

TALES OF EARLY DAYS IN TEXAS
by Capt. F.S. Wade
(this is in the local vernacular of the time)
Compiled by: Cortis Lawrence, April, 1942

At the request of a number of my friends, including the publishers of the Courier, I have concluded to write a series of tales of early days in Texas as I recall them from personal experience, and as related to me by the older settlers.

I came to the state sixty years ago (approximately in the 1850's) before I had any beard, as a school teacher. My home was at Uncle Add Lawrence's, who lies buried in Lawrence Chapel cemetery fifteen miles northeast of Elgin. He was one of Austin's first colonists and reached Texas in the year 1821, nearly one hundred years ago. He had no education but was the most perfectly developed physically of any man I ever saw and very religious, yet he thought it no more harm to kill a Mexican or an "Injun" than a wolf or rattlesnake. Later on your children can better understand this seeming paradox. During the years that I was a member of his family he related the tales I am about to tell.

These reminiscences are written principally for the children, some of whom are the grand-children and great-grand-children of the men and women about whom I am going to write.

Children are hero worshippers. These people who made Texas, in my opinion, were never surpassed in any age for exalted heroism and knightly deeds or daring. This my first tale will be given in Uncle Add's own language, as I remember it. He called it, "The Starvation Time".

The Starvation Time

"In 1824 and 1825 I was living on my headright league in what is now Washington County just east of where Chapel Hill is now located. Both years were almost without rain. The Colorado stood in holes often a mile apart; the Brazos was not shoe mouth deep. Grass had all dried up and blown away and about all the game had left the country. Our only food was wild meat and fish. Our horses had been nearly all stolen by the Kaurenkerways and what were left were mighty poor. We were trying to keep our few cattle alive by cutting cottonwood trees and pulling down moss; occasionally we could kill a deer or a mustang, but our principle dependence was fish. Now fish without salt, for we had no salt for years, and no grease to cook fish with, you know was tough diet.

"I noticed that every day about three o'clock crows came to roost in the cedar brake and they kept coming until nine o'clock at night. I felt sure that they went to mast (acorns) and where there was mast there would be lots of fat game. One day I was settin' on a stump trying to figger out what was to be done to keep life in the settlement, for it was nearly Christmas, when a little girl came up to me and put her hands on my knees and said, 'Mr. Lawrence, I'm hungry'. Her words cut me like a knife and I couldn't keep back the hot tears. I went to my cabin, got my rifle gun and shot a big black crow. Such a "caw-caw-caw" you never heard. Sure enough the crow's crow was full of mast. I called the settlement together and told them there was plenty of fat game where that crow drew his rations and I was going after it.

" 'As many of you as wants to go with me, meet me here in the morning with the best ponies you have left'.

"Sure enough nearly the hull settlement was ready in the morning, but I said enough men must stay to keep the Kumanchus from burning us out and murdering our women and children. So half stayed as guards and the rest let out northeast, the way the crows came and went. Just after we crossed the Savasot one of the men

killed a fat buffalo cow and oh what a feast we had. This was the first time some of us had enough to eat in four months. We sent the horses back with three loads of meat to the settlement. Then we pushed on northeast, the crows were guiding us, for three days when we landed in a sure enough paradise. It was a flat post oak country near where the city of Crockett now is. The ground was covered with mast and the woods full of all kinds of game. Bear, buffalo, deer, elk in hundreds. Some of the bear were so fat that they shook when they walked, and some, that like us had just got in, were lean as a sausage.

“It didn't take no vision like came to Peter to tell us to arise, slay and eat.

"Now I will tell you how we saved the meat as we had no salt. We cut it in long strips and hung it on lariats (raw hide ropes) or poles to dry. As soon as we had enough dried, we sewed up the bear hides and put about one hundred pounds of meat in a hide, tied two together and put them on a horse sending ten horse loads back to the settlement by four boys and one man. The rest of us kept on killing and eating and preparing more meat. In about eight days both parties who had gone to the settlement came back leading every horse that could travel. A few days after, the whole party started homeward, every horse loaded with all he could carry. We all reached the settlement safely. Such rejoicing you never heard for everybody had enough fat bear meat. We had saved the brains of our game. These we used in dressing our bear and deer hides, so that we could make moccasins, caps, jackets and britches for the men and boys and petticoats for the women and girls.

"What a happy Christmas we had. Before our meat was all gone a splendid rain fell putting the river and creek banks full; grass was hand high in a couple of weeks, our horses and cattle got fat and slathers of game came back. Starvation time was over."

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When I knew Uncle Add Lawrence he was an old man, but it seems to me that he was the most perfect rider of a horse I ever met. He almost idolized his horse. While the work horses made the crop on the grass, his saddle horse was well fed three times a day by his own hands; no collar ever went on his neck, and no one on the place, not even his eldest son, dared ride him.

In his early manhood he spent fifteen years riding races and mustang hunting. At one time he gave a league of land for a horse to run mustangs on. He worked out a new method of catching mustangs known as walking them down, that I will have to describe before you can understand the following tale.

This plan was based upon the fact that mustangs, and all other wild animals as to that, have their regular range, watering at the same place and being at a given point on their range at about the same hour every day. First select the herd of mustangs you want, then station the hunters at the proper places; then let No. 1 start the mustangs and follow them at nearly full speed for say four hours, when they reach a point where No. 2 relieves No. 1, and so on for about a day and a night when the herd is run down and can be driven in a pen previously prepared. I will give this tale in as near Uncle Add's language as I can recall it.

The Mustang Hunt

"In the year 1828 the Kaurenkerways had stole about all our horses. People was a comin' to the settlements nearly every day from the States and all needed horses. So I organized a hunt consisting of eight men all splendidly mounted and my nigger Jim for cook. We had a pack mule to carry about forty lariats and hackimares (halters), some axes, etc. We got our grub every day with our guns. We was agoin' to the Gabriel country, now Williamson, Milam and Burleson counties, this being among the best mustang range in the province of Texas.

"Jist as we made our first camp I seed a man on a long legged mule follering our trail. When he came up he axes which of us was Mr. Adam Lawrence.

" 'That's me young man; git down, young man', says I.

"He shuck hands and said his name was Jim Jones and that he got to the settlement a few hours after we left.

"Sez he, 'I told the folks there I was from Gadson, Tennessee, and that I was as green as a gourd; they told me about your hunt, and that if you would let me go with you I'd git the green rubbed off'. He smiled a smile that would turn vinegar into honey.

"I sed 'Onpossible; young man. We are gwine to an Injun country where we may have to run for our lives. If that happened the Injuns would sure kotch you on thet mule and skulp (scalp) you'.

"Sez he, 'Mr. Lawrence, you don't know this mule like I do. When it gits scairt it can run like chained lightening. Now if you will only let me go I will be mighty useful about the camp'.

"Some of the boys spoke up and said 'Add, let him go', so I said 'Alright, but at your own risk'.

"Well, Jim was as good as his word about camp, and then he could sing all the coon songs ever heard of, and beat a cirket rider a preachin'.

'Well, we finally struck camp on a little clear runnin' creek whar there was lots of tall elms near the Gabriel. (Uncle Add showed me this camp which was on Mustang about two miles below the present city of Taylor.) We begun our pen which was made out of elm poles built eight feet high, enclosing about half an acre, a gap on one side with brush wings widening out from the gap. There were several herds of mustangs on the prairie, one led by a big, sorrel flax mane and tail stallion. When he run it looked like he was waving two white flags. It looked like there was more'n a hundred head of them. So I picked this herd and took one man with me every day so as to find out their range. When the pen was built or nearly done I started out to pick out pints for the men that was to walk down the mustangs.

"Jist after we started Jim overtook us on his mule and said, 'Add, let me go along'.

"I had seed no Injun signs nowhere, so I sed 'Alright'.

"We were riding near the Gabriel. No mortal ever seed a purtier country. It was in May and the grass was as green as a wheat field. The south wind made it wave like the sea. There was patches of buffalo clover that was as blue as the sky, then spots of red and white posies that filled the air with sweet smells. Herds of mustangs off to the east, buffalo, antelope, deer everywhere. Jim was singing to himself a coon song that went like this: 'Bend low, sweet lam, bend low', when we jumped a surprise. As we got to the top of a little hill we discovered about forty Comanche Injuns in war paint and feathers not more'n six hundred yards comin' a meetin' us. "When they seed there wasn't but three of us they raised a warhoop and charged.

