, jumped on his horse and ran rapidly home with other Indians in pursuit.

A few weeks later, the Indians killed Lewis Ludwick Spaet, who lived at Sandy Springs about twenty-six miles northeast of Fredericksburg, while plowing with oxen in his field near the house. When shot, he was making a turn at the corner of the field. Mrs. L. L. Spaet saw the proceedings from the house and when she made a noise, the Indians ran away without scalping their victim. Frank, Jacob and a third child of Mr. Spaet were picking beans but were not molested.

Note: Author personally interviewed Peter Crenwelge.

Further Ref.: German Pioneers of Texas, by Don H. Biggers.

December 23, 1871, Green Lasater left the Lasater Ranch, and started to the country bordering on Schoolhouse Branch, east of the present town of Perrin, and in the southern part of Jack County, to search for missing horses. A. M. Lasater, his brother, intended to accompany him, but was prevented for he had to go cut wood.

When Green Lasater was about two miles east of Perrin, he saw eight Indians moving toward the northwest with a caballada of stolen horses. The Indians were about one-fourth mile away, and apparently saw Lasater, but made no attempt to charge. Green Lasater, who knew the route the Indians usually followed, hurried to the adjoining ranches to recruit a band of citizens. Bill and Tom Riley, Newton Atkinson, George Atkinson, Albert Harrell, and J. R. Keith were soon in their saddles. Since these citizens were at the Atkinson Ranch about noon, Newt. Atkinson suggested they eat dinner, but Green Lasater said, "No, we had better go for the Indians would pass." The Jack County boys hurried to the place the Indians were supposed to be seen, but when the warriors saw the citizens, they turned and ran away. After being pursued about one-half mile, the Indians stopped and stood their ground. The whites then started to run in the other direction. Green Lasater and Bill Riley were nearest to the Indians. Riley was on a poor horse, so Green Lasater tried to cover him in his retreat. In a short time, a savage gun broke Bill Riley's right arm, which later had to be amputated. Shortly afterwards, Riley noticed the reins of Lasater's horse slacken; and when he looked around, the horse jumped forward, and Green Lasater fell from his steed. He was then stripped and scalped by the Indians, who pursued the remaining citizens no further.

Note: Author interviewed: A. M. Lasater, mentioned above; and a brother of Green Lasater; Jim Wood; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; Mrs. Jane Bevers; Mrs. Jerry Hart; E. K. Taylor; Joe Fowler; B. L. Ham; and many other early citizens of Palo Pinto and Jack Co.

Indians Charge Joe Littleton's Home in Parker County

About 1872, while Joe Littleton and his wife, who lived about fifteen miles northwest of Weatherford, were gathering pecans on the creek a short distance from the house, several Indians surrounded their home. Mary, Tex, and Julia, according to reports, were in the house at the time. When the Indians appeared, Mary, the oldest child, closed the door. But a savage shot through the house, and the bullet struck her in the leg. She stood near the door nevertheless with an old cap and ball pistol that was half cocked, and could not be fired. After Joe Littleton heard the Indians' guns, he hurried up a ravine back of the barn, and before the savages knew he was around, shot an Indian, standing on the ground. The Indians afoot then jumped on horses behind others, and as they started away, he shot a horse from under two Indians. Mr. Littleton's faithful dog was crowding the savages all the time. After the Indians were a considerable distance from the house, they stopped, and when they did, Joe Littleton fired again, and apparently he hit another savage, for his comrades rushed to his side. One Indian was left dead on the ground at the Joe Littleton home, and a few days later, another found, because of the circling vultures.

Note: Author personally interviewed: E. W. McCracken; Joe Moore; and one or two early settlers of Parker Co.

Citizens Charge Indians Near the Present Town of Cisco

While District Court was in session, during Feb. 1872, the Indians made a raid through Erath County, and stole horses in the vicinity of Stephenville. The savages took ponies from C. E. Ferguson, Jerome McAlester, and others, and then started toward the Northwest. Several local citizens followed. Some of them, however, returned, but J. H. Edwards, Jerome McAlester, George Keith, John Beale, Hezekiah Bellomy, Geo. Hill and L. F. Roberts numbered among those who continued to follow the trail. At McGough Springs, in Eastland County, they were joined by W. C. McGough and Albert Henning. When the handful of citizens reached the vicinity of the present town of Cisco, they ran on approximately twenty Indians, barbecuing a beef. J. H. Edwards and Hezekiah Bellomy went on a hill to act as spies. L. F. Roberts was in the valley below, and discovered a horseman riding swiftly up the valley. Soon the Indians were contacted but one or two men held back, and were not in the fight, which lasted only a short time. Albert Henning was wounded, and when J. H. Edwards went to his rescue, the same Indian that shot Henning, fired and hit Edwards' gun. But J. H. Edwards shot an Indian afoot. This savage went crawling away on his hands and knees, and other Indians rushed to his rescue. He then fired into the group of Indians and when he did, they scattered. No doubt, at least two or three Indians were wounded. This was verified by Indian graves, found not a great distance away, many months after the fight was over. W. C. McGough, an old and experienced Indian fighter, soon came up and advised the citizens they had better pursue the Indians no further, for they were in the timber, and greatly outnumbered the citizens.

The citizens recovered the barbecued beef, and also found some Indian Moccasins, and other articles left at their camp ground. Furthermore, the savages dropped at least a great portion of their stolen horses, but the citizens were not aware of this fact at the time. The horses were not found until many months later.

Note: Author interviewed: J. H. Edwards; L. F. Roberts; and W. C. McGough, who were in the fight, and took part in the expedition; Ike Roberts, a brother of L. F. Roberts; and C. E. Ferguson and others.

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Indians Charge W. A. and Arch Johnson

March 31, 1872, W. A. and Arch Johnson, brothers, about 18 and 13 years of age respectively, who lived on Denton Creek, about two miles northwest of Denver, in Montague County, went over to the home of Fred Broadstreet, to get a couple of pigs. They started home with their pigs in a sack, and had gone about one-quarter of a mile, when charged by about eight Indians. W. A. and Arch were afoot, armed with one pistol which would snap more times than it would shoot, and made a hasty retreat back toward the home of Mr. Broadstreet.

The Indians fired and killed little Arch Johnson, but fortunately Fred Broadstreet, Wilburn Cothorn, and Baylor McDonald began firing at the Indians, at a distance, and shot several times. This caused the savages to leave. But little Arch Johnson was already dead. He was killed about eleven o'clock in the morning.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. A. Johnson, mentioned above; and others.

Indians Charge Dr. D. B. Warren's Camp

During the Spring of 1872, Dr. D. B. Warren, while rounding up cattle, to be sent to Missouri, had a cow camp, on the edge of the prairie about one-fourth mile northeast of Lovers' Retreat, and about the same distance west and a little north of where the old road made the second crossing of Eagle. Dr. D. B. Warren, Bill and John Hayes, Dan Ramsey, Scott Warren, Bob Bones, Little Johnnie Lynn, W. J. Hale, Mack Mathis, and, perhaps, one or two others, were camped for the night. Inasmuch as there was a general roundup, other cow outfits were camped at the old Dodson place and elsewhere. During the last shift, before the break of day, Little Johnnie Lynn, Mack Mathis, W. J. Hale, Bob Bones and Scott Warren had horses saddled to guard the cattle, when the savages ran in and fired three or four shots, and succeeded in stampeding the horses. Scott Warren said, "Boys, we will beat them to the big gap, and get the horses back." So the cowboys mounted their steeds, and hurried to the Turkey Knob, in Big Gap, about one and one-half miles northwest of the Byron Maddox, and Roy Hittson places. When the Indians came driving the horses along, they evidently had not thought of being waylaid. Consequently after the citizens fired eight or ten shots, the savages fled into the roughs along Harris Branch, between Turkey Knob and Antelope Mountain. Scott Warren, Bob Bones, Mack Mathis, Johnnie Lynn, and W. J. Hale succeeded in recovering a part or all of the stolen horses. Inasmuch as it was only a short time until the break of day, several citizens were soon on the Indians' trail, which passed between Turkey Knob and Antelope Mountain, then on down to the mouth of Ioni, where the Indians crossed into Fortune Bend. From here, they went around the point of the mountain, where the Fortune Bend school house is located; on to the Cougar place, and then into Dark Valley, where the citizens turned back.

Note: Author interviewed: W. J. Hale, mentioned above; and one or two others who were in a camp nearby, when the Indians made the charge.

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Frank Myers (Frank Morris, or Jack of Clubs)

About 1872, Frank Myers, a discharged soldier, who had seen service at Ft. Richardson, who was staying with Isaac Van Hooser, between Dillingham Prairie, and Rock Creek in Jack County, and who was engaged to be married to Miss Mattie Crow, was returning from Jacksboro with his marriage license. Upon his arrival at or near Dillingham Creek, about three miles northeast of Finis, Frank Myers was ambushed by Indians. It has been supposed his horse threw him, for he ran afoot about 100 yards, and sought shelter behind a large post oak tree. Here he was soon killed and scalped.

Miss Mattie Crow was a sister of William Crow, killed in the Famous Salt Creek Fight, May 16, 1869. She was also a daughter of John Crow, murdered about one year later. And within the next few hours, was engaged to be married to Frank Myers. Consequently within three years, she lost her brother, father and sweetheart.

Note: Author interviewed John Crow, son of Wm. Crow; and John Van Hooser, son of Isaac Van Hooser; and others who then lived in this section.

Banty Allen

About 1872, Banty Allen, Jackie Daniels, Wm. Clayton, James Yandell Ralston, and others, who lived within a few miles of the present cities of Strawn, and Ranger, went to the old Ledbetter Salt Works, about nine miles south of Albany for salt. Several others were around the salt works at the time, and buffalo hunters camped nearby. Just after sunrise, Banty Allen went over the hill, six or eight hundred yards east of the salt works, to get some wood. He was alone and killed by about four Indians. Joe S. and James Schoolcraft, and Geo. Funderburgh, who were hunting buffalo, found Allen in a very few minutes after he was killed. Joe Schoolcraft stated that Allen was unarmed, and lanced to death. But another report states that Allen was killed with guns. If so, it means that the guns were not heard at the salt works. Regardless of how he was murdered the Indians added another grave to the Davidson Cemetery, between Strawn and Thurber.

Note: Author personally interviewed Joe S. Schoolcraft, who was one of the first to reach Allen; Mrs. John Gibson, who then lived about one-half mile from Banty Allen's home; and one or two others. Also corresponded with Walter Cochran, who then lived in the Strawn territory.

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Charlie McCain

During 1872, Bruntz McCain and his son, Charlie, about seventeen years of age, were returning in their wagons to their home on Holmes Creek in Coleman County, about ten miles south of Santa Anna Peak. They saw several Indians coming toward them. Bruntz McCain cut the best horse from the wagon for the son and told him to take a direct route to their residence as fast as the horse could go. Charlie, however, was killed by the Indians about 200 yards from home. Bruntz McCain, the father, mounted the other horse, made a wide circle, and reached home safely.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. W. Hunter, who then lived in that section.

740

Indians Kill a Mr. Moore and Raid in Hays County

During May of 1872, the Indians killed a Mr. Moore, about one-fourth mile from his home, on the head of Barton's Creek, in Hays County. It was in the morning, and he was searching for his horses. He was scalped.

The next day it has been supposed these same Indians ran D. W. Wonsley out of the cedar brakes about fifteen miles further west, and succeeded in capturing his horse.

Note: Author personally interviewed: D. W. Wonsley himself.

W. J. Hale's Exciting Chase South of Mineral Wells

About 1872, W. J. Hale, who had been to Dallas, spent the night at the old Fuller Millsap Place, on Rock Creek. A Mr. Abbott lived there at that time. The next morning he started on toward Palo Pinto, and just before reaching the top of Millsap Mountain, saw five Indians in the road ahead. W. J. Hale began firing his six-shooter, and when he did, the Indians opened a path. Uncle Bill then started in a long run across the prairie to the northwest. When he reached the location of the old Elm Hearst Park, two or three miles southwest of Mineral Wells, the Indians were already crowding him, and his horse beginning to weaken. Here, however, he discovered Jim Robertson, and a man named White, who lived northeast of Weatherford. So the three men threw in together, and after exchanging several shots, the Indians withdrew. The savages then again appeared and made a second charge, but soon fell back, retreated into the roughs, and started toward the Brazos River.

When W. J. Hale first encountered the Indians, he was afraid to make a stand for fear many other Indians were nearby.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. J. Hale, himself.

Indians Capture the Smith Brothers

During 1872, H. M. Smith lived on the Sewilla, near the Kendall, Comal, and Bexar County line, and about twelve miles east of Boerne. About ten o'clock one Sunday morning in February, C. L. and J. D. Smith, sons of H. M. Smith, were out herding sheep, about one half mile east of their home. The boys, about thirteen and nine years of age respectively, were captured by twelve Comanche Indians, who took them to Oklahoma. In making their retreat to the Northwest, before the Indians left the settlements, they killed two citizens, but the second man was killed a considerable distance from the first. The savages did not hardly stop however, until they reached the Wichita Mountains, where they rested eight or ten days. To test the vitality of the boys they had captured, they roped a buffalo yearling, and tied the Smith brothers on him. The buffalo bucked himself down, and then the Indians took the boys off. C. L. and J. D. Smith remained with the savages approximately four and a half years, and their father was compelled to pay an enormous price to secure their release.

Note: Author interviewed: J. D. Smith, who was captured; also interviewed F. C. Kaiser; and others, who then lived in that section.

Chesley S. Dobbs

Chesley S. Dobbs, one of the early settlers of Young County, moved to the southeastern part of Palo Pinto County, during the late '60's. June 26, 1872, Mr. Dobbs, who was County Commissioner, and Justice of the Peace, was in Palo Pinto on business. He had double pockets on his saddle, and W. J. Hale shod his horse before he left Palo Pinto. Frank McLaren said, "Dobbs, aren't you afraid to go so far alone?"

Mr. Dobbs, at the time, lived more than twenty miles southeast of Palo Pinto, in the Dobbs Valley Section. When asked this question, he replied, "There is danger of Indians we know, but I have traveled it many times. After reaching Pleasant Valley, somewhere west and north of Alex Moore's place, he was chased by several Indians. Dobbs, at the time, was mounted on a good horse, and circled around in the flats for two or three miles, before he was finally killed. This occurred Tuesday evening, June 26, 1872.

The following night, or the second night, Indians stole horses at Bill Fancher's place, near the present Oaks Crossing of the Brazos. They also stole some mules from Smith Lynn, and Uncle Johnny Eubanks, and a horse from George Barber. The next morning a runner came to Palo Pinto, since Mineral Wells was, then, not in existence, and notified the citizens. At that time, however, it was not known that Chesley S. Dobbs failed to reach his residence.

Wess Veale, Johnnie Lynn, Geo. Lynn, Polk Berry-Hill, and Jim, Denton, all from Palo Pinto, joined by Joe Stephens, and a son, Smith. Lynn, Alex Fancher, and J. P. Metcalf, who lived on the river, followed the Indians' trail from the Geo. Barber place. The warriors went through the DeVaughan Bend, on up by the mouth of Turkey Creek; and about night, were located at the Old Painted Camp, a favorite Indian camping ground, near the mouth of Big Keechi. Since the Indians were unaware of the citizens' presence, the white men decided to withdraw and charge the next morning at the break of day.

When the citizens advanced and were slipping toward the Indians' camp, Geo. Lynn's emotions were too much for him; so he had to loudly scream, "Here they are boys!" This, of course, alarmed the Indians, who fled for the river, which was then up so high it would swim a horse. It was not yet good light, but each time the citizens saw water splash, they fired.

Although the Indians escaped, the white men captured their camp equipment and recovered the stolen horses and mules. They also found somebody's bloody clothes. About that time, one of the citizens picked up a white man's scalp, and Joe Lynn said, "If that isn't Chesley Dobbs scalp, I am badly fooled." Mr. Dobbs, like others, wore long hair. The scalp was carried back toward town, and in a short time Clint Dobbs, son of Chesley S. Dobbs, came along hunting his father. It was now Friday morning, and Mr. Dobbs left Palo Pinto Tuesday. So everybody felt sure he had been slain by these warriors.

W. P. Veale, Henry Veale. Thomas Wilson, father of Judge James C. Wilson, Buck Dillanhunty, James Warren, from Palo Pinto, and W. D. Goens, Henry Bradford, James Dobbs, Thomas Gilbert, and Taylor Gilbert, from the southeastern part of the county, where Mr. Dobbs lived, numbered among those who searched for his body. W. P. Veale was the first man to find him, and when he did, fired his pistol.

Note: Author interviewed: W. J. Hale, and W. D. Goens, mentioned above; C. R. Bradford; Woodberry Daves; Mrs. Jerry Hart; Mrs. Huse Bevers; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; Jodie Corbin; E. K. Taylor; and many other early settlers of Palo Pinto County. Also corresponded with a daughter of Mr. Dobbs.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moore

Sunday, July 4, 1872, Mr. J. W. Moore and his wife, accompanied by their four children, Amanda, ten years of age, John Travis, six years of age, George, about four, and Mary Anne, a baby, left their home on the Medina River, about eight miles above Medina City, and traveled in an ox-wagon to visit some neighbors. Late in the evening, while returning home and when Mr. Moore was on the ground, driving down a steep hill, he and the members of his family drove into a band of hidden Indians. Mr. Moore attempted to get back into the wagon, but was soon killed. The savages also, shot an arrow completely through the breast of Mrs. Moore, who was holding the baby in her arms. Amanda, however, took the baby; and the frightened oxen, with the children and dead mother in the wagon, began running down the road. They were followed by only one savage, who many times attempted to strike the children with a butcher knife. When this blood-thirsty scoundrel also attempted to several times stab the baby, Amanda would jerk it from side to side, and finally when the oxen were nearing the home of John Walker, the Indian retreated back to his companion. But excepting John Travis all of the children, including the baby, had been struck with the butcher knife.

