THE PYEATT GENEALOGY

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W. J. Lemke, editor

OUR PYEATT FAMILY LINES

GENERATIONS:

*1. Rene Piat born -- Md. Elizabeth Sheffield 12-15-1677

*2. Jacob Piatt born 1678 - md. Mary Hull born 1681

3. Jacob Piatt born 1705 md in 1723 J oan (Jean) Paul

4. John Pyeatt, born 1735; md. Jane Blair

5. Jacob Pyeatt, born 1760; md. Margaret Finley

6. "Little " Peter Pyeatt, born 1793; md. Mary (Polly) Miller

7. Henderson Marion Pyeatt, born 1833; md. Mrs. Emmeline Forsythe Marrs

8. Jesse Newton Pyeatt, born 1859; md. Nancy Epley

8. Della Catherine Pyeatt, born 1862; md Joseph Lafayette Burkett

More detailed information about these people is told on other pages of our history book.

* added by Enza Burkett Wilson in 1995 from family tree made by Helen Hodges Mayr in about 1975 or 1975.

PYEATT HISTORY NOTES

Copied from Flashback, May 1968
Fayetteville, Arkansas

"Henderson Andrew Bates came from Tennessee to Arkansas in the fall of 1829. After reaching Washington County in Arkansas, he made the aquaintance of several families, Grandfather Miller's and Uncle Peter Pyeatt's with others.

"He made the selection for his home (English Place) and in February 1830 was married to Nancy Scott Miller, a sister of Uncle Peter Pyeatt's wife.

" He borrowed the money to enter his land from old Uncle Jacob Pyeatt, who was Uncle Peter's father and great-grandfather of Charley, your half-brother.

"Allow me to side-track long enough to say a few words about this man, Jacob Pyeatt. He moved to Arkansas one hundred years ago last year, (that was in 1811). He was taken sick at Bethleham camp ground 67 years ago last summer (that was 1845) He was brought to our father's (Henderson Andrew Bates) home where he died a few days later. I was between four and five years old. He had the same trouble our father had for a year before he died. This Pyeatt death was the first death I had ever seen. It made such a vivid impression on my mind that the expression of his face and sounds of his groans are with me yet.

"The money that Father borrowed from Uncle Jacob Pyeatt must have been nearly ten years before I was born; and when the last of the money was paid, I was old enough to take the note of the transaction."

The information above was copied from a letter that Joseph Young Bates wrote in January 1912 at Corsicanna, Texas, to his brother T.L. Bates at Fayetteville, Arkansas.

FOREWORD

This Bulletin is a reprint of the Pyeatt family history compiled by Kenneth Randolph Pyeatt of Memphis, Tennessee in October 1927.

This Pyeatt family history was made available to our Society by Mrs. J.H. Zellner of Prairie Grove, Arkansas. Mrs. Zellner was Elizabeth Pyeatt, (born 1868), the daughter of John C. Pyeatt (born 1837) who was the son of Finis Ewing Pyeatt (born 1816) who was the son of John Pyeatt (born 1792) who was the son of Jacob Pyeatt (born 1760) Arkansas Pioneer.

Thus, Mrs. Zellner is the great-great-granddaughter of the Jacob Pyeatte who was one of the first white men to settle in what is now Washington County (1827). Jacob Pyeatte's name was No. 1 when our county's first church was organized at Cane Hill on August 30, 1828.

Except for some minor corrections, this reprint of the history of the Pyeatt family is as compiled by K. R. Pyeatt in 1927.

W. J. Lemke,
Editor of Publications

Washington County Historical Society
Fayetteville, Arkansas
1955

There is no exact knowledge of the place in France from which the Pyeattes (still spelled with the final e in some instances) came to America. It is known that they were Huguenots and with their friends and co-religionists, the Pauls, engaged in making of silk and the operations of vineyards. Since the Rhone region, with the city of Lyon as its center, has long been famed for it's silk manufactures and the high quaility of grapes, it seems fairly reasonable to assume that in this district was located the original home of the family. Considerable weight is given to this assumption by a recent statement from a member of that branch of the family which originally landed in New York (spelled variously Piat, Piatt and Piatte) that they came to the English colonies in America from the province of Dauphine, in the Rhone region.

Certain it is that they were people of substance, members of the nobility, who prospered under the beneficent rule of Henri IV, King of France and Navarre, whose stated object was, "I wish that there shall be a chicken in the pot of every peasant in France for his Sunday dinner." It was this monarch who issued the famous Edict of Nantes in 1598, giving to the French Protestants equal political rights with the Catholic majority as well as freedom of worship. Also they were people of principle. For when Louis XIV, who regretably shared neither the wisdom nor the tolerance of the last Henri, revoked the Edict in 1685, with the swiftness and cruelty of a whip's lash, the Pyeattes did not hesitate. The revolution came at the time of great financial stress, the inevitable result of the extravagant and selfish policies of a monarch who ruled solely to gratify his own luxurious tastes. The common people and the lesser nobles were reduced to a condition of want, unknown before, even to the Europe of today. At such times, a wealthy minority can expect little generosity from a hard-pressed majority from whom all restraint of law and decency has been removed.

The Huguenot Pyeattes were forced to choose one of three courses of action; They could renounce their faith and by becoming Catholics, retain their wealth and position; they could submit to intolerable persecution and pillage; they could flee to a more tolerant land. To a people of principle and spirit, only the third course was possible.

So lifting aside the curtain of time, with the feeble means at our disposal, we get a fleeting glimpse of the first ancestor of the American Pyeattes., fleeing from France with a group of his fellow Huguenots. We also know that his party included one or more members of the Paul family. The fugitives went first to Holland, and from the Netherlands to America by way of England. They probably landed at the Port of Charleston, in what is now South Carolina, which was moved in 1680 from the place of it's original establishment on the west bank of the Ashley River to the eastern bank of the same stream. At

At any rate the first American Pyeatts settled near Guilford Courthouse in what has since become Guilford County , North Carolina. Here was born Jacob Pyeatte, (father's name has not come down to us) about 1700. In 1723, Jacob married Jean Paul, whose age was about the same as his own.

Scattered throughout the record are bits of romance, of comedy, and of stark tragedy. The first child was born to Jacob and Jean Pyeatt--a son. We can imagine their happiness at the arrival of the newcomer, who was given his father's name, at the frontier home. This date, still preserved, was November 18, 1725. Probably Jacob, senior, and his lady wife had mercifully passed to their eternal reward before the younger Jacob's brother, John (born June 26, 1735) was killed at the battle of Camden on August 16, 1780, while serving in the Revolutionary army under the command of General Gates. At this same time, five other men of the Pyeatte family were killed, though their names have not come down to us.

The children of Jacob and Jean Pyeatte were;

Jacob Pyeatte,	born November 18, 1725
John Pyeatte	born June 26, 1735 - killed in action, August 16, 1780
Rebecca Pyeatte	born January 1, 1737
Peter Pyeatte	born in February, 1740
Mary Pyeatte	date of birth unknown
A daughter (name unknown)	born February 8, 1745
Martha Pyeatte	born April 18, 1747

These names and dates have been gleaned from an old Bible, once in the possession of the late Mrs. Martha Pyeatte Blake, who lived near Marrow in Washington County, Arkansas, which possibly passed into the hands of a son. According to it, John Pyeatte, the Revolutionary soldier, married Jane Blair. It is from this pair that the Pyeattes who settled at Cane Hill, Arkansas, early in the nineteenth century were descended.

The children of John and Jane Pyeatte were:

Jacob Pyeatte	born in 1760. Died in 1844.
James Pyeatte	born in 1768, died in 1837.
Peter Pyeatte	Birthdate unknown. Lived at Charleston, S.C., in 1838.
Martha Pyeatte	Birth date unknown. Married a Mr. Whyte.

A note of romance is injected into the records by the manner in which Jacob and James Pyeatte won their wives. They were Margaret and Catherine Finley, the eldest daughters of an Irish landlord, proprietor of a small estate in North Ireland. The Finley family was a large one and the land evidently

not too fertile. For the sisters, Margaret and Catherine, felt that their parents were too severely burdened with the support of their other children, came to America in steerage --binding themselves to pay for their passage after their arrival in the colonies. The sisters landed at Charleston, in what is now South Carolina. Here they found employment at an Inn. It was while stopping at this hostel that Jacob and James Pyeatte met and fell in love with the two Irish girls. The marriage of Jacob Pyeatte and Margaret Finley occurred in 1790; that of James and Catherine in 1791. The Pyeatte brothers then paid the balance due on the steerage passage of their brides.

A brief note from the old records gives us a short glimpse into the boyhood days of Jacob and James Pyeatte. Before their father fell at Camden, he bound them out to learn the bell-making trade and other iron work. They became makers, for a time at least, of stock or cattle bells. Some of the bells they made dangled from the necks of grazing cattle in the country near Cane Hill, Arkansas, as late as 1870. A small bell made by the brothers James and Jacob Pyeatte, is at present in the possession of Ewing P. Pyeatte, a banker of Fayetteville, Arkansas. 1936.

After their apprenticeships were completed, James and Jacob Pyeatte became traders and cattle dealers., driving herds to market in Charleston, It was on these journeys that they stopprd at the inn where the Finley sisters were working Jacob and Margaret were married the third year after they met. As will have been noted, James and Catherine were united about a year later.

It is also of special interest that Jacob joined the army of George Rogers Clark. It seems probable that he did this early in the Revolutionary War when Colonel-later-General Clark made a recruiting drive through the Carolinas. At any rate records are preserved in the War Department of his service with Clark's Illinois Regiment. A payroll now in the possession of Miss Clara B. Eno, State Registrar D.A.R., Van Buren, Arkansas, lists the names of Jacob and James Pyeatte with the Clark Regiment. Although he was but sixteen years of age when the Declaration of Independence was signed, early Arkansas records speak of him as Major Jacob Pyeatte, which combined with family traditions and other evidence, afford reasonable proof that he attained this rank. Taken into consideration with the hardships of Clark's Vincennos campaign, which are traditional where ever severe military conditions are discussed, and his extreme youth, Jacob Pyeatte's attainment of the rank of a field officer is truly remarkable. It speaks more than crests and designs from the College of Heralds of his character and devotion to a great cause.

In the years following the Revolution, Jacob Pyeatte and his brother, James became cattle dealers for a time, buying stock inland and driving it out to the port of Charleston. It was on those journeys that they met their future

wives. Soon after their marriage the brothers took their wives to the frontier, settling for a time for what has since become Logan County Kentucky. Accompanying them from the Carolinas were members of the Carnahan family and some others, including Buchanans, Shannons, Billingsloys, Marrs, Porters, Prostons, Rankins, Drakes, and Blairs. These names are still prominent in Northwest Arkansas. and throughout the South and West. There is evidence that party of Carolinaians remained together for more than a generation of pioneering, a large portion of which was spent under the actual, if not offical, leadership of Jacob Pyeatte. John Pyeatte, father of Jacob (and James) was a wealthy man, but invested money in Colonial bonds, which proved worthless.

From the Pyeatte Manuscript -- a truly remarlable document since it proves these hardy pioneers found time in the midst of their struggles with the wilderness to keep authentic records of their families and their travels, many interesting bits of information are to be gleaned.

According to this record, Jacob and James Pyeatte, with their wives and children, left the neighborhood of Gasper Creek Presbyterian Church in Logan County, Kentucky, in 1809. Following the pioneer urge, they were seeking new homes. They were accompanied by the families of John and James Carnahan and several others of the group who had migrated with them to Logan County late in the eighteenth century. This party settled in the Cherokee country near the present site of Huntsville, Alabama. They at once set about clearing lands in the wilderness and the building of houses. By hard toil, they at last succeeded in gathering some rude comforts and must have believed they finally were settled in a suitable place in which to rear their children. However, after they had occupied their new homes for two years, they were discovered by a company of Georgia militia. They were ordered to move on by the soldiers. The land they occupied had been covered in a treaty between the Federal Government and the Cherokees. This agreement guaranteed the Indians possession of the ground on which the Pyeattes had settled.

This was an unforeseen calamity. Their means were virtually exhausted, expended in making their new homes. The settlers looked about, seeking some course of action. As usual, it was Jacob Pyeatte, now fifty-one and father of seven children, who undertook to find the answer. Armed with the fine rifle with which he had equipped himself before entering the wilderness, and astride a good saddle horse, he set out to find new lands open for settlement.

He rode northward and to the west through what has since become Tennesse into Kentucky territory. Turning back southeast, he reached the Mississippi River at the present site of Memphis. Tradition has it that a single settler lived here in a rude cabin and operated a ferry across the river. This man claimed a large tract of land, including the present site of the Tennessee metropolis. He noted with approval the splendid mount and rifle of his passenger. After a three days' visit, as Major Pyeatt prepared to mount and resume his journey on the western bank, the ferryman made him an offer. I'll trade you my house and land for your horse and rifle."

We do not know that Major Pyeatte laughed, but it seems likely. "I would not give you my horse for all this - much less my gun," the story says he replied. What would he have said, could he have foreseen that within a single generation the ferryman's rough cabin would become a thriving city, must remain forever a matter of conjecture.

