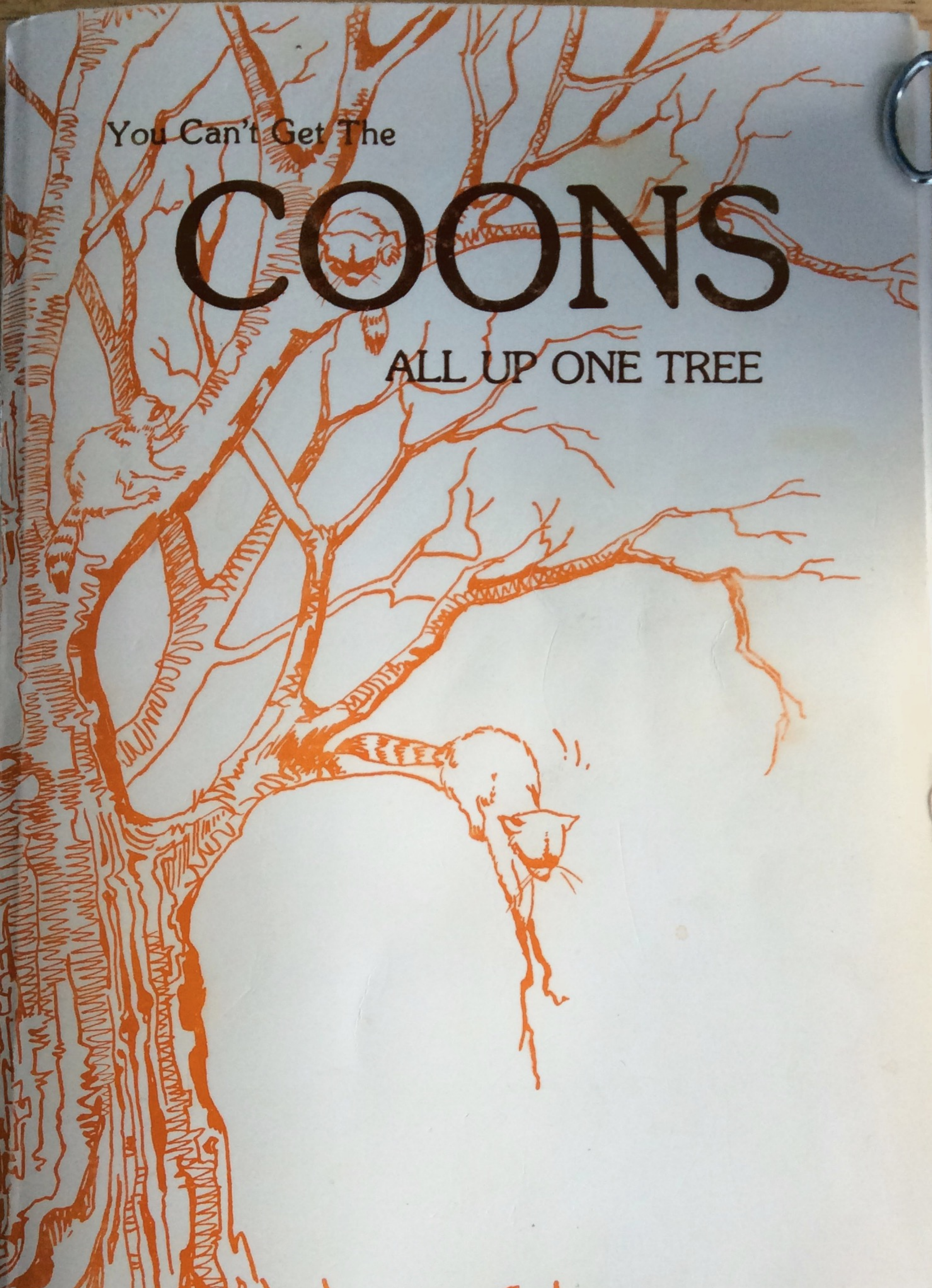


You Can't Get The

COONS

ALL UP ONE TREE



The True Life Story of John N. Jones

By: Leona Parrish Carver

**“YOU CAN’T GET
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ALL UP
ONE TREE”**

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This book is dedicated to my father, Efford Parrish; and to everyone who spent the cool of the evenings on the porch or under a shade tree in West Texas, listening to the adventures of John N. Jones.
Leona Parrish Carver

Preface

In writing his life story, John N. Jones made no attempt at a great literary production but simply narrated in his own plain, blunt way the incidents of his life as they actually occurred. He was self educated, having gone to school only two years. Some words and expressions are misspelled on purpose in this book, because that's the way John spoke and wrote. I, Leona Parrish Carver, a great granddaughter of John N. Jones, have transcribed and researched his spellbinding, handwritten memoirs.

This book will be of more than passing interest to those who can be entertained by the early history of the western part of our great republic.

John N. Jones ran away from home at the age of sixteen. He worked with slaves for food and shelter, almost losing his life twice. He operated a freighting service from Marshall, Tex. to Shreveport, La. John explored West Texas in 1853. Going through Waco and Belton, he said, "It was the worst Indian Country in Texas." In 1856 he joined the Texas Rangers and chased Indians up and down Devils River in South Texas. In 1857 Jones was with Sam Houston, who was electioneering throughout the state for Governor. Jones was a great admirer of Houston. He called him a statesman with few equals and no superiors.

John N. Jones and Abraham Lincoln were of the same mind, when it came to the South severing relations with the United States. Lincoln was shot for his views, Jones nearly was hung for his. He enlisted in an Arkansas Company at Little Rock and was in several skirmishes with Union troops, but gives the impression he never fired a rifle in anger.