"Now I wasn't skeered for myself fur I could outride any Injun that God ever let live, ef he knows anything about 'em which I misdoubt, but I was skeered for Jim on that mule. We struck for camp at full speed. Fur three or four miles Jim kept up all right, then his mule began to throw up his tail, I hollered to him to git off that mule and git up behind me.

"He said, 'No Add, your horse couldn't carry us both. I think when the Injuns git a little closer this 'ere mule will git new life; but here Add, take my watch and send it to my mother. Tell her there was no one to blame but me'.

"Two or three minutes after I heard an awful screechin' and yellin'. My heart came in my mouth for I thought they was sculping Jim, but they wasn't for just then I heard a pat, pat right behind me and I whirled

back with my rifle gun cocked, for I tho't it was an Injun; but I saw it was Jim, and you ought to have seed that mule, as it past by me almost like I was standing still. Its nose was sticking straight out and smoke was a comin' out of it like steam out of a kettle. Its ears was laid back on its neck like they was pinned back. Its tail was a stickin' out behind him and it looked like he was jumpin' forty feet at a time. I noticed three arrers a stickin' up in that mule's rump. As Jim past me he hollered back and sed, 'Farewell, Add'. What was them Injuns yellin' about? Why, they was watchin' that mule fly. They turned back north.

"When I got to camp the boys were behind trees with their guns ready, but I told them that them Injuns wouldn't foller us in the timber for they knowed when we shot we got meat. Jim had his saddle off trying to pull them arrers out of his mule. I roped its fore feet and throwed it and cut them out. I was a little careless when I let it up for it made a bulge and away it went lookin' back to where it had been introduced to the Injuns. We never, seed hide or hair of it.

"We spied around a day or two 'till we was sure that the Injuns was gone then we made our drive. We walked down them mustangs in twenty-four hours, got them all in the pen and they was sure a fine lot. We found ten head of broke horses and mules that had got away from settlements and a big brown horse with a Spanish brand that I afterwards heard got away from a Mexican general. If it had been a white man's horse I would have sent him word but I never mentioned it to that Mexican General though I knowed him well. We roped out about sixty, turning the rest loose. It took about two or three days gentling our stock, then we tailed them six in a string and returned to the settlement, Jim riding the general's horse. He had no trouble of selling out at from \$30.00 to \$60.00.

"One day a man offered me five twenty dollar gold pieces for the big brown horse. I looked around to Jim. His lips was a fluttering so I said, 'That's all the horse is worth but this 'ere Jim lost his mule in the hunt and I have been thinkin' of giving it to him; now I have made up my mind. Jim, 'ere is your horse'. He shook me by the hand, the tears came into his eyes, but he smiled that smile again and said, 'Add, you are white all the way through'."

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Early days in Texas were very different from conditions now. People lived in small log cabins having puncheon floors. When you rode up and the husband did not ask the wife if you could stay all night, the wife asked the husband, but either would heartily respond, "Get down and hobble your horse". The fare was cornbread, coffee and beef, but the welcome was genuine.

If the weather was warm you slept under the trees with the other boys; but if it was cold when bed time came the trundle bed was pulled out, pallets made down, and you would be shown where to sleep. Then you would walk out to see about your horse, the tallow candle would be blown out and you could step into bed. At break of day you would see about your horse while the women folk got up and prepared breakfast. If you offered to pay you would be called "green from the states".

Then, as now, I liked the company of women and children better than that of men. Their talk was not about the millennium foreshadowed by woman suffrage, or cuneiform engravings on the burnt clay tablets lately dug up in the ruins of Nineveh that were deposited in the reign of Sargon the Great, nor about the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the pyramids of Egypt during the reign of Ramesis the second, nor about the incomprehensibility of the unknowable. Their talk was about the bravery of their husbands and sons or their own hardships and privations.

To me the most fascinating of these reminiscences was the "Runaway Scrape" that was told me by probably a hundred different women. Do you know children, that within two hundred yards of where our South School House stands, was the home of Grandmother Burleson, who was in the runaway? She was the grandmother of our townsman, H. B. Smith. I think some of the Standifer women and children were also in the

runaway.

As a sample of their tales I will relate this one told me by Aunt Sallie Lawrence, as we lovingly called her, who was the wife of Uncle Add Lawrence, the hero of these tales.

The Runaway Scrape or the Sixth Sense

“In April 1826 we were living on a ranch west of the Brazos. We had two children and two slaves, Jim and Sella. Mr. Lawrence was with Houston's army at Gonzales. One day a man rode up and said that the Alamo had fallen and that Fannin and his army had been murdered at Goliad, that the Mexicans were advancing, burning and murdering as they came; that he had been sent to warn the people to get across the Trinity if possible.

“I had Jim hitch the oxen to the cart. This was made entirely of wood with wheels sawed out of a log. I turned out the calves and hogs, carried our only bee gum in the cabin, put a few clothes and some provisions and an axe on the cart with my children, never expecting but that the cabin would be burned by the Mexicans.

“When we started, the cart creaked so that I feared the Mexicans would hear it. I had it stopped, ran back and got some lye soap to stop the screaming. When we got to the river, it was bank full and the ferry boat was gone but we soon made a raft of dry logs. Jim made the oxen swim to the east bank, then we got on the raft, wagon tied behind, and poled across the river. When we got out on the prairie we met a boy who said that about twenty families were up at Col. Gross's place and that we had better go there, which we did. Col. Gross sent us a beef every day. We spent the time standing guard, and strengthening our fort, expecting the Mexicans every minute, but determined to fight to the last.

“All the men, excepting a few very old men, were in the army. On the 21st, though we had no news from the army, we were sure that our fate was to be decided that day. About four o'clock we heard the faint sound of cannon to the eastward.”

At this point of the story Miss Bettie, one of Aunt Sallie's daughters, (who was my sweetheart) interrupted by saying, "Mammy, Gross' retreat is seventy-five miles from San Jacinto. The heaviest cannonade cannot be heard over forty miles; our people only had two small cannons presented by the ladies of Cincinnati which could not have been heard over fifteen miles. You only imagined you heard cannons". Her mother replied with some heat, "I heard cannon with my own ears, as well as half the campers", and continued her story.

“When night came we all knew that our fate was decided, but how was the question. There was no sleep that night or the next day, for terror was in every sound.

"In the evening, worn out with anxiety, I laid down on a pallet to get some rest. Suddenly, I sprang up screaming, 'I see my Add. He's coming', I ran east screaming all the way, 'I see my Add'. Some of the people tried to stop me, but I outran them, and all the time I could see my husband ahead of me. It looked like he was in smoke but I could see that he was coming to meet me.

"I ran out of the timber and a mile on the prairie until I came to a rocky ridge. Then the smoke seemed to clear away and about a mile further on I saw a horseman on a big brown horse riding toward me. I could see then, with those natural eyes, that it was my Add, no plainer though than I had been seeing him the last half hour by the eyes of faith or whatever you may call it. I waved my sunbonnet until I attracted his attention, then he waved his hat three times around his head. I knew that signal meant victory.

“As I ran to meet him he got off his horse and I noticed that both horse and my Add stumbled as they walked. When I got near enough that I could hear him he waved his hat again and shouted 'Sallie, we whipped

'em'. A moment after, his strong arms were around me, and as he kissed me he said, 'Glory to God, Texas is safe'. His hat was still in his hand. There was a halo of glory around his head like the picture of our Saviour in the Testament".

Miss Bettie again intervened, "Why, Mammy, people don't have halos, only our Saviour. It was the setting sun shinning on Pappy's red head".

Her mother answered, "Wasn't your Pappy as much my Saviour as Christ, and hasn't one Saviour as much right to a halo as another?" Then she half arose, pointing her finger at her daughter, with a whimsical smile on her face and exultation in her voice, "Young lady, you will never marry such a man as your Pappy was then. No, and I will never see his like again because there is no more".