Ref.: Pioneer History of Bandera Co., by J. Marvin Hunter.

745

Doctor Bartley

During 1872, Dr. Bartley of Erath County, bought 1000 yearlings from Raybourne O'Neill. Matt Tucker also had about 1500 head. So the two started with their cattle to Colorado, or elsewhere. July 4, 1872, Dr. Bartley and his men were moving thier herd toward the falls of the Pecos, where they intended to water the cattle and get breakfast. The doctor was in the lead, but before he reached the river was killed by Indians. The savages then charged the cowhands in the rear. After a long drawn out battle, the Indians left with the stock. But the assistance of soldiers later recovered a part of the herd.

About one day's journey behind were Taylor and Charlie Vandever, and Bill Miller, with about twenty-five men moving another herd. They were in the Dagger Bend of the Pecos. But after the Indians had charged the Bartley and Tucker outfit, the second herd was protected by negro soldiers from Ft. Stockton.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Taylor Vandever. mentioned above.

746

Theodore Kindla

During the summer of 1872, the Indians killed Theodore Kindla while herding sheep for Judge J. B. Davenport, in the Sabinal canyon a short distance below the present town of Utopia. Kindla was roped, shot with several arrows, lanced and the savages peeled the skin from the soles of his feet before he died. They then left him for dead. But Mr. Kindla arose and walked about two hundred yards before he finally expired. The entire proceedings were witnessed by a Mexican sheep herder, who kept concealed because of his inability to render assistance.

Ref.: "Pioneer History of Bandera Co." by Marvin Hunter.

747

Indian Experience of Charlie Ellington

About 1872, Charlie Ellington, was shot through the body by Indians. Ellington finally managed to get home. When the doctor was called, the wounded man was told he would die. Ellington replied that he was going to get well and did. This frontiersman was wounded about one-half mile from home in northern Erath County.

Murder of Mullen's and Fight of W. C. McAdams and Others

During the summer of 1872, Capt. W. C. McAdams and a Mr. Wilson, who were in Weatherford and preparing to go west agreed to travel together for mutual protection.

McAdams was accompanied by one of his cowboys. Wilson also had with him a new employee named Mullens and a boy about fifteen years of age. McAdams and his companion were ahead, and upon reaching Rock Creek thought, they heard a strange noise on the hill. So he stopped and waiting for the others, who soon arrived. Mullens was driving a wagon. Wilson and the boy drove several head of horses and brought up the rear. After holding a short consultation, the four men and fifteen-year-old boy remained closer together and started on westward. When they reached Loving's Valley, and were near the Palo Pinto-Parker county line, these pioneer citizens saw a large number of Indians standing in the road, approximately two hundred yards ahead.

McAdams stopped his wagon, and ordered Mullen's to drive his vehicle about eight or ten feet to the side. They then unhitched their teams, put the wagon-seats over the end of the wagons, and Capt. McAdams stepped out, and told the Indians, that if they wanted to fight, they were ready. Wilson and the boy tied their horses to the wagon, and after McAdams made his dare, the savages mounted their steeds, and began to circle around the citizen's fortification. In a short time, an Indian a long distance away, fired, and the bullet accidentally struck Mullens in the head, killing him instantly. The Indian that did the shooting, took aim over a tree. When Mullens fell, according to reports, Wilson said, "Let's run," and about that time, mounted their horses. McAdams said, "Aren't you going to let us ride behind you?" But, according to reports, Wilson and the boy hurried on south, and were followed by McAdams and his employees, who were afoot. When McAdams and his associate, however, reached the timber, about 150 yards away, they turned abruptly to the right, and when the Indians came dashing along, they went straight ahead after Wilson and the boy. McAdams and his employee circled through the timber and finally found their way to Old Black Springs, about ten miles to the northwest. Wilson and the boy turned east and went into

Parker County, and reported to the citizens in the Dry Creek Community. When they did, Billy Garrison, one of the McCluskeys, and others, came back to the wagons, wrapped Mullens in a wagon sheet, and placed him in a tree, where they intended to leave him until morning.

After Capt. W. C. McAdams reported at Black Springs, A. M. Lasater, James Wood, Lee Wood, Tobe Palmer, Silas Sheek, Wiley Peters, accompanied by Capt. W. C. McAdams and his employee, also returned to the wagon. They found Mullens in the tree. In one of the wagons, the citizens left a jug of whiskey. It has always been supposed this jug was drained dry by the Indians, who also took some tobacco, and other supplies.

The party from Black Springs agreed to go home and return the next morning.

The next morning, the same party from Black Springs returned to the scene of the difficulty, and found Mullens, a short distance from the wagon, hanging in a tree. Shortly afterwards, about twelve citizens from Parker county, accompanied by Wilson and the fifteen year old boy arrived. In a little while, Horton Williams, John Lasater, Martin Lane, and Jack Vaughan, with cowhands, also reached the scene. So, in a short time, there were thirty-two men present. Since the Indians had taken the mules and harness away, the citizens decided to tie lariat ropes to the tongue of a wagon and pull it with their horses. In this way, Mullen's body was moved to the graveyard, about one mile east of the present town of Salesville.

About the time they were ready to start, McAdams said that he had bought a new set of harness, and wanted to follow the Indian trail, for he felt sure they hung the harness in the tree, not a great distance away. Consequently, twelve citizens went with the wagon to bury the dead, and the remaining twenty followed the Indian trail.

True to expectations, the harness was found about one-half mile north. Some of the citizens then proposed to follow the trail further, but Capt. McAdams said, "No, those Indians may be sixty miles from here."

They then turned around and rode back about 100 yards. A. M. Lasater said, "Boys let's go and see where they went." So A. M. Lasater, James Wood, Wiley Peter, Billy Garrison, and John Lasater followed the Indian trail about 600 yards farther north. Here, A. M. Lasater said, "Boys, I saw something move in the brush about 200 yards ahead. The five citizens then dismounted, and about that time, A. M. Lasater, who was one of the first on the ground saw a savage riding a "flea-bitten" gray horse, and this Indian appeared to have a calico skirt around his body. Some one then said, "Hold on boys, that is our own crowd," for Lee Wood was riding a speckled horse of that description. But shortly afterwards, Indians were discovered.

John Lasater was riding an inferior steed and since Capt. McAdams had reported there were forty-five Indians, he hesitated to go. Garrison then said, "Somebody that is riding a good horse, follow me and we will follow them." A. M. Lasater agreed to go, then the two started out without knowing whether or not the three remaining citizens would follow. When they had gone a short distance, they discovered the Indians, and dismounted. Garrison fired first, and this scared Lasater's horse, causing his shot to go wild. The Indians then mounted their steeds and took after the two citizens, who retreated toward McAdams and the others, but A. M. Lasater fell behind to cover John Lasater, who was on a slow pony. When the five reached McAdams and the remaining citizens, they stopped. A. M. Lasater, thinking the others were following, started again for the Indians. McAdams said, "Stop, you! _____ fool, you will get killed." So Lasater stopped, and for the first time discovered the others were not following. A. M. Lasater and Wiley Peters were then detailed to go to the graveyard for the others. They rode within a half mile of the graveyard, waved their hats and hollered. Then the second bunch of citizens joined Capt. McAdams and his command. The trail was then followed for about ten miles, but the Indians, who realized there was a large bunch of citizens, fled as rapidly as possible to avoid a fight.

Note: Author personally interviewed: A. M. Lasater; James Wood; Martin Lane, and Wiley Peters; all mentioned above; also interviewed: Bud Ham; Mrs. and Mr. W. B. Slaughter, daughter and son-in-law of Capt. W. C. McAdams; and others.

Levi Perryman and Men Encounter Indians

During August of 1872, Levi Perryman, Alex Perryman, Creed Roberts, Holloway Williams, Henry Williams, Henry Roberts, and a few others, had a fight with Indians near Dry Valley, southeast of Montague, in Montague County. At least one Indian was wounded, and the savages fled away.

Capt. Perryman and his men waited a few minutes for Bob Bean and his company of citizens supposed to be a short distance in the rear. But when they failed to appear, Levi Perryman and his men, pushed on and overtook the Indians again about three miles west of Cash McDonald's place, where a stubborn fight followed. After the citizens had also fired out, Levi Perryman ordered the men to retreat, thinking they would fall back and meet Bob Bean and his company. This however, they failed to do, and when the retreat started, the citizens were pursued by the Indians. It was then difficult to stop the pioneers sufficiently long to make a stand. But Levi Perryman bravely covered Holloway Williams in the retreat, for it seems that Williams was riding an inferior pony.

Creed Roberts became separated from the command, after his horse became wounded in the leg. When Roberts discovered that this animal could carry him no farther, he slid off in tall grass, for the Indians were near. The horse, however, went on, and it seems the Indians thought that Roberts was still on his pony. But when the Indians discovered that the horse was without a rider, the warriors began to search in the tall grass for the hidden citizen. Finally Roberts was discovered by the keen eye of the chief, who happened to be immediately over him. Each eyed the other for a second. When the chief was preparing to shoot, Creed fired first. The chieftain fell from his horse. This seemed to completely demoralize the Indians, who began to grieve over the loss of their captain. Roberts hurriedly made his escape.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. A. (Bud) Morris.

Further Ref.: History of Montague Co., by Mrs. W. R. Potter.

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Indian Fight on the Head of the Pecos in 1872

During 1872, James E. Rank and Lockhart, his brother-in-law, moving to New Mexico, reached the head-waters of the main Concho. They were charged by Indians, about three o'clock in the evening, one of their cow-hands killed.

Taylor and Charlie Vandever, and Bill Morrow were about one-half day's journey behind the Rank and Lockhart cattle. Later, the same Indians attacked the Miller and Vandever herd, and when they did, all escaped, excepting Jim Whitehead and his wife, and James Watson. Jim Whitehead and his wife, were moving to Arizona, or elsewhere, and following the herd with an ox-cart. In a short time, they were surrounded, but they cut the steers from the wagon and successfully held their ground. During the fighting Watson was wounded in the neck. The Indians succeeded in capturing all or most of the Seattle.

Note: Author interviewed: Taylor Vandever, mentioned above.

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Ben Peobles

During 1872, Ben Peobles was working for Gad Miller, who lived on the Clear Fork, close to the present town of Chrystal Falls, in Stephens County. He was out hunting horses, early in the morning, about two miles south of the Miller Ranch, alone on horseback, and armed with a six-shooting rifle. When charged by the Indians, Peobles ran toward the house, and no doubt felt sure he could escape, for Ben was riding a race horse. When this pioneer citizen was about three hundred yards from his destination, however, he received a mortal wound, and died almost instantly. Peobles was scalped and pinned to the ground with arrows. His yelling aroused others at the house. So Lish Christesson, J. H. and E. M. Current, G. W. Emberlin, and Bradshaw went to his rescue, but he was already dead. These citizens were later joined by Dick McCarty, and perhaps others, who followed and fought the retreating Indians until about two o'clock in the evening. About this time, Jeff Davis, Flake Barber, John McConnell and several others, joined the handful of citizens. It seems that after that hour, the Indians were never overtaken. However, the savages robbed a house on King's Creek, about sundown, and the citizens rode up just as the Indians were leaving.

Note: Author interviewed: Lish Christesson, mentioned above; and others.

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Indian Fight of the Dillard Brothers

About 1872, Two Dillard brothers, who lived in Young County, took a load of watermelons to Ft. Griffin, where they attended a dance. The boys then started home and were on the old Belknap-Griffin road, between King's and East King's Creeks, when charged by several savages. The oldest Dillard brother was asleep in the wagon at the time. But they jumped to the ground, tied their horses, and in a short time, whipped the Indians. Apparently they wounded two or three savages.

Indians Attack the Camp of G. B. Rozel

During the fall of 1872, G. B. Rozel was camped on Robinson Creek, where he intended to build a log cabin. In addition to some smaller children, there were with him, at the time, his son, George, and two widowed daughters, Mrs. Bowen and Mrs. McGee.

One Sunday, George attended a meeting on the Kickapoo, and G. B. Rozel took his gun and walked out on the range, perhaps for the purpose of killing a fat turkey or deer. George returned late in the evening, and shortly afterwards, several Indians appeared. Inasmuch as his father was away with the gun, the son picked up a stick in the shape of a rifle, and with this, for a time, held the savages at bay. The savages soon discovered he was bluffing, however, and came charging toward the camp. According to reports, George Rozel mounted his steed and hurried away, and when the Indians reached the camp, they soon killed Mrs. McGee, and wounded Mrs. Bowen with arrows. Several of the smaller children were roughly treated by the Indians, but they made no attempt to kill them. Mrs. Rozel, it seems, succeeded in concealing herself in a brush pile. The Indians who followed George, were about to overtake him when he made his pony jump a wide a deep branch. Here the Indians halted, and returned to the camp. Finally the news leaked out, and Mr. Rozel, returning home, was notified of the tragedy by one of the Helm boys.

Ref.: History of Hood Co., by T. T. Ewell.

Fight at the Dick Lemons' Farm, About Five Miles Southeast of Palo Pinto

Dick Lemons had just returned from Weatherford, with a new Winchester, which he bought for Stiss Edmonson. He had also bought a large supply of cartridges. That night Stiss Edmondson, John Glover, and Huse Ennis, stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Lemons and just before dark, Mrs. Dick Lemons heard the Indians whipping horses across the river. When she conveyed the news to her husband, he in turn, alarmed the others, and in a short time, Dick Lemons was behind one gate-post, and Mr. Edmondson the other. About that time, the clock struck nine p.m. When the savages appeared, the citizens opened fire. During the excitement, the Indians' stolen horses ran down near the house, and this, of course, caused the red men to make a more stubborn resistance. For a considerable time, the Indians fought, and Mrs. Dick Lemons more than once, carried cartridges to her husband and Mr. Edmondson. On one occasion when she looked out the door, an Indian drove a bullet into the door facing, very near her head. The Indians finally retreated and traveled up the mountain to the north.

The next morning after the fight, a cowhide on the fence, and water-barrel standing nearby, had been punctured several times as a result of the Indians' fire. Some of the stolen horses recovered during the fighting, belonged to Tom Humphries, and Bill Wilson, who then lived in the Long Camp and Lake Creek district, about seven miles south of Palo Pinto. Some of the other horses belonged in Hood Co.

Note: Author interviewed: Mrs. Dick Lemons, mentioned above, and one or two others.

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Abner Gregg

Abner Gregg, an elderly gentleman who lived with his son, Riley, on Rough Creek about eleven miles southwest of San Saba, started over to the home of Stoffgee to spend the night with his family while the latter went to San Saba to mill. On his way over, he met two boys, who said, "Uncle Abner, watch out, the Indians are in." Mr. Gregg replied, "I am always on the watch." But he was killed before reaching his destination. This occurred September 10, 1872, Uncle Abner Gregg was found by McNealy and Elizabeth Long and buried in the Rough Creek Graveyard.

Reports slightly differ concerning where Mr. Gregg was going but Mr. and Mrs. R. Kolb, who were there then and who knew him well, stated that he had started to the home of the Stoffgees, who lived about two miles west and south of the Riley Gregg home.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mr. and Mrs. R. Kolb and John Robbins; also corresponded with W. H. Gregg, a grandson of Abner Gregg.

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W. J. Hale's Indian Fight, About Eight or Nine Miles North and East of Strawn

During 1872, Eastland County was attached to Palo Pinto for judicial purposes, and W. H. Hale, deputy sheriff, was detailed to go to Mansker Lake, in Eastland County, to serve some legal papers. The first night out he stayed with Wm. Stuart, who ran a ranch near the present city of Strawn. After serving the papers, the next night was spent with Peter Davidson, who then lived several miles southwest of Strawn. W. J. Hale left the Davidson Ranch the next morning, about eleven o'clock. When he crossed the divide between Lake and Palo Pinto Creeks, about nine miles northeast of Strawn, several Indians attempted to surround him. W. J. Hale then fired at the savages about three times, and when he apparently wounded their leader, the Indians made a halt. Hale hurried to the Jimmie Daniels Ranch.

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Savages Wound John Raybourne O'Neill

About 1872, while John O'Neill was herding cattle, some distance from the camp, he saw several Indians dashing toward him. O'Neill started his horse toward a distant black jack thicket, but was wounded before he reached this protection. Here O'Neill fell from his steed, and when he failed to report at the camp for dinner, the cowboys made a search and found him in a dangerous condition. Dr. W. W. McNeill, of Stephenville, was summoned, and he extracted three arrows from O'Neill's body. John Raybourne O'Neill successfully recovered from the effects of his wounds.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Jimmie McNeill; Ike Roberts; and perhaps one or two other early settlers of that section.

Further Ref.: Incidents in the History of Dublin, by Mrs. F. C. Lattimore.

Indian Fight Near the Mouth of Big Keechi in Palo Pinto County

During 1872, H. G. Taylor, Huse Bevers, P. J. Taylor, John McLaren, Lidge Maddox, and others started over the trail with the Taylor and Bevers' cattle, from Palo Pinto County to Kansas. When they reached Big Keechi, these cowmen received the news that the Kansas markets were in a deflated condition. H. G. Taylor and Huse Bevers as a consequence turned back five or six hundred head of young cattle, about one and two years of age. When they did, they had more hands than were needed, so Lidge Maddox, John McLaren, and Pleas J. Taylor, also turned back, and started to Palo Pinto. They were riding three ponies and leading one pack-horse. When the three were within two miles of the Brazos brakes, Pleas Taylor fired about four shots with his six-shooter, at a peculiar bird, so he had only two loads left. Shortly afterwards, they saw twenty-one Indians. Pleas Taylor said, "Boys, let's fight them." But Lidge Maddox replied, "No, we are shot out." It was now about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, and the three citizens decided to make a run for the nearest cedar brakes, which were close to the old Welty Hollow. For one and one-half miles they ran, with twenty-one yelling Comanches after them. When the Indians saw P. J. Taylor, Lidge Maddox, and John McLaren were going to reach the roughs, the savages stopped on a little ridge to the north. But they succeeded in capturing the pack-horse, which McLaren, and Taylor were leading. Among other things on this pack-horse, P. J. Taylor had three pairs of white lady's stockings, which he wore to dances. Men's fancy silk stockings were then unknown in this section. So Pleas Taylor's stockings fell into the hands of the Indians. When Taylor, Maddox, and McLaren reached the cedar brakes, P. J. Taylor decided to ride behind Jim McLaren, because Taylor's horse was wild. The Indians, some of whom were afoot, appeared to be on their way to the settlements on a horse stealing raid, and apparently had no desire to pursue the citizens further.