Jones wanted to switch sides. He had never agreed with the Southern views to secede. He did not agree with the concept of slavery and he was accused by more than one person of being a traitor to the Confederacy. He went AWOL and laid out in the woods with a price on his head of \$400.00 till time was right to join up with the Federals.

Jones joined the Federals at Benton, Arkansas, fighting against his brother, and best friends. He served on both sides and was discharged from military service on October 20, 1864.

John N. Jones married three times. His first wife died of "consumption." His second wife died of a fall from a horse. After her death he fell apart, saying he was never drunk but never sober. He married a third time in 1866 and moved to Texas to settle in Hill County, where he farmed and raised sheep. He then moved on to West Texas for the excitement and profit of catching wild horses.

He and his friends referred to their camp as Plainview, which is now the location of Plainview, Texas.

At the time of his death, Jan. 31, 1922, John N. Jones lived with a daughter, Mrs. Rufus (Kit) Parrish, near Cone, Texas. He is buried at the Cone cemetery beneath a Civil War monument.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Preface	VI
1. Run Away Boy	1
2. Exploring West Texas	8
3. Cattle Drive	12
4. Bair Tracks	15
5. Texas Ranger	18
6. Scalping Indians	21
7. Mustered Out of Texas Rangers	27
8. Danced All Night	30
9. "Houston - No Superior, Few Equals"	35
10. Home Sick	39
11. Miss Jane	46
12. Abe Lincoln	51
13. Jane's Consumption	52
14. Sworn Into Confederacy	56
15. Met My Babes	71
16. A.W.O.L.	74
17. \$400.00 Dead or Alive	82
18. Thyphoid	93
19. Ignorance Was Prevalent	101
20. Battle of Prairie Grove	106
21. Furlow	126
22. Hiding Out	136
23. Union Army	148
24. Brother Against Brother	154
25. Molly, Darling	159
26. The Rock	164
27. "Scouts"	173
28. "Pursuit of Burk"	181
29. Defense of the Rock	187
30. Discharge	192
31. A Jewel Above Price	195
32. Brother Joe	198
33. Lee Surrenders	204
34. Making The Peace	210
35. Miss Ann	217
36. Texas	223

INDEX

Picture of John N. Jones	229
Poem About Mother	230
Poem of War	231
Volunteer Enlistment	233
4th Battalion	234
4th Battalion	235
4th Calvary	236
4th Calvary	237
4th Calvary	238
4th Calvary: 2nd Lieutenant	239
4th Calvary: 2nd Lieutenant	240
Discharge	241
Map	242
Reconstruction in Arkansas	243
Battle of Prairie Grove	244

Run Away Boy

My great grandfather was a Scotchman. He was a Colonel under the English and was placed over a portion of Ireland. The English was about to rebel and because he was so lenient with his men thar was charges against him, so he deserted and come to America before the Revolutionary war. He was getting vary oald when the war come up so he went into the mountains of North Carolina, doing the best he could to stay alive and to waite out the war.

In the year of 1774, Daniel Boone moved his family to Kentucky. Knowing Boone knew the country and trails, my great grandfather took his family and went with Boone. I do not know how long they lived in Kentucky, but from thar he moved to Alabama and settled where the town of Tuscaloosa now stands. It was fourty milds to the next white settlement so he seldom ever saw a white man. They stayed thar a year then moved to Mississippi. He died in the Chickasaw Nation. So I have inherited my roving from my great grandfather.

My Father and Mother were pious good people and had taken great pains to raise their children up right. Father had but little education and mother had less.

I was bournd February 4, 1835 in the state of Tennessee. We moved to Mississippi when I was one year oald. At my first recollection we were living among the Chickasaw Indians. I was seven years oald when we moved to the state of Arkansas. Our first stop was on White River in Independance County, at a little place called Sulphur Rock. Thar I

went to school two years and that was the end of my learning from a teacher. I was then strickly on my own, brought up in the severe school of nature. My father was not satisfide thar so we moved to Clark County and settled on the Caddo River. It was seven milds to our nearest neighbor. This was in the year of 1844. I was nine years oald.

My Father's given name was Robert and Mother's maiden name was Malinda Ewing. I had four sisters and four brothers. They all lived to be grown and have familys of their own. My two oldest brothers both mayd doctors and practiced medison all their lives in Clark County. Each one rased a large family. Brother Alford, the oaldest, had five boys and gave them all a fair education.

Well, as this is intended to give a brief sketch of myself, I will commence on the history of the wild boy, John N. Jones, hoo run away from home on the sixth day of February, 1851. My destination was Texas. At the age of sixteen, I liked ten cents having a dime in money. When I left, afoot, I had no load to carry. The few clothes I had on was my load. It was one of them rainey times when the waters was all up and when I could not find a foot log across the crecks. I had them to wade.

The third day after I left home, I come to a creck that was bridged but the bottom was overflowed on the side I was on, so I had to wade to get to the bridge. I steped off into the creck and swam across but the other side was a bluff bank and so steep I could not climb it. After making several efforts, I had to swim back and go back up the road to a house a mild or more away. Bey this time thar was one tired boy that was jest about ready to pass in his checks.

The lady was all kindness to me. She got me some

dry clothes to put on, then come a shower of questions. I toald her I was running away from home. She tryd to persuade me to go back home, even offered to write my folks asking them to forgive me, but it all done no good. However, she gave me some good advice I hope was not thrown away. But I puld on as my heart was set on getting to Texas.