"I noticed blood on his clothes. 'Oh, my husband, you are wounded'."

"'Naw', he said, 'that's Mexican blood'."

"By the time we got to the timber it was dark. There we met some of the people hunting me, believing that I had gone crazy, when we told them the glorious news they began to shout. Before we got to the fort everyone who could walk met us. Everyone said, 'Mr. Lawrence, tell us all about the fight'. Said he, 'I have had nothing to eat since this battle'."

"When we got to the fort, after he had several hunks of broiled beef; he said, 'It wasn't much fight. We done the fightin' and the Mexicans done the runnin'. About four o'clock we charged. Some of the Mexicans were cooking dinner, some were asleep and some were watering their horses. We shot 'em down as long as our bullets lasted our guns, or cut their hearts out with our butcher knives. Every little while some of our boys would yell out, 'Remember the Alamo, remember Goliad', then we would kill more of them. We killed about a thousand, about all there was of them. Did we take any prisoners? Some of the boys took a few, but not a prisoner for me'."

"Then an old white headed man said, 'Let us pray'. And such a prayer of thanksgiving for our deliverance never before was made. Before the prayer was ended Add was fast asleep."

"About nine o'clock the next morning three more men came in from the battle, and the tale had to be told over again. That evening we started home. When we got to the river the ferry boat had been brought back. We got home safe and it was just as we left it. Two of my hens had hatched fine broods of chickens. The old white sow had a litter of nine pigs and the bees had made and sealed a comb of honey outside of the hive as large as a dinner plate. That we had for supper"."

The Death of a Nation

Almost everybody in the United States has heard Sam Dixon's "Birth of a Nation". I am going to tell you of the "Death of a Nation". Austin's first colony located on the lower Brazos in 1822 at old San Phillip de Austin.

Their nearest neighbors were two Indian tribes, the Tonquas on the headwaters of the Navidad River, and the Karauquas on the seacoast near the mouth of the Brazos. They were familiarly called the Tonks and Kraunks.

The first named tribe were friends of the white settlers, while the other tribe were their relentless enemies. In a recent war between the two tribes the Tonks had been almost annihilated.

The Kraunks lived almost entirely on fish, oysters, frogs, etc., and were said to be of great size and strength. They had neither horses, cattle nor even dogs, but they were inveterate thieves, stealing the horses and cattle of the settlers, using them for food to mix with their fish, often murdering whole families of unprotected colonists. Tradition says they were cannibals. If that were true they were the only cannibals that I ever heard of on the North American continent. The Aztecs and Toltecs of Mexico sacrificed human beings to their gods but they did not eat their flesh. Around the Caribbean sea and in some parts of the West Indian Islands there was, where Columbus discovered America, a great nation called Caribs which were all cannibals. The Caribbean Sea was named after them. A Carib said to a Spaniard, "White men fools, kill Carib, buzzards eat him; Carib kill white man; eat him, get all the good out him". The eating of their captives intensified the hatred of the colonists for the Karanquas.

At last the overt act that we hear so much talk of these days came: One Sunday morning a settler and his wife made a visit to some friends further down the river, sending their two children to stay with their grandparents who lived near. On their return that night the father went to his father's to bring his children home. His parents had just returned from trip having started early before the arrival of the children. It was now night and none had seen them children. Then the assembly call of the horn sounded. The settlers were soon hunting for the lost children. A man rode up and said that a Karaunkerway Indian had been killed that morning in a nearby settlement while trying to steal a horse, and that he had a bundle of childrens' bloody clothes. Shortly afterwards the doleful howl of a dog was heard nearby. Following the sound, the searchers soon found the naked bodies of the children in the long grass three hundred yards from their grandfather's house. The buzzards had stripped the flesh from their bones and pecked out their eyes. Their fair hair was tangled in the long grass. A wail of rage and anguish arose from the searchers.

Then Add Lawrence raised his hand high above his head and said, "Before the Eternal God I swear never to sleep again until I have had vengeance on the Karaunkaways. Who is going with me?"

All answered, "Add, we are with you to the last".

"Then", said he, "Send swift messengers to the Tonks to meet us at Cedar Point tomorrow at two o'clock".

Two hours afterward over a hundred grim, armed men rode away in the darkness southward. At the appointed rendezvous forty Tonk braves reinforced the white men. On nearing the Karanqua village a dense fog came up out of the salt marshes. The attack was made without warning. In fifteen minutes a nation was dead.

A few made their escape in skiffs in the wild rice or tules that grew in the swamp. The attackers found other skiffs and followed trails made by the fugitives. Uncle Add and a Tonk Indian were following one of these trails when a huge squaw sprang out of a thick mass of vines and tried to overthrow the canoe. Uncle Add, with one stroke of his butcher knife, severed her hand at the wrist and it fell in the boat. She dodged back in the wild rice. They followed her bloody trail until it reached deep water where they supposed she drowned. But he said he thought he was mistaken as some months afterward he was at the Tonkaway camp where he saw a huge squaw with but one hand. He pointed to the stub, when she looked up at him and ran away "screeching", as Uncle Add put it.

I think I afterwards saw the same squaw. When Green's Brigade were mustered in the Confederate army at San Antonio in 1861 the Tonk Indians were camped on the Cibilo, a couple of miles below our camp. They were on their way to Mexico. On a visit to their camp I saw a large old squaw who had lost her right hand at the wrist. On my return from New Mexico I told Uncle Add and he was sure it was the same squaw.

Before I close this number, I must tell you children a funny tale, a comedy after the awful tragedy that I have related.

Every day when we visited the Tonk camp a Tonk girl twelve or fourteen years old would hang around us, naked and unashamed, and plait our horses' manes. A party of us boys chipped in two bits apiece and left word with one of the Tonks, who could talk a little pigeon English, that we were going to buy our little squaw a dress. I was made chairman of the bunch, so I went to San Antonio and bought eight yards of flaming red calico, she put it under her arm and ran to her tent, kissing the bundle and throwing back kisses to us boys. We left word we would come back in three days to see how she looked dressed.

At the appointed time a squad of us rode down to the camp and called for her to come out. After waiting say fifteen minutes as I suppose young men have since done, she came out dressed, but how you could not guess in a year, so I will tell you. She had torn the whole eight yards into strips and festooned the most of it in her long black hair, a wide strip around her waist, and one about each finger and toe. We yelled with laughter. She at first laughed, then began to cry, and ran away to her tent. We never saw her again.

Yer Uncle Fuller

About sixty years ago I taught school at Crossroads in Williamson County. The place is now known as Lawrence Chapel. I had about sixty pupils, many of them older than myself, one of them, Henry Biggs, lived near where Elgin is now located, several at Post Oak Island, some at Thrall, others miles south; or in other words my school territory was half as large as Bastrop County.

The neighborhood was half Baptist and half Methodist and not very harmonious. At that time the Baptists were noted for being good judges of whiskey and the Methodists for being artistic cussers. I am glad to say that there has been some reformation among the Baptist brethren since then. I am not so sure about the Methodists. Hoping to harmonize the two factions some of us organized a Union Sunday School. For a while it seemed as if the Olive Branch was going to flourish, but how often "The best laid plans of mice and men gang alee", as Bobby Burns said in one of our scripture lessons that passage occurred in which it said, referring to John the Baptist, that his meat was locust and wild honey. All knew what wild honey meant for there was plenty of it in the woods, but the locust was the rock upon which our peace ship wrecked. The Baptists affirmed that it meant grasshoppers. The Methodists that it was wild locust beans. The discussion grew heated. When the circuit rider came to fill his appointment, the problem was submitted to him. He stated that from his reading of the Hebrew scriptures he concluded "beans" was meant. When the Baptist preacher filled his appointment the issue was submitted to him and he stated that the Greek testament indicated that grasshoppers was meant. Then the war was on.

I would like to say in parenthesis, understand, that from the way these preachers murdered the English language in their pulpits, I then thought their knowledge of the Hebrew and Greek was about equal to my acquaintance with Sanskrit.