Riding on for some distance into Arkansas Post and deciding that here was the opportunity to carve homes from the wilderness for which his party sought, Jacob Pyeatte soon returned to the site which the settlers had been ordered to abandon. He reported his findings. Work was started immediately on a large flat boat. This containing all the movable effects of the two Pyeatte families, the Carnahan, and probably others, was poled and floated down the Tennessee, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers.

The party landed at the mouth of White River, May 15, 1811. They had been four months on the journey. They rested here several weeks. At one time, while at this point, the women of the party were washing on a sand bar, on the shore of the Mississippi. To their astonishment , they were visited by a horde of migrating squirrels, the tiny beasts swimming across the Mississippi River from east to west. The squirrels were exhausted by their long swim and lay gasping on the sand bar. With the 'battling sticks' which were used for beating the garments into cleanliness the women quickly killed as many as could be used for food. The migration was caused by a forest fire.

In due time, according to the chronicle, a keel boat arrived which took the home seekers aboard. Up White River to the 'Cut-Off' they went and from there by the channel to the Arkansas River. They landed at Arkansas Post - then capital of the newly established territory. This was the first settlement they had seen in Arkansas. Here they found three natives of the United States. The remainder of the population of the frontier village consisted of French people and Quapaw Indians. All were Roman Catholic by faith.

A brief note in the records discloses the fact that John Billingsley, a member of the Pyeatte party, gave the inhabitants of the Arkansas Post their first sight of a wagon. The tale goes that seeing the wheeled wonder was such an event that the villagers climbed to the house tops to witness the passing.

This obviously confirms the statements made by Judge William F. Pope, who came to Arkansas as a territorial official in 1832, in his 'Early Days in Arkansas'. at page 83, (from letter written recently for the documents), Pope writes that about January 1st, 1807, Major Jacob Pyeatte of Georgia (various writers have confused the Carnahans, who seemed to have come from Georgia, and the Pyeatts), who had been an officer in the American Army in the Revolutionary War, came after the close of the war, with his brother, James and several other families from Georgia and East Tennessee from their former homes to make new ones in the recently acquired possessions west of the Mississippi River. He says (Pope) that they brought with them their servants, household effects, horses, mules, cattle, and farming implements, making the journey by land through an almost impassable wilderness, crossed at Memphis, struck an Indian trail that led them to the site of the present town of Batesville."

Another writer states that prior to the Pyeatte party in and about Chrystal Hill on the south side of the Arkansas River were Tory fugitives, who in 1806 arrived and settled there.

But it was the far sighted Major Pyeatte who enlisted the corporation of his neighbers in the project of opening a road from Chrystal Hill and Cadron to Arkansas Post. They followed the Arkansas River for about fifty miles from Crystal City, where they struck an Indian Trail and followed it to Arkansas Post. Nuttall mentions this road in his journals, "Early Western Travels".

This is said to be the first road in Arkansas. It was about 150, miles long, and was doubtless constructed entirely with Arkansas labor. Afterward it became a link in the road from Memphis, through Little Rock to Fort Smith, a military road.

The Pyeattes remained at Arkansas Post until the first part of March 1812. Then they embarked by keel boat for the present site of Little Rock, where they planned to settle. Not a tree had been cut from the area which is now the capital of Arkansas.

However,arriving at their destination, the Pyeattes discovered this was not a good trapping ground. Much of their livelihood was gained in this manner, so they moved upstream to the mouth of the Palarm River. Here, about fifteen miles above the present city of Little Rock, they determined to settle. Not long after the Pyeatte party had settled here, they discovered another party (that mentioned in Pope's writings) of immigrants from North Carolina who had preceded them about a year before and settled on the South side of the river at about the point of Pinnacle. (Maumello Mountains, they call the range, or Mammal Mountains.) These early settlers seem to have been Tories in the Revolution and after the war, had been compelled to leave North Carolina on account of being in such 'bad odor' with their victorious neighbors.

Several friends and aquaintances whom they had known in the East, soon joined the Pyeattes here. Reverend John Carnahan, father of Samuel and James Carnahan, visited the settlement in 1813. He held a preaching service in the home of Jacob Pyeatte, administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and baptizing Jemima Pyeatte, infant daughter of James and Catherine Pyeatte, and the Officiating minister, This was the first Protestant service in the Arkansas Valley, if not in Arkansas Territory.

From various writings, about this time (1815), Jacob Pyeatte and some of his settlers moved up the river and established a settlement at the mouth of Cadron Creek, supposed to be nearly 23 miles above Chrystal Hill (some of the descendents have gathered the opinion that some way Jacob Pyeatte seems not to have changed his home, but to have promoted the settlement.) However, records do show that some time later, Jacob Pyeatte, after living several years at Crystal Hill, moved to the town he had established. Probably this was about

1819. It was here that Jacob Pyeatte's wife, Margaret, died at Cadron in 1822.

Jacob Pyeatte's resourcefulness in meeting the immediate needs of his party, is well illustrated in the manner in which he devised a means of livelihood in the river country. Being trappers and without success at Crystal Hill, he created a large skiff (probably so termed in the records because a skiff is a small light boat) and opened up his own business. There seems to have been a flow of immigrants to this section about this time.

Jacob Pyeatte, ever alert to opportunity, realized that as most of the traveling was done by horseback and some with wagons, it was necessary to ferry them across the river. This he did. That the business thrived is borne out in the document, of his being forced to build a larger boat to carry the increasing number of wagons. And it is logical to assume too, that by having the larger boat and dispensing with the former necessity of dissembling the wagons, much time was saved.

It is interesting to note that the boat of the last construction was made with a drop leaf at each end and a plank "walk-way", with long push poles used by men on the 'walk-way', the boat was then pushed upstream, close to the bank of the river. When at a sufficient distance upstream, the men on the 'walk-way' laid aside the push poles. Then with one man at each end of the boat, by using oars, set it at such an angle with the currant of the stream, that it would reach the landing on the other side.

One cannot help, when reading of Jacob Pyeatt's ferry, but consider the joy with which the immigrants saw means of transporting their worldly goods across the river, and the subsequent 'lift' it must have given their spirits in their long trek for a likely spot to live.

And another incident is brought to life in connection with the ferry. Amusing because of the clear way in which she handled the situation, and dear, because it gives an inter glimpse into the generous character of the daughter of Jacob Pyeatte, Mary.

For it was Mary Pyeatte who was in charge of the fares collected on the ferry. A young man wished to cross on the boat, but candidly admitted he was without resources. He further explained that he was intending to open a law office in Little Rock. Mary must have smiled, as the Major did when the lone settler at Memphis wished to trade the land and house for the Major's gun and horse. Certainly when she good-naturedly gave the stranger a boost to Little Rock, she little dreamed that the man's name was Roane and that someday he would pay her the fare for that crossing, nor that he would later become widely known in state affairs.

In the few available records, the visit of Major Gibson of the United States Army in the latter part of 1815 to the Pyeatte settlement at Crystal Hill is

most stressed. We can certainly appreciate their happiness at hearing news from the East. It was Major Gibson who gave them the first news of the War of 1812.

Crystal Hill was the first village community in Pulaski County and became a Post Office in 1820. The territory of Arkansas was growing, founded with settlers who ground their way through seemingly insurmountable hardships, succeeded and settled to fashion their homes. About 1819, President Monroe appointed James Miller, Governor of the territory. (Peter Pyeatte, son of James Pyeatte married Betsy Milleer, daughter of James Miller, ancestor of William R. Miller, a late Governor of Arkansas.)

Pyeattstown, the settlement founded by Jacob Pyeatte, (there is some question as to the exact location of the town, as most writers confuse all the family's movements at this time with Crystal Hill. Although it seems likely that the village was about a mile above the eminence known as Crystal Hill) was presented as a site for the capital of Arkansas Territory when the question arose in 1820. Governor Miller tried to have Pyeattstown selected , but the influence of the Little Rock supporters was too strong for him and he failed.

The vicinity where Pyeattstown was, is still called Pyeatt Township, but it is off the new paved highway and there are only a few voters in the precinct. The old brickyard is still in evidence. It was abandoned and sold for taxes long before the 1850's.

In 1815, John Carnahan, who was then a 'licensed exhorter' of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, united in marriage, his daughter, Martha, and John Pyeatte. He also located and opened the first camp in Arkansas for religious purposes and on May 24, 1822, (near the home of James Pyeatte) and held a five days meeting. The record states with "good results."

Further evidence of the Pyeatte's activity is shown in the report compiled in 1926 by Jim B. Higgins, Secretary of State, that during 1819-21, Jacob Pyeatte was coroner of Pulaski County. This obviously was his only political office.

A copy of the will and Testament of John Pyeatte (whose death was caused by extreme cold while traveling through the prairie) was filed and recorded in 1823, which bears out a statement found in the old records that up until about this time, 1822, all the early settlers had been 'squatters'. (The lands were surveyed and opened for entry during this period.) The original Land Entry Book used by the United States Land Office at Batesville, shows entries of lands made by James Pyeatte in 1822, by Jacob Pyeatte in 1822 and 1823, by John Pyeatte in 1822 and Samuel Carnahan in 1822, all in Crystal Hill neighbor hood. The quantities entered were considerable. So, though the records show that the Pyeattes apparently were not particularily careful to have their deeds recorded, thus limiting our information in this direction, John Pyeatte appears

to have been the first or one of the first Pyeattes to attend to such a matter.

The will is interesting, in that it not only outlines definitely the progress these settlers had made in creating a new home for themselves, their ability to gather some comforts from the crude surroundings, but it also leaves us so indisputably confident of their simple faith.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JOHN PYEATT

In the name of God-I-John Pyeatt do make my last will and testament, being mindfull of my mortality and in my senses. First I resign my soul in the hands of my Creator from whence it came, hoping and believing in a remission of my sins. First I desire that my wife, Patsy and my brother, Peter Pyeatt shall be the superintendents of my estate. My will and request is that the land I live on and hold must not be sold, but kept and reserved for my heirs. Also the negro girl not to be sold, to be together with the land and all my personal estate, to be equally divided in share and share alike. The stock such as cattle and horses may be sold together with anything belonging to my farm, for the better maintenance and education of my children, except the land and negro girl named Lidda. After my wife, Patsy, obtains her third, which I do will and bequeath her, after my just debts are paid. The remainder and remains of all to be equally divided between my children, share and share alike. In testamony whereof I have set my hand and seal.

In the presence of: Seal with my seal
Jan. 20, day of our Lord, 1823 John Pyeatt
by John Carnahan and H.P. Pyeatt. Witnesseth:
Sworn to in open court, this the John Carnahan
4th day of March, A.D. 1823. H.P. Pyeatt
Sam Anderson, clerk An. Roland

Will of John Pyeatt, Dec'd. Filed and recorded March 4, 1823.
Recording will -- 25 by Sam Anderson, Clerk.

Another death took the last of the two sisters, Margaret and Catherine Finley Pyeatte, who braved their way to America and worked in an inn, where Jacob and James wooed them. This was Catherine, who died at Cryatal Hill, March 15, 1834.

Three years later her husband, James Pyeatte, also was laid to rest. (April 24, 1837), as recorded, one hundred years later in the Arkansas Gazette.

The Arkansas Gazette - the first newspaper in Arkansas was not published until November 1819 - of December 31, 1822 gives an account of the marriage of Peter Pyeatt of Independence County to Mary Miller of Pulaski County. (Ed: These counties should be reversed.) The officiating minister was Rev. John Carnahan.

Mary Miller was a relative of Wm. R. Miller, afterwards Governor of Arkansas An interesting insight to this romance, so the story goes, is of Peter's week-end absences to be at the home of the Millers for the purpose of wooing Mary.

The paper - Arkansas Gazette - also gives the account of the death of Mrs. James Pyeatt of Pyeatt Township, Pulaski County, on March 15, 1834. and on April 18, 1837, gives an account of the death of Mrs. Polly Pyeatt, second wife of James Pyeatt, which occurred on April 10, 1837. In May the Gazette gives an account of the death of James Pyeatt of Pulaski County, which occurred on April 24, 1837.

And so, fifteen years after settling in and about Crystal Hill, the Pyeatt (the final e had been dropped at this time from the name) party once more looked about for new homes, new worlds to conquer; and at the head, the grand old man who had started out from the East armed with a fine rifle and astride an enviable horse to seek lands for his family, and who though in his late sixties looked for land. His wife Margaret, gone to her reward, his sons with families of their own and some already passed on, Jacob Pyeatt yet lived as though inspired to see his party safely and well grounded in this new land.

PYEATT - CANE HILL, WASHINGTON COUNTY

About a year before the Pyeatt colony began to move to Cane Hill, Guilford Pylant and James Buchanan came to Cane Hill searching for a "goodley Land" for the people at Crystal Hill, who wished to leave the river country. Both men returned to Crystal Hill , and taking their families settled at Cane Hill, where they lived until their death. Guilford Pylant - 'Uncle Pylant" - was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, a missionary.

The Pyeatts, Carnahans and others of their party left Crystal Hill in 1827. They went in keel boats and anchored a short time at the Dardanelle Rock. The weather with the spring rains must have made their trip extremely slow, for they were several months making the journey.