The next place that give me any trouble was Red River. It was vary high and overflowing. I crossed it at Fulton, thar was five slough, the water was roaring through more than belly deep to a horse. The ferry men did not want to set me across and sayd that I would freeze to death if I did not drown first.

Luck was with me as about that time some men come up that had lost their stock and had to go to the bottom to lcock fur them. I found the sloughs as he said, I went into them with a vim, but the vim was all out of me when I got across to the other side.

I got to where one widow Ferrel lived. She was a vary wealthy lady. I called at the gate to see if I could stay all night. One of her sons come out to answer my call. When I toald him I had come through the flooded bottom afoot, he seemed to doubt my word. His mother come out to question me. She ask me to come into the house as she wanted to have a look at me. She must have liked my looks as she sent fur a suit of her son's clothes fur me to put on, and sent mine off to dry. This was the first suit of store bought clothes I ever had on in my life. She could tell bey looking at me, that I was well pleased, as I couldn't keep from looking down at them and wishing I had a mirrow to look myself over good.

When supper was over the oald lady sent fur me to come into her room. If I had got a sentence to the pen I don't think I could have dreaded it worse. I

went in trembling from head to foot. My face was shakeing so hard I could not get a word to come out of my mouth. She asked if I was running away from home. I toald the strate truth. She gave me good advice, saying I should turn back fur home, but I had a aunt in Texas that I had started to see, so I puld ahead.

It was the next night I got to a oald man bey the name of Moore. He also seemed to be wealthy. He gave me food and let me stay all night, and he toald me where I could get work.

As the waters was all up, I could not go on, so I hired to a man bey the name of Charles Rochel. He was a bachelor and had some fifteen slaves working fur him. I worked there three weeks as the rain had let up some and I needed some money.

Rochel was good to me. He ask me to stay with him, and offered to send me to school after we got the crop planted. It set in and rained three or four days. Thar was no one fur me to be with but slaves. I could not stand it. I got me some store bought clothes, toald Rochel good-bey, and one time more set out fur my aunt's.

This time I did not go fur till I run up on Sulplur Fork on Red River. It was three milds wide. The ferry man was maken but one trip a day. I got thar too late. He had come and gone and he lived on the other side. If I stayed till morning, I would have to go back three milds to get a place to stay the night. At about the time I got ready to go back, a couple of men landed in a skift, and the evil spirit got the best of me. As soon as they got out of sight, I taken their skift and puld for the other bank. The bottom was heavy timberd. I thought I could find my way but I struck a open slough and I taken down it, got lost, and finally landed three milds below the ferry.

Here I run into the man that owned the boat, and I lied to him like a puppy. I toald him I had got it from his boys, that they let me have it and they was going to come home the next day on the ferryboat. He could not think what had caused them to take such a notion to stay all night. I don't think I ever felt so mean in my life. The next morning when I went to leave I felt like a bird let out of a cage. I then and thar resolved to sure stick to the truth from thar on.

Well, I run onto another creck that I could not wade. Learning thar was a oald mill some two milds below and the dam was still standing, I thought that I mite cross on it, so I made my way thar. Deep gaps was washed out of the dam but bey getting some poles and putting across the gaps I got across. It was a hardy thing to undertake, because if I had a lost my balance I would have past out on the water route. I was so tired I could hardly put one foot in frount of the other but had to keep moveing as I was wet and cold.

As luck would have it, there was a house not fur up the road and I tell you the smoke coming out of the chimney looked mity good. Here I stayed the night, and better people I never met. When I toald them how I had got across the creck, the man sayd he would not have tryed to cross as I did for a thousand dollars.

Well, he persuaded me to stay with him a few days and he would take me to Jefferson. So I comenced to help him clear off some new ground. I think it was the second day I vary near cut my thumb off. As I could not work, I puld on, went through Jefferson, crossed the last prong of the Cypress jest at sundown.

I asked at every house to stay the night and houses was prity thick at that date on this road. No

one would let me stay. About midnight I got to a house and hollered. The dogs made a rush for me. Cat-like, I clum on top of a stake and wire fence. The dogs jumped and snaped and I hollered till finally we got the people awake.

The man come out and wanted to know what I was doing thar? I toald him I was traveling. He ask why I had not stopped before that time of night? I toald him I had tried every house since dark and I had traveled twelve milds, but no one would let me stay.

At this he toald me to get down off the fence and come in, that he wanted to take a look at me. When we got to the light, he asked how oald I was. If I had a father or mother. If I was running away. What was the matter with my hand? How did I get it hurt? He sayd it looked to him it needed some care. After I answered all of his questions, he then cauld his wife and toald her to get up and come thar. He then comence to give her my history as I had toald it to him. She got some warm water and dressed my thumb. She was so tender with it. I could not keep from sheeding tears for thinking of my Mother, knowing as I did I had left one of the best of mothers a boy could have.

In the mean time they had cauld in a negro woman and ordered supper for me at one o'clock. It had been two days without a bite to eat. To This day food has never tast better. As my thumb was not throbing so much and I was getting warm, I went to bed to dream of home and the loved ones I had left thar.

Oh, how much better I felt than I did the night after I had lied about the boat. I felt like I was rewarded for telling the plain truth. I got to thinking about all the good people that was back in Arkansas, but here I had found the good Sermeriton. And so it

is through life when disceived bey our friends or those that ought to be our friends, that thar is nun good, no not one. I got a lesson here that has lasted me through life, to be kind to the stranger, and I have never turned one away since. Mr. and Mrs. Smith gave me advice that has always bin a bright place in my memory.