I reckon you children will say these people were very foolish to quarrel about what a man had for dinner nearly two thousand years ago. But were they? The first great tragedy in the history of our race was because Cain's offering to the Lord was rejected while his brother Able's was accepted. So Cain knocked his brother's brains out with a club. I think most of us are the children of Cain. The world's history is largely filled with accounts of religious wars, the most of them as foolish as the grasshopper versus the bean was.

The greatest missionary war of all history started in Arabia, the Blessed. Amra, Kariel Abou and Becker led out an army the emblem of whose banner was a crescent and around it was inscribed the slogan, "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet". In one hand they carried the Koran, in the other a huge, curved scimitar. The law was, accept one or off comes your head with the other. Nearly all Asia, Africa and Europe were converted after unnumbered millions had lost their lives. A few centuries later Europe got into an awful bloody war about the doctrine of transubstantiation. I will have to explain to the children what that big word means, as most of you grownups already know. One party affirmed that when the priest blest the Eucharist - the

bread and wine of our communion - it was changed into the very flesh and blood of Christ. This was called the Hundred Years War.

Then a little afterward in England there were two religious factions, one led by the great house of York, the other by the house of Lancaster. At a function in the palace one day a maiden of the house of York wore a white rose, a maiden of the Lancaster faction a yellow one. The girls quarreled about which of them smelled the sweetest, and one of them stamped the other girl's rose under her feet. The men drew their rapiers and a bloody duel was fought in the palace. The war extended all over England and lasted ten years. It was called the War of Roses.

This present awful war when stripped of all high sounding words and reduced to a final analysis, means, shall they bow down to Tueton and Turk or Saxon and Slav?

Take our churches of this present day, Baptists quarrelling about "Bade and Anti-Bade" as the darkies put it; Methodists' abuse of Power by the destination, and the Disciples about the size of the musical instruments to be used in the churches, the one faction making the pipe organ the limit, the other the tuning fork. Are they any wiser than the Crossroads people?

During my long life I have noticed that the less religion people had the more disposed they were to scrap. Let me illustrate. Were I to question Bro. Lovett's faith, I think he would say, "I'm sorry that we do not see alike". Had I questioned Bill Longley's religion in the days of his glory he would have shot me dead.

After these few preliminary remarks, I will finish my tale. I was sleeping in the west room at Uncle Add's one night when I was aroused by loud cursing and yelling at the front gate. He hurried in with a big buffalo gun in his hand and said, "Fell"; he always called me Fell; "have you got any powder?"

Said I, "What's the matter?"

"Why the grasshoppers has swarmed and have been to Lexington where they have got bad whiskey. Now they have come for a fight and they're gwine to get it."

He emptied my little pistol flask of powder, put a patch over the muzzle of the big gun, then rammed down a slug as big as a pullet's egg, and slipped on a cap. As he started for the front gallery one of the belligerents yelled out, "Is Edmund there?" This was Uncle Add's oldest son.

"Naw, but yer Uncle Fuller is."

As he pulled the hammer of that big gun it clicked three times, and the sound could have been heard a hundred yards away. Away went the grasshoppers at full speed. The old man set his gun against the wall and remarked, "They knowed what was acomin'. I am proud that they didn't stay."

At the end of the land, about one hundred yards south of the house, a large post oak leaned over the road. We heard a fall as it was reached by the flying besiegers and someone groaned. In a day or two after we heard that a young man had been hauled to Lexington for medical treatment, having been thrown off his horse in a roundup. Uncle Add sent me over to tell his folks to bring that boy home where his mammy could nuss him; that he would not trouble them with his gun or with the law, and that he was done if they was. So ended the grasshopper versus the bean war.

The Quarrel

Adam Lawrence was one of Austin's first colonists. He located his headright league and labor of land near the Brazos River, part of it being beautiful smooth prairie, the balance a cedar brake, a beautiful spring creek running through the princely domain.

For many years he prospered greatly here, but after a while other settlers seeing the desirability of the location soon formed a thriving neighborhood. This did not suit Uncle Add; he said that people were getting too thick so he traded this splendid estate with all its improvements for a horse to run mustangs with, and with two friends, Jim Jones to whom I introduced you in the mustang hunt, and another kindred spirit, they moved to Newyear's creek, where game was plentiful and grass good. Here they opened up little farms and all went well for a year or two but suddenly appalling disaster overtook them. One morning in corn plowing time they found that the Indians had stolen every horse they had the night before.

When they met to discuss plans for the recovery of their stock, Uncle Add said, "Boys, what shall we do?" His two friends proposed to go to the settlements twenty miles away for help and horses.

"No," said Uncle Add, "by the time we could accomplish that our horses would be so far away that we could never overtake them. My plan is for each of us to start at once on foot, taking some dried meat and a gourd of water".

To this plan his friends would not agree. The discussion became heated and such words as 'fool', 'coward' and the like were freely used.

At last Uncle Add said, "As for me I am going to strike the trail at once," so they parted in anger, two returning to the settlements for help, the other struck the trail. He said that for years he had lived on wild meat almost exclusively and that a man living on that kind of food was never sick, and that he could run all day. He was sure that he ran and walked sixty miles though he got a late start. Before night overtook him he had passed their first camp and was sure there were but three of the thieves.

Before night of the next day he came in sight of the stolen herd but had to keep out of sight until dark. At dark he saw the three Indians staking out the horses in a little prairie glade. After it was fully dark he stealthily crawled up to the horses, necked and tailed the whole bunch and led them about three miles on the hack trail as near as he could find it, though it was very dark. Then he stopped and sat down in the grass. The longer he sat, the madder he got.

At last he looked to the priming of his flintlock gun, hitched the horses and began a still hunt for his enemies. With the silence of the trained frontiersman, he searched one thicket after another until at last he was rewarded by seeing a dim light in a dense thicket. With infinite skill and patience he crawled close enough to see by the dim light of the fire two of his enemies lying on the ground asleep, the third was sitting humped up over half asleep with his back to a tree. Slowly he approached when suddenly the half awake Indian sprang up. Whether he heard the stealthy approach of his enemy or smelled him will never be known for an unerring rifle ball struck him between the eyes.

In an instant a second Indian was struck dead with the huge butcher knife but the third one lunged in the bushes and made his escape. Uncle Add said "that Injun was sure scairt". For three hundred yards he could hear him fall over logs, run against trees and brush.

After reloading his gun he scalped the two fallen foes, took such of their plunder as he could use, piled the balance on the fire then returned to the horses.

The next evening he met his two neighbors and six other men, all well mounted. Of course these people expressed their wonder and admiration for his bravery and skill, after he had shown his trophies and they had seen the recovered horses.

His two neighbors hung back in the rear. At last Uncle Add said, "Boys you did what you thought best".

Then Jim Jones came up with a curious look on his face and his lips 'sorter a-fluttering', and said, "Add Lawrence, don't you ever ask me again what to do in the time of trouble but tell me what I must do and I will do it or die trying". His other neighbor said, "Them's my sentiments". So the three neighbors shook hands and were friends ever afterwards.

I was a soldier for four years in a real war, not a machine war like the war now raging, but where red blooded men faced men equally brave. I have seen Waller's Battalion of Cavalry at the battle of Carinerwo in Louisiana ride over two skirmish lines, opening a bloody lane with their deadly six-shooters.

I rode with the first regiment of Green's Brigade at the battle of Forelocke over a level lined with infantry and artillery, capturing more men than we had in our command, besides those who were killed and wounded. I have read of Pickett's Virginia division charging up Cemetery Ridge at the battle of Gettysburg into the jaws of death and the gates of Hell, never wavering but keeping step, until almost the last man was shot down; but these heroic charges had the encouragement of their comrades. These were acts of physical courage. But picture to yourself a lone man, with probably no other white man within a hundred miles, in the darkness of the night, attacking the savages whose sense of hearing and sight was almost superhuman. This was an act not only of physical courage, but of moral courage and pure nerve that has never been surpassed in any age. Such men as this made the annals of Texas history glorious.

Children, I hope you will honor their memories, and if ever you are placed in like circumstances, be as brave and true as they were.

Wild Bill

During the war almost every man and boy between 16 and 50 years was in the army. 'This part of Texas was almost exclusively devoted to stock-raising and there was no market for stock and but few men to see after it or to attend to the branding. The prairie was filled with semi-wild horses and cattle and the woods with wild hogs. When we returned from the war it was no uncommon thing to see three or four year old unbranded horses and cattle, or mavericks as they were called. These were common property but it was rat(h)er difficult to rope and brand them for I have tried it.