Continuing their journey, they landed one mile below the present town of Van Buren, then a cane brake. From here the party came on pack horse to Cane Hill, arriving March 1827 in a heavy rain storm.

Cane Hill was unsettled, save probably for those two families. We can imagine the party, particularly the keen eyed Jacob Pyeatt, casting a sharp eye about at the prospects of the settlement. Probably he already saw fields of corn, houses built and meat stored for the winter. It was well these hardy men could anticipate the finish of their labors - without it, their limited lives would have been a dull monotony of endless struggle to exist.

They depended on wild game for meat. Although buffalo had been pressed farther west by the tide of civilization there was an abundance of deer, turkey,

bear, squirrel and wild turkeys. Having another part of the party left at Crystal Hill to come later, we can visualize the first contingent carefully storing sufficient meat for both, part of them building the rude cabins in which to live, but which were none-the-less firm and securely constructed of logs and stones. While others were seeing to the corn and then later in the summer lest this precious grain be stripped by roving animals, anxiously patrolling the fields.

The second contingent arrived the 14th of November 1827. The Hagoods, Garvins, Billingsleys, Porter Pyeatt family and some others, made up this party. They camped about where Morrow Town now stands and it was here that John Billingsley died. A runner was sent on to Cane Hill that night.

We can understand the sorrow this news brought to the party at Cane Hill. John Billingsley's was the first death among the settlers at Cane Hill. He was buried on the Maxwell homestead and there was started the first graveyard for white people in Northwest Arkansas. The exact spot of his grave is not Known. There are many unmarked graves, of these first settlers, in this old graveyard. He left, [illegible] to carry on her religious work, his wife, Martha, 'Aunt Mattie', and a daughter, Anne (born in 1800 and married to William Maxwell), the daughter, Ann, and her husband rest in this old cemetery, their graves marked.

[illegible] Mattie Billingsley who stands out throughout history of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. It was she who became one of the noted women preachers of that time.

Quoting from the written manuscript:

"My Encyclopedia says, 'The work first appeared in a female member of the church in 1797.' McDonald, in the history of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church page II: After describing the destressed condition of many of the members of the church says, 'Finally one of these, a lady, found the True Rock and was so filled with God's Spirit that she could no longer sit silently at home while so many of her friends were in a prison of sin, from which she had just escaped. She immediately visited her neighbors, from house to house, and awakened among them an interest about their souls."

And on, in the words of one of her descendants, "The lady referred to was Mrs. Martha Billingsley, wife of John Billingsley, an elder in Gasper River Church, Tennessee. Her maiden name was Blair." And adds to the story of her conversion, "She, Martha Billingsley, had been in distress about her religious state for some time. One night after retiring and being unable to sleep, she awakened her husband and said, 'John, we are in the church, but all on the road to destruction.'

A few moments after this she was led to the light of salvation and at once began to dress, avowing her purpose to go out among her neighbors and

awake them to a sense of their danger. Her husband remonstrated with her, saying that by going out at that unreasonable hour of the night, her neighbors would think her crazy. She replied that she had already waited too long. Nothing daunted her. With her husband at her side, her baby in her arms, she put in the night going from house to house. She told her neighbors they were living in the church, but were unconverted, that religion to be of any value must be 'heart felt' and they should be able to name the time and place of their conversion. Not satisfied with what she had done with visiting homes, she went to the church and delivered powerful exhortations of heartfelt religion. She was the woman preacher of the day. Many years after this, a distinguished Cumberland Presbyterian preacher visited Cane Hill and preached on heartfelt religion. After the service was over, Mrs. Anna Maxwell, a daughter of Mrs. Billingsley, approched the minister and said, " Brother, that is my Mother's old sermon and I have heard her preach it many times."

In August, 1828, Reverend J.M. Blair, organized the first Cane Hill church. In October of that year, Reverend John Carnahan organized the first Sunday School, in the home of James Buchanan. There were thirty members in that school. Samuel Carnhan, one of the younger men that came to the Post of Arkansas, with the Pyeatts, was superintendent of this school for twenty years, during which time he was absent only twice and these times because of deaths in his own family. (Note: At the age of 57, John Carnahan returned to Tennessee to be ordained by Elk Presbytery. He then returned to Arkansas. He continued his preaching west of the Mississippi for twelve or fifteen years. He died at Cane Hill in 1840 and was buried in the stone enclosure of the old graveyard on the Maxwell homestead which later became the Bean farm. He was a Revolutionary soldier, having served with Green's army as a teamster. His second wife, 'Lame Aunt Polly' Mary, daughter of James and Catherine Pyeatte is buried at his side. Next to her is the grave of Major Jacob Pyeatte and beside it is the tomb of little Jane Carnahan, daughter of Samuel.

It was Samuel Carnahan who had the rock enclosure made. Buried in it are his father and step-mother, his father-in-law, and his daughter. There is a tradition that the father of Reverend John Carnahan was killed at Braddock's defeat near the present site of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in the French and Indian War. The graves of Major Pyeatte and Reverend John Carnahan have been marked by the D.A.R. These markers were inscribed with the names of Capt. Jacob Pyeatte and Lt. John Carnahan, as the War record at Washington showed them to be.

(Note; The Carnahans came from North Ireland. Reverend John Carnahan is thought to be born in Virginia in 1756. This date would make him about 57 years old at the time of first visit to Crystal Hill in 1813.)

Jacob Pyeatte had accomplished his purpose, had found a "goodly" home for his family and heirs and we cannot help but fancy the soft smile on his face as he gazed about the settlement at Cane Hill. Perhaps he was a little weary with the years of trial, the sorrow, and yet the happiness of all those years, but probably he lingered but a short time with those left behind, for he had given them all possible, and instead hurried on to his wife, Margaret, in the misty beyond that "all was well" with the party he had led so far, and so well.

And so, with Major Jacob Pyeatte passed on, we find the party safely and surely happily settled in Cane Hill. Many had been laid to rest around the old stone enclosed graveyard, their silent graves an undying tribute to their worthy efforts - the way had been paved for the families that came on down from Jacob and James Pyeatte.

Some had settled in and about Cane Hill; others, gone out to conquer stranger parts of the West, but still in Prairie Grove, a few miles from Cane Hill live descendents of this family. The indomitable spirit still lives, the urge to conquer, Jacob and James Pyeatte had found these lands for them. Happily they accepted them.

In the year 1861 John C. Pyeatte stepped forth in character of the family and joined the terrific struggle that was tugging at the center of the United States.

A member of Rief's Company Cavalry, Gordon's Regiment, Cabell's Division. John Pyeatte was a prisoner of War from 1863 to 1865. He was exchanged and discharged at the close of the war. He witnessed the last battle at Mobile but was an invalid because of having had small-pox, from which he never really recovered, being stricken while while in prison in St. Louis. He was sent to the hospital on Island Number Ten; was moved to several prisons after that but continued an invalid and still unable to care for himself when the war closed.

He entered the service in 1862 and was captured at Rhea, Arkansas, while at home on a visit to his mother in 1863. He was first taken to the Federal Prison at Fayetteville, Arkansas, but after a few weeks, he was moved to Alton, Illinois.

A pathetic action here comes to light. While in prison at Alton, Manda, his Mother's negro maid, who had been taken from home some time before, came to see him and told him she could get food for him and get it to him. But the story goes that John Pyeatt replied that food was not what he wanted, but freedom. Manda is supposed to have told him, she was unable to help get him out. It was the last the family ever saw or heard of Manda. Certainly this freed slave felt some obligation of respect to John Pyeatt.

John C. Pyeatt married Juliann West, and it was their daughter, Elizabeth who married J.H. Zeller, one branch of the Pyeatt family still living at Prairie Grove, Arkansas.

FORSYTHE RELATIVES

The pioneer Forsythe families of Brown and Mills Counties, Texas, are related to the Burketts through the Marrs and Pyeatt families of Kentucky and Arkansas. Our research on the Forsythe family history goes back to the 1790's in Logan County, Kentucky where WILLIAM FORSYTHE MARRIED ELIZABETH DAVIS, daughter of Joel Davis. This William and Elizabeth Forsythe had four children;

(1) Joel Davis Forsythe married Jane Harreld
(2) Eliza Forsythe married Sidney R. Harreld
(3) Polly Forsythe ---no marriage of record
(4) Thomas Jefferson Forsythe married 3--4 times.
Father of Emmeline E. Forsythe Marrs Pyeatt
Grandfather of Uncle Newt Pyeatt and Della Catherine Pyeatt Burkett.

THOMAS JEFFERSON PYEATT:
Born about 1804 in Logan ? county, Kentucky
Died about 1885 in Mills (Brown) county, Texas
Buried in Williams Ranch Cemetery, Mills county, Texas
Married a number ? of times;

1. Betsy (Mary) Marrs in 1826, Butler county Ky.
Daughter of Hugh Marrs
Jeff and Betsy Forsythe had a daughter,
Mary C. E. Forsythe Cox, born 1829
2. Nancy Hannah Martin ? in the 1830's ?
We are not sure about this marriage, but noticed that a marriage license of Emmeline E. Forsythe in Arkansas names her mother Nancy Hannah Martin; also that Emmeline named her first son Martin L. Marrs.
3. Mrs. Nancy Jane (Summers) Herral about 1841 in Washington County, Arkansas. She was the widow of Isaac Herral; and the daughter of Elizabeth Riddle Summers, ½ Choctaw Indian. This Nancy Jane and Isaac Herral had some children; Jackson, Louisa, Sarah, -----
JEFF AND NANCY JANE HERRAL FORSYTHE had four children;
(1) William Jasper Forsythe, 8 Jan. 1843.
in Washington County Arkansas
(2) John Newton Forsythe, 1845 -- 1862 ?
in Polk County, Arkansas.
(3) Robert DeKalb Forsythe, 1847 --1933
born in Polk County, Arkansas
died in Brown County Texas
(4) Elizabeth Jackson Forsythe Williams
"Aunt Jackie" born about 1849
in Polk County, Arkansas; died 1911 in Mills Co. Texas
4. Mrs. Sarah Mackey, a widow in Ellis Co. Texas, 1859

EMMELINE E. FORSYTHE
Born 1836 in Mississippi ?
Died 1862 ? Polk County, Arkansas

Married two times:

1. Arron P. Marrs, 1854, Washington County, Arkansas
They had a son, Martin Lafayette Marrs
Aaron died about 1855
2. Henderson Marion Pyeatt, 1857, Washington, Co. Ark.
They had two children:
1. Jesse Newton Pyeatt, 1859 ---
2. Della Catherine Pyeatt Burkett, born 1862
Polk Co. Ark.- died 1937, Mills Co. Texas

We have no record that Emmeline ever came to Brown or Mills Counties, Texas. After Emmeline and Henderson died in Arkansas, her older sister, Mary Forsythe Cox and husband, William Cox reared the Pyeatt children, Newt and Della; brought them to Texas about 1873.

Thomas Jefferson Forsythe and children, Bill, Bob and Jackie moved from Ellis County, Texas about 1866 to Williams Ranch settlement, then in Brown County. The boys, Bill and Bob, owned and operated a general store at Williams Ranch several years. Later they became cattle men and farmers. Bill Forsythe claiming to be one-eighth Choctaw Indian through his mother's family, moved to Indian Territory (Oklahoma) about 1890. Bob Forsythe and sister, Jackie, who married George Williams, lived out their lives in Mills and Brown Counties.

William Jasper Forsythe "Uncle Bill or Bud" married;

1. Elizabeth Caroline Williams in 1865
2. Mrs. Nancy Roxie Ann Pear Sullivan in 1886

Robert DeKalb Forsythe, Uncle Bob" married;

1. Elizabeth Vann
2. Mrs. Mary Stripes

MARTIN LAFAYETTE MARRS

Martin Lafayette Marrs (1855 - 1927) was an older half-brother of Jaees Newton Pyeatt and Della Catherine Pyeatt Burkett. All three of them had the same mother, Emmeline E. Forsythe Marrs Pyeatt, but not the same father. Martin L. Marrs father was Aaron P. Marrs. Newt and Della's father was Henderson Marion Pyeatt.

Martin Lafayette Marrs, born 18 August 1855, Arkansas; died 7 March 1927 in Missouri.

His father, Aaron P. Marrs died in 1955 about two months before Martin was born. For awhile Emmeline Frosythe Marrs and young son , Martin L. Marrs, lived near the farm home of her father-in-law, Captain Samuel Marrs, in Washington County, Arkansas.

In early December 1857, Emmeline Forsythe Marrs was married to Henderson Marion Pyeatt in Washington County, Arkansas. Her son Martin L. Marrs lived part of the time with his grandfather, Samuel Marrs; but there are conflicting reports about Martin's living with his Marrs grandparents when his mother first married H. Pyeatt or after she died in 1864.

It is interesting to note that Captain Marrs and wife, Tensie or Tempy? also reared another grandson, whose name was J. Preston Pyeatt at the same time they had Martin L. Marrs. In later years this Jacob ? Preston Pyeatt lived in Portales, N.M.

