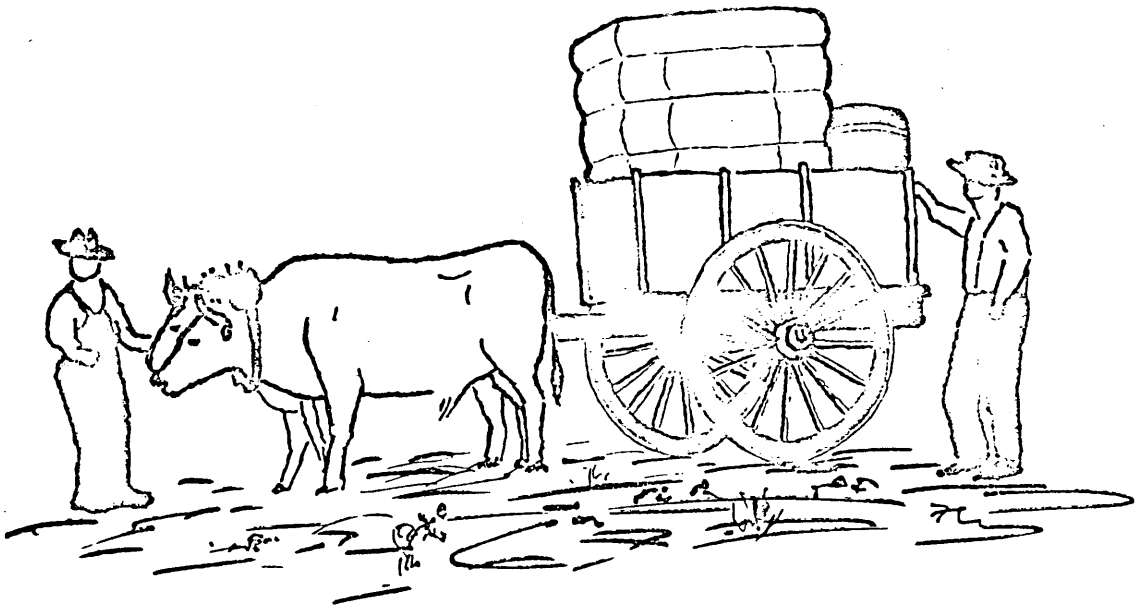

III. To A New World

(By George Hardy Callcott)

Although George had attended school only for parts of three years in the 1860's, he delighted in two opportunities near the end of his life to relate his experiences to university discussion groups. These two accounts are reversed here to preserve chronological sequence. Although quotation marks are omitted for the sake of simplicity, the remainder of this chapter is his story with the original spelling and word usage.

On March 30th, 1885, my wife, myself, and our two children boarde the good ship "The City of Richmond" at Liverpool, England, outward bound for America. The City of Richmond of the Red Star Line was a steamer of about 2000 tons, at that time one of the biggest and best afloat.* We came steerage, that word is obsolete now: nowadays it is

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*George's desire to be conservative is in substantial error here. The City of Richmond built in 1874 was indeed one of the best passenge vessels of its day. It actually displaced 9,300 tons, was 441' long with a width of 43 1/2' and a draft of 34'. ("Ships," Encyclopedia Britannica, 11th edition.) The line drawing at the head of Chapter II is taken from her sister ship, The City of Rome.

called third class, and I must confess that as far as convenience and comfort is concerned, the third class of today is in many respects superior to the first class of fifty years ago [written in 1930]. . .

There were about 1000 passengers aboard, about 900 of whom were steerage, we were of all nations, peoples and tongues, mostley however Scandinavians from Norway and Sweeden, These people had crossed the North Sea from Hamburg to Hull, and then crossed England by train to take ship at Liverpool. Our quarters were under the lower deck, not very much above the water line, the married people with their small children were quartered all together in a great barnlike room amidships The unmarried men and women were quartered in the Bow and Stern respectively. Our room, it could not be called a cabin, extended the full width of the boat. On one side there were partitions like the stalls i a stable or the leaves of a book. On the side of each leaf, the berths were arranged, six upper and six lower so that there were 24 bearths to each stall. They were foot to foot with a passage about two feet wide between the feet. The berths were divided only by a foot board so that when the beds were made up there was scarcely any division between them Of course there was no privacy. Modesty was left behind. . . .