Well, that day I finally got to my aunt's. She could not believe I had come bey myself afoot all that way from Arkansas. She had five boys, three oulder than me and two younger. One of her sons, J.P. Jones, was running a team from Marshal, Texas to Shrevesport, Lousiana. As soon as my thumb got well, he got a team fur me to drive. We made regular trips all summer and fall, so the time past fast and I saved up some money. I had bin getting letters from home all persuading me to come back, and I didn't need much persuading.

So I got me a cheap poney and set out fur home. Oh, how impatient I was. I could hardly stop to eat or give my poney time to drink. I had bin away about nine months and Home Sweet Home was all I could think of. My poney was completely give out when I got back. I past around the barn and come in sight of the house. My Father saw me and knew me at once, but my Mother could not think it was me so continued to work till I commenst to get down.

Exploring West Texas

There is no words that can give the joy of that meeting. The children thought it was a great feat to accomplish, to think I had bin to Texas and back. They seemed to think I had sean it all. It would have taken a dozen lawyers to have answered thar questions, and I should tell them all about it in one setting.

Well, I stayed at home and helped make a crop. As soon as the crop was layed bey, I went to visit my cousen Wilson Jones and his wife. They was glad to see me, and his little boy was nothing but joy to be around. Wilson taken a notion to move to Texas so I sliped off and went with him. This was in the year of 1853. I was eighteen years oald. Wilson's wife was as good to me as a sister. She was one of those modest, quite and kind girls that no one coulden help loving. They had two yoke of oxen, so we traveled slow till we got to Harrison County. There our money give out so we had to stop and go to work.

Wilson got a job from a man bey the name of Young, grubbing off new ground, making it ready for the plow. I went to work at \$10.00 a month fur a man bey the name of Board. He worked several Slaves and two grone sons. I got along fine with them.

One day in July, Wilson come to me saying his grubbing job was completed. Young had come out and looked over the work and toald Wilson to come into town, that he was ready to settle up with him. So I settled with Mr. Board, him wanting me to stay, but I had enough of that place and was ready to pul on.

Wilson and I went to Marshall to see Young.

However, when we got thar, Young claimed the work was not accorden to the contract and he was not willing to settle unless Wilson nocked off a good deal. So they quarreled fur some time, finally settled with Wilson nocking a good deal off -- me jest itching to take some of Young's hide with us, thinking all the time Wilson was not as brite as I had given him credit of being -- however, at my surprise Wilson brighten up and mounted on top of the stile blocks in front of Young's house and commenst hollering like a auctioneer. He started to act as if he was in great pain. He rolled up, tumbled over and over till he had got the crowd to come over to see what was going on. He then sayd all he had to say, that Doctor Young was a damn rascal hoo had refused to pay him for his labor. At this point the crowd was all riled up and was talking among themselves. Wilson then jumped down, saying nothing more. Dr. Young mounted on top of the stile blocks, trying to get the crowd's attention to tell another lie to put him back in good standing with the people. However, as we walked off the crowd was scattering in all directions. We sure had a good laugh about that.

We had set our heads on exploring West Texas, so in a few days we were on the road. This was in the year of 1854. The weather was hot. We traveled slow, trying to make camp at the water holes which was purty fur apart at times.

We were both expert shots. Soon as we got to where the game was plenty, we was in the swim and had plenty of meat to eat. We stopped at all the good fishing holes. Better fish I have never tasted. Wilson's wife knew jest how to cook them. We also hunted deer and antelope and did not have to walk fur from camp to nock them off, as we were both

crack shots. The good fish, deer and antelope steak we had on this trip was emence.

We went through Waco and Belton, crossed the Colorado River near Marble Falls. Here a man came to our camp telling us that we stood a good chance to loose our scalps and locks at any time because the moon was on the full and the Indians was likley to run on us at any time. We had started to Fred-ericksburg in Gillespie County and could not bair the idea of stopping, so we went ahead, wanting to make camp on Grape Creek, a tributary of the Pur-tanalac. It proved to be one of the worst Indian countrys in Texas. When a man was out in the woods he was all the time pulling his hat off, feeling to see if his hair was in the right place. Our luck was with us this time as we didn't have to have a battle to get through.

Wilson conclude to stay here and hunt to supply the Deutsch Coloney with meat. Game was plenty. So was the wild bees. But it was too thinly settled with people fur me to stay around.

I went down below Auston on the Colorrado hunting work, as I was jest about out of money. One night I stade with a widow lady bey the name of Biggs. Here my poney died. If I had lost a thousand dollars, I could have felt no worse. I was jest about out of money and work was not to be found. The good lady said that I could stay thar and help her sons do the work about the place fur my keep.

About a week later I met a man in the settlement bey the name of Cook. He was from Arkansas. We did not live a grate ways a part. After he had ques-tion me pirty close about the country and people, he sayd, "I think you are a truthful boy." He ask me to go home with him and sayd my board would cost me nothing. He promise to help me get work, also I

could depend on the men he sayd was good. That was good news to my ears as so many men in those days would beat you out of your wages.

Cattle Drive

I got work with Mr. John Christian. Here I made headquarters for the next three years. Christian was a step-brother of General Edward (Ned) Burleson of Texas. He and his partner, Alf Smith, owned between eight or nine hundred head of horses, so we was kept busy. This was in Bastrop County and was thickly settled and I soon got quanted with the young people. Dancing was the chief pass time. I was considered a good dancer so that put me right in the swim.