When the boys reached Palo Pinto, twelve local citizens volunteered to follow the Indians. J. C. Loving was in Palo Pinto at the time, and making preparations to return to his ranch in Jack County. As the Indians were near his route, he agreed to go, and assume command. The others who composed the expedition were: Pleas J. Taylor, Lidge Maddox, John McLaren, Lem Vaughan, Tom Wilson, James

Owen, W. J. Hale, Shafe Vaughan, Ike Metcalf, Geo. Kisinger, John Caruthers, and about one other. The Indian trail was soon found, and it led directly toward the mouth of Big Keechi. Not a great distance from this point, the citizens first discovered several horses in the distance, so they felt sure the Indians were near. Six of the twelve citizens were detailed to remain with the horses, while the others scaled a nearby steep cedar mountain, on which it was presumed the Indians were sleeping. This mountain was evidently a short distance below the mouth of big Keechi, and above the mouth of Turkey Creek. In a report of this fight, J. C. Loving said, that John Caruthers, Johnnie McLaren, Lem and Shafe Vaughan, Geo. Kisinger, and J. C. Loving were the six that scaled the hill or small mountain in search of the Indians.

Concerning this adventure, J. C. Loving said:

"The top of the mountain is a flat plain of some six to ten acres in area, and covered with cedar timber, with but little undergrowth, and would have been a beautiful spot on ordinary occasions. The party following the trail up the mountain side, when within some three hundred or four hundred feet of the top, stopped to listen, and heard the sound of horses' feet up on the level. Thinking the Indians were up there, and had heard their pursuers, and were running from them, the men ran up to the top as fast as they could, and when they reached the level they were in plain view of about twenty Indians. The Indians had been in camp on the top of this particular mountain since some time in the forenoon. And after chasing the boys that morning, were waiting for night to come to raid some near settlement for horses, as was their custom. It was then late in the evening, and the Indians were rounding-up their horses preparatory to starting, when the party on foot stopped to listen, and heard the sound of horses' feet on top of the mountain.

"The Indians and their pursuers discovered each other about the same time, and opened fire on each other, the Indians keeping up the most unearthly yelling that ever was heard in those mountains. The men had run some distance up the mountain, and the fatigue from the run and the excitement of finding the Indians had put them in a somewhat unsettled and shaky condition. Still, they sent bullets fast and thick over toward where the Indians were, and in turn the Indians

cut the leaves and small limbs from the trees over the boys' heads, showing that the Indians were a little excited and shooting too high."

When the citizens first reached the summit of the mountain, some of the savages were still on the ground. The white men first fired at an old rusty Indian, hardly awake, and rubbing his eyes. Just at this time, it seems the Indians were making preparations to leave, and had the citizens been thirty or forty minutes later, perhaps, the Indians would have been gone. Nevertheless, Capt. J. C. Loving and his men succeeded in taking the Indians by surprise, for seldom before had they Indians been attacked in such a secluded position. So securely did they feel on this occasion, the Indians were not even guarded by a spy.

Six of the warriors were each wearing one of Pleas J. Taylor's white lace stockings, which came above the Indian's knee. Dressed as the savages were in their ordinary regalia, this peculiar combination made their appearance all the more hideous. But as these Indians danced about each wearing one white stocking, they made a splendid target for the citizens.

One Indian attempted to reach a horse, and when he did, J. C. Loving and, perhaps, others, wounded this warrior. Excited by the firing, the six citizens, left with the horses, were now rapidly approaching to assist the others.

About this time, however, the Indians used considerably ingenuity so they could remove their dead and wounded. Six brave and able warriors began firing from a rough section on the side, and very near the citizens for the purpose of attracting the attention of the white men in that direction. This bit of strategy worked well, for their shooting could not be ignored. In a short time, the Indians' firing filled Lim Vaughan's eyes with bark, and as a consequence, he was forced to make a retreat. When he did, the others fell back, but the main band of Indians were already retreating down the other side of the mountain with their dead and wounded. The white citizens soon rallied and when they did, the six Indians fell back. The citizens then pushed forward and discovered the savages had forced such horses they had over a ten foot bluff. This was to the Indians' advantage, for several minutes expired before the citizens found a way to lead their

horses down the cliff. When Capt. J. C. Loving and his command found a way down, and into the river bottom, they were soon on the Indians' trail, which led to the banks of a deep body of water. Here the blood and other evidence seemed to disclose the Indians hurriedly gave two or three of their dead comrades a burial in the red and brackish waters of the Brazos River. The trail was then followed further, but the shadows of evening had already enveloped the river and most of the mountains. J. C. Loving suggested they had better turn back, for at that late hour, there was danger of running into an ambush.

The next morning the citizens returned and picked up the trail, which was followed for a short distance. Here they discovered signs plainly disclosing the Indians the night before had made a stand and were waiting to waylay the white men. The trail led down the river toward the old Hart Bend. The savages crossed the river two or three times below the Wm. Metcalf place, and were then followed until again lost in darkness. This time, however, the Indians were abandoned in Darcus Hollow, between where the old road and new highway go down Wynn Mountain.

The citizens, after the fight on the little cedar mountain, recovered several of the Indian horses, three of which, were wounded, and one of which soon died. One of the horses recovered, belonged to Capt. J. C. Loving. This horse had been stolen from the Loving Ranch, about one year before. No doubt, this animal had been as far north as Kansas, and more than once passed through exciting experiences. The citizens also recovered some camp equipage, and a breech strap which J. C. Loving and, perhaps, one or two others shot from the Indian warrior when he attempted to mount a pony.

This fight may appropriately be called the "Stocking Fight" because six warriors were wearing P. J. Taylor's stolen stockings.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Pleas J. Taylor, and W. J. Hale, mentioned above; also Mrs. Huse Bevers, a sister of Pleas J. Taylor; Mrs. M. J. Hart, another sister; and Mrs. H. G. Taylor, a sister-in-law.

Further Ref.: J. C. Loving's account of this conflict, in the Cattle Industry of Texas.

Citizens of Palo Pinto Encounter Indians Near the Mouth of Ioni

The author spent no little time, trouble, and money, and rode several hundred miles to compile, what is, no doubt, the true history and most complete account of the killing of Jesse Veale. After interviewing the very best of authorities, who convinced the author beyond a doubt, the present story was correct, he did not stop there, but made a special trip to Stephens County and to Oklahoma for the purpose of interviewing the widows of P. and Henry Veale, brothers of Jesse Veale to substantiate this report. The stories they related corroborated exactly our own version, reached after interviewing no less than thirty-five or forty surviving old settlers. We are going to take the liberty to say that we believe this to be by a broad margin the most detailed and accurate account of the killing of Jesse Veale and the fight that followed, that has ever been offered to the public.

During February of 1873, P. Veale, Jesse Veale, and Jo E. Corbin, who lived at Palo Pinto went out to Ioni and camped near the mouth of Harris Branch, for the purpose of fishing, hunting bear, deer, turkey, and other wild game then found so abundantly in the brakes of the Brazos and it's tributaries. February 21, the Veale brothers and Jo Corbin found some Indian saddles and stolen Indian horses, in the cedar brakes, while hunting near the Reasoner or Garland Bend. But somewhere up the river from the mouth of Ioni, Henry Veale lost either a blowing or powder horn. During the same day the Veale brothers and Jo Corbin also set some fishing hooks in the Brazos near the mouth of Ioni. Early in the morning of February 22 (Date taken from family Bible), P. and Henry Veale went back up the river to find, if possible, the lost horn. Jesse Veale and Jo Corbin, who were together, returned to the hooks set during the preceding day. The hooks were only about one and one-half miles away. So Jesse Veale and Jo Corbin were soon riding toward their camp.

After they crossed Ioni, about one mile above its mouth, and rode upon the west bank, Jo Corbin, who was in the lead, said,, "Jesse, we are surrounded by Indians, what shall we do?" Jesse replied, "Run out." About this time, Jesse Veale was wounded in the knee with an arrow, and since he was riding a nervous pony, saddled with one of the Indian saddles found during the preceding day, several

citizens have surmised that his horse ran under a limb, forcing Jesse to dismount. It is possible, however, Veal's horse jumped so quickly, it ran from under its rider; or that Jesse said, "Fight it out." Instead of saying, "Run out," as Joe Corbin understood, as there were only about six or eight Indians. And it was about this time, Jesse Veale was wounded. An Indian attempted to get Jo Corbin's bridle reins, but when Corbin snapped his pistol, this Indian ducked away, and Corbin dashed on up the road toward the camp. Jesse Veale's pony, without a rider, followed closely behind. When Veale was last seen by his companion, he was on the ground, fighting desperately. Joe Corbin soon reached the mesquite flats, a short distance west of Ioni, and southeast of the old Cam Williams Place. Here he stopped, and tied Jesse Veale's horse to a mesquite tree. Corbin then hurried on to the Mark Lynn Ranch home, near where the Watson ranch-house now stands.

Mark Lynn was at the ranch at the time. W. W. (Bud) Price, and John Mapes, had gone to the Smith Lynn Ranch, which was the old J. J. Metcalf place, near the Metcalf Gap, to get some harness. Jo Corbin related what had happened.

So Mark Lynn fired his pistol as a signal for W. W. Price and John Mapes to hurry on to the ranch, for they had been gone sufficiently long to be within hearing distance of the gun. When he fired, Price and Mapes heard the signal, dropped their harness, near the Ioni Falls and rushed on to the Lynn ranch, for fear it was being attacked by Indians. When they reached the ranch, John Mapes remained to protect those present, and W. W. Price, M. O. Lynn, and Jo Corbin hurried back to Jesse Veale. Instead of riding down into the creek bottom, however, the three stopped on the little hill, about two hundred yards west of where Jesse Veale was last seen. Jo Corbin told W. W. Price that he left Jesse on the west bank of the First Crossing of Ioni above its mouth. And while Mark Lynn and Joe Corbin waited on the hill, Bud Price, accompanied only by his dog, went into the lone bottoms, and found Veale sitting up, dead, against the trunk of a double-elm tree, the stump of which still stands. Veale's hat and gun were gone, but he was not scalped, and the local signs disclosed that he had fought the savages a desperate fight. W. W. (Bud) Price was the very first man to reach him, for P. and Henry Veale were still up the river, but sufficiently close to hear the guns

fire. Veale was killed about ten thirty a. m., and when Price reached him, it was hardly eleven thirty. And about this time, the Indians were evidently nursing their wounded in a little ravine, on the eastern side of Ioni, about two hundred yards to the southeast, for here they were trailed and treed by Bud Price's dog. Price then returned to Jo Corbin and Mark Lynn, who were waiting on the little hill about two hundred yards to the west. Corbin and Lynn remained to convey the news to P. and Henry Veale, who were still up the river, and W. W. Price hurried on to the ranch of Henry Belding, about three miles to the west. Belding told Price that he had heard the bombardment of the guns, that he counted fourteen shots, and greatly regretted that Jesse Veale had been killed. Bud Price reached the Belding Ranch just at noon. He then hurried on to the old George Jowell Ranch, on Bluff Creek, about three miles further west. The Jowell Ranch was known as the old "Jolly-Place." The ranch-house was constructed of stone, and contained portholes.

It was after the noon-hour that P. and Henry Veale came back from up the river. When they crossed Ioni, and rode up the west bank, P. and Henry found Jesse sitting in a stooping posture, against the double-elm tree. The two brothers found Jesse before Mark Lynn and Jo Corbin were able to convey the news. The wagon was then brought from the camp, and in a short time, P. and Henry started slowly with Jesse to Palo Pinto. Jo Corbin also came to town. It is probable that he followed the wagon for a considerable distance, and then loped on ahead, before they reached their destination, for he was the first to bring the news to Palo Pinto. Since it was very late in the evening when the news arrived, and since it was not known where and in which direction the Indian trail would likely lead, it was agreed the volunteers from Palo Pinto should wait until the succeeding day to start after the Indians.

The next morning the citizens were in their saddles, and in a short time, strung out all the way from Palo Pinto to the Mouth of Ioni. Some went down Harris Branch, but, perhaps, a majority crossed over the top of Crawford Mountain. Lim Vaughan and Scott Warren numbered among the very first to pick up the trail where Jesse Veale was killed. The trail led across the creek to the east side of Ioni, and up into a little ravine to the southeast, where a small branch found its way from the flats, and where W. W. Price's dog, bayed the Indians,

the day before. Here they found a dead Indian Jesse Veale had killed and Veale's missing hat was on the head of this savage. The streams of blood showed unmistakably, that at least two other Indians were also wounded. From the dead savage, the trail, which was blazed with the blood of the two wounded Indian warriors, led in a southeasterly direction, up the nearest tall mountain, and toward the cliffs. Lim Vaughan, Scott Warren and others followed the Indians' trail on up the west side of the mountain.

About this time, W. J. Hale and others, came down the Harris Branch, and then followed an old trail or roadway between the west side of Crawford Mountain, and the round hill that stands southeast of the mouth of Harris Branch. While they were still in the flats far below the retreating Indians, Lim Vaughan, Scott Warren and companions told Hale and the others the Indians had gone to the mountain. So they rode around to the north, and went up an old trail through the little canyon to the top of the tableland, where they soon joined others that had crossed over the crest of Crawford Mountain. They then scouted along the cliff while Lim Vaughan, Scott Warren and others followed the Indian trail on the west side. Shortly afterward, and before any savages were discovered, the Indians shot Al Bennet in the hip, about the time he stepped across a crevice on the top of the tall cliff. That, of course, was sufficient warning the Indians had been found. Then shortly after Al Bennett was wounded, some of the citizens saw the Indians passing around a rock under the bluff and it was about this time several shots were fired. The Indians were retreating toward a cave or crevice that made a natural barrier and fortification. When the Indians were at or near this place Ben Slaughter, a negro, or "Buffalo soldier," as he was called by Indians, looked over the cliff, but no guns fired, so Jim Warren then stepped over to the cliff to see if Indians could be seen, and the savages shot him in the jaw. W. K. Bell helped carry Jim Warren away. The Indians were now surrounded, and with several citizens above and below, their escape seemed impossible. They were kept in this cave during the remaining part of the day. Al Bennett, Jim Warren, and his brother, Scott Warren, their father Armenus Warren, Jerry Hart, Lim Vaughan, W. J. Hale, Isom Wilder, W. K. Bell, Wm. Hittson, Geo. Kisinger, and Ben Slaughter, the negro, numbered among those who were on and under the cliff where the Indians were trapped. While the Indians

were surrounded there was little firing. When night came, the citizens remained to keep the red men from escaping.

The next morning when P. and Henry Veale arrived, they were so infuriated over the death of their brother, P. and Henry took their guns and bowie knives, and made a dash into the cave where the Indians were concealed. Several other citizens followed for they did not want to see their friends torn to pieces.

Into the dark caverns of death they charged, where several wild demons were waiting. Such a daring exploit and dangerous adventure was seldom known in the history of the Southwest. Everybody breathlessly awaited the outcome, and the thundering of guns of both Indians and citizens. Forward the two brothers dashed to avenge the death of their brother. But when they entered, the Indians had accomplished the seemingly impossible; the warriors had slipped away and were gone.

Sometime during the same day, W. W. (Bud) Price saw where four Indians had recrossed the river, and were headed toward the "Shutins." A few months later, along the course they pursued, the body of a second dead Indian was found. Unquestionably this deceased warrior had been wounded by Jesse Veale, or the citizens during the brief fighting among the cliffs and crags of Crawford Mountain. According to reports, only two Indians finally reached the reservation. So after all, the Indians paid dearly for their dastardly deed.

The dead Indian, found across the creek about two hundred yards from Jesse Veale, was moved to Palo Pinto and after remaining at the old log jail for two or three days, the citizens carried his body to the hill north of Palo Pinto. Dr. C. B. Rains, however, saved the Indian's skull, and it was reported that sometime later a stranger, perhaps, from the reservation in Oklahoma, came to Palo Pinto and made inquiries about the Indians that were killed. When he was shown this particular skull, according to reports, he said, "Alas, poor Iris, I knew him well." The mission of this stranger was never fully known, and he disappeared as mysteriously as he came.

Near the body of the dead Indian, Lim Vaughan found the Indian's bow and this weapon was placed in a hall closet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Taylor, where it remained for a long time. Jesse Veale was buried in the Upper Graveyard, about one and one-fourth miles southwest of Palo Pinto. He was the last person killed by Indians in Palo Pinto County; furthermore was the third Indian victim to be buried in the Upper Graveyard, and the seventh laid to rest in the two Palo Pinto cemeteries.

Note: Before writing this section, the author personally interviewed: W. W. (Bud) Price, mentioned above, and located, and pointed out to the author the stump of the old tree against which Jesse Veale was leaning when first found. Also interviewed: Jodie Corbin, a nephew of Joe Corbin, and a brother-in-law of Jesse Veale; Mrs. P. and Henry Veale, sisters-in-law of Jesse Veale; Milton Veale, a cousin; W. J. Hale, mentioned above; Dick Gordon, who worked on the Lynn ranch a few months after Jesse Veale was killed; Jack Hittson, who later owned the Lynn ranch, now known as the Watson ranch, and for some time had in his employ Jim Warren, who was wounded during the fighting. Jack Hittson said that Jim Warren several times visited the cave where the Indians were concealed, and often related the story. Also interviewed; E. K. and P. J. Taylor; Mrs. Jerry Hart, whose husband was in the fight; Mrs. Jane Bevers; Mrs. H. G. Taylor, at whose home Lim Vaughan left the Indian bow; W. B. Slaughter; Mrs. Armenus Warren, mother of Jim Warren who was wounded; John Warren, a brother of Jim Warren; and several others who were living in Palo Pinto County at the time.