The port holes or windows were round holes about 15 or 16 inches i diameter and were closed with a single pane of thick glass. They were about 30 in. above the top berths. A very amusing thing happened one day. A lady occupied the end top berth and she was in the habit of lying there reading by the light of the port hole. The weather which h been very cold suddenly became very warm. We had entered the Gulf Stre so the steward told us we might open the port holes. Some time after h came around and closed them all saying that a storm was brewing and the

sea was rising. As soon as he was gone however my lady again opened the window. Presently a great wave dashed and broke against the side of the boat and sent about half a ton of water through the hole and litterly half drowned my lady, and as if this was not enough as that side of the boat rose to meet the wavy my lady rolled over and over right down all the six berths, out of one berth into the next berth until she struck the end partition.*

The rest of the room was for all purposes, there was no separate dining room. At meal time the stewards would bring in tressels and lay upon them two one foot planks . . . for tables and there was no cloth. We sat on wooden benches without backs. There were no chairs either in our sleeping quarters or on our deck. At that day deck chairs were a luxury reserved for first class passengers only.

The food however was excellent and the stewards and stewardesses exceedingly kind. Our daughter, than about 20 months old was a very puny delicate child and one of the stewardesses took complete charge of her and brought all sorts of delicacies such as beef tea and fruit of all kinds. The doctor too was very kind to her and we had taken a quantity of fruit and delicacies with us to help out.

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*The newspapers of the day noted this as a very stormy crossing. Later, in conversation, George also remarked on the annoying vibration made by the engines, especially in the steerage accommodations. This was at its worst as the engines labored during rough weather. The passengers longed for the occasional respite when the wind was right and sails could be hoisted while the engines rested. The line drawing at the head of this chapter indicates

Of course we were sea sick, my wife started when we had been out three hours and was well in three days. I however did not become sick until we had been out three days and did not recover until we landed, and I have dreaded a sea voyage ever since. Those of you who have had it /this experience/ know what it is and to those of you who have not had it I will say what has been said so often, that at first one is afraid that one is going to die and then one is afraid that one is not.

We landed at Castle Garden, N.Y., April 13th /12th/* after a rough stormy voyage of 14 days. At that time Castle Garden, not Elles /Ellis/ Island was the landing place for emigrants [sic]. The New York aquarium now stands on the site of the old Castle Garden.** We took train next morning and arrived at Kyle, Texas on the afternoon of the 17th. The Pullman sleeping car had not long been invented. There were only a few of them and these were used only by rich people consequently we had to ride in the day coach. The seats were plain straight backed wooden benches without any upholstering. The aisles were cluttered up with all kinds of baggage from feather beds to babies. These feather beds were the property of the

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*The New York Times for April 12 indicates the City of Richmond was arriving that day. On the 13th she was reported as having arrived the day before with "mdse and passengers" from Liverpool.

**On reaching shore George insisted that he had been born in Utica, N.Y., and so was an American citizen. There was no one who could prove the contrary so after a slight delay he and his family were passed through without the health and other examinations administered to regular immigrants.

Norwegans [sic] and were, I understand, very valuable heirlooms. Fancy feather beds in Texas.

It was a toilsome wearying trip and I think that my wife and daughter suffered more during those 4 days and 3 nights than during the sea voyage. Our son however who at that time had just turned three years had the time of his life. He was here, there and everywhere and everybody made a pet of him.

[If George bought a copy of The New York Times to read during this wait in New York he probably noted the following items: Page I reported that General Ulysses S. Grant was desperately sick (he died on July 22, 1885); page 3 recorded the market price of middling grade cotton in Galveston at 10 3/4¢ per pound; page 4 carried the lead editorial praising the conviction of James D. Fish as a "peculiarly offensive type of swindler and scoundrel" who had inveigled General Grant into his questionable financial activities; page 5 recorded that Fish had been committed to Ludlow Street jail where he was lodged near his former partner Ferdinand Wood; and page 8 noted under "Gales on the Ocean" the rough passage suffered by recent transatlantic passenger vessels. One major ship had been forced to turn back to Queenstown and another had lost a sailor overboard. The City of Richmond was listed as having been delayed by the storm.

Since George for the sake of brevity omitted a description of the

(Across the Plains with Other Memories and Essays. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1911, p. 1) for his description of railroad travel from New York to the west in 1879. He said that on reaching New York he was instructed to go to the Ferry Depot to cross the Hudson River as a first step on his journey west. In Stevenson's words: "There was a babel of bewildered men, women, and children. The wretched little booking-office, and baggage-room, which was not much larger, were crowded thick with emigrants, and were heavy and rank with the atmosphere of dripping clothes. Open carts full of bedding stood by the half-hour in the rain."

The ferry eventually took Stevenson and his companion across the Hudson River to catch the train which left from Jersey City. "There was no waiting-room, no refreshment room; the cars were locked; and for at least another hour, or so it seemed, we had to camp upon the draughty, gaslit platform. I sat on my valise, too crushed to observe my neighbours; but as they were all cold, and wet, and weary, and driven stupidly crazy by the mismanagement to which we had been subjected, I believe they can have been no happier than myself."