Mrs. Christian seem to spair no panes in having my clothes ready for every party. The young people was the most cheerful, happiest set I was ever among. I still look back to that time as the happiest period of my life.

Christian had three brothers working for him by the name of Lee. They had been there quite a spell, and A.P. Lee was the leader of the pack. I tried to dodge him as much as possible cause every time we met sparks seemed to start flying.

The Lee boys was ordered to drive a drove of stock cattle up on the Lampases, and Christian ordered me to go help them. At once I knew before I got back that me or A.P. Lee would take a whipping, but at the same time I had been hankering to give him one he wouldn't forget. So I let onto Christian that I was glad to take the trip.

The second day out A.P. cut the herd in two, him driving the big cattle, leaving us to bring up the drags. We whipped and hollered till twelve o'clock. Our horses was give out and so was we. I saw a creak and, since we had the pack mule with us that had all our commissarys, I perposed to eat dinner.

The boys sayd Lee would be mad. I told them I didn't care as I was hungry. They agreed if I would take the blame. So we stopped fur dinner.

As soon as we got through I toald the boys if they would pack up, I would round up the cattle to get started in a short time. I seen Lee coming in a long lope. He rode up to the boys and ask them why they had stopped. They sayd, "Because John Jones told us too." He swore he would give me a whipping. I heard him so I turned, ridding to meet him. He then ask me why I had held up the heard, saying he was the boss of that outfit and he could still give the orders.

After he had shut up, I ask him why he had cut the herd into and left us with drags. He sayd that was his business, that he had done toald me he was the boss and I was going to carry out his orders. I then toald him it was my business when my belly was empty and I knew what to do about it.

He toald me to pul my six-shooter off and git down, that he was going to give me a whipping.

I toald him that was more than he was able to do.

He sayd he would bet his horse he could.

I then remarked that he need not go any further. I tuk the bet.

He jumped down, asking me down.

I then toald him we would have to have judges. The boys was all thar. We agreed to take a man bey the name of Kingkade. I then toald Lee he had better send on and have the other heard drove back.

He asked "What fur?"

I then toald him we would not have time to go on if he dun what he sayd he was going to do.

He sayd it would not take him a minute.

I remarked he was the worst foold man I had ever met in my life and that he must be hunry, and I was

sorry he didn't have his supper as it would take him the rest of the day and all night to carry out his mission.

He then sayd, "Damn you Jones, I would like to understand you without a fight."

The boys all laugh. Then A.P. Lee and I joined in, me saying I had the same feeling fur him.

The cattle was in a scattered mess. We stopped at Pecan Springs on the Lampasas at one Mr. Williams house. We stade here a while to locate the cattle.

Thar was a man in the settlement that had sent his daughter to Tennessee to school. She happen to be visiting her family at the time. She made the remark her Father had throwed the money away in educating her. Thar was not a man in the settlement that could converse with her. Lee sayd he would give five dollars in gold peaces fur a introduction. He wanted us to go with him the next morning up to her door. Jest before we got thar, Lee asked me to go in a-hed of him. I went in and was introduced, then steped to one side fur Lee. He bowed as perlite as a French dancing master, then comence talking at a rapid rate in Spanish.

The girl looked at Lee, then at me, then remarked that she did not know what he was saying. Lee sayd in a vary dry posative maner that she was not a well verst in Greek as he had expected to find her. We then bid good-bye and got out of thar, having a harty laugh over this spree.

Bair Tracks

The game was plenty. I put in a good deal of my time hunting. I got up early one morning and went afoot. I had seen a large deer several times and I was anxious to get him. I got a shot at him but hit him too far back. He would go a little piece and lye down but kept jest out of gun shot. That was before the day of long range guns. The rascal tease me a-long til I had got some four or five miles from the house. I was going down a creek that had considerable cedar on it. The deer went into a cedar bush thicket and I followed it till about the middle. Here I run onto a Indian camp that was so fresh I could all most smell them. I picked up a horn spoon and a broken arrow, pulled my hat on as far as I could fur the doggone thing kept trying to crawl off. It was Indians I was looking at instede of deer.

My hair stood so strate up it kept my eyes wide open going back to camp. Passing round a little mountain I though I seen Indians tracks bey the thousand. I pulled my hat down and looked in every direction but could see nun, then tuck another look at my tracks and discovered they were bair tracks.

At camp I shode my spoon and arrow then toald my yarn about the bair tracks. Mr. Williams had some trained dogs and he sayd we would go the next day and kill them. I couldn't sleep that night fur thinking of the excitement we would have.

The next morning we all lit out fur the great hunt. Jest before we got thar the boys and I slipped between the cedars and the top of the mountain. Williams went ahead with the dogs. We found them up the same scrub cedar that I found the tracks under. We had the two cubs. The ould one had got to the shinry. We decide to nock them out with

rocks so we pulled off our pistols and stacked our guns. We soon had them out, the cubs and the dogs tumbling over and over down the hill with us yelling like so many Comachie Indians.

We had got some 75 or 80 yards with the cubs squaling when the old mother came to their rescue. The first thing we knew she was there and killed the dogs. Everyone broke for his gun but she was out of range and headed for the top of the mountain. We succeeded in killing the cubs. The cubs were very fat, weighed about 100 pounds each. We carried them in holes to let the women folks see them.

We ate deer and bear meat all the time we was at the Williams house.