Martin Lafayette Marrs and Nancy Elizabeth Bunch were married 17 September 1881. Nancy was born in Carthage, Missouri in Dec. 1858. She died at Jane, Missouri on 12 January 1941.

Martin L. and Nancy Bunch Marrs had five children:

1. Henry Lafayette Marrs, 19 November 1882, Prairie Grove, Ark.
   died 5 January 1967, Jane Missouri.
2. Grover Samuel Marrs, 8 Jan. 1885, Jane, Mo.
   died 23 May 1960 at Jane, Missouri
3. George Preston Marrs, 4 March 1889, Jane, Missouri
   died 28 August 1944
4. Ilie Irene Marrs Coffee, 25 Oct. 1892, Jane Missouri
   She was living in Sept. 1970
5. Edna Estelle Marrs, 18 October, 1895, Jane, Missouri
   She was living there Sept. 1970

Martin L. and Nancy Bunch Marrs were Presbyterians. He had several occupations; school teacher, county tax assessor, merchant, farmer and post-master, when he died. His youngest daughter, Edna, corresponded with Birdie Burkett Chambers who lives at Mullin, Texas. Edna's letters mentioned her father's good sense of humor and his kind, helpful disposition. Martin's picture showed a strong resemblance to Lee Pyeatt Burkett, a brother of Birdie.

My grandmother, Della Catherine Pyeatt Burkett, remembered that her half-brother Martin L. Marrs, came to see her and brought her 'store bought' material for her to have a new dress. I think that visit occurred while Grandmother was a teenage girl staying with her aunt and husband, Mary Forsythe Cox and William E. Cox.

Uncle Martin Marrs and three more Arkansas boys made a trip through Texas in 1878 and 1879. He kept a journal and from those hand written notes, we learned that Uncle Martin was in these counties;

Cook, Denton, Grayson, Tarrant, Johnson, McLennan,
Bell, Milam, Hamilton, Brown, Coleman, Runnels,
Taylor, Lampasas, Nolan, Hill, Coryell.

This may have been the time Uncle Martin visited Grandma.

Berl A. Williams
P.O. Box 175
Liberty, Texas 77575
March 17, 1969

To
Mrs. T. D. Goodwin
Blanket, Texas

Dear Mae Delle,

I recieved your nice and much welcomed letter of the 10th. I have been out of touch with that part of the country, and did not think anyone there remembered me.

First, I will have to say I don't think I can be of any help to you regarding the family history, but I will tell you the little I remember. As you know, I have been out of Mullin and Mills county for 60 years.

It seems you are interested most in the Forsythes. I remember Bob Forsythe, but don't remember Bill (Bud) Forsythe. Bob and Bill were brothers of Mrs. George Williams, (Aunt Jackie as we knew her). Aunt Jackie and Uncle George's children are ; Emanuel, Calvin, Joe, Ray, Willie (girl), and Georgia Williams. The girls, Willie and Georgia, are only ones of family still living so far as I know. Their married names and addresses are;

Mrs. Willie McCulley
400 East Chandler Street
Brownwood, Texas 76801

Mrs. Guy Enlow (Georgia)
1610 Gladys Avenue
Beaumont, Texas

I understand that Calvin Williams' family lives in Brownwood, and his oldest son, Herman (Buck) has a filling station there. Joe Williams' son, Carl, has a taxi service in Brownwood.

As to the Pyeatts, I have heard of the family many times, but do not remember ever seeing or knowing any of them.

The Epleys, I remember -- Uncle Dan Epley used to come to my father's home on the Bayou and stay for weeks. Uncle John Dan Chessar's wife was Elizabeth C. Epley; also Jack Fisher's wife was a very close relative -- I don't know if she was a sister or niece. The Fishers lived near Pompey School where the road from Mullin to Comanche crossed the Pompey creek.

As to when Bill Forsythe went to Indian Territory -- from the story I heard as a child---I think he went in the 1880's, when it was opened to settlers or homesteaders. Many people went in and some were families from Mullin and Mills county., Texas.

I do know my father and mother went into Oklahoma Territory in 1890. Two families, John Kennedy family (Mrs. Kennedy was a sister of my mother) and ours made the trip in covered wagons and settled near the town of Ardmore, Oklahoma, on the banks of the Red River. My mother passed away about a year after they settled in Oklahoma and my father returned to Mullin. I think the Kennedy family remained in Oklahoma.

Thanks again for your letter; it was good to hear from you and to know how all your family are. I am sorry to hear of the deaths of your brothers, George and Lee, and your sister Stella. I will have to say as a boy growing up, I was very fond of Stella, but no one ever let me know about her death.

You ask about my family --I have one daughter who I live with here, and two sons; they are twins. One lives in Brownsville, Texas where he is an Immigration Man. The other lives in Oklahoma City. If I have any other close family, I do not know who or where they are.

I wish the very best for you and your family. Give my very best wishes to your brothers and sisters, or any one else in the county that may remember me. If you find time, would like to hear from you, and if you get the family history together, I want a copy.

With my best wishes and may God bless,

Berl A. Williams

Blanket, Texas
Oct. 22, 1935

My Grandmother Goodwin was born in Alabama.
My Grandfather Goodwin was born in Texas.
My Grandmother Burkett was born in Arkansas, while my Grandfather Burkett was born in Tennessee. My father and mother were born in Texas. I was born in Mullin, Mills County, Texas. I was named for my two grandmothers.

The Goodwins came from England. My grandmother Goodwin's people came from England also. They were Irish and Welsh.

The name Burkett came from the word Burkhart. Mr. Burkhart and his three sons were exiles from Holland on account of their religious beliefs. When they landed in America, the Americans pronounced Burkhart as BurKett. Today we call it Burkett. One of the boys made Tennessee his home. That is where my grandfather was born. He is Irish and German. My grandmother Burkett is Scotch-Irish. While coming from Scotland to America,my great, great grand mother bled to death from the nose and was buried at sea.

I will tell you a part of my grandmother Burkett's life that has always interested me. There were only two children in her family, Grandmother and a brother, two years older. When Grandmother was nothing but a baby, her mother and father died. She and her brother lived with some people who were not good to them.There were a large family and Grandmother had to work very hard. When Grandmother was fifteen and her brother was seventeen, he realized his sister wasn't getting a fair deal. They lived at Fort Chadbourne in Coke County. The children had an Uncle living in Mills county. Grandmother's brother ran away from home,came to Mills County and told the uncle how they were being treated. Their uncle saddled two horses and sent him back to steal grandmother. When the brother got there, he hid the horses in a neighbor's barn. Everyone in the community knew how they were being treated, so they were willing to help them get away. The neighbor man gave a party that night, and begged the people to let my grandmother go. During the day the neighbor man got a chance to tell grandmother that her brother had come for her, and for her to make out like she was going to the party. Grandmother slipped out a bundle of clothes and hid them down the road. When dark came, she started to the party. The brother had the horses saddled and instead of going to the party, they started out for their uncle's home. They were so afraid of being caught and carried back, they rode all night until four the next morning, when they

lay down beside the road to rest. They continued their journey, stopping only long enough to eat and rest awhile..

THE BURKETT WIFE BURIED AT SEA

About 1744 to 1754, John Burkett, his wife and four young children with many other passengers were aboard ship, all enroute to America. The Burketts were Germans, as were most of the other passengers. During the ocean voyage, JOHN BURKETT'S WIFE became ill and died. She was buried at sea. (Some researchers say nose bleeding was the cause of death among several ocean travelers in those years and earlier. It seems the nose bleed went along with a disease -- I don't know the name of the disease.)

That John Burkett (sometimes called Jonathan Burkhart) and his children continued their Atlantic ocean voyage to the United States where he kept the family circle intact in Maryland and Pennsylvania until his death five years after their arrival.

The first child, JEHU, born 1738 in Europe, died in 1823 in Ohio; married Magdalene Croll of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Another son, NATHANIEL BURKETT, birthdate unknown, died in 1815 in Virginia. He married ----and had twelve children. Some were; Joseph, Daniel, John, Sally, India, Hannah, and others I've forgotten.

I do not have names of the two other Burkett children, whose mother died at sea, but think one was Christian. I am certain their father, John Burkett, had a brother named Christian Burkett who imigrated to America.

The JEHU BURKETT mentioned above had a son, Christian Burkett, born 1765 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. This Christian Burkett married Catherine Peary and they owned a large plantation in Ashe County, North Carolina,. where they lived and had fifteen children.

Information on this page may give clues about the identity of our Burkett ancestors, but the relationship is not clear at this time --- more researching to do. John M. Burkett in Washington, D.C. provided the above information with his writings which were reliable. He died in 1947.

STORIES OF EARLY DAYS
WILLIAMS RANCH, CHESSAR VALLEY, MULLIN

Today is Tuesday, May 30, 1972. We, Edgar Burkett, Mae Delle Burkett Goodwin, Gladys Burkett Hodges and her husband Archie Hodges, have met at the Hodges cabin at Lake Merrit, near Goldthwaite, Texas, to record on tape some stories of early days in Williams Ranch, Chessar Valley and Mullin, Texas, and surrounding country. These stories have been handed down orally by our parents and other pioneers of this area.

JACOB LORENZA BURKETT, our grandfather, was born March 15, 1830 in Tennessee where he married his first wife, Lavina Burnett, who also lived in Cannon, County, Tennessee. JACOB AND LAVINA BURKETT and their seven children came to Texas in 1865. Leaving their home in the Nashville, Tennessee area, they traveled overland to Memphis, Tennessee. From Memphis they traveled by boat on the Mississippi River to New Orleans, Lousiana. At New Orleans they took passage on a ship sailing through the Gulf of Mexico to Galveston, Texas. From there they came by train to Brenham, Texas where the railroad ended at that time. They continued the journey in ox wagons to Hoovers Valley, Burnett County, Texas, where they arrived Christmas Day, 1865.

Jacob and Lavinia's seven children in order of birth; George W., Joe (our father), Mary, Sarah, Jim and Jane, (twins), and Fanny. Lavinia died at the birth of a baby about 1867 and was laid to rest with the baby in Hoovers Valley Cemetery.

Kind hearted neighbors took the children and kept them until Jacob, some two years later, married Miss Mary Matilda Reed, daughter of Reverend John S. Reed. The Jacob Burkett family lived at various places in Burnett, Llano, and Lampasas Counties. These moves were made to try to avoid Indian raids. JACOB AND MATILDA BURKETT had four daughters; Ellen, Laura, Virginia, 'Jennie', and Lavinia (Elvina?).

Jacob Burkett died in the latter part of 1875 or early 1876 from wounds he received in the Civil War. He was buried in the Joy (now called Mohler) Cemetery on the John Parker farm five miles southwest of Goldthwaite, Texas.

Joe Burkett, our father, stayed with Matilda for a time, making a living for her and his half-sisters. Matilda married Washington S. Wallace in 1881 and they moved to Fisher County, Texas. Joe worked for ranch men Dan Trent (whose sister was the mother of Matilda Reed Burkett), also for George and Bill Williams until his marriage in June, 1882 to DELLA CATHERINE PYEATT in Chessar Valley. Joe and Della lived a short time in Chessar Valley then moved near Williams Ranch (a town at that time) where he and his brother-in-law,

Newt Pyeatt established a blacksmith shop, operating it jointly. The railroad came through in 1885 and Mullin, (a tent city at first), was started. That year, 1885, Joe Burkett and Newt Pyeatt set up a blacksmith shop in Mullin. Newt and family moved to Mullin from Williams Ranch, where he operated the shop. Then they closed the shop in Williams Ranch and Dad moved his family to Mullin in October, 1888. He and Uncle Newt ran the shop there until 1889 when Dad's older brother, George bought Uncle Newt's interest in the shop. Uncle George and Dad were partners in the shop and a farm until 1900 when Uncle George sold his interest to Dad and moved to Roswell, New Mexico.

Annie, George N., and Stella Burkett were born in or near Williams Ranch. Edgar and all the other children of Joe and Della Burkett were born in Mullin, Texas. Annie, 1883; George N., 1884; Stella, 1887 ; Edgar, 1889; Floyd, 1891; Lee, 1895; Birdie, 1898; Mae Delle, 1901; Gladys, 1904; John, 1909.

After the country became more settled, Indian raids were fewer and THE MOB was broken up, settlers enjoyed getting together and telling their children stories of the hardships they had come through. I, (Edgar) will relate some of the stories;

One experience Dad had with Indians was the time that John Morris was killed by Indians . While John and his brother Dave were on their way from the Mill at Williams Ranch to their home in Center City. That killing occurred in 1868 on what is now the Don Geeslin farm, two and a half miles northwest of Goldthwaite, Texas. Dave Morris escaped from the Indians, but John was killed and scalped. John Dan Chessar and Joe Burkett and others went in a wagon and brought John Morris' body to the home of John Dan Chessar, where Caroline, (John Dan's wife), fixed supper for the men. While the older men ate supper, Joe and George Burkett, just boys at the time, guarded the body in the wagon. John Dan Chessar, at that time, lived on the Fowler ranch, now owned by R.T. Padgett. Travel being slow and difficult, early settlers buried their dead in the nearest cemetery. John Morris was buried in the Williams Ranch Cemetery. His grave is marked with a stone furnished by the Federal Government as John was a Civil War Veteran. It is noted on his marker that he was killed by Indians.