At Chicago the travellers took a regular emigrant train for a ninety-hour trip to the West Coast. George and Mary were spared this last ordeal but from their own later comments at least a modicum of Stevenson's discomforts were suffered by them. Again in Stevenson's words (pp. 54-55): The cars soon began "to stink abominably. ... I have stood on a platform while the whole train was shunting; and as the

dwelling cars drew near, there would come a whiff of pure menagerie, only a little sourer, as from men instead of monkeys."7

George's account continues:

Kyle is a little village about 24 miles south of Austin the capital of Texas. It is located on that invisable line ... which divides East from West Texas and one might almost say it divides two entirely different civilizations. East Texas is of the South, Southern. Its heroes and traditions are the heroes and stories of the Confederacy the legends the folklore and folksong of its negroes are the legends and folklore of the southern negro. But West Texas is of the West, Western. Its traditions and heroes are of Indian raids, frontier fighting, battles with bandits and gunmen. Its legends its folklore and folksong are the legends and folklore of the cowboy, the longhorn and the bronco, the round up and the trail and as in our /your/ own traditions and folklore are preserved the Soul and Spirit of the Old South so in them is preserved the Soul and Spirit of Texas, the Texas of bygone days.

A few days after our arrival, my Father-in-law, who with part of his family had been in Texas several years, asked if I could ride. I told him that I could. "Very well then," he said, "I have a bunch of horses in the mountains /the Hill Country west of the San Marcos-Kyle-Austin line/, tomorrow we will round them up and pick out a horse for you to ride." I gave you a description of the Texas wild mustang in my talk a

few weeks ago [See p. 66]. Well the next morning we started off, my Father-in-law, two men and myself. Thinking, I suppose, that I was not an expert rider, in which supposition he was quite right, he gave me a gentle old horse to ride that did not know how to walk. His gait was a shambling trot, and a stiff legged trot at that. We rode about 15 miles before we found the herd, and then it was a wild ride home, those wild broncos could certainly run. Snorting and with their long tails streaming out behind they would break for the nearest thicket or some steep declivity in an effort to get back to their old range, and it was up to the men to head them off. I could do no heading, it was all I could do to keep up with the crowd, and that I had to do for it was no joke for a stranger to be lost among those rugged mountains. If I was not sore when we started, I was decidedly sore in both mind and body when we reached home. For days I walked very stiffly and sat down very carefully, but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The rest of the family both in the house and out seemed to enjoy it immensely.

A small 4 year old bay mare was picked out for me and after she had been roped, blindfolded and saddled she was turned over to a Mexican to gentle. In about a week he brought her back saying that she was "muy mancita" (a gentle little thing). My sister [in-law] named her Rosita (little Rose). My brother-in-law said to me "Well, George, she is for you. What about riding her?" I looked at her, there she stood with all four legs stiff as posts her ears laid back and showing the whites of her eyes,

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the very picture of stubborness and bad temper. I can assure you that I never wanted to ride horseback less than I did at that moment. But needs must when the Devil drives, besides the honor of the Old Country was at stake and I am English. I walked up to the Mexican to take the rope that held her. He called out "cuidad" (take care). Well, I did not know what "cuidad" meant and walked boldly up to her, the very worst thing that I could have done. She greeted me by rearing and striking at me with her front feet, at the same time lunging forward. I stepped aside and she missed me. Catching hold of the hackamore (a hackamore is a bridle with a noseband instead of a bit and is made for the express purpose of breaking wild horses. To use a bit before the horse was thoroughly gentle would mean to tear their mouth to pieces and so ruin them for always). I pulled her head around to her left shoulder. Catching hold of the horn of the saddle I gave a jump, and so did she. First I landed square on her back behind the saddle, second I described the arc of a circle in the air, third I landed flat on my back on Mother Earth. I was not much hurt but I was mad, mad clear through, and the laughter of the boys made me madder. Jumping up I said to the Mexican, "Bring that mare back." Two or three of the boys rode after her roped her and brought her back. This time I did not make the mistake of letting go her head too soon. She stood still, too still. I kicked her with my heels but she stood still, then the fireworks began. She bucked, she jumped, she tried to bite my legs, jumping up with her back arched like a camel she would make a half turn while in the air coming down with her legs stiff as ramrods. she shook me until every

bone and muscle in my body acked. Finally, however, my foot lost its sturrup and for the second time within an hour I kissed our ancient mother earth. I retained hold of the bridle lines however and that was a great point in my favor. It was no disgrace for a cowboy to be thrown, but it was everlasting disgrace for him to let his mount get away from him. /If this happened on the open range/ it might mean the loss of his life. Rosita never did become gentle. I never knew from one day to another what kind of a temper she would be in, and altho we had many a battle after that she never threw me again.

I told you some time ago /See p. 66/ that the four points necessary in a good cow pony are first, intelligence; then nimbleness, that is the ability to turn quickly; then swiftness, and lastly, but not by any means the least he must be a good walker. Rosita turned out to be the best walker on the place. She had a long easy smooth stride, to ride her when she was in a good temper was like sitting in a rocking chair, when she was in a bad temper it was ... In fact Rosita possessed all four points in a remarkable degree. And in addition she had a vile uncontrollable temper.