Further Ref.: The family Bible that gave the date of Jesse Veale's death; the Minutes of the Old Settlers Ass. of Palo Pinto Co., for 1897; personal reminiscences of Henry Belding, printed in the Mineral Wells Index, during 1910; Biography of W. K. Bell, in the Cattle Industry of Texas; and Wilbarger's Indian Depredations in Texas.

Crawford Fight on Chick Bend Mountain

After Jesse Veale was killed and sometime during the year 1873, or early in 1874, the Indians made a horse-stealing raid through Fortune Bend, about nine miles northwest of Palo Pinto, and stole a large Bay mare that W. C. Upton had borrowed from Al G. Crawford. Upton then lived in Fortune Bend, and Crawford lived at the Crawford or Lane Place, north of Crawford Mountain. When the mare was stolen, Upton had her tied to the front of the house, and the Indians slipped up during the night, and took her away. When Upton reported to Crawford that the horse was gone, Al G. Crawford, accompanied by a man named Valentine, fresh from the East, and inexperienced in Indian warfare, took the savages' trail. It led to the bluff, on the south side of the Chick Bend Mountain. When Crawford and his scared companion were reasonably near the cliff, they found Crawford and other citizen's horses, tied ahead in the timber, two-thirds of the distance from the little gap in this mountain, toward the mountain's most eastern point. The horses were tied north and a little west of the Chick Bend Spring, and Chick Bend schoolhouse. The Indians, at the time, were asleep under the cliff, and lying up for the day, so they could steal horses during the night. But Crawford, thought the Indians had hidden the horses, while they had gone elsewhere to find others. Eaf K. Taylor, at the time, lived on Eagle Creek, about three hundred yards above its mouth, in the little valley to the east. So Crawford, who realized his inexperienced companion could be of little or no assistance, sent the "newcomer" over to the home of Eaf K. Taylor to seek his assistance. When Valentine reached the Taylor residence, Geo. Praiter joined him and went to the assistance of Al Crawford. Taylor stayed at home, for he had only one gun, which Praiter carried. Eaf Taylor also wanted to protect his wife and little children. While Valentine had gone over to the Eaf K. Taylor place, at the mouth of Eagle, Al Crawford went to the Crawford Ranch to get his oldest son, Breckenridge Crawford, and they hurried on back to the horses for fear the Indians would arrive and carry them away. Valentine was instructed to pilot Geo. Praiter, back to the place where Al Crawford and his son, Breck, were hiding in the timber and brush, a short distance from the horses, and near the cliffs of the high Chick Bend Mountain. But when George Praiter had been piloted to a place about three hundred yards of where Crawford and his son were

concealed, Valentine because scared, would go no further, and pointed out to Praitier the approximate location of Crawford and his son. Geo. Praitier, however failed to find Al and Breck Crawford. When he was near the top of the Mountain, he peeped around a large rock, and saw five Indians sound asleep under the shelving cliff, which was high above the winding Brazos below. Praitier had not yet seen Crawford, and neither had Crawford seen Praitier, but the latter dropped back, and whistled for the former in a low tone. This whistling evidently alarmed an old sleepy and rusty warrior, who seemed to have been unable to discern from what source the whistling came, or whether or not he heard a noise. Everything was quiet and still. This slowly moving Indian came from under the cliff, at the top of the tall Chick Bend Mountain, walked over to Al Crawford's stolen mare, tied only a few feet away, rested his elbow against the horse's hips, and placed his hand under his head. In this position, which presented a living statue, and living picture unexcelled in all the art galleries of America, this lone Indian looked and listened over the many miles of wasteland along the winding Brazos below. But Crawford had not yet located Praitier, and neither had Praitier been able to locate Crawford. The latter and his son could now plainly see the dreaming Indian. The target was too much of a temptation, so Al Crawford shot this hostile warrior of the wild west. When Crawford fired, the stillness of the mountain began to reverberate the report of his gun, and the red man fell to the ground, where he began to groan and moan. The sudden change of affairs took the remaining Indians completely by surprise, but finally two other warriors came out from under the bluff, and dragged the wounded Indian back into the rocks. Crawford and his son fired at these Indians also while they were carrying their wounded comrade under the cliff. Praitier was alarmed by the report of Crawford's gun, for he thought it were Indians firing, and as a consequence, retreated down the mountain. After taking time to put on their war-paint, and preparing for battle, the savages again came out from under the cliff, and began to wage war in Indian fashion. The red men yelled and jumped, and danced around not unlike drunken demons. When both Crawford and his son, and the Indians had "fired out" both factions retreated. Crawford was wounded under the arm or in his shoulder, and a portion of the bullet was removed by Dr. C. B. Raines. The remaining part, however, accompanied Al Crawford to his grave. The next day, Eaf K. Taylor, Breckenridge Crawford, and a man named Hunt scaled the mountain

to the scene of the battle, and found where one, and possible two other wounded Indians had been lain on the ground by their comrades. One Indian appeared to have been mortally wounded, for he bled profusely.

When the news of the fighting reached Palo Pinto, in a short time, Thomas Wilson, who served as sheriff of Palo Pinto County, Charlie Cowan, Dr. C. B. Raines, Henry and P. Veale, John Lynn, a brother of M. O. Lynn, and others hurried to the Crawford's Ranch and Chick Bend Mountain. Dr. Raines turned his attention toward Al Crawford, who was seriously wounded. Most of the others took the Indians' trail, which led over to the mountain, where the Indians were soon found, and several shots fired. The savages, however, had more urgent business in Oklahoma, so they made a hasty retreat. They were followed on to the north, and as they went up the mountain to the west of the Bill Elgin Ranch, and near the present Lou Queen Graveyard, again the citizens fired several shots at the Indians, who finally made their escape.

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B. J. Thompkins and Others Fight in Stephens County

During 1873, B. J. Thompkins, Geo. Thompkins, Ryle Taylor, and Josh West, who lived on Veale's Creek in Stephens County, about one mile from the mouth, were traveling along in a wagon about two miles east of their home, when seven Indians were discovered some distance in the rear. Since these Indians were approaching the citizens from behind, when the wagon passed around a large rock, B. J. Thompkins and Ryle Taylor, dropped behind the rock, and let the wagon proceed down the road. In a short time, the seven Indians came along, and when Thompkins and Taylor fired, the Indians fled like scared wolves, and apparently at least one of their number was wounded.

Note: Author personally interviewed: B. J. Thompkins.

762

Savages Kill Stockton in Stephens County

During May of 1873, Stockton, a young man from the East, had been batching alone for a few days on the Joe and Jim Browning Ranch, on the Clear Fork, about fifteen miles north and west of Breckenridge. According to indications, he went out early one morning to round up the calves and horses, and was killed by Indians near an old-fashioned rail fence, not a great distance from the lot. Reports differ as to the group of persons that first found him. But he had been dead two or three days before the ranchmen of Stephens County knew he had been killed.

Note: Author interviewed: J. R. Browning, a brother of Joe Browning; and J. M. Lynch, who loaned Stockton a yoke of steers the Sunday before he was killed.

763

George McKlusky

During the summer of 1873, Geo. McKluskey, was living with John Beumgarner, his father-in-law, who lived near Blue Springs, on Rock Creek, in Parker County about 10 miles northeast of Mineral Wells. George stepped out in the yard just before or just after a shower, and was killed by an Indian, hidden behind an oat stack, in the field, about 100 yards away. Geo. McKluskey was killed with a gun.

Note: Author interviewed James Wood; A. M. Lasater; Joe Moore; and other early settlers of Palo Pinto, Parker, and Jack Co.

Wilson S. Keith

Wilson S. Keith, who formerly lived in Erath County, moved to Menard County, and, perhaps, bought an interest in, or bought the entire ownership of the old Wilkerson Ranch. During the summer of 1873, he, in company with others, were moving about 6000 head of cattle to New Mexico. When they were at or near the Horseshoe Bend of the Pecos, Wilson S. Keith and a man named Martin, were ahead of the herd, dismounted and sitting on the banks of the Pecos. Indians slipped up and shot Wilson S. Keith in the ankle. Keith was carried to Southern Rivers, near the present town of Carlsbad, New Mexico, and it became necessary to send back to Ft. Stockton, seventy-five miles away, for a surgeon. For fear he would not arrive, a messenger was also sent to another post about 100 miles away. But both doctors came, and amputated Wilson S. Keith's wounded leg, below the knee. It then became necessary to amputate above the knee. But this did not save him. His death occurred August 3, 1873, seven days after he was wounded. Money was sent for an elaborate tombstone, to be placed at the head of his grave, but when it was visited by G. M. Keith in 1884, apparently the money had been misappropriated, for only a rude sandstone was at his head.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Stephen Keith, and his sister: and corresponded with G. M. Keith, and Bob Tucker, who were early citizens of Erath Co.

765

Indians Wound Mrs. Joe Hay on the Pecos

About 1873, while Joe Hay and wife, George Gammel, Moody Doffham, and others, were moving a big herd of cattle to New Mexico, they were charged a few miles above the Horsehead Crossing of the Pecos by a large band of Indians. The citizens retreated into a ravine, leading into the river, and successfully held their ground. But Mrs. Hay was wounded in one of her lower limbs, above her knees. After the fight was over, the Indians drove the cattle away, and no doubt turned them over to the white, or Mexican cow-thieves in New or Old Mexico.

766

Dick Harris

Dick Harris, about twenty years of age, left the home of Dick Palmer, in Jack County, and started to Mrs. Nancy Williams' Place, to help kill some sheep. He had only gone about two miles when the Indians killed him on Palmer's Prairie, in the southern part of Jack County. Dick Harris was not found until about Friday, and buried where he was killed.

Note: Author personally interviewed: A. M. Lasater, James Wood, B. L. Ham; Mrs. H. G. Taylor; and others. Also corresponded with Dick Palmer, with whom Dick Harris stayed.

Howell Walker and Son, Henry

September 13, 1873, Howell Walker and his son, Henry, who was about twelve years of age, and Mortimer Stevens, had been gathering corn, on Walker's Place, in Jack County, and went to the Thurman Springs, on Salt Creek, for water. They were driving oxen, and intended to haul back water in barrels. When they reached the Springs, deer signs were plentiful, so Walker suggested they drive the wagon under the hill, and wait for the approach of a deer. In a short time, Mortimer Stevens, who was in a tree, saw several deer coming from the north, and pointed them out to Walker. About that time, Walker looked toward a nearby bluff and started to run toward Stevens. He said, "My God, Steve, the world is alive with Indians. The best thing we can do is make that mountain." Mortimer Stevens replied, "No, lets stay with them, and give them all we have got." But Walker and his son started toward the mountain, and were followed by Mortimer Stevens. When they had gone about 250 yards, they laid down on the ground. After the Indians fired and passed on by, the citizens jumped and started toward the bluff, in the creek. In a short time, the Indians charged again, and began shooting down the creek. Two other Indians got in behind the citizens, who were fired upon from both directions. About that time, Howell Walker was shot from the rear by an Indian, and the same bullet passed on and wounded his son, Henry. Walker then said, "Steve, if you get out alive, have me buried decent, and go to Mr. Agnes and get the money that is due on the herd." The boy said, "My Lord, Steve, I'm killed." While the two were gasping for breath, Mortimer Stevens shot an Indian, dashed down the creek, and went into a dogwood thicket. He afterwards became lost, but finally reached the Rodger's home, about one o'clock. From there, he went to Jacksboro, and reported what had occurred.

Mortimer Stevens said that he counted thirty-seven Indians, that two had some of his quilts stolen from his camp, that several of the Indians had highly colored blankets, and were wearing government hats.

The savages, no doubt from the Ft. Sill Reservation, cut little Henry Walker's heart from his body. Walker and his son, were found the same day they were killed.

Note: Among the old files and archives in the State Library at Austin, the author found an affidavit made by Mortimer Stevens, dated Sept. 14, 1873, the next day after Walker and his son were killed. The affidavit set out the above facts; after the killing; and was evidently correct for it was made before a government officer. Also found a letter from Lewis P. Valentine to Governor E. J. Davis dated Sept. 14, 1873. Mr. Valentine stated in the letter that he had just returned from the scene where Howell Walker and son were killed. Author also interviewed: Martin Lane; A. M. Lasater; James Wood; Mrs. Ed. Wohlforth; and others. Although there was a slight variation in one or two of the reports, nevertheless, we compiled facts that caused us to believe Walker and his son were killed just as above related. And many months later, found in the Archives, the above affidavit, which substantiated our ideas.

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Indian Experience of Bill Hollis

Bill Hollis, who was sometimes called Bill Clark, and who lived alone on the Clark Ranch, about twelve miles west of Jacksboro, saw seven or eight Indians about five or six hundred yards from his house, and in the edge of the timber. Hollis closed the door, and watched the movements of the Indians through the cracks. These Indians slowly crept toward the house; and when reasonably close, galloped and circled the house two or three times. Finally when they saw no one, the Indians stopped and lined up in front of the door, and dismounted. They then slowly felt their way toward the house and in a short time were attempting to break on the inside, when Bill Hollis, who had remained quiet, suddenly jerked open the door and shot an Indian in the stomach. This caused the savages to fall back like wild wolves. One Indian ran into a stable adjoining the house, and after Hollis shot his steed, this Indian ran away. This episode occurred about eleven o'clock in the morning, about 1873.

Note: Author interviewed: A. M. Lasater; James Wood; and one or two others.

769

Lauderdate Massacre

About 1873, Lauderdate who had been to Weatherford and unloaded his supplies during the preceding day, left his home in the morning to return the borrowed wagon and horse to the home of Wilburn Brummett, a neighbor, who lived several miles away. Lauderdate lived on Carroll's Creek, about six miles from Brummett's home. When about half-way between the two places, he was massacred by the Indians, who took his horses.

Note: Author interviewed: Joe Fowler; A. M. Lasater, James Wood; and one or two others who were early settlers in that section.

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Josh Lawrence

Josh Lawrence, who also lived on Carroll's Creek, shortly after Lauderdale was massacred, was out one damp, foggy morning, a short distance from his house, searching for the milk cows. He was also murdered by Indians. Lawrence was scalped, and buried in the Carroll's Creek Graveyard.

L. P. Brooks and Others Fight in Young County

During 1873, L. P. and Taylor Brooks, A. A. and W. F. Timmons, Lopez Conner, and a man named Stone, were building a rock fence, about ten miles west of Graham, when someone saw horsemen approaching. Since Uncle Archie Medlin and his cow men had been out several days on a roundup, at first, the boys thought the horsemen were they. At the time, the above citizens were sitting down on a little hill. In a few seconds L. P. Brooks said, It is Indians. So the citizens ran for their guns, and it seems the savages were much surprised. The Indians retreated over a little hill, and opened fire. About that time, the battle began, but as usual, lasted only a few minutes. A few days later a partly buried Indian was found a short distance away.

Note: Author personally interviewed: L. P. Brooks, who saw the Indians coming.

Sam Gholson's Cowhands Kill Indian

During 1873, four or five of Sam Gholson's cowhands were out hunting cattle in Coleman County and became separated. Two of the men struck some Indians, about five miles north of the Santa Anna Mountains, and reported to the others. The Indian trail was followed to a point about three miles east of the Santa Anna Mountains and the savages overtaken on Lukewater. There were only a few Indians and one of them was riding an old horse called "Old 2 D", because he wore that particular brand. The Indian riding this horse had just stolen him from the Gholson Ranch and Jim Jackson, knowing he couldn't run very fast, singled out this particular Indian riding this horse and ran him into the timber, where the Indian jumped to the ground and threw up his shield. But Jim Jackson killed and scalped this warrior and recovered his bow, arrows and shield, which plainly indicated the bullet passed through this instrument before it passed into the Indian's body.

Note: Author personally interviewed J. B. Terrell, who with others, camped within 100 yards of the dead Indian, the following night he was killed.

Citizens Encounter Indians in Colt's Canyon in Taylor County and Elsewhere

T. W. Clark, E. Charles Suggs, Tom Amberson, Addie Lynn and Jim Ratliff, who were camped on Indian Creek about seven miles southwest of Brownwood, started out on the range and had gone only a short distance north, when they came in contact with twelve Indians. The red men ran over a ridge and the whites stopped on the divide about fifty yards away. The citizens were poorly armed, but fought the Indians until they "fired out" and then made a retreat, and some of the Indians followed. When the savages crowded too closely, T. W. Clark would draw his empty pistol and the Indians would fall back. One savage was riding a horse that had been stolen from "Dude" Lee, who lived about two miles south of Brownwood. After being followed a considerable distance, Tom Amberson was finally wounded in the wrist, so T. W. Clark reached over for his six-shooter. By this time, Tom Ratliff was wounded with an arrow. From here, the Indians turned back. When the four citizens reached camp, they summoned Dr. Baker of Brownwood, to wait on the wounded.

While the above four citizens were having their fight with the Indians, A. J. Carter, Shorty Brown and Bill Morrow were out hunting with dogs, heard the firing and came running to the camp. They were then joined by E. Suggs and Will Avery and took the Indian trail that led through Coleman County. From time to time, they picked up other white citizens from the scattered ranches and Sam Gholson, who had several cowboys, joined them. The Indians were followed to Colt's Canyon in Taylor County and overtaken the next day while they were eating breakfast at this point. The savages had killed two colts belonging to a Mr. Pickett, who lived not a great distance from Brownwood. And because of this incident, this place has since been known as Colt's Canyon. Here the citizens crowded the Indians so closely, they forced the twelve savages to run away on ten horses and they also recovered about forty-nine head of stolen ponies. According to reports, one or two Indians were also killed.