An interesting incident occurred in Chessar Valley while Joe Burkett and George Williams were cutting trees and splitting them into rails to fence a field. They were in Blanket Creek Valley near where that creek empties into Pecan Bayou. Thick timber limited their vision. After a tall post oak tree had been split into rails, the men were a few yards away cutting down another tree. Not knowing that anyone else was near, they heard a man's voice singing hymns. Joe and George found the man and to their amazement, he was standing

on the stump of the post oak tree which they had cut down shortly before. When his song was finished, the stranger delivered a sermon while Joe and George sat down and listened. When the speech was finished, the man said to his audience, "One year from this very hour, I will preach another sermon at this exact spot." Without another word, he stepped down from the stump, walked away and was soon out of sight in the thick brush.

Joe and George spent a year wondering who the man was and if he would return as he had said he would do. All the neighbors heard what had happened and decided to be at that spot at the same hour and bring basket dinner. Finally one year passed and all settlers were there waiting to see if the preacher would keep his word. At the exact minute he appeared out of the brush, mounted the stump, and preached another sermon. This time he had a larger audience as every settler in the valley had come. When the preaching started, they seated themselves on the ground and listened to a very stirring sermon. At the close of the sermon, the starnger stepped down from the stump and introduce himself as Edgar Lorenza Dow. At that time th famous Methodist preacher Edgar Lorenza Dow was already dead; so the stranger had to be a prankster, fake, or a namesake of the original Edgar Lorenza Dow. Now you know where I got my name; in later years, My father said he named me Edgar for the preacher, and Lorenza for my grandfather, Jacob Lorenza Burkett.

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THE LEAL KILLING

This story of the Leal killing is a little different from other hangings. A MEXICAN WIDOW by the name of LEAL and two or three children lived on what is now the Henry Williams farm. She was a good honest Mexican woman; but her son, about 21 years old, was a wild worthless person. He had received a ten day notice from THE MOB to leave or die. He ignored their notice, so the mob appeared at the Leal home to take charge of the victim Henry Leal, who heard them arriving and he immediately crawled out the back window and left. It just so happened that a good, innocent Mexican man was courting Mrs. Leal and they were to be married soon. He, not knowing Henry Leal had received the notice from the mob, was visiting in the Leal home and sleeping with Henry when the mob came and Henry disappeared. The MOB seized the good Mexican Man and took him about two miles to the Live Oak Springs Pasture, and there they hanged him on a tall live oak tree at Live Oak Springs near the Willowby Creek, and near the Mullin - Blanket Springs Road.

A man living near the road between the Leal house and the tree where

the innocent Mexican was hanged, said he had never heard such pleading, begging and praying as that Mexican did, declaring his innocence and that he was not Henry Leal; but it did no good, he was hanged. In a day or two his body was found, and it is reported that Judge Dalton of Mills County held the inquest, and Joe Burkett cut the rope. Judge Dalton, a young officer had to read instructions from the book. He was sitting in the front of the wagon , which had been backed up close to where the Mexican was hanging. Judge Dalton read the decision, "I find this man came to his death by unknown hands". Just at that moment, Joe Burkett cut the rope and motioned to Rube Tate to push the body into the wagon, so they would not have to handle the body as the victim had been dead two or three days. The body hit the bottom of the wagon and slid up to the front of the wagon, hitting Judge Dalton just as he said, " I find this man came to his death ----". The judge was so scared he leaped from the wagon and said, "I don't know whether he did or not!"

When that job was done, the search for Henry Leal was on, all eyes watching for him. Finally Mob Men on horses located him on top of a mountain three and a half miles north of Mullin in Maxie Hodges pasture on the Comanche road. The Mob Men were on top of Pompey Mountain, a half mile north of where Henry was; they had plans to catch him dead or alive ---two of the men would go in the opposite direction as if returning home, the other two would ride around in brush pretending to be hunting hunting Leal, knowing that he would watch them. Instead of going home, the first two men came from Leal's back so that he did not see him. They shot him in the back of the head and killed him--- on top of Mt. Leal where he had been watching. He was found in a day or two by officers; an inquest held gave the decision that Leal came to his death by unknown hands. The officers, then buried him on the spot and named this Leal Mountain which is in Maxie Hodges' pasture and still bears that name, LEAL MOUNTAIN.

WHITE MAN AND NIGGER HANGED IN SAME TREE

In Williamson County near Georgetown, Texas, lived a wealthy ranchman whose son, about twenty years of age, wanted to get out for himself. A nigger boy, a little older than the white boy, lived in the same home. The nigger was the son of a woman slave who had been freed, by her owner, the ranchman. The nigger boy, too young to make his own way, had grown up with the ranchman's son. The ranchman had a brother, also a wealthy rancher, lived in Coleman county, Texas. The two boys planned to go to Coleman and get work on that ranch. Having no horses of their own, the boys tried to borrow horses from the white boy's father, but he refused because he did not want them to leave. Secretly the boys made plans to take two of the horses from the white boy's father, ride to Coleman, then turn the horses loose and the two 'borrowed' horses would go home on their own accord. A custom of the time was that live stock would return to their home and there were no fences to stop them.--the country being open range.

The secret plans were told to the white boy's mother; the horses were slipped out, boys mounted and headed for Coleman. In two or three days, the ranchman missed his horses and figured the boys had stolen them when they left home. He notified local officers who in turn notified officers between Williamson County and Coleman County to be on the look out for a 'white' boy and a nigger boy riding two stolen horses. A telegraph office in the Florida Hotel at the town of Williams Ranch was operated by Hallie Hutchinson, a nine year old daughter of the hotel owner, Captain A.A. Hutchinson. When Hallie received the message on the wire set, she notified her father. The boys had stopped for the night at the hotel. The next morning the nigger boy and the white boy were found hanging in a tree near the Florida Hotel, about 300 yards distant. The news spread and officers investigated, but never found any clues. It was supposed that Mob Men had done the work; others thought it was done by individuals who did not like horse thieves. The white boy's father was notified; he came and took both bodies back to Willianson County for burial.

The hanging was unusual, even in Mob Days, because of the fact that a white man and a nigger were hanged in the same tree, at the same time.

HANGING OF NICK ANTHONY

Our parents have told us about another interesting early-day incident in the town of Williams Ranch --- about the time the Mob hanged Nick Anthony. Our mother was living in her Uncle Bill "BUD" Forsythe's home in Williams Ranch at that time, before her marriage. The Forsythe family was not home that day and Mother was alone. It was generally known that a close neighbor of Bill Forsythe had received notice from the Mob to leave the country within ten days or be killed (hanged). The man knew he had done no wrong and there was no cause for him to leave; at noon on the tenth day, he was still at home. At that same time, Jim Guthrie, a neighbor and friend of Nick Anthony, went through the gate at Forsythe's house and on into the field where Nick Anthony was plowing. Mrs. Anthony and Mother were close friends, and Mother had promised to stay ten days with Mrs. Anthony at the birth of Mrs. Anthony's baby -- expected in a few days. Mr. Guthrie spent the afternoon talking to Mr. Anthony, then came back through the gate at Bill Forsythe's house. Mother saw Guthrie both times, as he came and left. As soon as Jim left Nick in the field, Nick laid the harness back on the plow and went immediately to his house, called his wife to come and bring the baby. Nick did not get off the horse he was riding. Mrs. Anthony gave the baby to Nick and mounted the other horse and they left hurriedly. As they passed through the gate where Mother was, she went out to ask what the trouble was. Mrs. Anthony was crying pitifully and did not answer. After Nick closed the gate and mounted his horse, quickly, they rode away at high speed, going in the direction of Mrs. Anthony's brother-in-law's home about one and a half miles away.

Next morning, bright and early, news reached the wild and wooly town of Williams Ranch, that Nick Anthony had been found hanging to a tree at the community herd pen on Herd Pen Branch, one mile north of Williams Ranch. He had been hanged to a spanish oak tree, which was no larger than a man's arm. Nick's horse had been led up to the tree and a rope around Nick's neck was tied to the top of the tree, since there was no larger limb on the tree. The Captain of the Mob ordered someone to hit the horse on the rump, causing the horse to jump and run out from under the man on it. His weight caused the man's feet to touch ground as the tree bent over. Then the Captain ordered his men to tie Anthony's feet to the rail fence surrounding the pen. Someone remarked, "Too slow a death, he is just choking in that position." The Captain shouted to one particular man, "Tonight is your time, shoot him." The order was given to Nick's best friend, who many years later, told me this part of the story; "He could not kill his best friend, but knew he had to obey the orders; quick as a wink, he thought, 'I'll shoot him in the heel. That he did.

Rules of the Mob were that if a single shot did not kill the person being mobbed, every man was to shoot at once. The leader said, " Oh, he shot him in the wrong end" and ordered every man to shoot. So, finally Nick Anthony was killed.

Jim Slack related the incident to me individually exactly as I am telling it. He was a young man about twenty one years old, coming into this country to hunt work. About ten o'clock on this morning, he rode up to the herd pen where a crowd of men were standing around a large fire. warming themselves in the bitter cold as this was February 3, 1879. Jim Slack being a young man with little experience in ways of people at that time, saw a man hanging for the first time in his life.

Jim Slack told me not long before he died that he saw my father, Joe Burkett, for the first time on that Anthony hanging occasion. When Mr. Slack saw the man hanging and asked the men standing by the fire why they did not cut the body down, the men said they could not until a peace officer came. About that time two rode up -- one was the peace officer; the other was my father, Joe Burkett.

Nick Anthony was right in thinking the Mob had no reason to hang him because he had not done a wrong, but he did know that he had broken a rule of the Mob by identifying some members of the Mob. Nick riding the free range in search of strayed cattle, had ridden into San Saba County. When night came, he was headed for Williams Ranch. Coming to Big Valley when he got to the Colorado River he met the Mob and reconized three of the men. Next day he told a close friend of the incident and names of the men he had recognized. He had confided to the wrong man. That man was also a close friend of one of the men recognized by Nick Anthony. The man in whom Nick confided went to that particular member of the Mob and told what Nick had said. So Nick Anthony became a marked man and paid for his talking with his life. Nick was buried in the cemetery at Williams Ranch and his grave has been worked regularly by our family.

I have been telling you stories about the Mob. Maybe I should explain (if you don't know) more about the Mob and why it was formed and how it finally broke up --- please turn the page.

BREAK UP OF THE MOB IN MILLS COUNTY

First, let me explain why the MOB was formed. While the country was thinly settled , people could not get sufficient protection from thieves and other dishonest persons because law officers were not able to cover the large areas that needed watching. So law abiding people organized to punish guilty persons. That would have been a good thing if carried out properly and with honesty. But a few men in the organization were dishonest and used the Mob for their personal benefit. In some instances, a man wanted to buy a certain piece of land, whose owner did not want to sell, so the man wanting to buy would send to the land owner a notice from the MOB to leave the country. If that scared the owner, he sometimes hurriedly sold his land and left the country. The man wanting to buy often got the land for much less than it was worth. In other instances, a man deairing another man's wife would waylay her husband, kill him and the MOB would be accused of the murder. I, Myself know of two times that very thing happened. A feeling of fear and distrust developed against the Mob because it was used to cover such crimes. People organized other groups to protect themselves from the MOB. One such group called themselves ANTI_MOB; another was TRIGGER MOUNTAIN MOB. The courts could not always punish wrong doers because there were always more Mob men on the grand jury than law abiding citizens, so it was impossible for the grandjury to find a true bill against law breakers. The tide finally turned.

In 1893 seven Anti-Mob men and five Mob men were on the grand jury. That enabled the jury to bill criminals. The twelve grand jurors were; W.T. Vann, C.W. Humphery, Dan T. Bush, P.D. Duren, J.R. Graves, J.N. Dribred, J.L. Burkett, ?. L. Faulkner, W.E. Gray, J.B. Murrah, D.N. Cryer, and J.S. Weatherby. That Grand Jury found a bill for murder against a local citizen, and he was to be tried in the courthouse at Goldthwaite on a certain day. My brother Floyd and I, small boys at the time, were playing in sand in the bar-ditch in front of our house (in Mullin) when Mother came to the front porch and called us into the house, saying, "Yonder comes the Bayou Bunch". We obeyed very quickly. By that time a line of men, riding two abreast, with pistols in their holsters and winchesters buckled to their saddles, were in front of our home. A large man on a pretty white horse, rode in front of the column of men. That man appeared to be Captain of the Mob. We recognized him, for he was well known to us. The men continued in the same direction til they came to a public well in the middle of the street. Turning to their right, they were soon out of Mullin on their way to Goldthwaite. Dad, at work in his blacksmith shop in Mullin, when the men passed, knew what it meant. He, being a Constable

of Justice , immediately closed his shop, rushed home, saddled his horse and went into the house to get his pistol and winchester Mother asked him where he was going. He replied, "You saw what just passed, going to Goldthwaite." Mother cried and begged Dad not to go. He said, "I have a duty to preform." Then Mother asked, "If you get killed, who will make a living for me and the children?" Dad answered, " You all will be cared for someway, and I might be able to save several lives by going." He mounted his horse and started for Goldthwaite. He overtook the MOB just as it surrounded the Courthouse. The Sheriff ordered them to halt; he would not allow them to enter the courthouse armed. They replied, "We are going to hear our member's trial." The Sheriff told them to surrender their arms and they would be allowed to enter. The Captain replied, "No.' An agreement was reached whereby the arms were stacked on the lawn outside the courthouse and guarded by a number of the Mob, while other Mob members were admitted to the courtroom. At that time a band of thirty-five members of the San Saba County MO. rode up, armed like the Mills County Mob. The same agreement was made and San Saba MOB arms stacked outside on the opposite side of the courthouse and guarded by some of their men. Others went into the courtroom making 105 members of the Mob present at the trial.