Altho Kyle was located on what we may call the dividing line between East and West Texas, /and/ naturally partook of the characteristics of both sections, it was more West than East; it was more prairie than forest. Even in the misquite* /mesquite/ region which was practically a

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*George regularly used this spelling.

huge misquite forest there were large open spaces several square miles in extent. In fact between Kyle and Lockhart there was one of these open prairies 10 miles wide which extended right up to the planes region of N.W. Texas. And these open spaces were the trails used by the cattlemen to drive their cattle to the Kansas markets. In fact if I am not mistaken the first herd of cattle from S.W. Texas to Kansas was from Lockhart in the 60's. I am not sure of the date.

Altho my Father/-in-law/ had both cattle and horses on the open range he was in reality a farmer and when I joined him in '85 it was for the purpose of farming, but incidentally of course, we got mixed up with cattle and cattlemen, but I was not a cowboy.

One of the interesting events of western life at that day was the round up. News would come out that Bar-X ranch was going to round up its cattle for the purpose of branding and sterilizing the calves or maybe for cutting out cattle for market. As I told you before there were no fences and everyman turned out his cattle on the open range and they often strayed a considerable distance. Now altho Bar-X might be anywhere from 5 to 10 miles away still his cattle might be mixed up with ours, and it was to our interest as well as to the interest of every cattleman and farmer who had cattle running in that part of the range to be there to see that some of his calves were not accidentally branded or that some of his cattle were not, of course accidentally, carried off as beef.

The cattleman of that day had peculiar ideas as to mine and

of his if your cattle wanted to walk along with his, or if his men in mistake branded some of your yearlings.

During the first two years of my life in Texas while I was with my Father-in-law I was present at several of these roundups. At the end of that time I went on a farm of my own. I went in for cotton and let cattle alone except for milking. /This parallels the rapid rise of cotton production in Guadalupe County mentioned above./

As soon as news of a round up came all the farmers and cattle men interested would meet at a certain rendevous. The men then separated, each one assigned a certain territory but always in sight of his neighbor both on his right and his left. I said that the misquite is of very open growth nevertheless it was both painful and dangerous riding on account of its low thorny branches, and besides that there were dense thickets of cat-claw bushes into which the cattle would run and which a horse on account of his more tender skin would not face. The object was first to get them /the cattle/ into the open and then drive them to the pens where the cutting out took place. From all sides one would see the cattle coming, in 1/2 dozens, in dozens, in scores, and as the different herds mixed the bulls and steers would begin fighting; the mothers balling /bawling/ for their calves from which they had got separated in the crowd, and here and every-where they were trying to break back to some thicket.

In trying to get this scene into your minds, remember that I am not talking about a lot of fat lazy cattle up to their knees in clover or munching

by man, but of animals wild from their birth taught to fend for themselves and defend themselves. Wolves and coyotes were common and these creatures hunted in packs. When the cattle were attacked they would run together and form a ring with the calves in the centre the older animals forming a circle around them with their heads outward, and woe to the wolf that came within the reach of those long sharp horns, in fact wolves unless driven by famine seldom attacked the herd, they concentrated on stray animals. The same holds good with regard to the cougar or mountain lion who were not at all uncommon. The mustangs or broncos, as the cowpony was called, used the same tactics. They also formed a ring when attacked by wolves but with their heels outward.

The bulls were very vicious and altho they had learned to respect a man on horseback they invariably attacked a man on foot and woe be to him if he could not shoot straight or find a tree handy.

It was one of these bulls that disemboweled a horse that my Father-in-law was riding .... I was riding beside him at the time and Shot the horse to put him out of his misery as he lay there ripped from breast to flank. This however was not a case of the bull attacking the pony. The pony was chasing the bull. With both in full career the bull stopped suddenly, the pony forgetting his work overshot, and the bull ripped him as he passed. Accidents like this were quite common and looked upon as part of the game.

It was when on the round up that the skill of the rider and the

on their own range, they were not used to being driven and they knew every bush and thicket and were constantly trying to break back. A steer would break for the nearest thicket, the cowboy nearest to him would take after him, if he saw no chance of turning him he would prepare to rope him. He must have a mind quick enough to decide which to do the moment the steer started. He would turn him if possible but in any event he must stop him before they reached the thicket — it was a disgrace for the cowboy to lose his stray. He never heard the last of it.