At the Lone Oak, 15 miles northeast of Elgin, there was located a splendid horse, the property of William Rowlett, an uncle of our townsman, Frank Hughes, that was called an outlaw. That means he was so wild and fleet of foot that he could not be penned and he led gentle horses astray and they could not be recaptured. The stock raisers had an unwritten law that lawless horses might be killed.

Someone sent Mr. Rowlett word that they would shoot his horse if he did not take him off the range. So Mr. Rowlett came up to see Uncle Add and they arranged to break up the bunch as he, Uncle Add, had several gentle horses in it, at a time agreed upon, which I remember was a very dry season of the year with great cracks in the ground. Running in a westerly direction, we set out to meet Rowlett and his party probably two miles northwest of where Mr. Jake Hanson now lives. It was necessary for our party to keep the herd out of Brush bottom, so we were strung out behind the fleeing herd and between them and the bottom. While running at full speed, Uncle Add's horse stepped in a crack and turned a somersault throwing his rider, it seemed to me, thirty feet. I was one hundred yards behind him and his son, Edmond, was the same distance in advance. Both of us turned to his assistance supposing that he was killed for he was then an old man, this raid taking place in the fall

of 1865, but before we reached him he was back in his place yelling to us to git back in our places; he could take care of himself. He ran in ahead of Edmond and kept the herd out of the bottom.

This was sure a race. Fifteen miles from the starting point the Towlett party relieved us and turned the faded horses back to Uncle Add's pen.

We loosened our cinches, rested our horses an hour then rode back in a walk. On arrival we found the herd safely penned. Mr. Rowlett had roped Will Bill and gone home. He afterwards sold the horse to an old darky by the name of Uncle Ake, who had married a tall negro woman named Amanda. Uncle Ake bought the horse for Amanda to ride. When roasting ears came in Will Bill was fed all he could eat and soon felt his keeping. One Sunday morning Uncle Ake and Amanda started to church, Amanda riding Wild Bill and wearing a long wollen habit as was the custom those days. The skirt caught in a dead post oak limb which broke loose when she gave it a jerk and struck her mount in the flank. Wild Bill said "werch", pitched Amanda on her head in a bunch of prickly pears and away he went, head and tail up, to the prairie, and as he looked back he seemed to say "farewell".

The old darky wanted me to help him get his horse but I told him to get Mr. Rowlett who was a splendid horseman. He found Rowlett busy saving fodder. He agreed that if Uncle Ake would help him with the fodder he would do his best. So Uncle Ake helped three days, then rode up to the Lone Oak where they found Will Bill who yet had on Amanda's saddle and bridle but the saddle had turned under his belly. Mr. Rowlett made a dash with his lariat ready. At first he seemed to gain on Wild Bill, then the distance began to widen and the throw was made but fell short striking the horse on the rump; he squealed and kicked bursting the saddle girths, shedding the saddle and away he went like a blue streak. Mr. Rowlett gave up the drive and Uncle Ake never saw his horse again for it was supposed that some of the stockmen shot him as an outlaw.

Extracts from My Diary 1861-1865

May 5, 1861 - Well, after a month's work and canvassing, the Williamson County Company of Mounted Volunteers was organized with B.T. Middleton as captain, F. S. Wade, 1st lieutenant, J. R. Ray, 2nd lieutenant and Ammon Moon, 3rd lieutenant. We had a barbecue at the Gentry well, a flag presentation and oratory galore. I moved that we immediately tender our services to the Confederacy. After a long discussion it was decided to wait a while.

June 2, 1861 - Today the break-up of our company took place. We had a picnic at Post Oak Island; attended by the whole community. Captain Middleton put up an effigy marked "Abe Lincoln" with a red cross on the breast on a large oak post.

"Now" said the captain, "I will take the first shot, each member of the company will follow me. The shot nearest the center of the cross will entitle the marksman to a prize".

Turning to me he said, "Lieutenant, your turn next". Then I made a speech; "If old Abe were here in person with a gun in his hands and wanted a fight I think he could be accommodated.. But from my point of view this is a very serious proposition that faces us. The North has a population of twenty-five millions; has the regular army and the navy while we have but eight millions, three millions being slaves. Our only hope is that England and France will recognize our independence. If not, an awful war is upon us. We may finally win, but we may expect to see Northern armies march triumphantly through the South. This is no child's play. I decline to shoot at a paper effigy but renew my motion to immediately tender our company to the Confederacy". The motion was voted down by a ten majority.

Then father Marmaduke Gardner made a speech. He said, "My young friend is not informed. Everybody knows that one Southern man is as good as ten Yankees. His assertion that a Northern Army could invade the

South is ridiculous. Why should they come here? I would take my Old Bull's leg rifle and kill ten every morning before breakfast," etc. He was applauded to the echo but my speech had not even the faintest applause.

The next day nineteen of the company, myself being one of the number, joined captain Charley Buckholt's company and were mustered in the service at San Antonio. This afterward became a part of the famous Tom Green Brigade, the survivors having met here last June.

A few days later twenty more of our old company, Prent Olive and F.M. Condron being of the number, joined the 2nd, Texas Infantry. A part of the balance went in the service when forced in by the conscript law, but many of the most fiery play soldiers skipped to Mexico. We had slackers those days as well as now.

August 1, 1862 - Well, a few of us are back on a month's furlough from New Mexico. I spent the month of rest very happily at Uncle Add's. He told me a curious tale. He said some time after I had gone a party from Lexington rode up to his place stating that they believed that young Wade was a Northern spy and that they had come to examine his papers. The old man asked them if they had a search warrant. They said no but that they must open my trunks. Uncle Add told them to wait a minute. A moment afterwards he came out with his buffalo gun in the hollow of his arm and said "No man teches Fell's trunk except he goes over my dead body". Then smilingly patting his gun he said, "You fellers git". And they got. You see we had spy talk then as well as now.

Uncle Add had a big beef killed every week. It was free to all war widows and their families.

When our furlough was about out the girls gave us a farewell party at Mr. Bute Favor's. But neither sugar nor molasses could be found for the candy pulling. Uncle Gabe Hamilton had some rich bee hives in an old house on Brushy, but he declined to let us have any of the honey. So the night before the party Mark Olive, Alec Blount and I commandeered about fifty pounds and what a candy pulling we had. The girls made two piggins full of honey cookies, coffee out of parched acorns, wheat and okra. They showed us the shoes that they had made out of coon skins, dog skins, squirrel hides, etc., and gave each of us a pair of socks that they had knit themselves.

Well, we sang songs, played snapp, and a dozen other plays then in vogue until daylight as we were to start to Cornhill on Little River that morning which was the rendezvous for our regiment. The horses were saddled at daylight and the girls rode with us to the Hogan crossing. On reaching our parting place we all got off our horses, joined hands and sang, "God Be With You 'Til We Meet Again".

We helped our sweethearts on their horses and bid them goodbye. If there was a dry eye among the sixteen of us I did not see it. Some of the girls rode off with their faces in their hands. Three out of the eight boys never saw their sweethearts again.

Feb. 24, 1864 - Well, we are back on a week's furlough to refit for our second Louisiana campaign. It is plain to see the changes that have taken place in a year and a half. The country is in the cruel grip of war. Governor Murrah has called our state legislature in extra session, asking them to suspend the Statute of Limitations, the collection of state, county and municipal taxes. Schools and churches are closed. All men between 18 and 45 are in the army. A tenth of the bacon, wheat and corn goes to the government and half the horses and cattle. The spinning wheel and loom are in every house. Uncle Add still has a beef killed every week. In addition, the boys haul wood to the war widows. Uncle Marmaduke Gardner tans leather for the barefoot women and children. Everyone is crying "when will this cruel war end?"

I have told these things, children, that you may know what war means; what patriotism means.

In a few days we were on our way to the front. We met the enemy at Mansfield where Ammon Moon,

an uncle to the Moon children south of the town, was killed. He was the knightliest and bravest gentleman of our crowd.