The case was called, when witnesses were called, the judge found one witness was absent. Considering the dangerous situation that had developed, he thought best to take advantage of the absence of the witness and put the case off until the next term of court six months later. Court was dismissed and the crowd dispersed. Six months later at the next session of court, exactly the same thing happened except that only half the Mob men from each place was there. Very few witnesses for either side were present. The judge ruled that due to so little interest being shown, the case was thrown out of court.

That happened seventy-nine years ago while there was wide spread interest in the action of the court and most everyone talked about it. Now very few people discuss it. A few old timers like to recall the case that is given credit for breaking up the Mob, in this area. Many 'Old Has Beens' spend many pleasant hours which would otherwise be dull, talking about the Mob, which is now a 'thing' of the past.

I have reported very little of what happened in Mob days. You be the judge whether Mob Rule is the best way to keep peace. The MOB caused the loss of seventy lives in Mills County -- seventy men were murdered leaving orphans and widows. Many homes were broken, thousands of dollars of property damaged, and destroyed, friendships broken, feelings of distrust sprung up between neighbors. Many anxious hours were spent by wives and mothers in lonely watches of night, wondering if their men would come home again. Loneliness, fear, anxiety,

sorrow, grief and tears have followed the rule of the Mob. Now I am going to let you be the judge and answer the question. I know my answer ; What is yours?

DANCE AT THE FLORIDA HOTEL

In its early days, Mullin was a lively little town with entertainments of different kinds. One of the liveliest entertainments was dancing; hardly a week passed without a dance in the neighborhood. My favorite story tells about a certain dance. In 1889 the town of Williams Ranch was dying. The main hotel there, known as the Florida Hotel, a log structure, two stories, was torn down and moved to Mullin and reassembled on the lot just behind where Phillips Grocery now stands. The Hotel faced west. When it was ready for occupancy, the occasion was celebrated with a dance in the upper story. Stairs leading up there were on the outside of the building, and a long front porch on each story.

Hard feelings had arisen between country boys and town boys. At this particular dance town boys decided not to let girls dance with country boys. After about two hours of dancing, the country boys became unruly and demanded permission to dance with town girls or break up the dance. Another hour of arguing went on, then the country boys demanded, "Let the girls dance with us or else---!!"

At that point the town boys sent a messenger about two blocks to where my father lived and requested his presence as he was a peace officer. He replied, "My wife is sick, I cannot leave home." The messenger returned to the dance and gave Dad's answer to the town boys. By that time things were getting much hotter, the country boys uncontrollable. The messenger was ordered back to my father , saying his presence was imperative and his presence demanded at the dance. With persuasion of my mother and Dr. W. D. Kirkpatrick(father of young Dr.Jimmy Kirkpatrick) Dad buckled his guns on and headed for the dance. He ascended the stairs quickly, entered the dance hall, and found several fights already in progress. Immediately Dad deputized several visiting men, appointing each a certain man to arrest; saying, "I will keep the most dangerous one myself" He ordered the deputies to start making arrests; action began at once. Several country boys were knocked to the floor and handcuffed. One deputy, of small stature, named Horace Butts had been assigned to a two hundred pounder, who had Horace down and was sitting on him, pounding him with his fists. One of the other deputies had his man handcuffed, and asked Horace if he needed help. Horace replied, " No, I think he will soon get off." About that time some of the girls screamed and fainted as they pointed to the floor where blood

was flowing freely as Horace had been stabbing the big man in the back. --and sure enough he did get off. All that time my father was going around and around with his man. About that moment a pistol shot was heard,, Dad went to the floor and the pistol was fired several times through the top of the house. A bullet had grazed Dad in the temple and passed through his hat at the top of his ear. Led by girls, the crowd ran for the door to go down stairs, but some prankster boys had removed the stairs. Needless to say, the whole bunch piled on the ground several feet below. Dr. Jimmy Kirkpatrick had brought two girls, Sammy and Bill Hutchinson, to the dance. Starting for the door, Jimmy got between the two girls, taking each by her arm,. When they stepped on the first step, it was not there and they went to the ground. with the rest of the crowd. Jimmy, a man with a cool head, raised up, looked around a dark corner of the building and saw a prankster named Will Cox enjoying a good laugh. Dr. Jimmy reached for his pistol, only to find he had left it at home. He remarked, "I hope you get sick tomorrow and call me to attend you, there is a certain kind of medicine you will get."

After the arrested men were subdued, hysterical women and angry men went home, Dad returned to his home to see how his sick wife was and found that she had brought him a new son --- which happened to be me!!

I hope all of you enjoy this true story. Not many people have such an exciting celebration to mark their entry into this world.

THE DRY POND MYSTERY

The stranger walked slowly into the town of Mullin, Texas. It was the year of 1900. He had at last reached his destination. The stranger was a foreigner, but it could not be determined whether he was a Frenchman or a Spaniard. He soon contacted Dr. Jim Kirkpatrick and told him he was looking for a certain tree with a copper spike driven into it. Thus began the story of the Dry Pond mystery, which is well known in the Mills County area in Texas.

The Dry Pond is located about three miles northeast of the county seat town of Goldthwaite. There are several versions of how the story got started, but the tale told by the Kirkpatrick family is probably the most authentic. In the early 1800's, the Kirkpatrick family lived in the state of Kentucky. They were well respected and deemed to be an educated family. One of the boys of the family, J. Dodd Kirkpatrick, was not a strong individual physically and became a doctor. After receiving his education, he joined the U. S. Army for a time and later came to Texas and settled with the old Three Hundred and Stephen F. Austin. As in Kentucky, he was well known and respected and helped in framing of the Declaration of Independence. After the battle of San Jacinto and the defeat of Santa Anna, he went to Mexico for a time. While in Mexico, he bought a sheepskin on which was purported to be a map leading to buried treasure. This treasure was supposed to be in what is now Mills County, Texas. Therefore, it is natural that when he was offered a grant of land in reward for his services to the Texan army, he asked for and was given a tract which included present day Mills County. He died before coming to the land, however, and is buried near Edna, where the town of Texana once stood. This was in the year of 1837 or 1838. The father and brothers of J. Dodd then claimed the land grant as J. Dodd had no descendents, never having been married. They also inherited the sheepskin. However, this particular sheepskin now drops out of the tale. (1)

One of the brothers of J. Dodd Kirkpatrick was named Jim and was also a medical doctor, as was his son. They were known respectively, as Old Dr. Jim Kirkpatrick and Young Dr. Jim Kirkpatrick. It was Young Dr. Jim that the foreigner contacted when he came into Mullin in 1900. Dr. Jim had always been the easy-going type who often stopped to pick up a pretty or interesting rock on his way home from a call. He was just the type to become interested in a story such as the stranger told. (2)

(1) Edgar L. Burkett, in a conversation with the writer, Aug. 12, 1969. (2) Dobie J. Frank, Coronado's Children, (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1930.

The stranger was looking for a copper spike that was driven into a tree in the area. Dr. Jim had never seen or heard of such a spike, but did help the stranger look for a time, until the foreigner gave up and left town. The foriegner had shown Dr. Jim a a chart which was supposed to have been taken from the body of James Bowie at the Alamo. Most versions of the tale mention a copper spike, through J. Frank Dobie in 'Coronado's Children,' relates that the spike was made of wrought iron. (3)

About the same time, there was a poor man living northeast of Goldthwaite. In order to support his wife and children properly, the man often cut wood and took it to town to sell. One of the limbs that this man had cut and sold, was noticed to have a copper spike in it. This was related to Dr. Jim, who lost little time in locating the site of the tree which had contained the spike.

The stump of the tree was located in what is now known as the Dry Pond. At the time, Dry Pond was a fairly level place on top of a hill. In times past, it had been a buffalo wallow. When it rained, water would often stand to a depth of two or three feet in the pond, since it had no drainage. The dirt and rocks around the Dry Pond have been burned sometime in the past. Most people have assumed that they were burned in a volcanic eruption, although L.M. Matlock, one of the "money hunters' is convinced the dirt and rocks are th ashes from an old Spanish smelter that processed a part of the ore from the San Saba Mines. (4)

It was noticed that the stump of the tree that had contained the copper spike, formed a triangle with two other live-oak trees, both of which were larger than most live-oaks of that region. One is said to have had a diameter of eight and one-half feet. (5) Dr. Jim then became the leader of a group of men who began digging in earnest. The principal backer and worker in the venture, outside of Dr. Jim, was Bob Urbach of Goldthwaite. Others associated with the hunt were Will Urbach, J.T. Prater, Will Harris, Sr., Walter Barker, and the father of Walter Barker. The first discovery of the group was a flat limestone rock about four feet long on which was pictured ten pack burros apparently headed for an entrance to a cave. Over the packs and over the cave entrance were small half-moons. This is the sign for treasure. This rock was found near the base of the tree with the copper spike.

During the next three years several interesting objects were brought to the surface. Walter Barker unearthed the first of the now famous copper plates. He relates that he had just uncovered a flat rock when the others decided to sit down and rest a little bit. While he was sitting there , he idly tapped the flat rock with a smaller one in his hand. On an impulse, he leaned over

(3) Ibid., p. 44 (4) Article in Goldthwaite Eagle Aug. 6, 1948. (5) I bid.

and lifted the flat rock up and saw the copper plate underneath it. (6) Soon after that they found the other two copper plates which had been buried in a triangle.

Following the directions as he understood them, Dr. Jim found a group of three trees forming a triangle. They were about five hundred yards apart. (7). Under one of the trees, a post oak, Bob Urbach dug up a copper box. This box was also had been engraved with the ten pack burros and the cave entrance, just as the flat piece of limestone. It, However, copntained the name Padre Lopez and the date 1762. Inside the box was found a cross set with pearls and two rosaries. The cross was approximately two to three inches long and made of gold. (8)

Dr. Jim had married at the age of fifty with a girl of about twenty-five years. He gave her the treasure. Many people still remember seeing the cross worn around her neck. Later she sold part of it and went to California where she died.

In 1904, Dr. Jim finally deciphered the inscriptions and markings to his satisfaction and was in the process of trying to make a suitable deal with the landowner. However he died suddenly and carried the secret of the lost treasure with him to the grave. This, however, is not the end of the Dry Pond story. It is only the end of the first part.

Dr. Jim and his group had encountered opposition in their search in the form of another party. A Mister Brooks and some of his friends had come to the diggings also. They had seen the copper plates with the sun on the horizon An argument arose between the groups over whether the sun was rising or setting and they proceeded to bring their rifles and pistols to the Dry Pond. The law from Goldthwaite had heard of the differences, however, and stepped in. At this, Brooks and his group left and returned to their homes in Oklahoma. (9)

Since Dr. Jim's death, there have been spurts of interest through the years, interspersed with periods of long inactivity. The last big spurt occurred in 1948 whem L.M. Matlock came to try his luck. Mr. Matlock, from Richland Springs, had been associated with a group that explored in the year of 1935. Not being satisfied with the results of the earlier party, he returned to further the exploration.

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(6) Walter Barker, in conversation with writer, Aug. 13, 1969. (7) Vara is a unit of measure equal to about 33.33 inches. However it may range from31 inches to 34 inches. (8) Walter Barker, in conversation with writer Aug. 13, 1969.
(9) Article in Goldthwaite Eagle, Aug. 6, 1948.

In 1935, the group had discovered for the first time the tunnels under Dry Pond. These tunnels were located at a depth between twenty and thirty feet. The tunnels were in the process of being cleaned out when extremely heavy rains fell and flooded the tunnels and left water standing 18 inches deep over Dry Pond. At this juncture the operation collapsed and the diggers went home.

In 1948, Matlock sank anew shaft to the tunnels and discovered a room half the size of a garage. However, in spite of the help of two "professional" treasure hunters, Matlock found little else and retired from the scene.

Through the years there has developed the story that in the tunnels are hidden ; (1) five hundred jack loads of silver, (2) 10 jack loads of gold, (3) a silver or gold mine, and (4) information possibly leading to the re-discovery of the lost San Saba mines. These things were supposedly hidden by a group of Spaniards who were under attack by a group of Indians. Just exactly who these Spaniards were and where they were going will probably never be known.