He would shew the steer to the poney and then laying the lines loosely over the horn of the saddle would leave the horse to his own devices, the intelligent animal overtaking the steer would run beside it with his nose close to the flank of the steer so as to give the rider a chance to drop the loop of his rope over the horns of the steer, the good cowboy never took a long shot unless he had to. (Oh by the by never say lasso to a cowboy. His lasso is his rope and nothing but a rope if you say lasso to him he will think you are either talking about molasses or his girl, and probably resent it.) With his nose close to the side of the steer the horse would follow him in all his turns and windings and then the very moment the rope was dropt he would stop as rigid as if parilized, preparing for the shock which was to come when the steer got to the end of the rope. This is the critical moment and if either the horse or his rider are not prepared they will both be tumbled head over heels. What is the rider doing during this time? As soon as the rider has turned his horse's head loose he takes

his rope off the horn of the saddle to which one end remains attached. The other end is formed into a large loop, the slack he carries in his left hand while with the right he swings the rope above his head to give it momentum. The animal being roped and thrown he waits until the animal regains his breath and got on his legs then he drags him willy nilly back to the herd. Sometimes it happens that the steer's neck is broken. I have seen two steers and one mule get their necks broken when roped. If the animal is thrown for the purpose of being branded or for any other purpose then as soon as the rope is thrown the rider jumps off his horse and with a six foot rope which he keeps tied around his waist for that purpose he would tie the legs of the steer. In the meantime the horse at the other end of the rope which as I said was attached to the saddle horn would keep it as taut as a bow string, so that in the event of the steer not being stunned he could not rise. If the steer does begin to struggle the intelligent animal pulling with all his might will begin to walk in a circle round the steer pulling the head backwards. If he should circle the wrong way he would assist the steer to get onto his feet. This the well trained animal is taught to avoid.

At best roping wild cattle is a dangerous business /and/ accidents were common. The President of the Sabinal National Bank, Mr. Ross Kennedy, had his arm torn off when he was a young man while roping a wild steer. By some means his arm had got entangled in the slack of the rope and when the shock came it twisted his arm off.

A great deal of fun has been made of the peculiar dress of the cowboy his great big heavy hat, his high heeled boots, his red neckcloth, or bandana, and his wooden stirups. The things that he wears have been proved by experience the best for his peculiar job. His hat which is, if he can possibly afford it, of the strongest and best felt, and his neckcloth of the best silk, and for this reason. When riding either on the range or trail, the only water he can get is either from muddy rivers or still more muddy ponds. When this is the case he takes his hat makes a dent in the crown and laying his neckcloth over it dips the water up with his hands and filters it through the silk, and silk takes more dirt out of the water than does ordinary cotton or linen. For keeping the dust out of his nose /silk again is far better than cotton or linen/. Its color is red because red is the best color seen from a distance and his neckcloth is often used for signaling purposes, and again red is supposed to be the best color when used for drawing the attention of a mad animal from a fallen comrade. His hat must be heavy and it must be tough, because it is the best weapon he can use to turn the leaders when the herd is on a stampede. Riding up alongside the leaders of the maddened herd the boys will begin beating them on the side of the face with the hat so as to turn them, a whip would only make bad matters worse. To stand this kind of work a hat must be of good material. His boots have high heels to prevent his foot getting jammed in the stirrup and the possibility of his being dragged to death. My eldest Son had an experience of that sort when a small boy. He and I were

out looking for a cow that had a calf somewhere. We ran into a big flock of goats, one of them hooked his pony in the belly and she gave a big jump and threw him, his foot caught in the stirup and she dragged him forty or fifty yards and then fortunately she kicked him loose while I was trying frantically to get hold of her head. He got a bad cut on the head the scar of which he carries to this day, and which forces him to part his hair on the wrong side. His /the cowboy's/ stirrups are of wood because under the blazing sun of the Texas plains steel would burn his foot.

Another event in the life of the cowboy was riding the trail; that means that cattle were driven on foot from the W. Texas pastures to the Kansas markets.* I mentioned this before and was asked how did they travel bunched when their horns had a spread of 6 to 9 feet. Well they did not travel in close formation like a regiment of soldiers, neither did they travel along narrow roads cut through the woods. All the great trails were through the open country and as I have already said there were no fences. The fencing up of the land and forcing travel to the highways meant the end of trail driving. They just trailed along and were given all

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*Kyle was directly on the Chisholm Trail, one of the chief routes from South Texas to the northern markets. The trail may be said to have originated in the lower Rio Grande Valley and extended northwards through San Antonio and Austin. Feeder lines came in at San Antonio both from the west, from the Guadalupe and also the Colorado Valley to the southeast. Proceeding to Waco it continued to Abilene. As it happened Kyle was also on the Shawnee Trail which had the same points of origin but usually proceeded toward Kansas City (See Wayne Garde, The Chisholm Trail. University of Oklahoma Press, 1954).

the space they needed. The great object was not to get to Kansas as quick as possible but to get the cattle there in as good a condition as possible. The rate of travel was about one mile per hour or 8 miles a day, the other 16 hours were for rest and grazing taking from 4 to 6 months to make the 1000 mile journey. Large herds were divided into bunches of about 500 each widely separated. I don't mean following each other but were scattered over the prairie like ships on the ocean but all headed in the same general direction.