Note: Author personally interviewed T. W. Clark, mentioned above, and other early settlers of that section.

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Jake Dofflemyre

About 1873, Jake Dofflemyre, while out hunting stock alone, was killed by Indians about three miles southwest of Trickham in Coleman County. He was killed about noon but the Indians failed to recover his horse, which ran home. So his wife sent out a searching party to find him. John Fiveash and John R. Beasley were the first to locate Jake Dofflemyre.

Note: Author personally interviewed J. R. Beasley, W. W. Hunter and others.

775

Coleman County Citizens Encounter Indians Near the Present Post City.

After the Indians made a raid through Coleman County, and stole a large number of horses, Joe Franks, Jeff Clayton, Henry Sackett, Ben Cooper, Jim Jackson, Ken Elkins, J. B. Terrell, and about twenty others, followed these Indians' trail for seven days, and until they were overtaken about six miles east of the present Post City. In the fight that followed, the Indians scattered in the breaks, but the citizens recovered one hundred and eleven head of horses.

After these citizens were out the first night, a school teacher, teaching at old camp Colorado, decided he had better return, for he had dismissed his school to join the crowd. The school teacher's fate was never known, for he failed to reach the fort. His horse was found the following fall, east of old Ft. Chadbourne. Was he lost and perished, or was he killed by Indians? No one knows.

Note: Author interviewed: J. B. Terrell, mentioned above; and one or two others.

Indians Brutally Murder William Williams's Wife, Daughter and Baby

During 1873, William Williams and his family were living on Sand Creek about twelve miles west of Brownwood in Brown County. They had been living there only a short time and were improving a new place. One morning Mr. Williams and his son, who was about sixteen years of age, went down on the creek to cut some timber for rafters, necessary for their new home. Late in the evening, they started home with a heavily loaded wagon, which moved very slowly. When they were a short distance away, the son walked ahead and went on to the house where he came upon his mother lying on the bed, and almost dead. But she murmured, "Indians! Indians!," and that was all she said. A three months old baby, still alive, lay out in the yard, about twenty steps from the door. Reports differ concerning the treatment the Indians administered to this child. According to one report, the baby was almost burned to death; according to another, it had been dragged until it was almost dead. A little daughter, eight years old, was missing. In a few minutes, the father came to witness this awful tragedy. In a very short time, the devoted frontier mother was dead and surrounding circumstances seemed to disclose that she must have been wounded early in the morning, just after Mr. Williams and his son went away. For Mrs. Williams had only milked a part of the cows and a bucket of milk was still standing in the lot. Trails of blood also showed that after being wounded, Mrs. Williams went to the spring and brought back a bucket of water and changed clothes twice during the day.

As soon as possible, Mr. Williams and his son summoned the aid of the faithful Brown County citizens, who so willingly responded in time of distress. W. W. Hunter and Wm. Adams were the first to reach the Williams' home. In a short time, however, others came and Mrs. Riley Cross took charge of the baby, who only lived about one or two days.

By daylight of the following morning, 32 men were at the Williams' home and they followed the Indian trail as far as the headwaters of the Clear Fork of the Brazos but were forced to return on account of darkness and scarcity of provisions. On the return journey, W. W. Hunter killed a bear and all were so hungry, this animal was almost

eaten at one meal. They also almost famished for water but finally reached Pecos Springs in Runnels County.

A few weeks after this awful tragedy, G. W. Angle, George W. Polk and J. E. Elgin were in charge of a surveying party on the headwaters of the Salt Fork of the Brazos when one of their men found the body of a little girl hanging in a tree. The leather strap around her and other evidence disclosed that this sweet little innocent child had unquestionably been dragged to death. She was also scalped. The members of this surveying party, when they returned to the settlements, began to make inquiries to find, if possible, the parents of this lost child. They were told that the description was suitable for the little Williams girl. The surveying party, of course, gave her a Christian burial but preserved bits of her clothing for identification.

So when these scraps were shown to Mr. Williams, they were identified and he felt sure this was his lost child. When the surveying party also told Mr. Williams there was an old sidesaddle of a certain description near the little girl found hanging in a mesquite tree, he then knew unquestionably this was his lost daughter, for the description of the sidesaddle conformed exactly to the one the Indians carried away.

Note: Author personally interviewed W. W. Hunter, mentioned above, Tom Starks, Harve Adams and several others, who were early settlers in Brown and Coleman Co.

Further Ref.: A manuscript containing the above story, furnished the author by W. K. Baylor, who interviewed some of the above surveyors.

Lt. Best and Others Follow Indians to Nolan County

Although this incident occurred perhaps in 1874, it will be related at this time, inasmuch as it follows as a sequel to the preceding story.

The Indians made a raid in Coleman County, and after stealing horses from the G. K. (Ken) Elkins, a few miles from old Camp Colorado, Bill Williams, Jno. M. Elkins, Lt. Best, John St. Clair, Henry Delaney, Bill Lawrence, and a man named Ray, took the Indians' trail and followed them for several days. They finally came upon the natives gathering pecans, perhaps in Nolan County. When the six or seven Indians were charged, they scattered like quail. Lt. Best took after a savage, and after running for six or eight miles, this Indian's horse became jaded, and as the Lieutenant rode up, the Indian threw up a hand, and said, "Me Squaw." So he took her back. When she reached the remaining whites, she passed around some pecans she had tied in an apron, and Wm. Williams began to cry. Someone asked him what was the matter, and he said, the apron the Indian squaw was wearing, had been carried away when the savages killed his wife. The next morning Jno. M. Elkins said, "We are going to leave the squaw here, and anybody that wants to stay with her may." Wm. Williams and Ray remained, and the others rode on out of sight. According to reports, after they had gone about one-half mile, they heard two guns fire, and in a short time, Wm. Williams and Ray came riding up.

Note: Author interviewed: W. W. Hunter, mentioned in the preceding section.

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Mrs. Wm. Moore

During 1873, Mrs. Wm. Moore, who lived at the Walker Place, on Laxon's Creek in Bandera County, started alone and afoot to the home of Mrs. Curtis, a neighbor, who lived about one mile away. But before she was hardly out of sight Mrs. Moore was lanced to death by the Indians. The citizens at the house could hear her screaming.

Ref.: Pioneer History of Bandera County, by J. Marvin Hunter.

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Ben Pulliam

About 1873, Ben, Xury, and N. B. Pulliam, were camped with some Mexican hired hands, on Tartuga Creek, several miles south of Uvalde. Three of their horses had been missing, so about nine o'clock one morning, after Ben Pulliam had found them, he was about two miles southeast of the camp, driving the horses. Xury Pulliams, a brother, and a Mexican or two, were about one mile away. When Xury rode upon a hill, he saw the Indians after Ben, who fired about six shots, and the Indians, an equal number. N. B. Pulliam was hurrying in that direction, for he too, had previously heard the shooting. But when Ben was reached, he had been killed by the savages, who fled away.

Note: Author interviewed: N. B. Pulliam, mentioned above; E. L. Downes; Tom Brown; and other early settlers of Uvalde County.

Murder of W. R. Terry and Children, and Capture of a Colored boy

During 1873 Jack Harding, a Negro boy, about twelve years of age, was returning from mill with corn meal, and captured on Cherry Creek, in Kerr County, about five miles southeast of Center Point. The savages then went about three miles farther, and shot W. R. Terry, while cutting cypress timber about fifty yards from his camp. When he was wounded, he ran a few feet, and fell. He was then lanced by the Indians who went on to the camp, killed two of his children, and captured a little girl, about eight years of age. Mrs. Terry, however, escaped, hid her baby in the weeds, and rushed on and concealed herself in a deep gulley, a short distance away. Shortly afterwards, she went to the nearest settlements and reported. And when relief arrived, the little baby was crawling around in the weeds.

The savages with their two captives, were next heard from on the little Blanco, between the Sabinal and Frio Canyon. Here they gave Chris Kelley an exciting chase, and succeeded in capturing his horse. They robbed John Avant and Wm. Pruitt and Ed Myre's cow-camps, at the mouth of Cherry Creek, on the Frio. These men were away at the time.

By this time, several citizens were on the Indians' trail. When the Indians were on the upper Frio, the negro boy escaped, and reported to the settlers about the Indians' raid, and their having with them the little Terry girl. As usual this negro boy had been subjected to the most inhuman treatment, and had been whipped unmercifully. The Indians often did this to test the bravery of their captives, and when the negro boy grinned and stood the punishment, the savages grinned each time, and said, "Bravo, Bravo". After making a very circuitous route, the Indians were headed off between the Main and Dry Frio, near the head of Buffalo Creek, and were overtaken in the Dry Frio Canyon, a few miles further. By this time Wm. Pruitt, John Avant, Lysander Avant, Jack Grigsby and John Patterson, were present when the Indians were discovered. Others, however, were following the trail perhaps several miles behind. The citizens all fired simultaneously and the Indians fled. Since they knew that the little girl was behind one of the savages, they purposely shot over the Indian's

head into the air, excepting in those cases where they knew an Indian was riding alone. About this time, the little girl either fell off, or was pushed off by an Indian, and she fell in the hands of her own race. The innocent child was terribly frightened, but the citizens soon quieted her and told her she was in the hands of friends. The citizens, however, pushed on after the Indians, and succeeded in wounding at least one of their number. In due time the recaptured little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Terry was restored to her mother.

Note: Author interviewed: Steve McElroy, and other settlers of that section. Further Ref.: Texas Indian Fighters, by A. J. Sowell.

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Indians Wound Negro Girl

During 1873, a Negro girl named Emmak, about eleven years old, was in a tree about seventy-five yards from the Jno. Gammel ranch house, which was about fifteen miles southwest of Mason. The girl either fell, jumped or was knocked out of the tree and when she hit the ground started toward the house but was shot by an Indian with a large caliber rifle. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wartenbach were living at the ranch at the time, but Mr. Wartenbach was away.

Note: Author interviewed Charles Wartenbach, himself.

The Famous Packsaddle Mountain Fight

Late one evening when Deve Herrington and Wm. George turned in the milk cows to their calves, they noticed an animal wearing a bell, had a blunt arrow sticking in her side. That, of course, was sufficient warning that the Indians were raiding through the settlements. Early the next morning, James R. Moss, Wm. B. Moss, Stephen B. Moss, Deve Herrington, Rob't. Brown, Eli Lloyd, Arch Martin and Pink Ayres were in their saddles and soon on the Indian trail. According to reports, the savages were followed until about noon of the succeeding day, when the Indian's trail ascended the Packsaddle Mountain in the southern part of Llano County. James R. Moss, the leader, said, "Boys, we are going to catch these Indians, and if there is a man in this bunch that doesn't want to fight, here is the place to turn back." One young man, who was inexperienced in Indian warfare, said, "I am untried, but don't want to turn back."

When the citizens reached the summit of this famous mountain, they found the Indians encamped near the cliff, where they had stopped to rest. The Indians' horses were grazing in a little flat, only a short distance away. When first discovered, some of the Indians were lying down and others were barbecuing meat. But it seems, an Indian spy, who was some distance to the southwest, had fallen asleep, perhaps because of unusual fatigue. For the citizens were able to take the Indians completely by surprise and were able to plan the battle before the warriors knew they were around. The Texans, who had been walking up the mountain and leading their ponies, hurriedly mounted their steeds and charged between the hostile Indians and their horses. This first onslaught left the savages afoot. But the fighting was intense and stubbornly waged by both sides. In a short time, all the citizens dismounted, except the fellow untried, and left their saddle ponies with the Indian ponies. But the young fellow who said he was inexperienced in Indian warfare seemed to have lost complete control of his mental faculties and remained on his mule, which became unmanageable, and ran directly into the Indians. And just why the inexperienced young man was not many times mortally wounded, no one knows. But he was well-bathed and baptized in Indian warfare, for the barbarians particularly directed their fire toward him. This, of course, turned the Indians' attention away from the

remaining seven citizens, and as a consequence, enabled James R. Moss and his men to thin the ranks of the twenty Indians. In fact, their firing was so effective the Indians seemed to realize their situation and made a hasty retreat. After they were gone, one of the Moss boys caught the inexperienced Indian fighter's mule by the reins and ordered the rider to dismount. The rider replied that he was wounded and James R. Moss said, "Yes, I know you are wounded, but you are not hurt bad. Dismount and stand behind this tree and every time you see an Indian, shoot to kill him." The wounded rider on the mule replied that he hadn't seen an Indian today. James R. Moss said, "You have been among them for the last few minutes and you will see them again in a very short time."

And about that time, the Indians made a second charge and intended to dislodge the citizens, who had already captured their horses, camp equipment and other articles. But the brave citizens, excepting perhaps, W. B. Moss, who was badly wounded, fought stubbornly and as a consequence of their deadly aim, several Indians were seen to fall. One Indian, however, before he was discovered, did some effective firing from the side. No doubt, it was this Indian that wounded Eli Lloyd through both wrists. Perhaps he also dangerously wounded W. B. Moss, toward whom the warriors were this time, directing their fire. This Indian, however, was finally discovered, and in a short time, his firing was silenced by one of the citizens. After the Indians had swallowed all of the lead their appetites craved, again they retreated, and left the handful of cowboys in charge of the battlefield. James R. Moss and his men, however, continued to fire at the Indians as long as they could be seen. But since a majority of the citizens were wounded, they were unable to follow the retreating red men, who were perhaps, Apaches from the west. In a short time, one lone Indian approached the citizens, and perhaps, thought his comrades would follow. But this wild warrior of the plains soon lay on the ground, mortally wounded. The scattered Indians, who had been completely crushed by a mere handful of citizens, were then seen in the distance moving toward more healthful quarters. For the war gods of Packsaddle Mountain did not welcome their presence.

The citizens were complete masters of the field, recovered about twenty head of Indian ponies, their camp equipment, saddles, bridles, rope and other articles. An inspection of the battlefield was made,

and as many as three dead Indians were found, but no doubt, at least three or four others were mortally wounded. The citizens also found the dead body of the Indian spy, who was, perhaps, asleep on his blanket when Capt. James R. Moss and his men arrived. Four of the cowboys were wounded; Arch Martin was shot in the left groin; Eli Lloyd had three slight wounds in the arm; and Pink Ayres was twice wounded in the hip. But Wm. B. Moss received the most serious wound. He recovered but for more than fifteen years, carried an Indian bullet in his body.

This spectacular fight was fought sometime during the first part of August, 1873. Some accounts place the date of the fight as August 4, another August 11, and Asa Arnold placed it August 15. Arnold based his opinion on the fact that one of his father and mother's children was born the same day. But regardless of whether this fight was waged on the 4th or 15th, this particular engagement, fought on the summit of the famous Packsaddle Mountain in Llano County, was one of the most fiercely contested and dramatic fights ever fought along the frontier.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Several of the surviving old settlers of that section and was furnished with a written account of the fight by W. H. Roberts, an early settler, who heard James Moss and others detail this particular fight.

Indian Fight Southeast of Johnson City in 1873

August 13, 1873, Dan W. Roberts, Thomas Bird, Joe Bird, John O. Biggs, Stanton Jolly, and Geo. Roberts, struck an Indian trail on Hickory Creek, about ten miles from Iron Mountain, and north of Johnson City. While they were following this Indian trail, James Ingram, Wm. Ingram, Frank Waldrip, and Ham Davidson, joined in the pursuit and made about ten men. The Indians were followed for fifteen miles in a southerly direction, and approximately twenty-seven savages were then encountered. They were well-trenched in a ravine, about three or four miles southeast of the Johnson Ranch, and the present Johnson City. The whites were forced to fight in the open, and the engagement lasted about one hour. Dan W. and Geo. T. Roberts were each severely wounded, and Joe Bird slightly wounded. It is generally supposed that four Indians were killed. After the fight was over, several of the Indians' horses lay dead on the battlefield. One of the white citizens' horse was also killed. This fight occurred on the old Fredericksburg road. After it was over, the wounded were carried to Johnson's Ranch.

Note: Author interviewed: Dan W. Roberts mentioned above, and others.

Indian Fight in the Northwestern Part of Burnet County

During 1873, W. W. Brooks, James Taylor, B. Eubanks and about five others struck the trail of Indians, who were on a horse stealing raid, and overtook them about nineteen miles northwest of Burnet in Burnet County. The nineteen Indians were barbecuing a beef and the time was about ten o'clock in the morning. When the charge was made, several of the boys surrounded the horses that were being guarded by two Indians and started them in a run toward Burnet. The remaining citizens wedged themselves between the ponies and Indians, who were armed with Springfield rifles, and had better weapons than the whites. In the fight that followed, B. Eubanks was seriously wounded and J. Jordan's horse was killed. When his horse fell, Jordan was pinned underneath and while in this predicament, an Indian rushed up and emptied his pistol, but the bullets missed their marks. His eyes, however, were filled with dirt. A few boys then rallied to his rescue. Some held the Indians at bay while others released him from his predicament. The whites then retreated and were followed by the Indians for about three miles. The Indians' casualties were never known but several savages were seen to fall during the fighting. The citizens recovered all of their horses. B. Eubanks recovered from his wound.

Note: Author interviewed T. E. Hammond of Burnet.

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Peter Hazzlewood

Mrs. Eli McDonald, whose husband was killed in the edge of the present town of Harper, and who, herself, was carried into captivity by the Indians, finally was returned and married Peter Hazzlewood.