In the years since Mr. Matlock worked at the diggings, the Dry Pond has changed a great deal. The owner of the Double O Ranch had trouble keeping his cattle from falling in the old shafts. He therefore, got a bulldozer and filled in the open holes and has changed the entire setting very much. According to at least one person the scene is hardly recognizable as the same place. (10) Just what the future holds for Dry Pond can hardly be seen.

-(10) Edgar L. Burkett, in conversation with writer, Aug. 12, 1969.

Burkett Origin Told

Buddy Waddell*

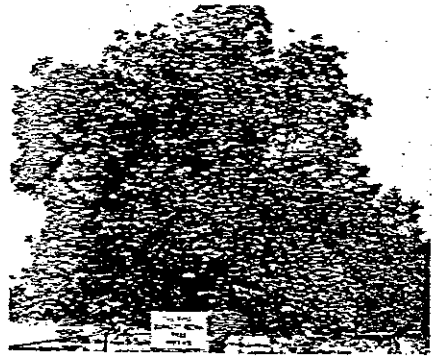
If not for a quirk of fate and the expertise of one man, the 'Burkett' pecan might have been lost to the pecan industry. The story surrounding the discovery of this historic variety is indeed an interesting one.

On an autumn day in 1900, two young boys were squirrel hunting along the banks of Battle Creek in eastern Callahan County, Tex. During their search for prey, they discovered a small rodent cache containing a number of large pecans. The boys took time to confiscate the enterprising animals' winter store before continuing the hunt. When they returned home and showed the nuts they had found to their father, he became very excited.

The youths were Omar and Joe Burkett, and their father was James H. Burkett, an authority on pecans. The pecans were different from any he had seen before, and he sensed the discovery of a new variety.

At the urging of their father, Omar and Joe returned to the area of the creek where the pecans had been found in search of the tree from which they came. After some time the tree was located, and from this came the origin of the 'Burkett' pecan. If the boys had not stumbled on the rodent's nest, or if the pecans had fallen into the hands of a man less knowledgeable than James Burkett, the 'Burkett' pecan might never have been discovered.

But even after the pecan was discovered, it was almost lost. A few years after the tree was located it was destroyed. It was the skill and foresight of James Burkett that saved the pecan from extinction.



First Burkett, as it looks today.

Burkett began the process of transferring budwood to others stocks in the early spring of 1901. For more than two years his attempts to increase the variety's numbers failed. Finally, in the summer of 1903, he successfully set two buds on a second growth field sprout about six feet in height and some 200 yards from the parent tree. When the buds took and forced out during that same season, the future of the variety was secure.

The original tree was destroyed, but Burkett's tree, which was the first propagated 'Burkett' pecan tree, thrived. In the fall of 1905 it produced two pecans and has continued to produce for each of the past 70 years, including a bumper crop in 1975. This tree also provided almost all of the budwood of the 'Burkett' variety in the early 1900s.

With the success of the 'Burkett' pecan insured, James Burkett went on to make other contributions to the pecan industry. In 1916 he was appointed chief of the Edible Nut Division of the Texas Department of Agriculture. There he served under three different Commissioners of Agriculture for nearly 20 years. He authored numerous pamphlets about various phases of pecan production and developed several varieties of pecan in addition to the one that bears his name. It is little wonder that he came to be known by many as the Pecan King.

Despite all his many achievements, Burkett is best remembered as the father of the 'Burkett' pecan. He shunned all opportunities to make money from his discovery. On the contrary, he was always happy to help someone get a start growing 'Burketts', and furnished much budwood from his own trees.

In 1960, almost 15 years after the death of his father, Omar Burkett presided at the dedication ceremony of the first 'Burkett' pecan tree. A chain fence had been erected to protect the grounds, and a sign proclaimed the status of the historic old tree to all passers-by.

Burkett's first tree, which had weathered the hardships of its many years quite well, was almost the victim of progress in the early 1960s as it stood directly in the path of the construction of Interstate 20. It was saved, however, due to the efforts of concerned citizens and the work of Texas Highway Department engineers. The Highway Department is now the official caretaker of the tree.

Today the first Burkett pecan tree stands as a living memorial to the memory of James Burkett. It is located in Callahan County, two miles east of Putnam, Tex., just off of Interstate 20.

*Education student at Texas A&M University from Putnam, Tex.

BURKETT PIONEERED CONCEPT OF PROPAGATING IMPROVED SELECTIONS

Editor's note: This is the first of a series of tributes to historic varieties which have made lasting impressions on the pecan industry.

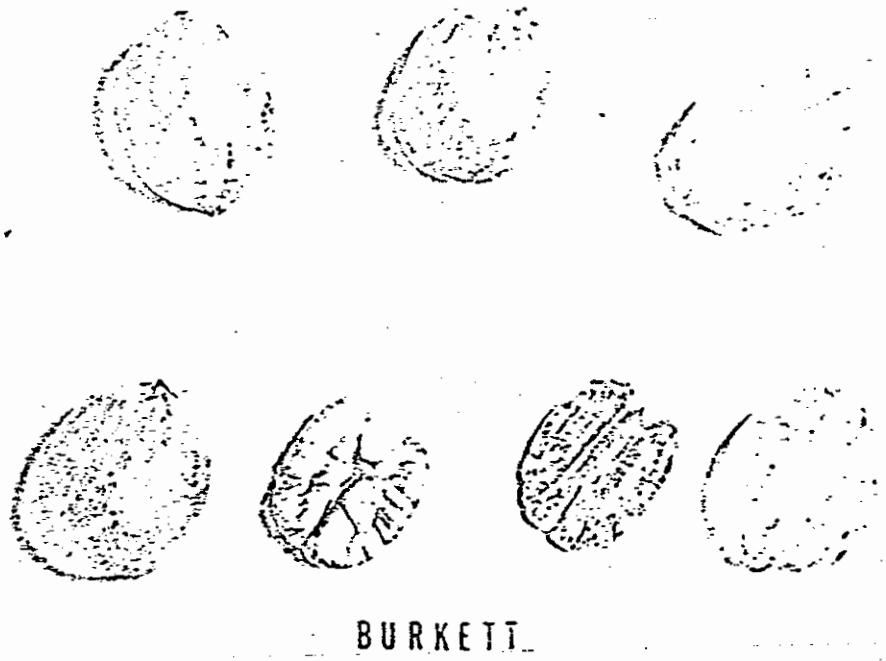
THE BURKETT deserves a place of honor in the history of pecan culture because it sparked the imagination of many people to what could be developed by propagating improved selections. It was the most popular variety in the Twenties and Thirties because of its thin shell, unusual flavor and large size. As a result of this popularity, many native trees were topworked with Burkett.

Omar and Joe Burkett, sons of J. H. Burkett, discovered this variety in the fall of 1900. They found a seedling on the South Bluff bank of Battle Fish Creek. It appeared to be 20 or 30 years old and was closely crowded by liveoak and mesquite. Mr. Burkett transferred the buds to other pecan stock, using the "skin bud method." The first native to be topworked to Burkett is located 2 miles east of Putnam, Texas, within the right-of-way of Interstate 20.

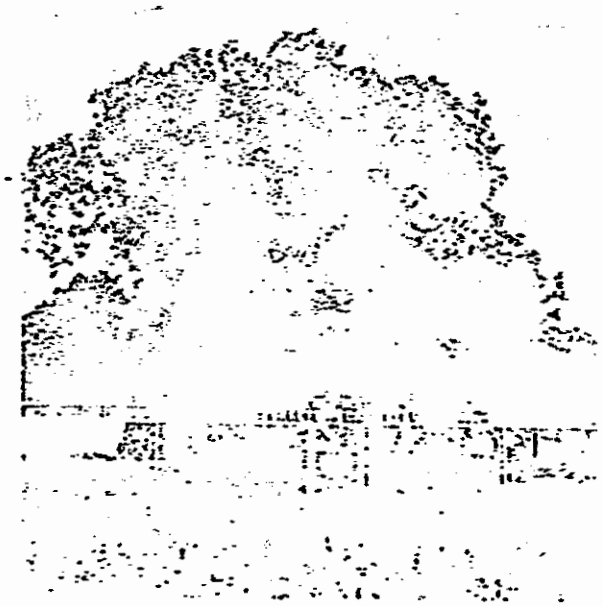
The Burkett also was popular in commercial and home plantings. Wide usage of the Burkett naturally led to distribution into many areas where it was not adapted. An initial burst of success was almost inevitably followed by a buildup of scab, which resulted in continuous crop failures and ultimate abandonment by 1950 as a recommended variety.

The round shape of the Burkett made it a poor sheller, and so its usage was confined primarily to the in-shell market. Unusually severe rosette of the trees even made them difficult to topwork. The Burkett lost favor even in the semi-arid regions of the West because its yield was far below other prolific competitive western varieties. The appearance of Burkett trees as a large crop was always followed by a disappointing performance at harvest time.

Burkett was pollinated with Success in 1937 to produce the Comanche, released in 1955, and with Schley in 1940 to produce the Apache, released in 1962 (See *The Pecan Quarterly* 3, (1):11). The Comanche has never gained much favor because it is slow to come into bearing, but the Apache is gaining much favor in the western portion of the Pecan Belt.



The Burkett tree produces thin-shelled, round inshell nuts of unusual flavor, and is marked with dark specks on the seed coat covering the kernels.



The first topworked Burkett tree was preserved through efforts by the Eastland County Pecan Growers Association and the Texas Highway Department. It is located 2 miles east of Putnam within the right-of-way of Interstate 20.

Copy of Uncle J####Jim's letter

Burkett I

Tradition handed down orally is to the effect that three brothers landed in Pennsylvania soon after the Revolutionary War -having been expelled from Holland on account of their religeous proclivities . Soon after reaching America one of them went in the direction of Illinois, another towardsKentucy ,and another made a stop in North Carolina -how long ago I am not informed .Our family sprung from the one that went to North Carolina . My greatgrand father married an EPley, in North Carolina and emigrated to middle Tennessee years before the Civil War . My grand father was named Henry Burkett and to him was born eight boys and two girls Mary and Martha. The boys were John , Jim, George, Dave, Nath, Jake, Jobe, andTOlbert. Jacob Lorenza ,myfather , married Lavina Burnet.

When the Civil War arose Pa was elected Lieutenant by his company and continued in that office until the#####surrender . He served four years I was born -(supposedly) May7th 1862. After the close of the war ,April, 1865,Rev.Mc Hoover was visiting his old home state Tennessee and he caused my father and his uncle ,Dave Epley to migrate to Texas . We landed in HooversValley Christmas Day 1865, where we became home owners , temporarily, until my mother's death .

One of my father's brothers,Uncle George , emigrated to Missouri, Uncle Jim to Arkansas, Uncle Dave to Kansas.I can remember only a few incidents that occurred before we left Tennessee . One was when Uncle George was leading off our milk cow . I recall also that my grandfather visited us , I presume as a parting last adieu to my father .Grandfather had lost all of his finge rs of his left hand , I noticed that he held his fork with his thumb and the stub of his hand . Another incident ; my twin sister and I were seeking to coll ect some eggs from the woodpile . I got fastened and could not extrica te myself . Sister Jane raised the alarm and my mothe r came and raised the log , releasing me . In this connection I had as well record other incidents of a mother's care for her off spring .

After we had become settled in Burnet County ,Texas sister Jane , Fannie, and I were playing at the well . In looking over in to the well my hat fell into the well and mother came down and fished it out .At another time , we three were busy playing near the same place where the well was located , wheen a strange animal made its appearance near us .It was headed in the direction of the house . I grabbed sister Fannie and hollered to Jane to run , that this huge animal was a wolf or an Indian one. It turned out to be a common skunk, which made its way to a hiding place under the puncheon floor of the sideroom . Mother again came to our relief and quickly dispatched the skunk with a hoe . The last time that Irecall my mother's face , was when she lay in a winding sheet , still, eyes closed , and they told me that she was dead . She was buried in the Hoover Valley grave yard Burnet Co. Yes I can still see the hen eggs in the woodpile ;the hat that was fished from the well as she handed it to me and her face - in the sleep of death.

Father returned to Tennessee, probably the year of 1875 or 1874. The occasion of his return was grandfather's death , and father was appealed to, to wind up the estate . He returned from this trip , bringing with him Grandmother Burkett , Aunt Martha Young , and Aunt Mary Brown , his sisters and their childre n. At that time our home was located on the Colorado River , and included the Little Pecan Bayou, our house being located just above this stream , and about 50 yards from the river.

After my mother's de ath ,father broke up house-keeping , and we smal ler chil dren were placed temporarily with kind-hearted neighbors. recall that Jane, Fannie, and I were located with an Elkins family , Sarah with Re v. Jack Mabry ,Sister Mary with a Mr. John Davis-all residing in Hoover'sValley.

Something like two years later ,father married again .

-Miss Matilda Reed assumed the responsibility of mothering his brood. We children were again brought together under the same roof. At first we were located in McCullough County, near Rose Mil l.

At this place was the first sch ool experienceSister Jane and I had. My step-mother was the daughter of Rev.John Reed, Miss Matilda Reed.