May 4, 1865 - The war is over. About half of our old company have returned. Some sleep in New Mexico, some in Louisiana, Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia.

I scarcely know how to portray our feelings when we got home. It seemed for a while as if we had lost all. None of us had any ambition to do anything, our greatest pleasure was to sit flat on the ground and talk about the war. All wanted to leave the South. We had lost; our sacrifice was in vain.

One day I said to Uncle Add that I was going to Brazil. He then made the longest speech I ever heard him make.

Said he, "Fell, you're not gwine. You and your brother Jim come here from Ellenoy, (Illinois) a Northern state, and fought four long years for Texas. Texas owes you a debt of gratitude. Texas always pays her debts. You're not a gwine. Hear me!"

He was a true prophet as well as a good friend. Do you blame me for cherishing his memory?

An Imaginary Diary - 1917-1923

My last number was taken from a real diary from 1861-1865. In those extracts I tried in my crude way to portray war conditions as they existed at that time. Experiences of the past is the surest known guide to the future.

This paper, of course, is fiction, but it is an old adage, "What has been will be again".

December 1, 1917 - As Homer, Elisha and Chester Cameron, my two sons and my son-in-law, and my two grandsons, Chester and Wade Owens, have gone to France and Italy with the first million American soldiers and marines, I have concluded to turn the house over to these war widows of mine, under the care of Wallace, who is barred by defective vision, and take Bettie and Rosa to the Isle of Pinesto, remain until the war is over.

As you know, there is no telegraph or telephone on the island, and only a ship once a month, so I can get away from the turmoil of war. I have leased a cottage and an electric launch on the sea shore where fishing is always fine and the sea breezes always cool. Plenty of game and all kinds of tropical fruits.

August 1, 1918 - Well, a ship came in lately and brought the news that the Germans had been driven out of Belgium and France and that the Italians, Americans, and Greeks had taken Vienna, and that the second million of Americans had crossed the Atlantic.

December 1, 1921 - I can't keep away from my children any longer, so I am in Elgin on a visit, and Wallace was the first of them that I met. I found him running a little store at the same stand now occupied by Saunders & Wade. Said I, "Wallace, where is your auto business?"

"Why, Papa," said he, "I have not heard the honk of an auto in a year. What has become of them? Why the government commandeered all that were worth anything and all the output of gasoline and lubricants. The rest have gone to the junk heap long ago."

"What has become of all the Elgin people?"

"The merchants are all broke long ago and those of proper age have gone to the war. What broke them? Why paying interest and sinking fund on our road bonds, etc., and all costs of government taxes."

"But where are all the people?"

"Gone to the farms to keep soul and body together."

"Hello, here comes Charley Webb! How are you Charley?"

"Happy as a big sunflower, if it were possible to be happy during this awful war. You see Captain, I have been compelled to let all my life insurance loose. Now, when I make a dollar that dollar goes to the support of my family".

Here comes Doctor King. "Why Doctor, I am told you are the only doc tor within all this section".

"Yes, I have a territory as large as a county".

"What do you do for drugs, as I hear that there is not a drug store in Bastrop county?"

"Why, I use 'yarbs' as the old women say".

"You must be getting rich?"

"Yes in a horn. I booked five thousand dollars last year and got thirty dollars in cash and you may have the account for thirty more".

"Oh, here comes the Hon. Josephus Smith peddling Elgin Couriers. Here Joe is a nickle for one."

"Good first nickle I've seen in a week."

"Why Joe, what sort of paper is this?"

"Wall paper, torn off Elgin vacant houses."

"Well, I'll read the headlines, but the print is so dim that I can hardly see it."

"You see", said Joe, "the printery was sold by the tax collectors long ago but the Courier is like John Brown's soul, still marching on. I am using the old Hill handpress."

"Read for me Joe."

"Berlin has fallen at last and democracy is in the saddle in Germany. The people have burned the Imperial palace at Potsdam, throwing in the fire the hopes of the apostles of German 'kulture', Bismark's and the Kaiser's granddaddy in the lot, and they would have put him and all his sons in the pyre had not the stern American bayonets prevented.

"The whole Hohenzollern family have fled to the U.S., all their great estates have been confiscated and the proceeds turned over to desolated Belgium, the eternal monument to German heathenism. The Hapsburgs skeadadled long ago, their estates going to partly repay poor desolated Serbia.

"But the big item of news is that the Yellow Peril so long talked of has materialized. Japan has

conquered all China, Manchuria and Mongolia and added them to the Japanese empire, and have conscripted twenty million Chinamen, officered by Japanese. This mighty army has been equally divided, one part having invaded India, the other having captured the Philippines, Guam and the Hawaiian Islands and having landed on our west coast swearing that the yellow race shall rule the world.

"Fortunately the war in Europe is over and our victorious troops are hurrying to our rescue, reinforced by a great French and Italian army of veterans."

"Hello, Joe, what does this list of free advertisements mean?"

"I'll read. Mrs. William Owens and her daughters will give free lessons in carding, spinning, weaving and dyeing cloth. Mrs. F. M. Condron is making soft, hard, and toilet home-made soap. Pat Sowell is manufacturing all kinds of hair and rawhide goods, cinches, bridle reins, browsals, cabarases, etc.. Mrs. Kate Lawhon is tanning all kinds of skins and making shoes."

Wallace then said, "Papa, go with me to dinner. We have nothing to eat but corn bread and clabber, except some of the best sorghum molasses you ever tasted manufactured by Jim Keeble."

On the way to Wallace's, Janie Carter ran out to welcome me to Elgin. "Oh, Uncle Fred, I see you have the paper." Womanlike, she did not look at the news but ran her finger down the list of casualties. Suddenly I heard a despairing moan that reminded me of days gone by. She pointed to a short sentence as follows: "Col. R. L. Carter of Elgin, Texas, shot through the lung while planting the Stars and Stripes on the Imperial palace at Potsdam. The gallant colonel held the flag aloft, though desperately wounded, until relieved."

"Well, Wallace I'm off for the Isle of Pines to stay until the war is over."

June 24, 1923 - At last the war is at an end and we are back in Elgin for good. Here comes Joe Smith and now I will get all the news.

"Tell me, Joe, about the new map of the world".

"Well, to begin at home, Cuba, all Canada and Greenland have, by their own plevetieum, been added to the U. S. The robber powers, England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Japan have been compelled to return to the several countries all their conquests.

"The Sein Feiners have at last established the Irish republic. All the crowns of the world have gone to the junk heap and democracy is triumphant. Schlesburg and Holstein have been returned to Denmark and a great Scandinavian republic, composed of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Courland, has been established with Stockholm the capital. All of Poland is reunited. Austria and the Turkish empires are but a memory. Alsace and Lorrain have been returned to France. The German speaking people of Austria are incorporated with the German republic, the Italians to Italy. Hungary is independent and a great Balkan republic includes all the Eastern European Slav races. Asia is divided into six republics; first, Asia Minor with Smyrna its capital; second the Jewish-Syrian republic with Jerusalem the capital; third, the republic of Arabia, Mecca, and Macedonia the capital as of yore; fourth, India; fifth, China with all her stolen cities returned; sixth, little Japan."

"Well Joe, I see you are back in your old printery with Pat Burns, and H.L.P. at the helm".

"Captain, don't say Pat, but Col. Burns".

"Why, did he become colonel?"

"He was a captain at the siege of Tokyo, but the senior officers being disabled he led his regiment to an assault on the Mikado's palace, captured it and the Emperor and was breveted colonel on the spot by General Pershing".

So it seems the scripture prophecy has been fulfilled: "Joseph shall dwell in the tents of Shem and Ham (Canaan) shall become his servant".

"Tell me about the Elgin boys".

"Well, Col. Bob Carter has recovered from his wound and is home again, John Nichols is a lieutenant in the Navy, Fred Byrd is a full captain."

"Tell me about the morale of the men returning from this awful war."

"You know that many of them are blind from asphyxiating gas, some are deaf from heavy gun concussion, and nearly all are broken in health."

"Well, what about our women?"