During 1873, when the citizens learned the Indians were raiding, Peter Hazzlewood, James Taylor, Mark McDonald, Thurman Taylor, H. Taylor and Ed. Janes, in one group of citizens, Augustus McDonald, Lafe McDonald, Dan McDonald and a man named Rainer, forming a second group of citizens, and about six more in a third group, agreed to meet at the head of Threadgill Creek in Gillespie, to scout for Indians. Peter Hazzlewood and his associates were following the Indians, who were driving a herd of stolen horses. This fact was known to the savages who dropped in a branch and permitted the horses to go ahead. In this way, they ambushed the citizens. But when the white men discovered the Indians' movements, they too dismounted and retreated into the brush. Shortly afterwards, Peter Hazzlewood looked up to see what the Indians were doing and he was instantly killed when an Indian sent a rifle ball into his head, just above his eyes.

In addition to losing other members of her family, Mrs. Peter Hazzlewood, who was formerly Mrs. Eli McDonald, was twice a war widow, because of the savage onslaughts.

Note: Author personally interviewed Mrs. Augustus McDonald, wife of Augustus McDonald, mentioned above; her son, Oscar; W. J. and Bob Nixon and others.

The long-needed change in the government's policy toward the reservation Indians, and wild tribes, was finally realized during 1874. The government, in a measure, abandoned their peace policy toward the Indians, and waged several decisive campaigns in the West. These campaigns, which really should have been made before the Civil War, needless to say, brought about a radical change in frontier conditions. Practically all the northwestern Indians, who had hundreds of human scalps hanging in their shields, and who had been preying on the settlements so long, were subdued and forced on the reservations. But of course, it required a long time to bring about the long-needed relief.

During 1873, there were only about six engagements between the United States' soldiers and Indians, reported from Texas. But during 1874, no less than twenty-four engagements were reported, and most of these were on a major scale.

Ref. Rept. of the Sec. of War, for 1874; Heightman's Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army: Personal Recollections of Gen. Nelson A. Miles; List of Battles, Actions, etc., published by the U. S. Govt., (1902); Also interviewed many early frontiersmen, who were familiar with frontier conditions at that time.

The Texas Rangers

From the time that Texas became a republic, up until the present day, the rangers have played a prominent part in the history of our state, and invariably waged an effective war against the wild Indian tribes.

While the Federal government was making preparations to wage an aggressive campaign against the hostile Indians, the state government, which had for many years furnished Texas troops to protect the frontier citizens, took active steps to, also, wage a more aggressive campaign. As a consequence, on the 10th of April, 1874, the Legislature passed an act, among other things, providing that the governor be required to organize, or cause the same to be done, one company of not less than twenty-five, nor more than seventy-five men for each county that may be subjected to invasions of Indians, outlaws, and others. This act further provided that the governor also cause to be mobilized a battalion of mounted men to consist of six companies of seventy-five men each; that the battalions be under the command of a major, and that each company should have one captain, two lieutenants, and one quartermaster, and other inferior officers. The salary of the major was placed at \$125.00; captain's, \$100.00; lieutenant's, \$75.00; sergeant's, \$50.00; and non-commissioned officers and privates, \$40.00. This act was an amendment of other acts previously passed.

The battalion was placed under the command of Major John B. Jones. One of his companies, which headquartered in Jack County, was headed by Capt. Stephens. Another, located in Palo Pinto County, and for a time camped near the Flat Rock Crossing in Dark Valley was commanded by Capt. W. C. McAdams, an old experienced Indian fighter. Still another company saw action in Menard County, and elsewhere, and was commanded by Rufe Perry. Capt. W. G. Maltby had charge of another, stationed in Brown County, and Capt. Ikard and Capt. Caldwell were in command of companies further down the line. This battalion waged an aggressive campaign and rendered very effective service towards suppressing Indian depredations along the frontier.

Ref: Author dug into old reports and documents on file in the Adjutant
Generals office in Austin; referred to early Statutes, etc.

Running Fight of Captain McAdam's Men

During January of 1874, Capt. W. C. McAdams was in command of a company of Texas Rangers, camped near the Flat Rock Crossing, of Dark Valley, about nine miles north of Palo Pinto. Capt. McAdams, himself, was an experienced Indian fighter, and Mexican War veteran. His men, too, were experienced in Indian warfare.

During January of 1874, a detachment of his company, under the command of J. Tom Wilson, struck some Indians in Palo Pinto County. As usual, when equally matched, the Indians seemed to be in a hurry, and were followed by the citizens. The detachment under Tom Wilson was reinforced with both men and provisions and followed the Indians on into Young county. Somewhere in the eastern part of this county, when the Indians scaled a high hill, they hung up a blanket to cause the pursuing rangers, who were crowding them closely, to believe they were fixing to make a stand. Naturally the rangers called a halt to plan the battle. But in a short time, it was discovered the Indians had not hardly stopped, but only resorted to this bit of strategy to delay the citizens. Nevertheless, during the day, Lt. Wilson and his men succeeded in running on the Indians three or four times, but were finally forced to abandon the pursuit on account of darkness, near old Flag Springs in Young County.

Note: Author interviewed: W. J. Hale, and one or two others, who were in the running fight. Uncle Bill said, that day, he was in charge of rationing the meat and ammunition, and told the boys to just help themselves.

Indian Raid North of Camp Colorado, During October of 1874

During October of 1874, while the Indians were raiding through Coleman County, near old Camp Colorado, one of the cowhands of Sam Gholson, discovered Indians about one mile south of the old Bachelor Ranch. The savages were then pursued by J. B. Terrell, James Jackson, John Stephens, James Javens, and two more. They ran the Indians about six miles, and when they reached the Table Mountains, the warriors were in sight, and about one-half mile away. They then ran them about one mile further, and when the Indians were overtaken, a running fight followed. During the fighting, the citizens killed an Indian boy, about nineteen years of age, and another Indian appeared to be wounded. The Indian boy, that was killed, had his horse shot from under him, and attempted to reach another Indian, but failed. J. B. Terrell, according to reports, shot the Indian boy with a needle gun; and afterwards, another fellow rode up and shot the Indian in the head.

Note: Author interviewed: J. B. Terrell, mentioned above; and one or two others.

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Robert Leslie

During 1874, Robert Leslie told his wife to prepare an early breakfast, for he had to attend court in Comanche. Shortly afterwards, he left his residence, which was about nine miles northeast of Comanche, and went out about one-half mile from the house to find his saddle pony. Somebody heard a gun fire, and when Robert Leslie failed to return, searching parties failed to find him. But when the daughters went to hunt the milk cows, they found their father mortally wounded, but still alive. Robert Leslie stated he was wounded by Indians, but was not scalped. He died, however, a few hours later.

Indians Kill Wylie Everetts Mexican

During 1874, while Wylie Everetts and his men, who were running the Al Robert cow outfit, were moving camp from the Six Mile Creek west of Llano, to the Live Oak near the Short Mountain, Everetts sent some of his men to Llano for supplies. He also sent a Mexican called "Umbre", to Flag Creek to see about fifty horses, more or less, that had been turned out to graze. When the Mexican cowboy was a short distance from Llano, he was charged by Indians and killed about three-fourths of a mile from the Llano courthouse. Signs seemed to disclose his horse bogged in the quicksand on Flag Creek and although he reached the other bank, nevertheless, the delay enabled the Indians to overtake him. The Mexican, however, succeeded in shooting a large Indian in the forehead. The remaining Indians wrapped the savage in a blanket and laid him by a log for, perhaps, the remaining Indians were scared and afraid to carry the dead Indian away. This was the last Indian raid in Llano County.

Note: Author interviewed Wylie Everetts, mentioned above, and Will Roberts.

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James K. P. Wright

During June 1874, James P. Wright and a Mexican, employed by J. C. Loving, were sent out to ride the range. Wright and the Mexican agreed to separate and work in different directions, in order to expedite the handling of cattle. It was Saturday evening, and while riding alone, Wright was charged by Indians about two miles west of the present town of Jermyn, and killed close to Wright's Mountain, in Young County. He ran toward the hills, and was well-armed. Had Jas. K. P. Wright gone into the roughs, no doubt, he would not have been killed. But since he was mounted on a splendid steed, this cowman evidently attempted to run to the ranch. Wright was located the succeeding day. His saddle was found on a hill, northwest of Farmer, about twenty years later.

Note: Author interviewed: Oliver Loving, Jr. a son of J. C. Loving; A. M. Lasater; James Wood; B. L. Ham; and others.

Further Ref.: Biography of J. C. Loving, in the Cattle Industry of Texas, a large book published in 1895.

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John Heath

John Heath, who formerly lived in Montague County, was, also, an employee of J. C. Loving, who had a ranch in Lost Valley, in the western portion of Jack County.

Needless to say, there were very few citizens on the frontier so well-known as an Indian fighter, and as experienced in Indian warfare, as J. C. Loving. For it seems that he and his cow-hands were constantly coming in contact with the savages.

On July 10, 1874, J. C. Loving and his men were preparing to make a roundup on the Wichita, and left the Loving Ranch in Lost Valley, to join Lafe Brumlow, Ira Cooper, and others, who were camped about one hundred yards from the Loving Ranch. When they reached this camp, some of the men had dismounted and others sitting in their saddles, when Indians began to fire. At first, J. C. Loving thought it were some of his own men shooting. But shortly afterwards, he exclaimed, "The Indians are shooting at us! Lookout for yourselves and for your horses!" J. C. Loving and John Heath were on the ground at the time, and both mounted their steeds. Just as Heath reached his saddle, he was shot in the head, and died a short time afterward. The Indians were hidden behind the cowpen, and outnumbered the citizens about four to one. But in the fight that followed, the savages evidently decided they had struck some real frontiersmen, for they made a hasty retreat without recovering a large herd of horses.

Note: Author interviewed: Oliver Loving, Jr., a son of J. C. Loving; and other early frontiersmen.

Further Ref.: Cattle Industry of Texas.

794

Upton Blackwell

During 1874, the Indians killed Upton Blackwell, about two miles from the present town of Perrin, while he was returning to his home, on Rock Creek, in Parker County, Upton Blackwell was traveling alone and had been to Jacksboro.

Note: Author interviewed: A. M. Lasater; James Wood; and others, in that section.

Murder of Mrs. Huff and Her Daughters

An account of these murders was ably outlined by T. R. Allen, who helped move Mrs. Huff and her daughters in the house. Mr. Allen said, "About eight miles northwest from Decatur just at sunrise on the morning of the 24th of August, 1874, the Indians came to the home of Mr. Huff and there being no men at home, they killed Mrs. Huff and her two daughters. The mother was killed under the floor where she tried to hide and one of the girls was killed in the yard, just in front of the door. The other girl was killed nineteen yards northwest of the house. The mother and the girl that was killed in front of the door were both scalped, but the other one was not. You will notice Bedford's History of the Indian Troubles and the Wise county History says that she was scalped but the writer was there and helped to carry her into the house, and she was not scalped. She was a beautiful brunette and had a pretty black hair as the writer ever saw and I remember that we concluded that her hair being so pretty and black was what saved her from being scalped. The mother and other daughter were blondes."

Ref.: History of Denton County, by Ed. F. Bates.

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Jasper and Jim Covaness Kill Indian

About 1874, Jasper and Jim Covaness, sons of Robert Covaness, who lived six miles west of Mason on the Mason-Junction road, were out one evening hunting a deer about two miles south of their house, when they saw several Indians coming through the roughs.

Apparently the Indians had not discovered the boys but Jasper fired with his Winchester and when he did, an Indian fell backward from his steed. The two boys then hurried home.

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M. L. McCabe Fight

About 1874, M. L. McCabe, who lived at the "Old Stone Ranch," about five miles north of the J. B. Matthews ranch-house, was out alone, near the southwestern corner of Throckmorton County, when charged by six Indians. McCabe, like Wm., John, and Jess Hittson, retreated under a cliff and a hot fight followed. One or two Indian's horses were killed and it is not unlikely that one savage was mortally wounded. After the Indians went away, McCabe came out of his cave or den.

Note: Author interviewed: B. F. Reynolds; and J. B. Matthews.

The Adobe Walls Fight

During May of 1874, several buffalo hunters from Kansas and elsewhere, reached the Panhandle of Texas to pursue their chosen profession. The weather was delightful and the buffaloes were moving northward. To accommodate the hunters, two stores, a blacksmith shop, and a saloon were established not a great distance from the original Adobe Walls, built by the Bents many years before. This new location, also known as Adobe Walls was about one mile from the mouth of Bent Creek, and in a northerly direction from the present town of Miami.

Only about eight people lived at the post. But June 26, 1874, twenty-eight buffalo hunters, and one woman spent the night at this particular place. Some slept outside, and others within the temporary buildings. About two o'clock in the morning, Sheppard and Mike Welch, who were sleeping in Hanrahan's saloon, were awakened by an alarming sound. At first they thought, perhaps it was a gun, but soon discovered that a cottonwood ridge-pole, sustaining the dirt roof, was partly broken. In a short time, fifteen men were awake and helping repair the roof. By the time it was fixed, the eastern skies began to present the first signs of day. Several of the buffalo hunters started to retire, but others preferred getting an early start, so they remained on their feet.

Although Jack Janes and Blue Billy had been murdered by Indians on the Salt Fork of Red River during the preceding day, it seems a majority of the buffalo hunters were unaware of impending danger. But at least a small part of these frontiersmen had evidently received news during the preceding day that Indians intended to attack the Adobe Walls.

The warriors' hostility was most extreme because they fully realized the buffalo hunters were rapidly exterminating their main, and in fact, almost only source of supplies, the wild bison of the plains.

Billy Ogg went down to the creek, about one-fourth mile away, for the horses. A moment or two later, that well-known buffalo hunter, guide, and Indian scout, Billy Dixon, and others in the dim light, noticed a

large body of objects advancing toward the Adobe Walls. A second later, he and they discovered these objects were Indians, who soon began to separate to make an attack. The breaking of the pole, perhaps, prevented the warriors from finding many of the buffalo hunters sound asleep and unprepared. Dixon ran for his gun and fired, and then hurried to Hanrahan's store, but found it closed. He hollered to those inside to open the door. Bullets by this time were hailing all around. It seemed ages before the door opened. But finally Billy Dixon was admitted. About this time, Billy Ogg, who had gone after the horses, fell exhausted, near the door. He was hardly on the inside before the Indians had the house surrounded. Two Shadler brothers, keeping in a wagon, were killed and scalped before realizing the Indians were around. About seven hundred feathered Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, and other Indians, under the command of Quanah Parker, Lone Wolf, and other noted chiefs were waging a most gruesome and bitter Indian war, as picturesque and spectacular as was ever fought in the Great West. Some of the buffalo hunters were undressed, but had no time to hunt clothes. In a short time the citizens organized, and about eleven men fortified in Myer and Leonard's store. About seven men and one woman, the wife of one of the buffalo hunters, found shelter in Rath and Wright's store. The others were in Hanrahan's saloon. During the first half-hour of fighting, the Indians struck the doors with the butts of their guns; but when they saw so many of their number dead on the ground, these tactics of war were abandoned. Many of the Indians dismounted and charged afoot. But when the feathered warriors began to fall, that particular mode of warfare was also abandoned. But again and again, the warriors charged.

The Indians had a bugler, and some of the men, who understood signals, stated that the horn was blown with as much accuracy as could be expected from an ordinary U. S. Army officer. This bugler, however, was killed late in the evening.

About noon, the scouts in Hanrahan's saloon began to run short of ammunition. So Billy Dixon and Hanrahan ran to Rath's where there were stored thousands of rounds of ammunition, used in the long range buffalo guns. When Rath's store was reached, everything was found in good shape.

By two o'clock, the Indians had lost so heavily, they fell back and were firing at intervals from the hills. By this time, the red men had divided. A part were to the east, and the remainder to the west. But Indian warriors were riding more or less constantly from one group to the other. So the "Crack-shot" buffalo hunters turned their attention to them, and began to tumble these riders from their steeds. As a consequence, in a short time, the savages were riding in a much wider circle.

About four o'clock P. M. and after the storm had passed, Burmuda Carlisle, ventured out to pick up some Indian trinkets. As he was not fired upon, he went out a second time. In a short time, others followed, and it was then ascertained by all that Billy Tyler, at Leonard and Myer's store, had been killed at the beginning of the engagements.

The second day, only a few Indians were seen on a bluff across the valley. When the buffalo hunters fired, these Indians ran away but returned the fire before they left. All horses were killed and carried off.

Late in the evening of the second day George Bellfield arrived. When he saw a black flag flying, thought, at first, it was a joke. Shortly afterwards James and Bob Carter arrived. And late in the afternoon Henry Leath volunteered to go to Dodge City for help.

The third day, a party of about fifteen Indians again appeared on the bluff to the east of Adobe Walls. When Billy Dixon took deliberate aim at these warriors with his buffalo gun, the red men dashed out of sight. A few seconds later two Indians on foot appeared, and apparently took a wounded Indian away.

According to reports, the Indians' medicine men told them that on this occasion the savages would be practically invulnerable to bullets. But needless to say, they soon found the wrath of the gods against them.

There was a pet crow at the Adobe Walls at that time, and during the thickest of fighting from time to time, this mysterious bird flew from one building to another, Perhaps the presence of this peculiar bird was interpreted by the Indians as a sign the medicine men made a mistake.

Note: Author personally interviewed: Mrs. Billy Dixon. Mrs. Dixon wrote the book entitled, "The Life of Billy Dixon". Also interviewed A. M. Lasater, who several times heard Billy Dixon relate his experience; and others. Further Ref.: An able account of this conflict written by R. C. Crane and published in the Fort Worth Star Telegram for Nov. 30th, 1934

The Lost Valley Fight

After the preceding engagement at the Adobe Walls, the bloodthirsty warriors broke into several bands. One group went into New Mexico and raided in that section. Another went north. Still another group took a southern course. And Lone Wolf with approximately one hundred and fifty favorite warriors came to Jack County to pilfer, plunder and prey upon the people. The results of his extended foray, no doubt, would have been most disastrous and resulted in the death of many frontiersmen had he not accidentally encountered Major John B. Jones and his rangers, who more than satisfied the Indian's thirst for war.