The time came for us to go home. We had left George Lee on Gable to buy up a drove of hogs for us to take back to Christian. He had them ready when we got there, so we tucked off with the hogs. We was trying to make Georgetown in order to vote in the President election. This was in the year of 1857. Buchanan was elected President of the U.S. It was my first time to vote and I did not intend to miss casting it.

Trying to get an old sow along, me and A.P. Lee soon got behind. We met a man that was well supplied with booze and was joyful. He was quite liberal to share with us and I must say we was somewhat dry. We taken it in full doses. The old sow was still acting up so I told Lee our only chance to get to town in time to vote was to pack the sow on the mule.

We had the pack mule with us that had all of our bedding and cooking utensils, so we caught the sow and decided to lash her on the mule. Just before we got to town, she had kicked over onto one side. I

then toald Lee the only chance was fur him to get up and hold her on, so he turned his horse loose and got up on the pack mule, took the sow in his arms, with me and a long cow whip driving him in. We charged into town with the cups and pans jinging, the sow squaling and me hollering.

The crowd open up to let us pass. When Lee got to a saloon, he reined the mule around and clinched his spurs into its flank. The saloon man come out and caught it and sayd he had seen a many circus but that was the best performance he had ever seen. He ask us in fur a drink. We was mity dry so we tuck him up on it. Our boys was thar so we all went in and tipt our glasses up a little too oftern. Some of the boys puld their pistols and fired at a jar on a shelf. This seamed to tech us off. All of us puled our guns and comence shooting. We called the crowd in fur a drink, threw the tobacco and cigars all over the place. A ten gallon keg of brandy was seting on the counter, one of the boys shot a hole in it. It was soon empty. The saloon man seamed to take it all in fun.

But the next morning we all marched down to the saloon as sober as prechers and toald him to bill out his goods. We had come to bye him out. He taken a count of the damage and we settled. My part was a \$10.00 gold peace and that was the last big spree I have bin on.

Texas Ranger

The next summer I taken a notion to go into the Texas Ranger Service. I beg Christian to let me off as thar was a chance to get in, because a company was making up in San Antonio. He did not want me to go but finally agreed and give me a letter of introduction to the captain hoo was a ould friend of his. I got a horse, a few blankets, a revolver, and set out to join the company.

A young man bey the name of Shelby Levingston set out to join the same company, so we traveled together. Levingston was about twenty eight years ould. He had bin well raised and had a good education. He was a pleasant man to travel with. At night we talked like the boys do to ther best girls, in a vary low tone of voice.

When we got to San Antonio, we found the company had left and gone on about eighty milds west, so we followed. We had bin traveling in Indian country from the time we had crost the Colorado River, camping out every night. As we would meet men traveling on the road, they would tell us we were in great danger of being killed. I recollect one man that stood a head of the bunch telling all the big bair bone, bald face lyes, and I bar none. When he got through telling us how many Indians he had kild, the number of wimen and children he had saved from being burnt at the stake, Levingston mounted his horse and I was glad to follow. After we was out of hearing distence, I asked Levingston what he thought of the man we had jest left. He sayd if he could beleave half he toald us he would hunt his hole in the ground and pull it in after him and be content to stay thar til Gabriel bloed his horn.

So we puled on.

One night we camped before dark and got our supper. After dark we got on our horses and went a mild or so further and dismounted. We thought it best that one of us stood guard all night. I tuck the first watch. Levingston was restless, so I tould him if he couldn't sleep to get up and let me have a crack at it. Jest before day, some deer saw us and, as ther manner is when they can't make out what they see, they began to whisel and stomp and circle around. When day light come Levingston thought he would have a little fun, so he held his gun close over my head and fired. I was sleeping like a ded pig in the sunshine. I sprung to my feet wheeling around and round and asking where they were, thinking it was Indians and looking at him. He was laughing. I felt a little like shooting him. Many the time after this he would spring to his feet and try to mimeck the motion I made and to tell the story whenever he got the chance. However, he always sayd he was too clumsy to give any thing like a correct eyda of how I spun around.

Well, we finally caught up with the company. I marched right up and give my letter to the Capt. After talking with us fur some time he said he was sorry that he could not take but one of us in, as his company was full. We tould him that neither of us would join unless we bouth could. We started out together and wanted to be in the same outfit together. He asked us to stay with them and rest up a few days, so we did.

The next day he asked me to go down home with him. I was happy to do so and was introduced to his famley. I found he had a nice famley, especially a granddaughter that was mity purty looking to a 19 year ould boy from Arkansaw.

After talking with him fur sometime he sayd he could take us bouth into the company. He could have me musterd in as his aid. I explained to him that I had but vary little education. He sayd he would risk that, so I had a talk with Levingston and he adviced me to except it. We was sworn into the company with me as aid to the Captain and from that day to this I never have heard of a Capt. having an aid. He used me more in stakeing his horse, getting wood and making fires and with prepareing chuck than any thing else.

It mite not be a-mis fur me to give a brief history of the men. I can call their features to mind now. They were western men that had suffered at the hands of the Indians, either in the way of property or relatives. Thar was a law in the State at that time than examped any man in the Service from arrest by the Civil Law. This forced a heap of tough men into the Service. Thar was several in this company that had a price on thar heads. However, I have never bin assoceated with any body of men that seemed to have more respect fur the rights of others. I was the youngest one in the company and it does seem to me that I must have been a pet of the hole outfit.

Scalping Indians

In a few days the Scouts brought in the news that a large band of Indians had past out with a bunch of horses, so preparations commenst for us to follow them. The men seemed to be as happy as they would have bin if they were going to a Mexican Fandango. In about six hours we were redy, with two horses packed with chuck. Thar were about fourty of us all toll. When we struck the trail we saw that thar was a large bunch of Indians.