The formation of each unit was something like this. Two or three men would ride at the head to show the way, spaced from 30 to 50 yards apart covering a width of 100 yards more or less, three, four or more riders would ride on each flank depending on the temper of the herd and the nature of the country, then other riders and the supply wagons would bring up the rear.

When at rest or grazing the cattle were allowed to scatter. Always however within certain bounds. Night and day the cattle while grazing or resting were carefully guarded by men riding round and round the herd.

The thing most dreaded was a Stampede, this seldom, very seldom happened. Many herds made the journey without having a stampede, but it was always possible and when it did happen it was a dreadful and fearful thing, and the possibility of it was never out of the mind of the cattlemen. During the whole journey the cattle were in a high strung and

nervious condition especially so during the night or during a thunderstorm, any little thing might start them off, the scuttling of a Jack rabit through the grass, the bark of a coyote, the rattle of a pan by a cook, an unknown odor or scent, anything strange, might or might not start them. But a thunderstorm at night was the worst of all.

Here is where the cowboy songs come in, all night long as he rode slowly round and round the herd the cowboy would sing in a slow monotonous voice any doggeral that came into his mind. This was for the purpose of soothing the cattle. It was soon noticed that when the song stopped the cattle seemed more uneasy and worried, so every rider was expected to keep on singing, and as a rule they were not well acquainted with the poets they made up their songs as they rode, but always they were a kind of lulaby. A good rattling Irish jig would hardly tend to quiet the cattle.

But in spite of all, the stampede would sometimes happen and as I said it was a fearful thing. The cattle mad with terror would rush of in a frenzed gallop treading and trampling down everything in their way, nothing could stop them, into rivers they went where many were drowned /or/ over bluffs where many were dashed to pieces. Those that were left were scattered to the four winds which could mean many hard days riding to get them together again.

The stampede could not be stopped until it had spent its force, but there was the forlorn hope that it might be directed. Here we see the

bravery and courage of the cowboy, the like of which has never been surpassed on the field of battle. No wonder that Rosevelt chose the cowboys for his rough riders. The only hope was that the leaders might be turned to run in a circle that is that they might be slowly turned until the head of the herd joined the tail then the leaders themselves would become followers and follow the tail and so they would mill around and around till their frenzy had spent itself, of course this meant that many would be trampeled to death but that could not be helped.

In order to do this each rider would select one of the leaders (there were always leaders) and galloping along side /and/ behind his horns, would lean over and slap him on the side of the face with that big tough felt hat of his, at each blow the animal would give /way/ a little so little by little if lucky the deed would be accomplished. But think of the risk the danger in the blackness of night. A false step on the part of his horse and it meant a horrible death. A side thrust of one of those sharp horns and it meant the same thing so when you see one of those big cowboy hats or read one of those melancholy cowboy songs remember that they are symbolical of the most dangerous event in the life of the cowboy.

Texas Forty-Five Years Ago

/Written by George in 1930/

In 1885 East Texas was already fairly well settled, its population being White and Negro. The coastal plain was producing vast quantities of

rice and the interior more than 1,000,000 B/C [bales of cotton] yearly. East Texas was and still is both socially and traditionally distinctly Southern.

. . . starting from Austin and going West and Northwest, after crossing the Edward's plateau of your geographies, locally called the mountains . . . is a rough, rugged, broken area with all the characteristics of a mountain country, and which has a breadth of 100 miles more or less in the latitude of Austin. After crossing this we come to the great plains region, the Llano Estacado of the Spaniards, a dry arid treeless country, except along the river beds, most of which however are dry about 10 months in the year.

South West of our line [from Gainesville via Austin to Brownsville] we have the Misquite region, the region with which I am most familiar. The Misquite is a small hardwood tree seldom growing more than 20 feet tall with a trunk seldom more than 8 in. in diam. It makes excellent firewood and most durable fenceposts. It is a very thorny tree and was and still is the terror of the cowboy, not only because of its thorns, which are very poisonous but also because of its low growing branches, which have swept many a cowboy from his saddle.

The Misquite area reaches from Austin, South to Brownsville and West to Del Rio, an average length of more than 300 and a breadth of more than 100 m. or about 35,000 Sq.m.

Forty-five years ago this region was entirely covered with this misquite forest. There is very little underbrush and the soil is covered with a thick carpet of rich curley misquite grass, it is something like our bermuda but much finer, denser and far more nutricious. And it has the peculiarity of becoming sun cured where it grows so the dried grass in the winter is as nutricious as the best cured hay. There were, however here and there dense thickets of the thorny catclaw bushes.