Lone Wolf and his warriors made their first appearance when they charged James C. Loving, W. C. Hunt, I. G. Newcomb, and Shad Damron, then riding the range on Salt Creek Prairie, about three miles southwest of the present town of Jermyn, and not a great distance from the line of Jack and Young County. Loving and his men, instead of running toward the ranch, as the Indians, no doubt, expected, dashed to the west, and succeeded in reaching the roughs. In a short time, the savages were circling for the citizens trail, no unlike, and as industriously as trained dogs, trying to locate the tracks of a lost deer. No doubt, the Indians would have found them, but about this time they had other problems to solve.

Major John B. Jones, of the Frontier Battalion, just happened to be in the vicinity, for he was making a tour of inspection of his frontier troops, stationed from the Rio Grande to Red River. The Major was visiting the camp of Capt. Geo. Stephens. Lt. Tom Wilson, of Palo Pinto County, W. W. Lewis, who now lives in Menard, Walter Robinson, of Uvalde County, and others, were apart of Major Jno. B. Jones' escort. When these rangers, about thirty-five in number, received word the savages were on a raid, Maj. Jones ordered a detachment of about six scouts to ascertain, if possible, the movements and whereabouts of the Indians, thought to number about twelve. W. W. Lewis and Walter Robinson were among these scouts. When they reported in a short time, the rangers were on the warrior's trail, and finally overtook them just before noon, in the Lost Valley country, not a great distance from the present town of Jermyn.

Only a small detachment of the Indians were encountered at first. These Indians, no doubt, were attempting to decoy the Texans into a trap. At first a running fight followed, but in a short time, when the Indians were reinforced by Lone Wolf and his main band of warriors, Major John B. Jones ordered his men to retreat into a ravine, and to protect their horses as much as possible. About this time, the major also told his men they had come to fight Indians, and not run horses. Some of the ponies were sheltered in a ravine, and others tied in a cluster of pecan timber. Major Jones divided his men into two divisions so they could strike the Indians from different angles. In a short time, the rangers were completely surrounded, and as usual, Lone Wolf and his 150 warriors fought mostly from their steeds. For about four or five hours, the fight was stubbornly fought. During the most intense fighting an Indian's gun hit a tree above Lt. Tom Wilson, and when limbs and bark fell, Mr. Wilson, father of U. S. District Judge, James C. Wilson, Horace Wilson, and Mrs. Dr. J. H. McCracken, replied, "Now, by golly! I'm shot!" But he soon discovered his mistake and enjoyed the joke with others.

During the fighting, Billy Glass was mortally wounded, and lay on the ground, a short distance from the ravine where his companions were entrenched. At first, the rangers thought he was dead, but when Billy moved, Zack Waddel ran through the shower of bullets and carried Billy Glass, his wounded companion, into the entrenchment. Later on in the evening, when Billy Glass was calling for water, Dan Bailey and Porter, mounted some fast steeds, and dashed to a nearby creek. But since Porter was narrow-sighted, several Indians were upon them before their presence was known. Porter successfully reached the main command, but Dan Bailey was killed.

During the day, Lee Corn was also wounded by an Indian spy. The Indians succeeded in killing about eighteen horses, but several of their own steeds were shot down. It is not known just what were the Indians' casualties, but a large number were wounded.

A runner was sent to Jacksboro for relief, but when the soldiers arrived the next day, the Indians had been gone for several hours. For as usual, they withdrew late in the evening. After the Indians were

gone, the rangers carried their dead and wounded to J. C. Loving's Ranch.

Note: Author personally interviewed: W. W. Lewis, mentioned above; Oliver Loving, a son of James C. Loving; E. W. McCracken; and several others, who lived in Jack County and elsewhere at the time.

Further Ref.: Tex. Ind. Fighters, A. J. Sowell.

800

Killing of a Mr. Peters, in the Panhandle.

About 1874 while a Mr. Peters was cutting poles on Beaver Creek, in the Panhandle, or one of the tributaries of this stream, he was killed by Indians.

Ref.: Reminiscenes, by E. Dubbs, in the Pioneer days of the Southwest.

Captain W. G. Maltby's Men Have Fight in Brown County

November 22, 1874, Capt. Maltby's men, who were camped about seven miles south of Camp Colorado on Mud Creek, struck an Indian trail which led toward Brownwood. The Indians were followed and overtaken about six miles west of the county seat of Brown County. There were twenty-two Indians and seventeen rangers and since it was nearly dark, when the Indians were in sight, it was hard to tell citizens from savages. Two Indians, however, were killed and the bodies of one or two others found later. One of the Indians was carried to Brownwood.

Note: Author interviewed T. W. Clark, who was in the fight; M. R. Cheatham, an early settler of that section, and others.

Dan Roberts Shoots Indian Chief

During November of 1874, while Scott Cooley and Wm. Treweck were hunting a beef in Menard County for the rangers, they discovered about eleven Indians. Major John B. Jones, who was moving southward, was at a camp about six miles away. Treweck was told by Scott Cooley he could "loose-heard" the Indians while the former went to camp for reinforcements. Finally, however, Scott Cooley's horse was wounded in the knee, so he, too, went to the camp. Treweck had already gone with a part of the command, and Cooley took another. Among those that went along were Capt. Dan Roberts, B. Cowen, W. W. Lewis, Henry Sackett and seven or eight others. The Indians' trail was found where Cooley left them and followed to where the savages killed a beef. The rangers encountered the Indians about fifteen miles south of Menard. The warriors threw themselves in battle formation, and Captain Dan Roberts, who was then Lieutenant, killed a chief. Another Indian was also killed. So the remaining savages became demoralized and began to run. After they were followed two or three miles farther, a third Indian was killed and one captured. The savages were then followed considerably farther, and two more of their number murdered. So five Indians were killed and one captured.

Note: Author interviewed: Captain Dan W. Roberts, W. W. Lewis and Henry Sackett, who took part in this engagement.

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W. W. Lewis and Others Fight

A short time after the preceding engagement (Dan Roberts Shoots Indian Chief), W. W. Lewis, Jack Hawkins, Ed Sieker, N. O. Reynolds and others, ran on Indians in the rough territory, somewhere south and west of Menard. During the fighting, Ed Sieker killed an Indian about one hundred and fifty yards away.

Note: Author interviewed: W. W. Lewis, mentioned above.

The Major Drives in the Panhandle and Northwest

During 1874, Comanche and Kiowa raids in Kansas, the Adobe Walls and Lost Valley fights, other raids and the exceedingly hostile attitude of Indians, were decisive factors in causing the government to make several major drives against the Indians; and in bringing to a close the bloody war that had been long waged upon the West Texas frontier. For years, the Texas Panhandle and elsewhere was a hotbed of human tigers, and from here the wild men depredated in all directions. Consequently the department arranged for several major campaigns to be made for the purpose of disarming these Indians and placing them on reservations. Orders were issued that columns of soldiers simultaneously march from the north, south, east, and west, toward the Panhandle of Texas.

Such movements were contemplated to surround the Indians in this territory during the closing days of summer and severe winter weather, and thereby force them to surrender.

Brigadier-General Augur, in his reports, stated, "Col. MacKenzie, with one column, was to operate from his old supply camp, on the fresh fork of the Brazos, and to draw his supplies from Ft. Griffin, distant 120 miles. Col. MacKenzie was garrisoned with eight companies of his own regiment, 4 companies of the 10th Infantry, and 1, of the 11th Infantry. In addition, his forces were augmented by about 30 Indian scouts. Major W. R. Price, of the 8th Cavalry, received orders to move down the Canadian, from Ft. Bacon and Ft. Union, New Mexico, to join Col. Nelson A. Miles. Major Price's forces consisted of four companies of cavalry. Col. Nelson A. Miles, in command of eight companies of the Sixth Cavalry, four companies of the Fifth Infantry, and three small field guns, was ordered to move from Camp Supply, Indian territory, by the Antelope Hills, near which Major W. R. Price and his command were ordered to join Col. Nelson A. Miles. Major Price's forces consisted of four companies of cavalry, Col. Nelson A. Miles, in command of eight companies of the Fifth Infantry, and three small field guns, was ordered to move from Camp Supply, Indian Territory, by the Antelope Hills, near which Major W. R. Price and his command were ordered to join Col. Nelson A. Miles. Lt.-Col. Davidson with six companies of the Tenth Cavalry, and three

companies of the 11th Infantry, and forty-four Indian scouts, was ordered to move up the Washita; and Lt. Col. Buell, with six companies of Cavalry, two companies of the Eleventh Infantry and about 30 Indian scouts, was ordered to operate from Ft. Sill between Col. R. S. MacKenzie and Lt. Col. Davidson. In the five different commands, there were approximately 3500 soldiers, and over 100 Indian scouts. It was planned for Col. Nelson A. Miles to strike first, and when the savages fled south, they were then to be encountered by the forces of Col. R. S. MacKenzie, who was moving toward the head-waters of the Brazos, from Ft. Concho, and who received his supplies from Ft. Griffin.

These forces had several engagements with the Indians, and on a number of occasions, detachments thereof, had numerous minor engagements.

A general idea of the movement of the various troops was given by Lt. Gen. P. H. Sheridan, in his report of October 1, 1874, as follows:

"On the twenty-first of July authority was received from the Department of the Interior, through the Secretary of War, to invade, if necessary, the special Indian reservations set aside for these Indians within the limits of Indian Territory, or, in other words, to punish them wherever they might be found. General Pope was then authorized to push his troops into the field and carry out this condition to the best of his ability.

"The result has been the organization of a column under Col. Nelson A. Miles, Fifth Infantry, which advanced against the Indians from Camp Supply, Ind. T., via Antelope Hills, and another column, under Major W. R. Price, Eighth Cavalry, moved down the Canadian River from Forts Bascom and Union, New Mexico, to join Col. Miles, at or near the Antelope Hills.

"Col. Miles encountered the Indians near the headwaters of the Washita River and kept up a running fight for several days, the Indians steadily falling back until they reached the hills, eight miles from the Salt Fork of Red River where they made a bold stand, but were promptly attacked and routed, and pursued in a southwesterly direction across Main Red River and out on the Staked Plains, losing

heavily in men, and animals, and baggage. Owing to a want of supplies Col. Miles was at length forced to abandon the pursuit and return to a point near Antelope Hills where supplies had been sent him. This train of supplies which met him at the point indicated, had been attacked by a large force of Indians, principally Kiowas from the Wichita Agency, while moving on the Washita River above the place, but had most gallantly and successfully defended by Capt. Lyman and Lt. Lewis with a small train-guard of about sixty men, Lt. Lewis received a severe wound in the action.

"Col. Miles has by this time, in all probability, resumed the pursuit of the tribes and in conjunction with the column of Col. MacKenzie, who is moving up from Texas toward the headwaters of Red River, almost to the very spot where Col. Miles has driven the Indians, and Lt. Col. Davidson, who has been moving with his command since the 10th of September up the Washita, together with Lt. Col. Buell, who is moving from Ft. Sill, up the main Red River, we may well anticipate lively times for these unruly Indians.

"All of these columns were pushed out much sooner than was desirable, especially that of Col. Miles and Major Price; but I deemed it necessary that we should take the field at once, to prevent hostile Indians from forcing out those of their tribes who had made up their minds to remain at peace, and, also, to prevent the accumulation of winter supplies from the buffalo herds. As these hostile Indians have their families and stock with them, and as Col. Miles has given them but little time to hunt for the last six or eight weeks, and as all of our columns are now in the field, we may hope for good results soon. Still the country is large, and it may take us until mid-winter to accomplish the object in view, namely, the definite settlement of Indian troubles in the Southwest forever.

"I respectfully differ with General Pope as to the chief causes of these Indian troubles, and attribute it to the immunity with which these tribes have been treated in all their raids into Texas for the past three years. Their reservations have furnished them supplies with which to make the raids, and sheltered them from pursuit when they returned with their scalps and plunder.

"There is no doubt that the advance of settlers and the operations of

authorized surveying parties in the Indian Territory and Kansas, and also the buffalo-hunters at Adobe Walls, irritated them; but the business in which these parties were engaged made war an exceedingly undesirable thing for them. No man of close observation, it seems to me, can travel across the great plains from Nebraska and Wyoming down to Texas, and see the established ranches with their hundreds of thousands of head of cattle, sheep, and horses, together with the families of the owners, and reasonably think that these people, so much exposed, and having such valuable interests, are desirous of provoking Indian wars."

During the 26th or 28th of September, Col. MacKenzie and his command, fought some picturesque engagements in the Tule and Palo Duro Canyon. The soldiers traveled across the plains, and discovered the Indians in the valley below. The Warriors were completely crushed when the soldiers came storming toward them. Hundreds of their horses were also captured.

During the engagement the Indians were driven out into the wild waste, without wood, water, food, and necessary supplies. And during the winter weather, late in 1874, and early in '75, the savages, no doubt, suffered severely. Major-General John Pope, in his report dated September 1, 1875, said:

"At length, early in March of this year, the Cheyenne Indians, completely broken down, nearly starved to death, and in a deplorable condition in every respect, gave up the contest, and under their principal chief, Stone Calf, the whole body of that tribe (with a trifling exception) surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, restoring at the same time the German children, who had been captives among them for nearly eight months. In surrendering, the Indians gave up their horses, which were sold for the purchase of beef for them. The condition of their surrender required that all their arms should also be given up, but while they turned in some guns and large quantity of bows and arrows, there is no doubt that they hid away the largest part of their valuable firearms in such a manner that we have not yet been able to find them. During the winter, also, the Kiowas and Comanches, against whom several expeditions from the Department of Texas had been operating in cooperation with the expedition under Col. Miles, went into Ft. Sill in small parties, and finally in large

numbers, and surrendered themselves there in like manner. Finally, the limits of this military department were extended over the whole region occupied by these Indians, and in the month of June, the last band of Indians (the Quahade Comanches* absent from their agencies came in to Ft. Sill and surrendered to Col. MacKenzie, Fourth Cavalry, giving up at the same time a large number of ponies and mules. It is proper to say that negotiations and arrangements for this last surrender were made by Lt. Col. Davidson, Tenth Cavalry before he left Ft. Sill.

"All the bands of Indians in the southwest (Cheyennes and Arapahoes, Kiowas and Comanches) are now at their respective agencies, brought there by military force after a campaign of eight months of almost unprecedented hardship and exposure, and after a heavy expense to the government. They are brought there, too, entirely subdued, and in such condition and under such circumstances that there is not the least danger, in my opinion, of any further trouble with them if only they are treated, with common humanity and dealt with even ordinary honesty. Unless they are properly fed, they must suffer the pangs of hunger or starve to death. To see that they are so cared for, as the Government, as well as humanity demands, and as the usual appropriations of Congress provide for, is a duty devolved upon another department of the government. If honesty performed in the future, as I am sorry to believe it has not been in the past, further troubles with these Indians may be fairly considered at an end."

Col. Nelson A. Miles, in his report dated March 4, 1875, summarized the results of the campaign as follows:

"Incidental reference has been made to the results which have been accomplished by this command in connection with those of other commands, Early in the campaign, Indians in large and small bands commenced moving toward their agencies, and this continued for months. The troops were operating so constantly and over such wide areas that it became impossible for them to reach their agencies without pursuit and loss of nearly all their material. They have been fought in no less than nine different engagements and affairs. In addition to those killed and wounded, the loss to the Indians of ponies, dogs, lodges, and property of every description had been

very great and irreparable. Their favorite haunts have been cleared away, and occupied, and though they tried every means to evade pursuit, or to make it impossible by burning the grass, they found no place of security, even as they explained at their agencies, 'to have a quiet night's sleep.' Their usual depredations incident to a season of hostilities has to a great extent been prevented, while they have been almost constantly harassed, hunted down, and whipped in every engagement of importance until the powerful tribes that a few months ago went for confident in the possession of abundant weapons of war, their thousands of ponies, and their own prowess, have been thoroughly subjugated, humbled, and impoverished, and have finally surrendered their arms, their stock, their captives, and have placed themselves at the mercy of the Government."

After these Indians had been completely annihilated, and the remnants placed on a reservation, many of the ring leaders and human tigers, were separated from their tribes and sent to Fort Marion, Florida. Lt. Gen. P. H. Sheridan further stated:

"The campaign against the Cheyennes, Kiowas, and Comanches, was finished early in the spring, and the ringleaders and worst criminals separated from the tribes and sent to Fort Marion, Florida. This campaign was not only very comprehensive, but was the most successful of any Indian campaign in this country since the settlement by the whites; and much credit is due to the officers and men engaged in it. Nearly all of the troops in the Department of Texas, excepting those along the Rio Grande frontier, were engaged in this campaign."

But we must bear in mind that there were many Apaches in New Mexico and Arizona, as well as in northern Mexico, left unsubdued. And it would be natural to expect that after such a large number of hostile savages had been placed on the reservation, and after they had been subjected to such a radical change in their mode of living, that for the first few years the reservation Indians, would commit an occasional depredation. Indians of Old Mexico also depredated into Texas as late as the early '80's.

Ref: Reports of the Sec'y. of War, 1873, and 75. Personal Recollections of Gen. Nelson A. Miles (1896), Heightman's Historical

Register and Dictionary of the U. S. Army; many Pioneer Citizens.

805

Forrest Spillers

During the Spring of 1875, while Wm. Bobo, Wm. Crockett and Forrest Spillers, who lived near Milbourne in McCulloch County, were cow hunting in Brown County about five miles south of Brook Smith, they discovered an Indian spy among the rocks about 200 yards away. Forrest Spillers was murdered by this Indian. Spillers was the last person killed by Indians in Brown Co.

Note: Author interviewed T. W. Clark; M. R. Cheatham and John Beasley, who lived in that section at the time.

Creed M. Click's Experience with Indians in Brown Co.