The Captain thought he knew the route they would travel so we trailed till near midnight. The next morning we traveld some time before we again struck the trail. With the Capt. thinking the Indians had divided, he sent ten of us on to another creak to see if we could find another trail. Failing to find one throwed us some ten milds behind, so we faild to catch up with the companey that night and had to make a dry camp.

At twelve o'clock the next day, we come up with the boys in the best fix in the world. We sure enjoyed our dinner, having eaten nothing sence the day before. So as soon as we ate a bit and let our horses graze a little, we struck the trail. Finding where the Indians had camped the night before, it had the apperance of at least 150 or 200 Indians in the band. It showed they spent two nights here and was traveling in a north west direction. The trail shows to be much fresher from here on. This seamed to put a new spirit into the men, knowing that we would over take them the next day. Our horses got little rest from here on. We past out at the hed of the Neuces River, where we camped.

At sunup we was in our saddles fur another hard

ride. Late that evening I was riding along with the Capt. when some deer kep running off, keeping jest out of gun shot. I asked the Capt. if I mite stop and kill one. He sayd I could, so I fell out of line to follow the deer. He sayd they would camp at the next water hole and it was jest over the hill. I followed the deer some distence, then got down and tied my horse to a bush, following about two hundred yards afoot. I was in the act of shooting when I heard the guns ahead. Then come the Comanchies' hoops. When that fails to rais a man's hair and send a cold wave down a man's spine, it is after his hart failes to fluter or his pulse failes to beat. I jest can't describe my feeling at that time. I started running toward my horse and never made better time afoot in my life time.

However, I come up at such a speed, it frighten my horse and he stepped back and tightened his rope. It tuk me some time to get him loose. Then he was so excited it was some time before I could mount him. When I did, we went over the ground with the speed of the wind and when I got to the top of the hill I sean the Indians going over the next hill, with the boys hard after them.

When I come to the creak I had to jump my horse off the bank, some four foot high. I was soon up with the Company. The Indians had run into a Chaparral thicket and it was getting dark.

When the Indians found they were being pursued, they stopped on a small creak to give battle. They had sent all thar loose horses about a mile and a half ahead to another creak. They secereted thar riding horses jest above where they made thar stand. They were on the bank which was some six feet high, and behind this they thought they were secure. The trail led up to fourty yards of the bank, then turned right

square down the creak. When our men got strun out, the Indians fired on them, hoping to confuse them. But in this they were mistaken. The Capt. dashed on down the creak, not stopping to return the fire till he had got on the same side with the Indians. Seeing this, they went fur thar horses, and from here to the Chaparral thicket ahead, they had a running fight.

The Capt. had cald off the attact till morning and decided to fall back to the creak where the fight had commenced. The boys had kild five Indians. When we come to where the first Indian lay, he was not quiet ded but a shot from one of the boys sent his spirits to the happy hunting ground.

A rope was put around the Indian's legs, then tied to the horn of a saddle. We dragged the Indian to camp, and so on till all five Indians were dragged into camp.

The gards put out supper but I couldn't manage to eat a bite.

The men then went on a spree of singing, dancing, cutting all sorts of shines. One man sayd he had to have a-nuff hair to tassel his bridle. He proceded to scalp one Indian and tossel off his bridle in grand shape. Others, following, making tassels fur each bridle. They soon had them all minus thar wigs. One man was short of saddle stringe, so he commenst marking down a ould Indian's back with his knife, jest cutting through the skin with his knife in strips about one inch wide, then striping them off. It was not long till they were a gastley sight to look at.

I could not hep to notice my friend Levingston. He looked sad and it was plane he did not approve of the conduct of the men. I regarded the Indians as humans, and they deserve human treatment. I was

disappointed with the Capt. He should not have allowed this action to take place. I remarked that we would have them to buy in the morning. It created a laugh at my expense, as the next morning they were left to feed hungry varments.

The next morning it was decided to send the wounded men and crippled horses back. One man was detailed to go with them. The rest of the men were to pursue the Indians. We past around the thicket and took the trail that now led more to the west.

We went thru some of the roughest country in Texas. Arkansas and southwest Missouri would have to take a back seat to Texas. Cat Clow, brush and cactus of every variety, Honey Comb Rock with the jags all sticking up cutting us and our horses. Well, we soon struck Devil's River and it looked like the old man's country. The Indians tuck down it into Mexico. Our horses was rode down, so we stopped and rested them up. We hunted and fished some while resting ourselves. I will hasten on and leave the description of the country to abler pens. We turned our camp on the Sabine River.

Here I will tell of a ball the Capt. gave us. He was building a new house a mile from his old one. He had it up and covered, mended the floor. All of the ten or twelve settlers in this colony was invited. The dance was to be at his new house. Me and Livingston went down with the Capt. to escort the girls up to the new house. We rode and carried our arms. When the family started, they went afoot. Livingston pressed we leave our horses and arms. I aposed this, but he insisted so I give over, and as they past out at the gate, Livingston spoke to his girl. The Capt. looked around, seeing we was leaving our horses and arms, then spoke rather