These then, the misquite country of the S.W., the central mountains, and the plains of the west and north formed in 1885 the great cattle country of Texas; a region of more than 160,000 Sq.M. or five times the size of S.C. It was very sparcely settled. The ranches were anywhere from 5 to 30 miles apart and the trading towns still farther but some of these ranches contained vast herds of longhorn cattle which had already taken the place of the vanished buffalo. There was not a fence in the whole country except in the extreme eastern edge where a few settlers had already begun to fence their farms. There was no need of fences, the grass was free, rich and abundant, and in the misquite region there was no need of shelter, the winters were mild, the longhorn hardy and the cattleman king of the land.

The longhorn of Texas was in a class by himself and was peculiarly fitted for the wild state in which he lived, he is supposed to have descended from the cattle brought over to Mexico by spanish settlers after the conquest, where he had become wild and drifted north. He was a

long, rangy beast, wild as a hawk and could run like a deer; his horns whence he gets his name were very slightly curved and stood out at right angles from his body and had a spread of from 6 to 9 feet. I have a picture of one whose horns had a spread of 9 1/2 feet so you see it took considerable skill for a cowboy to enclose both of these horns in the loop of his rope while going full gallop.

The longhorn, however, is now nearly extinct, the only place where he is found, that I know of, is in the U.S. forest reserve near Wichita Okl. /Kansas ?/ where the U.S. government has assembled a small herd for the purpose of preservation.

Every man's cattle grazed on the open range consequently they got considerably mixed up. Every man had his own brand and earmarks which were recorded by the county clerk, they were the title deeds to his cattle and unless they were recorded he had no claim to his cattle. There were no two brands alike in any one county, but a man could record a brand in as many counties as he wished and in the case of large herds /in/ bordering counties this was necessary. These brands were burnt on some part of the animal where they could be easily seen, and any unmarked cow, — in the vernacular of the day all horned cattle, male and female, were called cows. The cattleman was a cowman and his helpers were cowboys. Any unmarked cow over the age of a yearling became the property of the man who first caught and branded it. These cattle were called mavericks, and first and last the maverick was the cause

of a great deal of bloodshed as you may suppose that it would be when one man branded what another claimed as his.

Calves under a year old were earmarked because when branded too young, the brand, with the growth of the animal becomes blotched and not easy to distinguish.

Earmarking consists of cutting small triangular pieces from different parts of the ear, they are called overbits, underbits, and swallow fork. The overbits were from the top, the underbits from the under side and the swallow fork from the extreme tip so called because it caused the tip of the ear to fork like a swallow's tail.*

Altho both brands and earmarks were permanent, they could be easily changed: the brands, by adding some mark, as putting a tail to an "O" and making it a "6" or a "9", and the earmarks by cutting out altogether.

This was the common practice of cattle thieves, or rustlers as they were called, they were a highly organized band of thieves, and many bloody battles were fought between them and the Cattlemen. Cattle stealing was a graver offense than murder, and if one was caught he was hanged or shot on the spot and no questions asked.

To the cattleman of that day, Law was a vague indefinate thing, he knew little about Austin, and less about Washington. He was a law to himself but he generally dispensed a rough kind of justice, but his law had no technicalities about it.

The Texas horse of that period was the wild mustang, supposed to be descendents of the Barbary or Moorish poneys brought over to Mexico by the Spanish settlers after the conquest. They had become wild and drifted north. They were small, lean, wiry animals, tough as rawhide, hard as nails and mean as Satan.

The four most desirable points in a cow pony are first intelligence, second speed, then she must be nimble quick on the turn, and fourth she must be a good walker. The experienced cowboy never takes his pony out of a walk unless compelled to do so, he saves his mount for emergencies. A good walker could do her 5 miles an hour with a long easy stride from daylight to dark.

The mustang was of no use to the farmer. He was too light, too excitable, too nervious, he balked too easily and as mules were expensive and money scarce oxen were used for all farm and freight purposes.

To be a competent ox driver it was necessary to have a varied and picturesque vocabulary especially when breaking the tough sage or misquite sod of the virgin prarie with three, four or even six yoke of oxen hitched to a big plow. As neither lines nor ropes were used the oxen were driven entirely by the voice together with a rawhide whip with a handle anywhere from 6 to 10 feet and with a lash anywhere from 12 to 20 feet long, the size of the whip in accordance with the number of teams. The driver walked on the left side of the rear team. When he

aforesaid vocabulary and shouted "Haw" at the same time flicking the righthand ox of the lead team on the right shoulder. This caused him to rush forward and swing round to the left using the near or lefthand steer as a pivot. If you wanted to turn right you again spoke gently to them and shouted "Gee" flicking the near or lefthand ox on the shoulder. If your language was strong enough the oxen soon learned it and the whip became almost unnecessary.