"You have asked me a hard question. You must remember that there are two marriageable women to one man hence their anxiety to be mated. They seem to me to be rather blase'. Having been without religious influence for six years and in constant dread and alarm the finer sense of their femininity is wanting, but God bless them they are our truest friends."

"What is all this talk of W. J. Bryant?"

"He is now life president of the International Board of Arbitration, and in all the world he is called the greatest man that has lived since Moses. The world now knows that had it been guided by his gospel of peace, justice and righteousness, this awful calamity would not have scourged the world and turned it backwards a hundred years."

"Much obliged Brother Joe for your valuable information".

Please don't call me a pessimist ... a raven croaking "death, death, death". I only ask you to look at war riven Mexico, France, Belgium and Poland. No man ever said a greater truth than Gen. Sherman after he had desolated Georgia and South Carolina like the vandal Huns have stricken Belgium and Poland. Said he, "War is Hell".

The Old Spaniard

In 1883 Uncle Add Lawrence was living on a ranch west of the Brazos River engaged in stock raising and mustang hunting. One day an old Spaniard walked up to the cabin stating that he was sick, and asked that he might stay a few days to rest. Uncle Add said, "I was affeared of him the first time I seed him, but I never turned anyone away in distress".

What he meant by saying he was afraid is hard for me to understand, for of all men that I have been intimate with during a long life it seems to me that he was the most absolutely fearless man I ever knew. It must have been a replica of the cave man whose fear or superstition of the supernatural so often recurs amongst men and women of these days. Some of us turn back if a rabbit crosses the road ahead of us, or if starting on a journey they forget something; others will not begin a job on Friday or sit at a table making the thirteenth. My

superstition is the "Evil Eye". Some people I fear to have them look at me. One lady in this city, the mother of children, if I happen to meet her I am careful not to let her look me on the face, always keeping my face turned away. Do not ask me the name of that woman for I will never tell you.

In about a month the old Spaniard seemed fully recovered. One day he told Uncle Add that he was one of Lafitte's buccaneers; that he had helped scuttle many a ship and rob many a town on the Spanish Main, that when Lafitte was captured on Galveston Island by U.S. Marines and all his ships burned, he, with two companions; were guarding the treasure some distance from the scene of the surrender. After the victorious fleet of U. S. ships sailed away with their prisoners, they placed the treasure in two small cannons, one filled with silver, the other with gold, buried them in the sand four feet deep, marking a hackberry tree and measuring the distance to the treasure, then solemnly swearing that neither would ever try to recover the treasure unless all three were together. They then made their escape; one going to Mexico and the others to New Orleans.

"Now", said the old Spaniard, "I have learned that my two companions are dead, so I am released from my oath and am on my way to recover the money. If you, senior, will go and help me you shall have one-half, and if you will give me a home as long as I live, you shall be my heir."

Preparations for the trip were made at once. When they were ready to start Uncle Add furnished a horse for each of them, but the old man said, "No Senior, I never rode a horse and never will. You ride and I will walk."

The second night's camp was on the prairie. A full moon was shining brightly. Uncle Add said he could not sleep. After a while he looked at the old Spaniard who was sleeping on his back, his shirt open in front. He saw a great scar across the man's breast, and his face had many scars on it.

Suddenly he said it came to him that his companion was not mortal but the devil leading him to destruction. While looking in horror upon the scarred sleeper he heard an owl hoot in a nearby bottom, a timber wolf uttered a doleful howl, then the heavens seemed to be on fire and the stars fell in showers. (Children, ask your parents to tell you about the falling of the stars in the year 1833, Nov. 3.)

He sprang on his horse and fled for home reaching there the next day, so badly frightened that he could neither eat nor sleep for a day or two.

About a month afterward he got a message from a man who lived on Simms Bayou that the day after the falling of the stars an old sick Spaniard came to his cabin and died in a few days. Before the end came the old man gave him a package to give to his heir, Senior Adam Lawrence.

The package on being opened contained some Spanish gold and a map of Galveston Island, a tree and 703 varas (*a Spanish, Portuguese, and Latin-American unit of linear measure varying from about 81 to 109 centimeters (32 to 43 inches)*) giving the direction. This he handed to his wife, Aunt Sallie, to put away carefully. Then he wrote to his brother-in-law, Lindsay P. Rucker, who was a surveyor and lived in what is now known as Burleson County, to bring his surveyor's instruments and his son as soon as possible. On the arrival of the surveyor and the telling of the tale of treasure, preparations for the hunt were soon complete, but Aunt Sallie forgot where she put the map and a long hunt proved unsuccessful. All any of them could remember was that the tree was 703 varas, but what direction all had forgotten.

The party crossed the bay and found the hackberry tree. They then measured 703 varas, and commenced punching rods in the sand. This they kept up in a circle, until their provisions gave out, finding nothing, Several other unavailing trips were made.

The old Spaniard evidently told the truth for many years afterwards, during a great storm on the island,

an old cannon filled with silver was washed up. If the other filled with gold was ever found, I have never heard of it. Doubtless it lies buried where the buccaneers placed it.

Old Man Banxton

The man I am going to write about would be an unique character in these days, but his kind in the days before the war between the states was very common. He was a little man, stoop shouldered, no education but very honest and in this particular he measured every other's corn in his half bushel. He wronged no one, nor permitted any one to wrong him and live. He was the grandfather of Mr. Jim Banxton who lives south of town.

Conditions in those days were very different from these times. Then I never heard of a mortgage, or of anyone paying interest on borrowed money, or taking a note. If a man tried to beat his honest debts, he was so completely ostracized that he had to move. People's wants were very few and though the crops often failed, there was plenty of fat cattle on the prairies and always fat hogs in the woods in winter. Nearly all the wearing apparel was made at home, only buying one pair of shoes for each member of the family once a year.

When you took your sweetheart to a party or to church, her mother or father saddled her pony, and away you rode as happy as the day was long. You hobbled out your horse, went coon or cat hunting with the boys or deer hunting if you so desired. But few people tried to make more money than to pay their debts. Land was a drug in the market at one dollar per acre, and all the old settlers were land poor.

I can better explain the faith people had in each other by telling you a tale.

One day a man rode up to Uncle Add Lawrence's place on a tired horse and asked if it was where Mr. Lawrence lived,

"That's me", said Uncle Add,

The stranger stated that he lived in Houston County near Crockett, that while in San Antonio he got a message that his wife was very sick at home. He stated that he had started at once, but that his horse had failed and that he wanted to swap for a horse that would carry him home.

Uncle Add ordered Wesley, one of his sons, to drive up the saddle horses. On their arrival Uncle Add told the man to pick out the horse that he wanted. When the selection was made he asked Uncle Add how he would trade. The answer was, "Give me ten dollars to boot".

The man said, "That breaks the trade, for I have not got ten dollars".

"No", said Uncle Add, "go ahead and send me the ten when you can". So he changed horses and rode away east in a long trot. After he was gone I asked the man's name. Uncle Add said he had never seen the man before.

Said I, "Don't you think you have lost ten dollars?"

"Naw", said he, "I'll get the money some of these days."

Sure enough, about a month afterward a man rode up and asked if this was where Mr. Add Lawrence lived. On being told that it was he said, "That Mr. _____ who lived near Crockett, asked him to come by and leave ten dollars that he owed in a horse trade".

"Thar", said Uncle Add, "didn't I tell you I would git my money?"

But this country was not all Utopia or Arabia the Blessed. When you went out in the morning to get up your horse you had to watch your step or you would step on a centipede, tarantula, rattle snake or copperhead. Then when you sat down to eat breakfast, someone had to keep a brush going to keep away the flies; ticks and mosquitoes were present to vex you nearly the whole year. Ice, when you needed it, was unknown. Then every wet year everybody had chills and fever for months.

Now for my tale. When the war began, old man Banxton had a fine horse that I wanted to ride in the war. He asked one hundred dollars for him. He owed me fifty dollars for tuition and another neighbor owed me a like amount. I offered the two accounts for the horse, which proposition was accepted. Shortly afterwards the party who was in debt to the old man skipped for Jackson County between suns, or ran away to keep from paying his debts. I will call him Smith; that was not his name. When the old man heard that his debtor had skipped, he loaded his double barreled shotgun, took his hobbles, a wallet of corn bread and meat, and went in hot pursuit, overtaking Smith a few miles below Bastrop. He cocked both barrels of his gun and yelled out "Halt".