During the early part of 1875, Creed M. Click had been staying with Capt. Maltby's company of Texas Rangers on Mud Creek, but decided to go to the home of Charlie Washburne. Shortly afterwards, while Creed M. Click, Charlie Washburne and Arch Roberts were out hog hunting, they rode upon a mountain about one-half miles from the house and about fifteen miles northwest of Brownwood. From here they discovered Indians. The citizens then went home and had an early supper, inasmuch as it was unsafe to have a light when Indians were around. Before they had finished, however, the savages were discovered near the house. So Washburne jumped up so quickly, he knocked dishes, table and other things to the side and yelled "Indians, by Gosh!" Charlie Washburne, Creed M. Click and Arch Roberts ran out of the house, firing. Washburne had a half greyhound that caught an Indian on his horse, but did not succeed in pulling him to the ground. The seven Indians managed to escape with one of Mr. Washburne's ponies.

About four or five nights later, while Creed M. Click was on guard for Indians and hidden under a big live oak tree in the yard, he saw fifteen savages coming across the creek. One Indian came up to the tree under which Creed Click was hidden and placed his hand on the top rail of the fence. Uncle Creed, at the time, was lying near the bottom rail, so close, he could plainly smell the savage. The Indian could have been easily killed, but Creed Click said he didn't care for the Indian's scalp, inasmuch as he would have had fifteen more to kill. He then reached to the house and said he didn't want any more night watching.

Note: Author interviewed Creed M. Click, mentioned above.

Citizens Encounter Indians Near Flat Top in Young Co.

During 1875, the Indians made a raid near the Wm. Metcalf and McKinney place, on the Brazos, and on the two Keechis. These Indians were discovered by Huse Bevers, not a great distance from the present town of Graford. So in a short time, Huse Bevers, Will Bevers, Shafe Vaughan, Jepp Crawford, and W. M. Hobbs, were on the Indians trail. After traveling for a considerable distance, Houston Bevers turned back, for he was mounted on an inferior pony. The others followed the Indians to Flat Top Mountain, in Young County, about twelve miles northeast of Graham, and near the old J. C. Loving ranch. Here they came upon six or seven Indians around a butchered beef. The citizens returned the fire which was started by the savages; and W. M. Hobb's horse was shot from under him. In a short time, however, the Indians fled, and soon succeeded in reaching the roughs. Will Bevers cut off one Indian from the others, and chased this savage about one-half mile. It was highly probable this Indian was wounded, but he escaped. The Indian's white horse, however, was found dead sometime later. This was the last Indian raid in Palo Pinto County. And the citizens recovered twenty-eight head of stolen horses. They then spent the night at the Loving Ranch, in Lost Valley.

Captain Ira Long and Men Fight in Jack County

After the Indians had stolen horses at the Loving Ranch, in Lost Valley, not a great distance from the present town of Jermyn, Capt. Ira Long, and his rangers, who were camped at Ranger Springs, about twelve miles west of Jacksboro, took the Indian trail, and in a short time discovered where they had killed a beef. From there, the Indians went south, toward the breaks, along Rock Creek. And when they were near the Baylor Springs, Capt. Long and his men ran on five Indians and a squaw. Before the Indians realized the rangers were around, one of their number had already been killed. A running fight followed and in a short time, another savage was shot down. They then shot the squaw and the Indian leader remained with her. Capt. Long attempted to get the chief to surrender. But when he refused, this Indian leader was killed. The fifth warrior escaped. Capt. Ira Long was wounded during the engagement, and no doubt, would have been killed had it not been for his belt.

Note: Author interviewed: Oliver Loving, Jr., son of J. C. Loving; Oliver Loving Jr. saw the dead Indian; also interviewed others.

809

Jack Phillips

During the winter of 1875, Jack Phillips, who lived about six miles north of Bandera, started to the Sabinal Canyon. Since he was horseback, he took a trail over the mountains. But when he reached the path leading into the Seco Canyon, he was attacked by Indians. Phillips ran about one-half miles before being killed. Shortly afterwards, Wm. Felps, and Miss Josephine Durban, who were on their way from the Sabinal Canyon to Bandera, to be married, came upon the body of Jack Phillips. Mr. Phillips was given a Masonic burial at Bandera, for he was a Mason.

Ref: "Pioneer History of Bandera County," by J. Marvin Hunter; and "Texas Indian Fighters," by A. J. Sowell.

810

Isaac N. Kountz

December 24, 1877, Isaac N. Kountz and younger brother, Sebastian Kountz, while herding sheep about two miles southwest of Junction, saw several Indians coming down the road behind a herd of stolen horses. At first, they thought the warriors were cowmen and made no attempt to escape. When it was discovered, however, the horsemen were Indians, Isaac N. Kountz, who was about sixteen years of age, suggested they run away. Shortly afterwards, however, he was wounded in the hip and the Indians came up and then shot him in the head. Sebastian Kountz, thirteen years of age, successfully escaped. He was pursued, however, by the Indians who got sufficiently close to knock his hat from his head.

Note: Author interviewed: J. C. Kountz, a brother.

811

Thomas Spear

After killing Isaac N. Kountz, mentioned in the preceding section, the savages shortly afterwards ran on Thomas Spear, about two miles northwest of Junction, and murdered him. Thomas Spear, at the time, was on his way from the Beran Place, to where his brother was cutting logs.

Note: Author interviewed: J. C. Kountz .

812

Billy Brown

During 1877, Billy Brown and Horace Simms, who were ranching on Oak Creek, northwest of Ballinger in Runnels County, discovered two or three men that appeared to be Indians, driving a bunch of stolen horses. The Indians ran and were charged by the white citizens. When the savages reached a ravine, one of their number dropped off into the sunflowers, and his horse went on. In a short time, this Indian, who ambushed Brown and Simms on Mess Box Creek, wounded both of the citizens. Billy Brown died the same day.

Note Author interviewed: D. A. Cameron, and others.

813

Indians Kill Mexican

During the fall of 1877, the Indians killed a Mexican about ten miles south of Junction, on Chalk Creek, in Kimble County. The Mexican was herding sheep for C.C. Phillips, at the time.

Note: Author interviewed: J. C. Kountz.

Savages Slay Vaughan's Hired Hands

During the fall of 1876, Comanche Jack, an Indian, and his followers, stole horses belonging to Vaughan, in the territory north of Pease River. Vaughan and his men came upon the Indians one morning just as they were breaking camp, and succeeded in killing several of the savages. As a consequence, Comanche Jack and his men determined to have revenge, so in February of 1877, Vaughan, who was hunting buffalo about five miles away, discovered smoke, toward his camp, which was on Good Creek. The camp had been left in charge of some of his men, two of whom were killed. Provisions were stolen, about 7000 buffalo skins fired and the Indians had a war-dance, nearby.

The dead were placed in a wagon and started toward Henrietta, but were buried on Spy Mound, near the Wichita River.

In 1882, Comanche Jack, who no doubt, in company with his men committed the above deed, and Vaughan, met in Eagle Flats, now-known as Vernon. Vaughan demanded of Comacnhe Jack if he had made the threat that he was going to have revenge. But the Indian made an emphatic denial of the accusation.

Note: Author corresponded with H. C. Justin, Justice of the Peace, Vernon Texas.

John and Sowser Coalson

During 1877, Nick Coalson, who had lived in the wilds of Kimble County, moved to the Moon Prairie, about twelve miles northwest of the present town of Barksdale, and settled near Cedar Creek. During the spring of the following year, he moved his sheep and goats, on out to the divide, about five miles from his home, and left them in charge of his two sons, Johnny and Sowser Coalson. The first day of June, 1878, the boys were robbing a bumble-bee's nest, when several Indians appeared. They ran, but had gone only a few steps when an Indian's bullet struck Sowser in the back of the head, and killed him instantly. Johnny Coalson, who was about sixteen years of age, was also wounded in the shoulder. He fell and pretended to be dead. When the Indians turned him over, Johnny remained breathless. So the savages took his belt, and about that time, one of their number shot him through the left arm. Since he remained still, they left him for dead. The Indians went on to Mr. Coalson's camp, and he was mending some clothes at the time. Ammunition was short but he took his Long Tom needle gun, and fortified behind the wagon. The savages fired several shots, then went away. As they rode off, however, Nick Coalson shot and one of the Indians fell. Nick Coalson then hurried to his home and sent his oldest son, William, who was at the house, and a boy named Dan Lemons, to notify the rangers, who were camped near the present town of Barksdale, on Pulliam Creek. The rangers reached the scene of the shooting the next morning, just after the break of day, and found Johnny Coalson sitting beside a tree, suffering from his wounds. He had crawled to a water hole nearby, where he spent several hours during the night. When the water became too cold, he crawled out on the bank and braced himself against a tree. Johnny told them where they would find his brother, Sowser. Both were hauled home by Mr. Coalson, Jack Chisholm, and Bud Pulliam, in an ox-wagon.

As there were no coffins available, Sowser was buried in a quilt. Johnny's wounds were treated by fixing a bucket of water above his pallet, in such a way that one by one the drops of water slowly fell upon his wounds, keeping them cool and moistened, and causing them to stay open, for there were then few doctors living on that section of the state.

Note: Author corresponded with Bud Pulliam, mentioned above; F. B. Raney; and Ira L. Wheat; also interviewed Bob Nixon, all of whom were early settlers in that section.

Indians Slay Private Angling

In 1877, Capt. June Peak's company of rangers were camped in Tom Green County, when an Indian trail was discovered. The Captain ordered a detachment to follow the red men. Marshall Gibson, Angling, and about eight others, followed the Indians who were overtaken late in the evening about two days later. Eleven warriors were in the band, and had a mule staked nearby. This mule was discovered by the citizens with field-glasses, so the more-experienced Indian fighters thought the Indians had set a trap. Angling, and one or two others however, over the protestations of friends, pushed ahead, and ran in between the Indians and mule. When the savages fired, they killed him. Shortly afterwards, the other citizens arrived, and for one-half hour, a serious fight was fought. The Indians were entrenched in a ravine, and had every advantage, but finally retreated and soon reached the hills.

Note: Author interviewed: Noah Armstrong.

Murder of Mrs. Nick Coalson and Children

During 1877 Nick Coalson, as we have previously mentioned, settled on the Half Moon Prairie, about twelve miles northwest of the present town of Barksdale. His home was near Cedar Creek, and was living with a second wife, for the heroic Mrs. Nick Coalson, who defended her home, in Kimble County, had died several years before.

June 1, 1879, exactly one year after Sowser Coalson was killed, and Johnny Coalson wounded, the Indians charged Mrs. Nick Coalson; and the consequences are graphically described in a written manuscript furnished the author by Mr. Bud Pulliam. In the manuscript, Mr. Pulliam said:

"The second massacre came exactly one year later on the 1st day of June, 1879, About five o'clock in the afternoon, Nick Coalson saddled up the horses and he and his wife, and little son, and his oldest daughter, 'Teet,' about eleven years old, went riding down the creek, about three miles to visit some of their neighbors. The Coalsons made their visit and started back home. At the forks of the creek, a mile below their home, they came across the milk cows, and Nick said, 'Well, we just as well drive the cows on home. It's nearly milking time.' So he fell in after the cows. But Mrs. Coalson and 'Teet' took another path which led up to the Half Moon Prairie house from the east, and just as they entered the east tip of the prairie, the Indians swooped down on them and both were killed. (This Half Moon Prairie is an opening between two mountains in the shape of a half-moon, which almost surrounds the mountain on the side next to the creek. Mrs. Coalson and her daughter and little three year old son, traveled toward home on one side of the mountain. Nick Coalson drove the cows up the other fork of the creek on the other side of the mountain).

"When he reached with the cows, Mr. Coalson and his boys, Johnny and Otis, set about doing their night chores and when they had finished, Mrs. Coalson and the other children had not come in yet. They waited until a little after dark. Then Johnny was sent down to the east side of the prairie to see if they were coming. There he found the little girl, 'Teet.' They went down then with the oxen and wagon and brought her in, but could not find Mrs. Coalson and the baby.

"Next morning, Nick rode down the canyon at early dawn to get the assistance of his neighbors. He stopped at Lamons, Chisholms, and Reesners, and then came on to my house getting there just at sunup. I could tell there was something wrong as he rode up to the house. He got down and told his sad story. Then we hurried back with him, all of us neighbors and our families, and as soon as we reached his place, began a search for Mrs. Coalson and the baby. We found them pretty soon in a thicket of cedar. The woman had two arrows sticking in her body. One of them we pulled out; but the other had gone so deep, it was necessary to push it on the little distance it lacked of going through, and take from the other side. The baby's head was mashed to pulp. We hauled them up in the old ox-cart and prepared the bodies for burial.

"We dug one big grave for the three of them. Again we had no lumber and had to bury them wrapped in blankets, their only semblance of a coffin, a few oak boards.

"Late in the afternoon the horse Mrs. Coalson was riding when she was killed, came in, having escaped from her captors. She was still wearing the side-saddle. The Indians on this occasion proceeded on their excursion and a band of Rangers stationed about Junction, got on their trail. Captain Roberts was in command and among the rangers was Doug Coalson, Nick's oldest son. They caught the Indians, captured their horses, and set them afoot, near the present town of Snyder.

About the 12th day of May, 1879, J. D. Creeth, George Branch, his son-in-law, and Elias Brown, who lived in Kimble County, about fifteen miles above Junction, on the south or lower prong of the Llano, loaded a pack-mule, and started on a prospecting trip toward the Southwest. Since they failed to return, E. L. Earnest, a son-in-law of J. D. Creeth, began to write letters to different localities in that part of the state, for the purpose of finding out, if possible, what had happened to the prospectors.

Nearly three years later, the deputy sheriff, at Ft. Clark, who received one of the letters, had occasion to visit a sheep ranch, about fifty miles to the southwest of Junction. When this officer inquired about certain cattle on the range, the owner of the ranch replied, "Such stock were located near three Indian skeletons, close to a spring not a great distance from the ranch. The ranchman was then informed these skeletons were evidently not the remains of Indians, but of three prospectors, who disappeared nearly four years previously.

A minute examination of their bodies readily disclosed that the remains were in fact those of the lost trio. Branch and Brown were found close together. But Creeth had evidently died about three miles up the stream.

Since the deputy sheriff had lost the letter received from E. L. Earnest, this officer advertised in the San Antonio Express for relatives of the deceased citizens. Dr. Whittaker, who took the paper and lived near Mr. Creeth's home, notified his people that the remains of the three missing men had evidently been found.

So E. L. Earnest again wrote the deputy sheriff and told him that Mr. Creeth's pistol had "E. B." carved on its handle. Since this pistol had been found, an examination disclosed these initials. The bodies were also identified by a dirk knife, and other articles. E. L. Earnest, a son-in-law of Mr. Creeth, and John and Jim Brown, brothers of Elias Brown, brought the remains of the missing men home, and gave them a decent burial in McCulloch County, on the Colorado, River.

Note: Author interviewed: E. L. Earnest, mentioned above.

Earl Killed by Reservation Indians

Earl, whose given name we do not know, lived near the present Quanah Cemetery, and was riding ahead of J. and Fred Estes, who were traveling along in a wagon, not a great many miles from the present city of Quanah. Earl was horseback. About thirty-five Kiowas came up to the Estes brothers and asked them how many there were in the party. Shortly afterwards, they rode on ahead in the direction of Earl. In a short time, the Estes brothers discovered that Earl was being killed by the savages. So they unhitched the horses from the wagon, and fled away. Earl was killed April 14, 1879. May 3, 1879, H. C. Justin, and about four others, gave Earl a frontier burial.

Note: Author corresponded with H. C. Justin and Mrs. W. D. McElroy.

During the early '80's Mr. and Mrs. Lease were living about seven miles north of Leakey. About April 18, 1881, John McClaren had gone over on Cherry Creek, approximately fifteen miles away, after a cow. About ten o'clock in the evening, Allen Lease, an employee, Mrs. John McClaren, and her children, Frank Lou, and Maude McClaren, were working in a garden under a hill, only a short distance from the house. Mrs. McClaren heard some unusual noise at the house. But thinking it were hogs, no one was alarmed. Shortly afterwards, however, the Indians killed Allen Lease, near the foot of the hill. They also mortally wounded Mrs. John McClaren. One of her little girls went after a pillow and quilt for the wounded mother. Five Indians, one of whom was a woman were still in the house. The Indian woman prevented the bucks from molesting the little girl. After the tragedy occurred, Maude McClaren about six years of age, went to the home of a neighbor, G. W. Fisher, and reported what had happened. G. W. Fisher lived about one mile south of the McClaren home.

In a short time, H. J. Edwards, and about seventeen other citizens were on the Indians' trail. The savages were followed as far as Devil's River but the citizens then went to Ft. Clark, and notified the soldiers about the Indian's raid. The soldiers followed the Indians into Old Mexico, and succeeded in capturing three or four of their number. They brought back one Indian woman, and a boy twelve years of age. They also recovered some of the clothing of Mrs. John McClaren and her family which showed conclusively they caught this particular band of Indians. This bloody raid was the last in this section of the state.

821

Amanda Davis

Richard Davis moved his family to the Medina River in 1854, and settled about eight miles north of the present town of Bandera, where a few settlers were making cypress shingles out of the beautiful cypress timber, then so abundant in that section. The date of her death we do not know, but when Amanda, Susie and Lucy Davis went to the spring for water, they were attacked by Indians and Amanda killed. Amanda was shot in the heart with an arrow.

Ref.: Pioneer History of Bandera County, by J. Marvin Hunter.

822

Indians Murder Mr. Hardin's Son

Mr. Hardin's son, about sixteen years of age, left their home, and was hunting beeves on the divide between Indian Creek and the Middle Verde, perhaps in the northern part of Medina County, or in Bandera, and was killed by the Indians. When night came and he failed to return, a searching party was sent out and the young man found murdered and scalped, in the Middle Verde.

Ref.: Pioneer Hist. of Bandera Co., by J. Marvin Hunter

Note: Author interviewed Mrs. Augustus McDonald, who then lived in that section.