In 1885 West Texas was controlled absolutely and entirely by the cowmen. They reigned in all their glory, they owned vast ranches and their combined power made them masters of the land. The tipical cattleman of that day, possibly there were exceptions of course, but the tipical cowman of that day was a rough, coarse, ignorant, uneducated, unpolished but a capable domineering man, a leader of men and a good judge of cattle. Land and cattle were his object in life and in the persuit of that object he would brook no opposition. He feared neither God, man, indian, nor devil. Consequently some of these ranches were big beyond belief, for instance there is the King ranch near Corpus Christi, with a length of 114 and a breadth of 60 miles. ....

But the cattleman could only go so far. The Republic of Texas in its wisdom had reserved some thousands of square miles of the public domain as a permanent school fund, it had also conceided other thousands to certain railroads and sold other thousands to various Eastern syndicates, and when these were opened for settlement it meant the end of the cattle

baron

In 1885 there were only two railroads that touched south west Texas: the Southern Pacific running east, west, and the International and Great Northern running North and S. neither of which had then got farther than San Antonio. The I.G.N. however had already begun to bring in settlers on the extreme eastern edge of West T.

As I have said there were no fences, grass was free, rich and abundant and the cattle baron ruled the land, but presently the cattle king found himself up against two forces each of which was his equal, combined they became his master, I mean the railroads and the farmer.

In 1885, then, the railroads had already started to open their lands for settlement. The State Board of Education and the eastern syndicates followed suit. Many of the cattlemen, taking time by the forelock had already leased large tracts of these lands at nominal rent, from these various organizations but during the last part of the eighties and the first half of the nineties the railroads and the various syndicates brought in settlers literally by the trainload. They were all farmers. They were mostly Germans, Sweeds, Hungarians and Poles, together with a large immigration from the sister states. They Spread west and South all through the rich blackland belt. Each farmer soon had his own little herd of cattle which he turned out on the range while at the same time he fenced his cultivated lands. The consequence was that the grass, once so abundant, now became scarce, and the cattlemen found themselves forced to fence their great holdings. This brought on what was called the fence war.

The settlers had been told that the range was free and they began to cut the pasture fences. The cattlemen retaliated by cutting the fences of the cultivated fields. There being no state law covering this offense so they took the law into their own hands and shot each other on sight; eventually after a great deal of bloodshed each recognized that every man had a right to fence his own land, and a law was passed making fence cutting a felony.

The fencing of the land meant the death of a very picturesque event in the life of the Cattlemen picturesque to the historian but sordid, hard, and dangerous enough to the cowboy. When I went to Texas trail riding was at its height, our house near Kyle was located not more than half a mile from the main Kansas Chisholm trail and I have seen these cattle day after day week after week, during the spring and early summer, by the hundreds and by the thousands plodding along from the pastures of South Texas to the Kansas markets, filling the whole country with dust and with the noise of their bellowing and the clatter of their horns. I have not time to go further into this interesting scene, but it was a sight never to be forgotten; the riders covered and caked with dust, their neck clothes tied over their noses and mouthes to keep out the dust, their eyes bleared and bloodshot from the same cause; the noise they made shouting and cussing as they prodded and pushed the cattle to keep them bunched on the trail (I have said there were no fences). The stench of the cattle, the clashing of their horns as the males fought each other, and they were

always fighting, the lowing and bawling of the mothers which had left their calves behind or dropped them on the way. These mothers were difficult to drive, they were always trying to break back. All this imprinted itself on the mind of the spectator.

With the going of the free grass the trail had to be abandoned and the cowman forced to ship by rail. This in turn meant the end of the longhorn he was not a fit subject for shipment, his legs were too long, his horns were too long he had too little beef for his weight, he was too wild and vicious, the mortality was too great. So the cattleman was forced to introduce new stock and new methods of feeding, and now you may ride from one end of Texas to the other and never see one of those most picturesque of cattle.

With the disappearance of the longhorn has gone the cowboy and his mate the mustang. The cowboy has been transformed into the farmhand and the cowpony has become a polo pony.

The oldtime cowman with all his faults had one great redeeming virtue. He believed in, nay he worshipped education, perhaps because he lacked it. Without exception the children and grandchildren of the fairly well to do cowman are college bred, we find among them graduates from every great college and university of both our own and foreign lands. In Texas today we find that in culture, in mental equipment and in the social graces, the men and women of the ranch are the equals of any anywhere.

The old time cattle raising has gone and scientific farming has taken its place. In the misquite region and in the eastern portion of the plains region, the great blackland belt, you may see yourself surrounded by miles and miles of cotton; in the middle you may see oceans of small grain; in the far west herds of the finest beef cattle; while in the Rio Grande valley, once a sterile unproductive country you may see thousands of acres devoted to citrus trees and all kinds of vegetables. But after all it was the rough and ready cowman, the cowboy, the mustang and the longhorn of 45 years ago that made the Texas of today possible.