After living at Rose Mill ,McCullough County for a short while we returned to Burnet County and lived on the John Davis farm. Here it was h at Ellen was born , the oldest of my ##### half-sisters, She now lives in Arizona. Laura came along Later ,born also in Burnet County. The family then moved to Lone Grove,El ano County, resided on the farm of D.H.Trent. We th en w ent to San SabaCounty, whereRev.John Re ed Lived; located on the Vest farm.From here we e removed to near Big Valley, Mills County , where a th ird half-sister was born, and wherePa pre-empted a Little place. He latersold this place to Dave Farley and located on the place on the Colorado River- bough t from Uncle John Connor . This place he sold to Abe Ezzel l-HHenry Ezzell's father . Pa then bough t a place on Prescoat Creek ½ mile beLow Prescoat's old home place . Here he died and was buried at the Joy grave-yard, in December ,1885 or 1886. And here the last of th e half-sisters was born, after my father's death.(The other sister, Virginia , was probably born on the Vest farm .) She now lives in Sweetwater- Mrs.Godfrey. There were 7 of the first children, George, Joe, Mary, Sara h, Jane and I, and Fannie.

While Living in Hoover Vall ey,occured the Indian massacre of the Whitlock family.But of this I will write Later ,as it wwill come in my series of articl es intended for the magazine.

I have touched only briefly on our family history - but enough to place you in possession of a fe w of th e salient points and I want you to call on me for further elucidation , wh ich I will try to answer in detail when I k now wh at you want.

A recent letter from Anna reached me just as I was debating in my mind whether to try to make th e trip to Mullin - and I had decided that I had better stay at home and try to take care of my prospects for a living.

I am forced to put in I2 or I4 hours a day growing my little truck crops. The April freeze took toll l of my entire pecan crop. If conditions had remained normal I w oul d have harvested 4000 po unds of Burkett pecans thhis coming fall l-utterly destroyed my commercial collateral. I wont get a single pound# of nuts this fall. And I am deeply in debt.

I had hoped th at I might get up a large club of subscribers to my farm paper - from wh ich I would be entitle d to my commission. But Anna's letter brough t me to my sobe r se ns es. Othe r people have troubles the same as I do. If , how ever, you boys are favorably impressed with my offer of thee magazine I would a ppreciate you raising me a club, feel sure you wil l be pl leased with the paper,3 ye ars $I. If my pl ans dont go awry I plan to occupy space e in this journal l as long as I am physically and mental ly active- of cours e th at wont be long. Just now I have a prospect to sell a little 3 acre ,I4 year-old peca n orchard ,worth $I500.00. Have ## offered to take $500.oo for it ,so I can employ labor and devote the rest of my time mostl y at my desk.

Yes I have abandon#ed the anticipated pleasure of meeting you on theIIth. Hope you will have a good time. If you dont have as many attendants as you would like , dont get discouraged. Your motives are worthy and noble- if you have in mind to perpetuate th e traditions of moral virtues, and hand them to poster#ity, unblemished- encourage the youngsters to live pure , patriotic- and abhor the low sinister grovelings, of the immoral mongrels which they are forced to meet daily.

Your Uncle Jim.

BURKETT HISTORY -- obtained in 1938 at University of Illinois

Elmer Jacob Burkett (born 1856) -- United States Senator from Iowa. Son of Henry W. and Catherine (Krarney) Burkett. He is fifth in descent from Stuffel Burkett, born in Germany who emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1760 and settled in Bedford County. The line is traced through his son Joseph , a Revolutionary soldier ; his son John, a soldier of 1812 ; and his son Jacob and wife Sarah Stiffler, who were the parents of Henry W. Burkett.

John Burkett, banker and editor in Arkansas, born January 26, 1854 ; son of Madison and Emily (Welch) Burkett , both of Tennessee. John Burkett graduated with first honors at Southwestern Baptist University in Arkansas. He was Delegate to the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. He was President of the Tennessee Press Association in 1898. He married Callie W. Robbins of Chester County, Tennessee in 1879. They have three children.

John Fremont Burkett (born 1856 -- died 1921), dental surgeonn of Indiana --- great, great grandson of Johnathan Burkett who emigrated from Germany to Pennsylvania.

I can't recall where I got this and am not sure where the connection is - am not sure if this is the Henry Burkett who is our ancestor

FRONTIER'S GENERATION

Robert DeKalb Forsythe, of Zephyr, is one of the pioneer cattlemen of Texas.

"I was born in Polk county, Arkansas, on August 23, 1847," said Mr. Forsythe, "but came to Ellis county, Texas, with my father and mother when I was four years old. Since that time, I have made my home in this state.

"Like other Southern youths, I did not enlist in the Confederate army because of hard times at home. But I came of a fighting family. I don't know how long the Forsythe's have been in America; I have not traced the family records, but I suppose that my family came here long before the revolution.

"My grandfather was killed in the War of 1812. Soldiers were selected for that war by a sort of drafting system: the names of men in various communities were placed in capsules, the men were ordered into town, a number of the capsules were drawn, and those whose names were drawn were ordered to the scenes of fighting. My grandfather was a shrewd sort of a fellow, and by some means or other, he maneuvered so his own name, though in the box, was not drawn. But before long, the war got into his blood, and he enlisted of his own accord. He was killed in his third battle.

"My father fought all during the Mexican War. It was this war which awakened his interest in Texas. After his discharge, he talked continually of the Lone Star State. He was never satisfied until we had settled here.

"In 1866, my brother, Bud, and I came to Brown county and organized the old Williams Ranch (the land was at that time in this county). A year or so later, we built a store at the ranch; it became, during the years that followed, an important trading post.

"I made two trail drives up into New Mexico, disposing of the cattle at a ranch which occupied the site of the present city of Roswell. We had 1,500 cattle in our first herd, and 1,800 in our second. The best steers in those days cost us $10.00 a head, the best cows $8.00. We doubled our money on them in New Mexico.

"We had just reached our destination on our first trail drive when I met a young fellow who appeared to be hard put. I asked him to come over to the chuckwagon, and have a handout with me. He accepted.

"'Henry Ford is my name,' he told me, 'and I'm headed toward Texas. Do you know of anyone who is going that way?' I told him that there was a wagon train in the vicinity which was bound for San Saba; he thanked me, and the next time I saw him, he was on his way to San Saba with the wagoneers. He did not have a horse, but had gotten a ride in one of the wagons.

"Several months later, I met him in San Saba. He wanted work, so I took him back to the ranch with me, and put him to punching cattle. And that was a lucky day for my brother, Bud Forsythe.

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"A few weeks later, we made our second drive into New Mexico. We disposed of our cattle at the same place we had sold our first herd.

"While on this ranch, in the company store to be exact, Bud and one of the men got into a hot poker game with two New Mexicans. One of the players happened to be a Mexican, and he had small love for gringos. After Bud had won several dollars from him, the Mex shouted a few words in Spanish, leaped from his chair, and drew his knife. He made a lunge at Bud, but, though he was quick, he was not fast enough to elude the watchful eye of Ford, who was leaning up against a counter nearby. As soon as he spoke, Ford knew his intention; he understood the words, and he yanked his gun like a flash, shooting as the Mexican came up with his knife. His bullet caught the Mexican in the shoulder, turning him half around; the Mexican then ran away from the table, and hid behind the counter. Ford went after him, shooting two more times.

"Things looked serious for Ford. The Mexican had three bullet holes in his body, and was about to kick-off; then, he took a turn for the better, recovering speedily. Ford was billed for trial, but nothing ever came of it, and he returned to Texas with us.

"We became good friends, and always remained so. When I met Ford at San Saba, he told me that his native state was Nebraska. He spent the first part of his life in study; he had a quick mind for languages, and knew Latin, Greek, French, and English as few men know them. While still in his teens, he graduated from the university, and filled with a desire to ramble, drifted down into New Mexican territory, where he acquired a knowledge of several Indian tongues. Because of his capability, he got a job from the government as interpreter for the Indian tribes of northern New Mexico. His work consisted, most of the time, of presenting the red man's grievances to the courts of the day. He held this job for quite a while, but in the end, Texas got in his head, and he started on the trail for the Lone Star state.

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"Willis Johnson was one of the pioneers of this district who worked for me at the old Williams Ranch. Later, he bought him some land of his own, and as the years passed, he became enormously rich.

"While apparently within the law most of the time, Johnson had many friends who were not, and when these friends got into trouble, Johnson always gave them a helping hand. He went on the bond of more cattle rustlers than anybody who ever lived in this section of the state; he did more than go on their bond, too. When the time for their trial came up, he always hired good lawyers for them, and as a general rule, these outlaws succeeded in beating their cases.

"Finally, Johnson got into a kidnapping scrape; he took a sixteen year old girl away from her parents, and assisted her in marrying a man much older than herself. As far as the girl was concerned, she wanted to marry the man. But her parents objected to the match, and took the suit to court, charging Johnson with abduction, and the swearing of a lie in regard to the girl's age.

"Johnson's trial never came off. A few days before he was to appear in court, he was ambushed near his home in Mills county. He was riding a $400 race horse at the time, and the men killed both Johnson and the horse.

"Johnson's murder started the famous San Saba, McCulloch, and Mills county feud, a reign of terror which lasted for over two years, eventually developing into a wirecutting war. I do not think that I am exaggerating when I estimate that one hundred men were killed in the three counties during these two years back in the turbulent eighties. Most of them were victims of ambuscades; neither side gave the men they were after a chance to defend themselves.

"Ace Brown got the toughest break of any man during the feud.

"Brown stirred up a posse of men to help him hunt for Charlie Smith, a friend and a neighbor who had suddenly disappeared from home. The posse went out with Brown, and spent several days looking for Smith's body. But Smith was never found.

"The posse returned to the neighborhood without Brown. A few days later, men from the community found Brown hanging to a tree in a thicket near the county line. His own posse, unable to find Smith, had become suspicious and given Brown a necktie party. As to whether he had had anything to do with Smith's disappearance, or not, still remains a mystery."

Sam P. McInnis came to Brown county in 1865. At Angelina county, he met an old friend, Dr. Windham. Windham wanted to come to Brown county; McInnis helped the family to move, and Windham set about the practice of medicine. But several months before the war came to a close, the drug supply in this section of the state was used up, and as no more medicine could be obtained, Dr. Windham, like his predecessor, Dr. DuBose, who was the first physician to settle in Brown county, opened a store as a means of livelihood.

For his part, McInnis got a job punching cattle for Lev Baugh. It was not easy work, in the cold wintertime, when the cattle would stray from the range, but McInnis liked his job. He enjoyed many phases of it, particularly the chance elements of his work. There was no telling when he would lose his scalp to some hostile Comanche or Kiowa; on the other hand, the Indians stood some risk themselves when they brushed up against McInnis.

Then, there were other kinds of game; an occasional black bear wandered into the Bayou bottoms. McInnis killed one with his six-shooter. He also had brushes with catamounts. The panthers were a nuisance to the stockmen; they killed many valuable cattle. McInnis shot several of these animals; he killed one near Cross Cut, while the lion was eating a yearling. After he had finished the cat, he noticed a slight movement on the part of the yearling. The cow was still alive; three fourths of its back had been eaten away by the feline, and McInnis killed it to put it out of its misery.

On other occasions, he trailed lions, with the help of his dogs, into the hills, where he had some thrilling hunting experiences.

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After the Civil War, the big boom in cattle came. Herds of thundering animals passed through Brown county from South Texas. Most of them came over the old Phantom Hill road; this trail started below San Antonio, came on across the San Saba through Mason, and Brown county, turning west to the wilder regions of the state. At Brown county, most of the cattle were turned north through Callahan up to northern Texas, where they took the old Chisholm Trail through the Indian Nations to Dodge City, Wichita, Hays City, Abilene, and other Kansas towns. Or perhaps, in the Indian territory, when the trail forked, the cowboys turned their herds to the left, and drove their cattle to the ranges of Colorado or Montana. Or perhaps the cattle were destined for New Mexico; if so they kept on the old road, passing the ruins of Fort Phantom Hill in Jones county before they were driven onto the solitary plains above the caprock.

Large herds they were; on an average, from 3,000 to 4,000 head, sometimes 6,000, passing in endless splotches of color along the trails, raising clouds of dust, and bellowing as they were driven to the market towns by sunbronzed cowpunchers, who, as soon as they had delivered them, went off to the saloons to forget about it all in a mad whirl of liquor, poker and gayety. And after the hell had been raised, and the smoke had cleared away, somebody was always carried off to Boot Hill, and some outfit took home an empty saddle.

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When the ranges were fenced, trouble started in Brown county, though the feud was not so bloody as in most places. It took a toll of three lives: Jim Lovelace, Amos Roberts, and a man named Glover were killed. It almost resulted in a civil war; for a time, it looked as though the Square would be the scene of a hot battle. But the affair was finally terminated in a peaceful manner, and a new epoch began. Ranches became smaller as large plots of ground were sold, and before many years had passed, Brown county had become a farming country.

Sources And Acknowledgments For Material Used in Chapter Five

This chapter was written after a series of interviews with R. D. Forsythe, Bob Routh, Charlie Steffens, Brooke Early, and Mrs. C. Y. Early.