Smith sprang out of the wagon remarking, "Mr. Banxton, I forgot that little debt when I left but here is a fifty dollar bill". The old man came home very jubilant.

When he got his crop worked out he told his boys, Levi, Aaron and Abner to saddle their ponies and they would go down to Frank Mundine's store in Lexington and trade out their fifty dollars.

On arrival he said to Mr. Mundine, "I want to trade \$50.00 worth and when I gets that amount, stop me for I am such a fool that when I gets to buying I never know when to stop"

After a while Mr. Mundine said, "Mr. Banxton, your \$50.00 is out".

The old man threw down his \$50.00 bill. Mr. Mundine laughed and remarked, "That's not money; not worth a cent".

The old man pulled out a butcher knife and said, "Frank Mundine, I will cut your meat out if you fool me".

Mundine stepped back and said, "That is a mustang liniment bill and to show you that I am not trying to put up a job on you here is a bottle of the same liniment with a \$50.00 bill wrapped around it".

"I see, I see," said the old man. "Put up them goods".

"No", said Mundine, "take them home with you for I know you are an honest man and will pay me when you get the money."

"No", said the-old man, "I pays for what I gits on the spot".

In the morning Levi came up to Uncle Add's and told the tale. Uncle Add said, "Levi, where's your pappy?"

"He's gone to Jackson county, starting before daylight and he's mad".

Uncle Add said to me, "Fell, git on your horse and ride over to Smith's brother, Frank, and tell him if he don't beat old man Banxton to Jackson county his brother will he shot down like he was an Injun".

Some days afterwards the old man came home and told me he got the right sort of money this time.

"Tell me all about it", said I.

"Well, it took me some time after I got to Jackson County before I could find Smith's place. But when I found it I rode up, got down, threw my bridle reins over the picket fence, cocked both barrels of my gun, then hollered 'hello'. Mrs. Smith came to the cabin door, her face as white as a sheet. I asked her whar was Smith. She said he was gone 'but Mr. Banxton, he left the right sort of money this time and here it is'. She then handed me two twenty dollar gold pieces and a ten dollar gold piece. I said, 'Money is the end of the law'. I let down the hammers of my gun and here I am".

After he had rested a few days he told Levi, Aaron and Abner to saddle the ponies and go with him to Lexington after their goods. When he got there he threw the \$50.00 in gold on the counter and said to Mr. Mundine, "Is this mustang liniment money?"

The Last Days of Uncle Add

In the Lawrence Chapel cemetery, in Williamson County, stands a cheap limestone slab upon which is chiseled the following:

ADAM LAWRENCE
Born Oct. 16, 1799
Died Oct. 2, 1878
(making him 79 years old)

The main object I had in view in writing these Add Lawrence tales was that I could raise a \$500.00 fund to commemorate his last resting place.

When I began these sketches no war and no drought was upon us. Now I fear that my hopes cannot be realized, but I have placed \$25.00 in the Elgin National Bank as a starter to this fund. Anyone desiring to have a part in this memorial may send the amount to said bank, conditioned that it will be returned in, say one year from this date, if the whole amount is not paid in.

.....

In some of the previous sketches I have stated that Uncle Add could not stand crowding. His first settlement was near old San Phillipe on the lower Brazos. There he married Miss Sallie Miller, daughter of Simon Miller. Afterwards he moved to his headright league on the Brazos near where is now the town of Chapel Hill. Soon the settlement got too thick for him so he swapped this splendid league of land for a horse to run mustangs and located on New Grass Creek. When settlers began to become too numerous in the early forties, he again moved to the Simon Miller League in what is now Williamson County. This was an ideal home for him. Splendid range, buffalo, bear, and turkeys in abundance and his nearest neighbor ten miles off. Here he lived during the dark days of the war between the states.

In the early summer of 1866, one morning I was sitting on his south gallery when he came up leading his favorite saddle horse, Old Jim. I saw that he was greatly excited. Said I, "What's the matter, Uncle Add?"

"Fell", said he, "when I was on the prairie hunting my horse I saw seven smokes where women were preparing breakfast. People are getting too thick here to suit me and I am going to sell out and leave".

His children, some of them married, his brethren in the church, and hosts of friends tried to dissuade him

from moving in his old age from a good home and an abundance of this world's goods. All was unavailing. In less than a month he had traded his land for one thousand cattle, having about the same number in his own brand, in ox wagons he started for California. At El Paso he sold all his cattle, except his teams, at twenty dollars a head, in gold, bringing over forty thousand dollars. That fall he reached Los Angeles and bought several sections of land between the then small town and the ocean on the San Gabriel River, establishing a stock ranch. Since then, this has proven the most valuable land in the U.S. But in a few years the same old trouble overtook him. Settlements began to thicken around him. So he sold again and moved to a lofty valley eighty miles north of Los Angeles and that distance from any neighbors. He moved his cattle. This valley was in the Cascade Range of mountains. Here trouble and misfortune followed him. His cattle strayed off; frost came every month in the year; his remaining children married and left him and worst of all, his loved and trusted wife, dear old Aunt Sallie, sickened and died. His property was gone and he was left desolate.

About two years before this the 12th Texas Legislature had donated a \$1,000.00 bond bearing ten per cent annual interest to the veterans of the war between Texas and Mexico, known as the Texas Revolution. When I heard of Uncle Add's misfortunes, I wrote him that if he would send me power of attorney I would get his warrant and send it to him. I heard nothing from him for several months when, one night, while living in my little log cabin in Lee County, I heard his well remembered and well loved voice calling, "Fell".

He stated that he had got his warrant and sold it for \$1,200.00.

This was not the self confident, self assertive Uncle Add of yore, for he was greatly reduced in flesh and all the old vigor seemed to have left him. He lived with his widowed daughter, Mrs. Henry Layne, the mother of Mrs. S. A. Abbott of Beaufort. He frequently came to see me but would never stay more than a day or two. Some way he seemed to be always restless, not satisfied anywhere.

One morning he said, "Fell, saddle your horse. I want you to go with me to the mouth of Mine Creek to see if I can show you where I killed a big bear.

On arrival at the place, for some minutes he wandered around through the bushes. Suddenly the old strident voice of Uncle Add came back as he exclaimed, "There is the forks of that pin oak where he stuck out his big, black head. Here I stood; that is where my bear dog stood baying the bear, and I let him have it between the eyes, and here he hit the ground 'kerflumix'."

Then we sat on a log for an hour and the old Adam Lawrence told me one bear tale or Indian tale after another. At last he dropped his face in his hands and would only answer in monosyllables. Then he raised up and started for his horse. I asked him to go home with me. He said, "Fell, how can I, for I will never kill another bear?"

No language can describe the pathos of his voice. It seemed like his love for life had forever fled. I never saw Uncle Add alive again.

A short time afterwards, Mrs. Layne sent me word that her father was very sick, but when I got there his noble spirit had fled. I helped carry him to his last resting place and place him under the green oaks that he loved so well.

Mrs. Layne asked me to be present when she opened her father's trunk. In it were a few valueless papers and twenty-eight Spanish dollars. We supposed that he had saved this for burial.

In closing these tales I hope my readers, especially the children, have enjoyed reading them as much as the pleasure it gives me to call up these memories out of the shadowy, misty, dreamy past. When I am called home, I hope that I will be loved and honored as was Uncle Add.

I am sure that I will again meet him on his splendid ranch in Neptune or Uranus. He could not be happy in the heaven that most people dream about for he would not have elbow room; and the people would be too thick to suit him.

I wonder, children, if we will not all have places in "the home over yonder", that will suit our several tastes. I expect to have an orchard and a vineyard, cattle, horses, sheep and chickens, that I may have something to do to keep me from being lonely.

John, you remember, saw horses let down from Heaven and taken back to Heaven, and Peter saw a sheet let down from Heaven and taken up again in which were all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things. Certainly, Uncle Add has ranch mustangs to rope but I don't think he will find any Injuns to kill, or Mexicans either. But I am sure he could not be happy singing praises forevermore.