short and sayd we were trusting rangers to leave our horses and armes when we were in Indian Country. I then spoke and sayd that we was green from the states. Give us two triles and we would git right. The Capt. sayd, "You have always got in the horness on time." So we went back and got our outfit and marched boldly up to the girls. Levingston was a little over six foot, the girl under common height. They went ahead of me, keeping up with the Capt. Me and my girl fell behind. Miss Evy had to belt on my six shooter, taking lessons in the manuel of armes, till we had got a good ways behind. The Capt. sayd he was jest ordering out a scout to hunt us up as the crowd gathered. Everyone in the coloney was thar, ould and young, all the dogs and cats. Never in life have I seen people enjoy themselves better. The dance comenced at sundown and continued till daylight. Young and ould danced. Several of the boys in the company lived here and some of the ould ladies would come up to me, saying how much their sons or husbands liked me and ask me to come to see them and get acquainted with thar girls. Levingston was taking this all in and many the razzing I got when we got to camp about them ould ladies taking on over me. I tried to make myself pleasant to all. But as I had went down and come up with Miss Evvy, they would have it that I was, "Sweet on her." One ould ladie thought the Capt. stood a good chance to get another grandson. She sayd Miss Evvy and me jest suited each other and we ought to get married at once. I tould her it suited me, but I didn't take with Miss Evvy. She said she knew better than than, "Miss Evy ain't taken her eyes offen you to-night. When she is talken to the other boys, she is looking at you." I promise the ould ladie if I could get her in the notion we would

have a wedden.

So the time past and we was ordered to Waco. The Indians was doing a good deal of mischief up on the Leon River. We went through Fredericksburg and on to Waco. We did not stay here long till our Scouts reported Indians on the Cowhouse, so we were soon after them. They went north till they struck the Bosque River somewhere above where the town of Meridian now stands. We kep it up to neare where Stephenville now stands, then went due west fur some distance, then southwest til we struck the Pecon Bayou, then we brought them down it. When we reached the William's Ranch, we found that we were in a half day's ride behind them.

They must have found out that we were after them fur the next night they never camped but traveld all night. When we got to the Colorado our horses was give out and we stopped the persuit and turned fur our oald camp. I have failed to describe the country we past through, but I wanted to be as brief as possible. I will say after we left the Bosque River it is a rough, rocky country.

We got back to our ould camp and rested up and I got to see Miss Evvy. I must say leaving her was getting harder each time.

In a short time we were ordered out on the Reo Grande and camped at a big spring some ten milds from the river. Our company was devided into three parts. The camps was some twenty milds apart. Our business was to watch and keep anyone from beating the duty in crossing the Reo Grande, as well as looking out fur thieving bands of Mexicans and Indians. Here we stade four months. The only trouble we had was when we would run into a bunch of drunks, but we manage to handle them.

Mustered Out Of The Texas Rangers

We were ordered to be mustered out of service. This was done by order of Governor Elisha M. Pease. There being an excess of Rangers in service, it fell to our lot to be mustered out before our time had expired, but while here we patrolled the country from camp to camp, picking up men who were trying to beat the duty. I was assigned to Scout duty for three months. When the Capt. got orders for us to come in, I was ordered to notify the other camps. I had to start at once.

It was late in the evening and there was no road to follow but I got along very well till after dark, when there came up a fog. It was so dark it was hard to keep my course. I discovered a bunch of horses ahead of me. They were traveling slow so I passed around them. But after going a way, it got so dark I had to stop, so I got down and held my horse till day, then started on. I did not go far till I came onto the horses again. I saw they were driven by some one but I could not tell for sometime where it was Indians or not. There was two men. I concluded to ride up to them. They never saw me till I spoke. They asked me what I was doing there. I told them I was riding a horse back. He then spoke rather short, saying, "Young man, don't try to avoid my question!" I then told him I was a Ranger. He asked me where I lived. When I told him, he asked me if I was acquainted with any of the Burlisons? I said some of them. When told which ones, he then said he had bought a drove of Spanish mares and how he got them across the river was none of my business. He was trying to miss the boys that were on duty out here. I told him where they were camping. (This was an uncle to the present Post

Master General, Albert S. Burleson, 1913.)

I finally found the camp of our Rangers. We started at once for Head quarters. When we come to Burlison's trail, the Lutenant wanted to follow it but I toald him we were ordered to come in at once and to let Burlison go, that we did not have time to fool with him. So Burlison got off without paying the duty on his horses.

We soon got to camp and started for the settlement. The day we got in, one of the boys strutted up in his saddle and swore he had ruther hear a baby cry than any music in the world. We had bin out three months. We had never seen a white woman ner child, so they looked good to all of us. We got back to our ould camp and stade a few days. I went around and sean most all the settlers and never in life have I bin where the people as a hole was more social. They all begged me to come back after we was musterd out.

The date come for us to start to San Antonio to be musterd out and I went around to tell them all good bey, going to the Capts. house last. When I come to Miss Evvy, I tuck holt of her hand, standing and talking for some time. She wanted me to promise to come back with the Capt. I sayd I would have to go to Bastrop County first. I was slow to let her hand go. I seen tears come into her prity eyes and mine was nun dryer. Two days later we got to San Antonio, was paid off and turned loose. Most of the men went on a spree. A man that never seen these Western men on a tair don't have any eyda to what extent they go too. The boys made it a point to nock every Mexican man down they could git in reach of. In fact, they completley housed up the town, had every thing ther own way.

The Capt. made a report the next morning of our

service, giveing the men great prase fur ther conduct while on duty. He spoke of me as his aid and give me more prase than I deserve, sayd I was not only brave but worthly of every confidence he gave me. So me and Levingston went round bidding the men all good bey, then lit out fur home. From that day tel this Levingston is the only one of them I have every seen and I am now 80 years oald.